



The Lost Boy

GYPPO: I did it for you. That's what I couldn't tell Gallagher. They wouldn't understand. You understand.

KATIE: You did what? What have you done?

GYPPO: Informed on Frankie.

KATIE: May God have mercy on your soul.

—*The Informer*

Directed by John Ford
Screenplay by Dudley Nichols

1986—Prescott, Arizona

THE ARIZONA TRAILER PARK is so sleazy it would be chic if it were somewhere else. But it's not. It's stuck away on a back road of Prescott, Arizona. To the north is the giant irrefutable fact of the Grand Canyon. As you drive south from the canyon, the land shears off like clay-colored paper. It reaches a nadir in the blighted valley that is the city of Phoenix. Prescott is somewhere between the two, and not just geographically. It is a real American town, built around a lawn-clad square where a band plays old Broadway show tunes on summer nights. The adults speak softly in the dark in front of the big courthouse while children dart around the statue of a grimy-looking cowboy on horseback.

The cowboy is Bucky O'Neill, a bookkeeper-turned-Rough Rider tragically killed by a sniper's bullet while using a south-of-the-border latrine during the Spanish-American War. But make no mis-

take about it, Prescott is as much the New West as the Old. The city council is run by Republicans, but there are two health-food stores within walking distance of the town square. The rodeo comes to town each year, but the local bookstore owners who publish a peace and social justice newsletter on their Macintosh manage to remain oblivious to it.

The land itself is not quite desert and not quite forest. It is generic Lone Ranger and Tonto country, with skinny pinstripes of vanilla-scented ponderosa pine, long open patches of chaparral, dangling red penstemon, moon-faced orange globe mallow, here and there some cactus. But in the Arizona Trailer Park not a damn thing is growing, most of all not on the trellis that peels away from the manager's crumbling adobe house like a broken harp. Mexican illegals lounge on the porch, cans of beer linked onto their palms like vestigial digits. A white haze of dust hangs over everything.

Back when the trouble started, pure white roses floated on the upright trellis. A well-built thirty-seven-year-old drifter named Ronald Kermit Frazier breathed in their scent. Frazier was looking for a place to live. When the manager opened her front door, he hoped he had found it. Blond, blue-eyed Ilse Asplund was hardly the beer-bellied Ralph Kramden he expected to be in charge of such an operation. At first Frazier didn't register her features at all, just the sensation that the earth was crashing in around the bright center that was her smile. It surrounded him like the first really warm day of spring and made him feel—well, better than he could remember feeling for a long time.

Ilse was blinded by the sun glinting over Frazier's shoulder. When he walked in, she saw that he was handsome in an unremarkable way, with dark blond hair and regular features. The only remotely unusual thing about him were his deep-set eyes and high cheekbones, reminiscent of the century-age Cherokee he claimed as an ancestor. Without much conversation, Frazier rented a trailer space. As he opened the door to go, he became a dark silhouette again, framed by the low afternoon sun like a leftover cowboy.

Of all the smooth-voiced Willie Nelson clones wandering around

the New West, Ron Frazier probably came the closest to being a real denizen of the frontier. Frazier was a misfit who lived at the margins of society. He had spent his childhood in a small town near a big river in the western reserve of Ohio. Once this part of Ohio had been virgin territory. Then the land was doled out to New Englanders who had been burned out of their homes by the British in the War of 1812. These settlers cut and burned the forests to build farms, just as their ancestors had done a century before in states like Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. By the 1880s, the trees were gone.

By the time Ron Frazier was born, a second forest covered the countryside. The trees had been left alone long enough so that it resembled primeval forest—a dark, heavy curtain that hid a secret world. It was the world Ron Frazier escaped to when he was about fourteen. That was when his parents began a difficult, angry divorce. But it wasn't really the divorce that drove him out—it was his mother. Ron, the oldest of four kids, had always been close to her. His earliest memory was sitting on her lap, listening to Elvis sing "Wooden Heart." Even now, Frazier remembers the concatenation of his wide-open senses: the sound of the music; Elvis's voice, liquid and deep; the warmth of his mother's body.

When she changed, it was swift and unreasoning. She "freaked out" at any sign of Frazier's burgeoning masculinity. One day she noticed the veins in his arms popping out around his newly developed muscles. She thought something was wrong with him and became hysterical. His father tried to calm her, but he couldn't do much. He wasn't a sophisticated man, just an oil-field roughneck, and he often verged on violence. He and Frazier were buddies, but they didn't do a lot of talking.

As soon as he graduated from high school, Frazier left Ohio for good. When he got to Arizona he was still only seventeen. He passed through many of the state's weird small towns, places like Bowie and Wilcox. He picked cotton and fruit, hauled cement, did any menial labor he could find to earn a few bucks. Then he'd take the money he had saved—usually no more than \$500—and go backpacking for a few months, stocking up on staples and hunting for meat. Sometimes

he was so poor he would go for days eating only jerky. When he arrived at a town, he would haunt the public library. He read hungrily, but only about certain subjects. Prehistoric civilizations. Mechanics. He would assume a know-it-all air when discussing these things. There were few women, despite his good looks.

In 1979, he found his way to Bisbee, a southern Arizona mining town of steep, winding streets and ramshackle houses. The mine had long since closed. Now the town produced only long-haired freaks and artists. There was never any way to earn money in Bisbee, so Frazier would leave periodically to find work. He'd come back to hunker down for the winter, signing up for food stamps to get through the slow time. That was something the hippies had taught him to do. They also taught him to do drugs. He experimented with heroin and speed, but mostly he liked mind-expanding drugs like peyote and LSD. Frazier says he never hallucinated when he took acid. Instead, he would get an initial rush, which made him anxious. He'd calm himself down, and as the acid smoothed out, he'd get into a "clear" space. That's what he liked, getting into the "clear." He smoked pot every day for months, reputedly selling fairly small quantities to make his head stash, then he'd stop for a while. He read Nietzsche and listened to Jethro Tull, practiced his calligraphy, thought about art.

It was an odd life, but on the surface not so radically different from the lives of a lot of other people in Bisbee and places like it. Beneath the surface, Ron Frazier had his own reasons for staying outside mainstream society, as people generally do. Bits and pieces surfaced in town gossip. Some came to light in police records. Bisbee is a small town and there were incidents. Once Frazier was accused of molesting a little girl, one of the countless hippie children who roam the streets with dirty faces and flying hair. Frazier said he had only befriended her. No charges were filed, for whatever reason, but Frazier's popularity in Bisbee waned.

As the years passed, Frazier became more isolated. In 1983, he shot a gun into a van full of people. He thought the driver was out to get him. Maybe he was right, because no charges were filed this time, either. Once Frazier was accused of hitting someone's sheepdog.

But this incident was dropped, too. Frazier had such a passive, child-like demeanor, it is hard to think of him as violent. But drug-induced paranoia can do strange things to people. Bisbee police records show that Frazier once made a complaint against someone for "threatening and intimidating." He often felt people were bullying him.

In any case, the only time Frazier ever got convicted of anything was when he got caught with some peyote. That wasn't much of a black mark in Bisbee. By 1986 he was getting out of town, anyway. He had this idea about studying gunsmithing at the community college up in Prescott. He was already in his early thirties, and he wanted to make something of himself. Even drifters and losers are susceptible to the American dream. Frazier's dream was to build a home. During one lucrative year of working with heavy equipment, he had even managed to buy about twenty acres. But he owed a couple of thousand in back taxes and didn't know if he'd be able to hold on to it.

Frazier may have wanted a home, but what he got was a trailer. Actually, he got a little more. When he told Ilse he was a starving artist, she agreed to let him use an empty shed as a welding shop cum art studio. Frazier promptly painted a letter-perfect Mickey Mouse on the door. The bright cartoon face was a magnet for the trailer park kids, including Ilse's three-year-old daughter, Julia.

Ilse had helped out another drifter, as well. Mike Gooch was an eccentric fellow, a compulsive chain-smoker with missing teeth who seemed to know a lot about nature. Ilse let the scuzzy Gooch live in his Travelall truck just outside her dining-room window. He rigged up electricity from her house so that he could read at night.

This generosity was characteristic of Ilse. Ilse Washington Asplund was the daughter of two journalists, a headstrong romantic with an intellectual bent and too much empathy for her own good. A backslid southern belle, Asplund had bounced around several progressive colleges before winding up in Prescott. You couldn't help feeling that she was in search of something. Maybe it was her own fate. She wasn't sure what "it" was, but when she found pieces of it, she recognized them instinctively. The first time was at the age of eighteen, when she traveled to Taos on a ski vacation. She was with a doctor, the

kind of guy she probably should have married. She shed the doctor but kept the Southwest in her mind for two years, until she could figure out a way to get back.

"You know, I had been to Europe and I had been to the East Coast, but I had never been out here. So I got off the bus in Albuquerque and I was all, hot damn, we're going to ski, and I looked around and it was just incredible, the silence just fell over me, this silence just fell over everything, and I just finally let go, and this feeling, I just can't describe it. And we rode all the way from Albuquerque to Taos on this bus and everywhere I looked it was me, turned inside out. This was home."

Ilse made her second big decision in 1982. She married Ken Asplund, a professor at Prescott College, a progressive school with an orientation toward environmental studies. Ken was a botanist, more than a decade older than Ilse. With Ken, Ilse thought she could get security without sacrificing the intellectual buzz she craved. Prescott College paid next to nothing, so the couple landed a gig managing the trailer park. Ilse worked, went to school, and in 1983 gave birth to Julia. In 1986 Adam was born. By that time, the couple was having serious problems. According to Ilse, Ken was a workaholic, emotionally distant, and not particularly interested in the children. Later Ilse said she would find out part of the reason for his diffidence about their family life—he was gay. In the meantime, she thrashed around, trying to salvage her identity.

As things grew bleaker with Ken, Frazier started looking more attractive to Ilse. But when she told her best friend, Peg Millett, about him, Peg thought Ilse had lost her mind. In certain respects, Peg's background was similar to Frazier's. Peg was the younger half sister of feminist author Kate Millett. Although they had never met, the two women shared the same father. He was a heavy drinker, and as a child Peg felt that there was only one safe place. The Sonoran desert outside her parents' Phoenix home was where she sang out loud and talked to the lizards and roadrunners that skittered across the sand. In her late teens, she left for good. She brought herself up the hard way, riding the rods as a fruit tramp, fishing on Alaskan

trawlers, breaking wild horses all over the West. Her skill with horses even got her to Europe. She ran a riding stable at a resort in Norway for a few months, then took off to hitchhike through Scotland. She went to Europe three times in all, going to museums and buying cheap theater seats. She always came back broke. But her adventures kept her alive—even when they nearly killed her.

Peg's life changed when she moved to Prescott, probably in the same way that Frazier hoped to change his. She worked her way through Prescott College. She married a forest ranger named Doug Vandergon and lived with him in a rustic outpost called Palace Station. It was almost too good to be true. In 1985, she read an interview with Dave Foreman in *Mother Earth News*. Like Karen Pickett, she felt that she had found a voice to articulate her long-held beliefs. When she went to the Earth First! Rendezvous that summer, Peg felt instantly at home. She became friends with the Montana delegation, hard-partying frat-boy types who managed to be serious, hardworking environmentalists during the day. She also fell in with the good old girls in the Redneck Women's Caucus. At the Rendezvous, Peg did everything she had always wanted to do. She danced like a demon. She sang in her high, clear voice. No more beating her brains out for no-good country musician boyfriends. It was her turn. She enthusiastically threw herself into the quasi-spiritual activities that the cowboys disparagingly called woo-woo. She enjoyed the fact that she could kick shit with the best of them—she and Foreman got along well, for instance—but could pitch woo-woo with the New Age types, too.

Peggy and Ilse had become friends in January 1979. Ilse was working in the admissions office of Prescott College when Peg walked in covered with flour from the sourdough bread she had been baking. She told Ilse she had just heard about the school in a radio ad and wanted to apply. Here, she said, here's a picture of me when I was running a stable in Norway. Ilse smiled. Peg was just amazing; unsophisticated, but strong and direct. The two women quickly formed a close, almost symbiotic relationship. Ilse admired Peg's macho attitude toward life. Peg's opinion of Ilse vacillated between awe and

condescension. With her two children and her unflinching ability to be vulnerable, Ilse personified the femininity that Peg had never felt safe enough to express. Ordinarily they reserved judgment about each other's men, the way women do in order to avoid conflicts of loyalty. But this time Peg wished she could say something. Peg thought Frazier was way beneath Ilse. He had that *look* in his eye, the blank, intense, thousand-yard stare. You could see him mentally switching gears all the time, but with a grinding noise; sprockets were missing from the chain. After all those years on the road, she recognized the type.

Even if Peg had cautioned her, Ilse probably wouldn't have listened. Her life with Ken was falling apart. One night, she found herself sitting on her front steps with Ron Frazier. It was a full moon, one of those summer evenings when time slips past you, the air is warm, there is a sudden intimacy. Ilse told Frazier about her problems with Ken. They talked about everything, about nature and politics and moral responsibility and their childhoods. Or at least Ilse talked about those things. It went on for hours, until Ilse realized it was midnight and rather abruptly said good night. For the first time, it occurred to Frazier that he might have a chance with her. He always thought that Ilse and Ken and their two beautiful towheaded children were the all-American family. Ilse had told him enough to convince him otherwise.

Things unraveled, with appropriately dubious spiritual overtones, on the weekend of the Harmonic Convergence. Ilse and Ken had planned a camping trip to the San Francisco Peaks, a range of high mountains between Prescott and Flagstaff. Frazier and Mike Gooch had both been invited.

Ilse got home from work and packed so that she would be ready when Ken got home. Sleeping bags were rolled on the floor like sausages, the baby was tucked up and ready to go in his Gerry pack, four-year-old Julia was fed and sneakered. It was already late when Ken arrived and announced that he wasn't going. Neither was Mike Gooch. Over Ilse's protests, Ken left the house. Zoned-out coincidence maybe, but Frazier appeared a few minutes later. Without talking too much about it, he swept up Ilse and the children and they

drove out to the San Francisco Peaks. They camped in a high meadow, where Ilse breast-fed Adam to sleep. The two adults slept side by side, not touching until the second night.

They were lovers for about six weeks. In October Frazier told Ilse that he was tired of sneaking home at 5 A.M. to avoid trailer park gossip when Ken was on his cottonwood research expeditions. He gave her his ultimatum at Palace Station, the rustic compound where Peg lived with her husband Doug. With Peg just a few feet away taking care of her horses, Ilse told Ron Frazier that their relationship was over.

Soon afterward, Ilse separated from Ken Asplund. She became platonic friends with a man named Mark Davis. Davis had recently gone through a divorce himself. Red-haired and built like a wood stove, he was the kind of man who could sweep away almost anything or anyone in his path—or thought he could. He was intense, energetic, and, some people thought, too smart for his own good. Mark had a big heart, but his friends suspected that brutal beatings from his oil-company-executive father had permanently rewired his brain. His intelligence was like loose electricity, a tesla coil on LSD. After helping to start a counterculture drug rehabilitation center in Phoenix in the late sixties, he had migrated to the weird underbelly of Southern California hippie mysticism. He traded his Harley for a Sikh sheet, learned Kundalini Yoga, and somewhere along the line did the mundane stuff: married twice, fathered three kids, learned carpentry.

Ilse had first met Mark back in July 1987, when he showed up on her doorstep trying to connect with a ride to the Earth First! Rendezvous, which was being held only a few hours away at the Grand Canyon. Peggy had found a real niche in Earth First! and now Ilse thought she might, too. She had just heard about the uranium mine that was going to open on the rim of the Grand Canyon. What she was reading about the health effects of living close to uranium mines was shocking to her. She wasn't really paying much attention to Mark, although he sounded interesting. Peggy had told her that Mark was a hard-core monkeywrencher. Crazy but brilliant. He was a maverick, too. He wasn't really part of Earth First! The group's ideas

were just more information to feed into his hyperactive mind, along with magazines like *Harper's* and *Scientific American*. He liked *Harper's*' intellectual Ping-Ponging of ideas, which was unfettered by any single philosophy. He was a big fan of the column written by the magazine's editor, Lewis Lapham. He also read a random assortment of poetry, fiction, spiritual writings, and science.

At the Rendezvous, Mark Davis stayed pretty much by himself. He said it was because he thought most Earth First!ers were lightweights. Davis had studied martial arts. He was pumped up about something called the warrior path. He knew the relative weight of life and death in the struggle between good and evil, when to strike and when to hold back. If, as ecologist Raymond Dasmann had written, World War III was the war of industrial humans against the earth, Davis knew which side he was on and he was ready to open fire. Every once in a while he would breeze through Ilse's campsite, keeping her company while she cared for her children. Mark had two daughters of his own. With children, he was strong and loving. It was only with other adults, when he wasn't in control, that he ran into trouble.

Around Christmastime, Ilse and Mark suddenly clicked. By then, Ken Asplund was long gone and Ron Frazier was history, at least as far as Ilse was concerned. It was awkward for Frazier, who was still hanging around the trailer park, wondering if anything would ever happen with Ilse again. The prospects didn't look good especially after the night he baby-sat for the kids so that Ilse could go out with Mark. When they got back, they politely kicked him out so they could be alone. But it was okay. Prescott in the eighties was the sixties all over again. Jealousy was out. Mark Davis and Frazier even became friendly. Frazier helped Mark buy a cutting torch and taught him how to use it. At first, Frazier didn't know what the target was. All he knew was that it was for an environmental cause. That was okay with Frazier, too. He thought environmentalists were rich, ignorant city people, but he loved nature. He had spent years backpacking in the forests and deserts, a lost boy. The physical world was real to him; human society contained only ghosts of his former pain. It wasn't just a cactus

or a coatimundi that brought reality home. It was anything he could touch with his hands. He loved the poetry of big machines, their heft and size and kinetic energy. Instinctively, he knew how to fix them. And he knew how to break them, just like a child. He shared that knowledge with Mark Davis. He sympathized with Mark's radicalism, but mostly he just liked the attention. "There was a dynamic between us," he recalled later. "I would come up with the information and he would execute. . . . If Mark Davis had treated me a little bit more like a human being I would have stayed on his side."

Into this oddly matched group of ecosaboteurs wandered a Ph.D. botanist named Marc Andre Baker. A tall, gangly vegetarian, Baker was the quintessential absentminded professor. He was even brilliant in his field, an expert on cholla and acuña cactus. Baker's expertise was wide-ranging. Half his career had been spent in the desert and half in rain forests. In fact, Baker and his wife, Nicole, had just returned from Ecuador, where Baker's botanizing included ingesting large quantities of ayahuasca, a powerful hallucinogen used in Indian religious ceremonies. LSD and psilocybin mushrooms were inferior, earthbound highs compared to ayahuasca, according to Baker. It was just as well that the drug wasn't available in Prescott.

Nancy Zierenberg and Rod Mondt, Dave Foreman's friends from Chico, California, also arrived in Prescott that summer. Nancy always loved botanizing and bird-watching, but up until now Rod's career had kept them moving around. But that spring Rod said good-bye to both the Forest Service and the Park Service and began working in a Prescott sporting-goods store. Nancy decided that it was time to get involved in the environmental movement. She listed herself in the *Earth First! Journal* as a local contact person. In the spring, she organized a picnic, where she met Peg Millett, who was the other Prescott contact. Mark Davis didn't come, but he called later to set up a meeting. Davis was thinking of starting a local environmental group called Yavapai Earthnet. He hoped it would be successful enough to get him out of the carpentry business.

Late on the night of October 4, 1987, a band of ecosaboteurs carried a heavy welding torch into the San Francisco Peaks. By the time they came down, so had the pylons that held up the main chairlift of the Fairfield Snowbowl. The owners of the resort, which had been operating on Forest Service land since the 1930s, were threatening to expand farther into the mountain range. They didn't seem to care that the San Francisco Peaks were sacred territory to several Indian tribes. This had been particularly annoying to Mark Davis; it exemplified everything that was wrong with industrial capitalism.

The Snowbowl was immediately notified that the lifts had been damaged. So were a dozen radio stations and newspapers, which refused to print the letter outlining the group's demands because they thought it would encourage the ecosaboteurs. They did report that a group calling itself EMETIC, the Evan Mecham Eco Terrorist International Conspiracy, was claiming credit for the incident, citing their opposition to the resort's expansion into sacred Indian territory. Almost immediately, Arizona governor Ev Mecham, the wacky right-wing car salesman who was later impeached after committing a series of blunders that indicated his utter lack of familiarity with the U.S. Constitution, declared that he had nothing to do with the group. The authorities were not amused. Neither was the Snowbowl. A \$5,000 reward was posted for the perpetrators.

EMETIC's humor found a more appreciative audience at the Arizona Trailer Park. Ilse and Ron Frazier passed the newspaper back and forth that morning, laughing. Now Frazier knew how Mark was using the welding skills he had taught him.

In November, another letter arrived at the Snowbowl from EMETIC. Iisaw, the *nom de monkeywrench* of the group's leader, advised Snowbowl management that the lift had been sabotaged again. In fact, it hadn't been. But the company was forced to shut down briefly and spend money to find this out. EMETIC's jokers were on a roll.

There was only one problem. Ilse Asplund's house was being watched by the FBI. Tired of being broke and angry that nobody

trusted him enough to let him in on the joke, Ilse's second-string trailer park protégé, the toothless, chain-smoking Mike Gooch, had contacted the authorities. For a short time, Gooch wore a wire provided by the FBI. But the only inside information he got was about good fishing holes.

The fissure first appeared when Marc Baker let slip a few ill-chosen words at a backyard barbecue in nearby Prescott Valley. His friend Harry Macey was complaining about carrying his two kids when they got tired of hiking. Baker ribbed him, saying if he thought that was bad, he should try carrying a cutting torch up the San Francisco Peaks.

Then, just two months after the second Snowbowl letter had been sent, the fissure turned into a crevasse when Mark Davis made his fatal, arrogant mistake. That winter Ron Frazier had been working for Jody Skjei, an old high-school friend of Davis's. He was also going to school full-time and, according to him, earning straight A's. But Ron Frazier's sense of reality, tenuous at best, was being shredded by megadoses of LSD—five, six, seven hits at a time. He became prey to delusions that Skjei was in love with him, even though she assured him this was not the case. Finally she fired him, complaining that he was coming to work stoned. They had a dispute over money and Frazier left a succession of threatening telephone messages on Skjei's answering machine. Mr. Hippie himself stepped in, Mark Davis, the old drug and alcohol counselor, mystic warrior, protector of women and children. Get into the martial arts, man, he told Frazier. Meditate. Learn to focus. Part of your brain isn't energized.

Even for Frazier, this was too much. Blandly agreeing, he waited until the trailer door closed behind Mark Davis's highly energized, meddlesome brain. Then he jumped in his old pickup and hightailed it down to the FBI office in Phoenix. There, for the first time in his life, Ron Frazier's dream came true. He found someplace he belonged.

The FBI was only too ready to welcome Ron Frazier into the fold. Agents had been watching Earth First! since the early 1980s. In 1981, an executive of the Salt River Project, the utility that operated the Glen Canyon Dam, had written a letter to the FBI's Terrorism Research Bomb Data Center. He asked for a "threat assessment or

profile information . . . on a regional or national level, on a recurring basis . . . on a relatively new environmental group known as Earth First, which was formed in March, 1981 [the month they "cracked" the dam], and apparently espouses violent activity aimed at utilities."

From FBI records made available under the Freedom of Information Act, it is not clear if this letter provoked an investigation. But the following year Earth First!ers began their crusade to lampoon Interior Secretary James Watt. This time the FBI got to work.

Starting in 1982, the agency made periodic reports on Earth First! These reports were released to me in 1986 under the Freedom of Information Act, but all the names were blacked out. Still, they offer a way to track the FBI's interest in Earth First! For instance, on November 29, 1982, someone from Earth First! made an attempt to talk to Watt during a public appearance. When he was told to write a letter instead, the Earth First!er wrote warning Watt that oil and gas exploration or any other activities detrimental to wilderness would be "followed by civil disobedience." "If you continue to follow the Reagan administration's course it will harden our resolve to Block the Course," said the letter, which was signed by "Ned Lud [sic], Rocky Mtn. Regional Coordinator, Earth First!" Park police forwarded the letter to the FBI, along with photos obtained by the Colorado State Patrol. The FBI report continues, "[Name blacked out] further advised his office has a large file on Earth First [sic] which he described as a violence prone organization operating in the West and Southwest portions of the United States."

Reports from the Bald Mountain road blockades in 1983 sounded a saner note. They characterized the group as peaceful and environmentally concerned. Members of Earth First! were afraid that logging of Bald Mountain will "hurt the environment," one report stated. But another memorandum from this period was alarming. It was dated May 25, 1983—the date of the Glen Canyon Dam birthday celebration and Earth First!'s counterdemonstration, the canyon's funeral. It contained a synopsis of a U.S. Park Service report on a man in a canoe near Rainbow Bridge. The man was reportedly carrying a Ruger Mini-14 fitted with a scope. He was a member of Earth First! and

had a record of problems in other parks, according to the rangers. Concerned about the safety of James Watt, Park Service cops confiscated the man's gun, telling him he could retrieve it later. He never returned. This appeared to be the same man Ken Sanders knew as the "sinister" Piton Pete, one of the scuzzy hangers-on who had been showing up whenever Earth First! staged a big whoop-de-doo. "He scared the bejesus out of me," Sanders recalled. "He had a truck that was loaded to bear, with weird radios and a satellite TV. I thought he was an agent provocateur." Sanders doesn't remember seeing him after the Glen Canyon funeral either.

The FBI reports seem to taper off after 1983. Coincidentally, or maybe not so coincidentally, that was the year James Watt resigned, leaving the Department of Interior a blander place. But a 1986 incident captured the FBI's attention once again. Arizona ecosaboteurs tossed a harpoonlike device over a power line, briefly interrupting transmissions from the Palo Verde nuclear generating station. A few months later an Earth First! rally was held in Tucson. The Palo Verde hit was mentioned, and someone in the audience shouted "Nice work!" to Dave Foreman and Roger Featherstone. From the stage, both men denied any involvement in the incident. Then Peg Millett made a smart-aleck remark about taking credit where credit was due. It probably meant nothing. For years, Dave Foreman had been telling everyone he was too visible to monkeywrench. But according to Ron Frazier, there was an undercover FBI agent in the crowd that night who wasn't about to take Foreman at his word.

So when Frazier walked in the door of the Phoenix FBI office in January 1988, the agents thought it was Christmas, Hanukkah, and the Fourth of July rolled into one. To Frazier's surprise, they said, "You're one of us, boy." The agents fitted him out with a snazzy lightweight reel-to-reel Nagra tape recorder and sent him home. Sources close to the investigation say that the FBI became convinced at this early stage that Foreman was at the center of an antinuclear conspiracy that had begun with the Palo Verde incident. This was the first real break in the case. It remains unclear exactly how it occurred. For instance, there is speculation that Frazier may have been inspired

by the knowledge that Gooch had already turned informer. In any case, he quickly outdid his predecessor. To Frazier's surprise, Mark Davis almost immediately spilled his guts about plans for future monkeywrenching adventures. Frazier, the square-jawed, all-American psycho, was in deeper than he had bargained for.

"All I really wanted was the dirt on the Snowbowl and he starts telling me about the next project and Thermit (an incendiary powder)," said Frazier. "And I'm going no, please. No next project. No Thermit. I don't want to hear this."

Later he added, "I mean, all I wanted to do was snitch on Mark and get out. It was a chickenshit thing to do."

Chickenshit or not, Frazier did the job, ultimately receiving just under \$54,000 over a three-year period. The FBI even allowed him to go to Seattle to work on the diesel engine of a boat belonging to the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society, the Greenpeace splinter group that was going around calling itself the Earth First! navy and ramming whaling boats. By this time Frazier had switched over to Yavapai College's diesel mechanics course, where he showed considerable aptitude. His skills did not go unappreciated by the Sea Shepherds, a navy whose fleet could be charitably characterized as rustbucket class. Frazier liked Sea Shepherd, too. His FBI handlers probably didn't realize how close Frazier was to shipping out for good on that trip. When he came back, he was still in their good graces. The best thing he had done, at least from the FBI's point of view, was introduce FBI undercover agent Mike Tait to Peg Millett at the Earth First! Rendezvous in Washington state in the summer of 1988.

By then Frazier's relationship with Mark Davis was eroding. In fact, Davis seemed to be cooling off on the idea of monkeywrenching altogether. His personal deity, which he simply referred to as "She," was telling him to mellow out, he told Frazier. For months Davis and Frazier had toyed with the idea of using Thermit to down power lines. Frazier kept having "trouble" locating the Thermit. Finally Davis gave up on the idea. It would be bad public relations, he decided. "Okay, so maybe it's a blessing in disguise not to have the

Thermit," Davis told Frazier. "The definition of the job is to do it so people will like that it's done and think about why."¹ Frazier couldn't figure out if Davis had stopped trusting him because he hadn't come through with the Thermit, or if Davis was really backing off from monkeywrenching. Frazier was losing whatever slender grasp he had on Ilse, too. But he still fantasized about "saving" her from Mark Davis by putting her to work for the FBI. They could work as a team—if he wasn't hooked up with FBI agent Lori Bailey by then. Bailey was a blond woman in her early thirties who looked like a younger, prettier Martina Navratilova. Frazier suspected that Bailey, who was in charge of the sting, had romantic feelings toward him. He also thought that the FBI wanted to promote him from informer to full-time agent.²

But Ilse was not the FBI's next target. Peg Millett was. FBI undercover agent Mike Tait—whose real name was Mike Fain—realized that of the four EMETIC outlaws, Peg was the easiest to manipulate. She had a weakness for cowboys, so Fain played the consummate Marlboro Man. He fit the part, being long legged, good with his hands, and emotionally retarded. Peg's husband, the forest ranger Doug Vandergon, didn't dance, so Peg and Fain went dancing together. When the relationship felt that it was getting too heavy, she fixed him up with her friend, a striking widow named Jane Chapman. But Peg kept seeing Fain, too. She was never physically unfaithful to Doug, but there was something intense and disturbing about her relationship with Fain. She began to read about codependence. Mike Fain had told her that he was an alcoholic, but he had never gone to AA. She thought he was what AA calls "a dry drunk"—someone who exhibits alcoholic behavior but doesn't drink. She thought that her own behavior was codependent; she kept trying to "save" Fain. She grew alarmed about the relationship, but instead of ending it, she redoubled her efforts to fix it.

Slowly and methodically, Mike Fain worked to gain the trust of the Prescott ecosaboteurs. For a long time, Mark Davis suspected him of being "a deep plant." He spent time with Fain but refused to discuss monkeywrenching. Davis thought Fain rather pathetic, but decided

that he would help him, mentor him, get him out of his screwed-up, emotionally blocked, post-Vietnam rut.

Ilse was the only person in the group who was completely turned off by Fain. For one thing, he took up too much of Mark Davis's time. Their vaguely militaristic male-bonding routine—running up Granite Mountain at the crack of dawn and kick-boxing in the garage—made her want to puke. "I was a southern belle before I was an ecoterrorist, honey," she joked later. "If they wanted to get me, they should have sent a Jewish bon vivant."

Eventually it was not sweat and violence that caused Mark Davis to drop his guard. It was a lie told by a woman. As her marriage faltered, partly because of her husband's discomfort with her *Earth First!* activism, Peg Millett grew increasingly attached to Mike Fain. The emotional hold that Fain had on her after "confessing" that he was an alcoholic proved overpowering. Peg's father had been a drunk, a violent one. Ignoring a warning instinct, Peg resolved to rescue Fain from his strangled sensitivity, the way children try to mend their broken parents so that the parents can be there for them. She would get him in touch with the earth—and his own feminine side—by turning him into the world's greatest monkeywrencher. To convince Mark Davis that Fain was for real, she implied that Fain had committed a felony with her. Interestingly, the one she chose was trashing a bulldozer, the same kind of heavy equipment her father had operated. Davis believed her. Fain was in.

Between Fain and Frazier, the FBI had EMETIC pretty well taped up. Literally. More than 800 hours of mostly turgid conversations were recorded on body wires worn by Fain, Frazier, and a snitch named Katherine (or Catherine) Clarke, a woman with a throaty, resonant voice who volunteered at the *Earth First! Journal* office in Tucson. The house on Sosna Drive that Mark Davis and Ilse Asplund moved into in March 1988 was wired from floor to ceiling, including the telephone. Similar surveillance was conducted in Tucson. The feds recorded everything from kids playing and dogs barking to a couple making love on a kitchen table, an invasion they excused by saying they thought the people were eating soup.

All this work did not go unrewarded. On September 25, 1988, a power line leading to the Canyon Mine on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon was cut by EMETIC. This time, the Prescott monkeywrenchers had chosen a real cause. This was the uranium mine Ilse had found out about the summer before. When she researched it, she discovered that the mine was both a potential health hazard and a financial boondoggle. Uranium mines have been linked to obscenely high cancer rates in children. Because of the location of uranium deposits, Native Americans, who are often poor and unable to defend themselves through the political or legal process, are the most affected. In this case, the proposed mine threatened to contaminate the water supply of the Havasupai Indians. In addition, under the antiquated 1872 Mining Law, Energy Fuels Nuclear was paying only \$100 for the right to gouge out uranium from national forest land. The Sierra Club and the Havasupai Indian tribe were in court trying to stop the mine from opening. If construction could be slowed, the lawsuits might have a better chance of succeeding.

According to an affidavit filed on February 23, 1989, FBI agents knew all about EMETIC's plan to hit the Canyon Mine *before it happened*. Yet they did nothing to stop it. Former prosecutor Ivan Abrams says the FBI was holding out for a bigger prize—Dave Foreman, whom they believed was the puppet master behind EMETIC. Abrams believes the FBI was wrong and the Earth First! case should have been prosecuted as a minor criminal matter. But by the time Abrams took the case, the government's decision had been made. Part of the problem was Mike Fain. Just like his cover story, the real Mike Fain had done hard time in Vietnam. He was considered a free spirit by his law-enforcement peers. He even called himself an environmentalist. Fain felt a troubling affinity for his subjects. Especially difficult was the romantic relationship that he began with Jane Chapman, Peg Millett's friend.

But Fain was also a serious Christian. He was shocked when Peg and Ilse took part in a women's ceremony at the Grand Canyon that included the old Druid rite of dripping menstrual blood on the earth. According to Abrams, Fain's biggest problem was that he was too rigid

to modulate his training to fit a situation where he was infiltrating idealists instead of ax murderers. When it came down to it, Fain was a company man. He was even married to an FBI agent.

An inadvertently recorded conversation between Mike Fain and another agent seems to bear out the theory that the FBI was waiting to ensnare Foreman. Foreman was not "the guy we need to pop, I mean, in terms of an actual perpetrator," Fain told his buddy. "This is the guy we need to pop to send a message." Suddenly realizing his Nagra's spools were still spinning, Fain exclaimed, "Ohh, we don't need that on tape. Hoo boy."

The presence of an FBI informer in Tucson also indicates that the FBI was targeting Foreman. Cat Clarke made a concerted effort to befriend Dave Foreman's wife, Nancy Morton, whose radicalism was perhaps even harder edged than Foreman's. Like Morton, who was a nurse, Clarke worked in health care. Sometimes she moonlighted as a professional clown. She adopted many masks; her hair color changed almost as often as her makeup. Clarke struck members of Tucson Earth First! as bubbly, bouncy, and emotionally unstable. She told the Earth First!ers that she had been a bodyguard for a local Islamic cult leader named Kalifa. Kalifa was a former science adviser to Libya's Col. Muammar al-Qaddafi. He was an obvious subject for FBI surveillance, leading to later speculation that Clarke had a track record as a federal snitch. Kalifa was assassinated in 1990, several months after Clarke was expelled from the group. His assassin was never found. Soon afterward, Clarke attached herself to Earth First!, enthusiastically volunteering for sit-ins and trying to get people to monkeywrench with her.

Dave Foreman was going through his own personal crisis that spring. Sobered by intimations of mortality—including Abbey's death and a nasty bite from a brown recluse spider which forced him to spend the winter as an invalid—Foreman decided that his young Frankenstein had outgrown him.

"Abbey's death changed things for me. Ed could say outrageous things. He could be a gadfly. I realized that for twenty years, really all of my adult working life, except a year or two when I worked at

a Zuni trading post, I'd been speaking on behalf of some environmental group. In that situation, you have to be careful what you say. By the time I hit that ten thousandth interview, I couldn't escape the feeling that I was pandering. Right now, I only want to speak for Dave Foreman," he said in the beginning of May 1989. Not long before, he had severed his formal relationship with Earth First!, handing over the ownership of the *Earth First! Journal* to a nonprofit organization composed of the newspaper's staff members. At Dave's urging, Nancy Zierenberg rented a white frame house in downtown Tucson and moved the *Journal's* office out of the back bedroom of the Calle Carapan house. Although he stopped by the office nearly every day, Foreman's only visible tie to Earth First! was his public speaking, which provided his main source of income. But even "The Speech," Foreman's foot-stomping, rabble-rousing call to action, felt stale. He was bored and a little tired. His guard was down.

Just as he had manipulated Peg Millett to gain access to Mark Davis, Mike Fain was going to use Mark Davis to get to Dave Foreman. He had finally won Mark's trust, just as Mark's fantasies were reaching new heights of grandiosity. With Fain's help, Davis concocted a plan to knock down power lines to five nuclear facilities simultaneously. A grand gesture seemed like the only way out of a horrible depression that was settling in on Mark. He was backing out of his relationship with Ilse, using the excuse that "the warrior path" was too dangerous for women and children. He moved upstairs, leaving Ilse in the downstairs apartment. But the separation wasn't solving his problems. He often felt suicidal. In his FBI-taped conversations with Ilse, Mark fantasized about sacrificing himself for the good of the world, in one media-heavy kamikaze death strike. "It's like poker; you have to ante. My ante is my life," he swaggered.³ But in reality Mark had trouble coordinating his complicated antinuke action. Despite his brilliance, Mark Davis was the kind of guy who couldn't balance a checkbook or run a business, much less organize the eco-radical version of the Strategic Air Command. Five nukes became three—the Palo Verde nuclear power plant in Arizona; the notorious Diablo Canyon plant in California, built on the San Andreas Fault;

and a military-grade plutonium-processing facility at Rocky Flats, Colorado, one of the most polluted places on earth. The whole operation had to be conducted with complete safety, Davis constantly admonished. Nobody was to be hurt, including the monkeywrenchers. It all sounded good, unless you knew Mark. He couldn't even get to Tucson without the FBI agent's assistance—his car was too much of a junker to make the four-hour trip. Mike Fain drove Davis down to Tucson twice to put the touch on Dave Foreman. Once Davis scored \$500. But Fain was not allowed into the meetings between Foreman and Davis.

Then one day Mike Fain came to see Dave Foreman alone. He came to the Calle Carapan house. The two men spoke for a while, then went for a walk in the desert. As they left the quiet suburban streets behind and entered the saguaro forest, Fain told Foreman that Mark Davis was planning a practice session before the nuke job. For the warm-up, Davis wanted to down a power line connected to the Central Arizona Project, which was finally on its way to completion.

As the sun haloed the edges of the tall Sonoran Desert cactus, a plane flew overhead. Foreman, an Air Force brat, thought little of it. There was an Air Force base east of the city, and Tucson International Airport was only a few miles to the southeast. But this plane was different. It contained FBI agents who were using high-technology devices to monitor his conversation, in case Fain needed corroboration in court.

Fain said that hitting CAP was a bad idea. Foreman agreed. Fain continued to work him, repeating the same statements over and over like an expert fisherman hauling in a wary, battered old trout. Finally Foreman made one incriminating reply. "I think it's got to be real targeted and be directed at targets that will have some kind of impact," he said. "Like the nuclear thing, that might help prevent additional plants . . . But with the CAP thing we are essentially done in the United States with uh . . . large water projects."

Explaining that his personal finances were in bad shape, Foreman told Fain to see Nancy Zierenberg at the Earth First! office. A few months before, when Rod decided to attend graduate school at the

University of Arizona in Tucson, Foreman had offered Zierenberg a job as the *Earth First! Journal's* merchandise coordinator. Foreman told the agent that the group was holding a yard sale and he might be able to score a couple of dollars from petty cash "to help fund you, you know, whatever work you wanna do." Still giving it the old school try, Fain asked if he could tell Mark Davis that the money was "not necessarily for the CAP." "That's fine," said Foreman.

It was May 13, 1989.

On May 31, Ilse Asplund lay asleep in the house she shared with Mark Davis deep in the woods outside Prescott. Her own children and Mark Davis's two daughters were in the house with her.

At 3 A.M. Ilse woke up, alarmed. She padded out to the living room, where she had left a sleeping bag on the couch for Peg. The bag was empty. She wondered what was going on but realized there was nothing she could do. She went back to bed and fell asleep. She dreamed about a jail cell. The floor of the cell was hard-packed dirt. She touched it with the flat of her hand. It was cool and dry. High above her head, there was a narrow window with bars. No light came in. Inside the cell it was quiet. Ilse breathed more slowly. She felt a sense of relief.

While Ilse dreamed, Peggy, Mark Davis, and Marc Baker were running from the FBI SWAT team at power pole number 40-1 outside Salome, Arizona. Baker went down first, stumbling and losing one of the ridiculous snowshoe-type devices that he had fashioned out of plywood and baling wire in an effort to disguise his footprints. He fell down and stayed down. A SWAT team member kept a gun trained on him until an interrogator led him away. Davis, too, was arrested quickly and without incident. Neither man was armed, although the FBI confiscated Baker's Swiss Army knife. It wasn't much of a weapon; its blade was broken.

Peg was not so easy to catch. She had one great advantage over her pursuers—lack of fear. The desert had always been her refuge; it didn't betray her. She instinctively knew which jagged rock would give way and which would hold beneath her feet, which cairns might hide a

rattlesnake den. She also knew that the biggest threat to a human being in the wilderness is panic. Peg didn't panic. The woo-woo kicked in—all her meditation, the dreams about her power animal, the raccoon. She sank herself into her surroundings, *became* the rocks, the clean-smelling creosote, the paloverde arcing over the wash.

Peg ran all night. By the time the moon rose, she had outpaced the FBI agents, their helicopters, horses, and German shepherds. At dawn she reached asphalt. Over the past few hours she had assessed her situation, deciding that the only sensible course was to turn herself in. She stood placidly by the side of the road, waiting to be picked up. She was unmistakable, with her strong rooted legs, her long single braid, and her wire-rimmed glasses. One, two, three sheriff's cars whizzed by her. The hell with it, she decided, and stuck out her thumb. A little old man with a cooler full of sodas picked her up. They sipped cans of Tab all the way to the Pancake Inn on the outskirts of Prescott. The FBI didn't find her until afternoon.

About the time Peg was getting out of the car in front of the Pancake Inn, FBI agents were knocking at the door of Dave Foreman and Nancy Morton's house on Calle Carapan. After Nancy opened the door, they pushed past her into the couple's bedroom, swung open the door, and surrounded the bed where Foreman was sleeping. He opened his eyes to the blue-black gun barrels of three cocked .357 Magnums. The stunned Foreman took out his earplugs—there were noisy dogs on the block that year—and the FBI agents read him his rights. It was only later that Nancy realized the agents must have known the floor plan of her house.

At the same time that the FBI was crossing the threshold of the Calle Carapan house, another group of agents arrived at the house on Sosna Drive in Prescott where Ilse Asplund lived. This group included the investigation's team leader, Lori Bailey.

It was 7 A.M., and Ilse was getting her children and Mark's two daughters ready for school. Ilse was still in her nightshirt and the kids were looking for their shoes when Bailey and another woman grabbed her and marched her off to another room in the apartment. The frightened children were left sitting in a row on the couch while FBI agents

went upstairs to search Mark's apartment for evidence. Downstairs, Ilse and Lori Bailey confronted each other. Ilse refused to speak to Bailey without a lawyer. "What would you like us to do with your children when we arrest you?" Bailey threatened. Matching her steel magnolia to steel magnolia, Ilse replied, "I'll deal with that when the time comes." Suddenly Ilse heard one of the kids crying. She ran out to the living room, where a beefy FBI agent was "guarding" the children, and ordered him upstairs. The FBI had a warrant to search Mark's apartment, not hers, she told him. At first the agent refused. But Ilse stood right in front of him until he reluctantly moved upstairs. Only when one of the kids piped up, "Mom, you're in your underwear!" did she notice she was still in her nightshirt.

After that incident, things calmed down. Bailey eventually gave up on getting Ilse to talk. She allowed her to get dressed and take the children to school. Under the scrutiny of a half dozen FBI agents watching from a second-floor balcony, Ilse loaded the car with the four kids and several bags of laundry. "She's loading something in the car," she heard one of them say. As she drove off, she comforted the stunned children, imagining the FBI agents searching through soiled socks and underwear.

Down in Phoenix, the FBI was having an easier time with Marc Baker. Baker was spilling at least part of his guts, telling them he had made a terrible mistake by following Mark Davis, even if he did agree with him in principle.

A few weeks later Prescott was hit by a violent summer rainstorm. Ilse was driving home when she passed Ron Frazier going the opposite way. They pulled over and talked for a minute, letting the monsoon heave big raindrops through their open car windows. Frazier told Ilse that he had just been out to her house looking for her. She asked him to follow her home so they could talk. As the storm beat against the windows of the Sosna Drive house like giant moth wings, Frazier confessed to being an informer. Ilse couldn't help smiling when he told her Lori Bailey had been furious at her recalcitrance on May 31. "She thought you would be easy," Frazier told Ilse. Even Peg had

misjudged her the same way. On the night of the Canyon Mine hit, Peg told Mike Fain that she had been nervous as a cat while Ilse had been completely calm.⁴

But as Frazier kept talking, her satisfaction was replaced by fear.

"You are all terrorists, and I was in constant fear of my life," she reports that Frazier told her. "I had no choice but to go to the FBI or to pull a Rambo at an Earth First! Rendezvous."

Ilse sat at her kitchen table terrified, but she tried not to let him sense her panic.

"He was like a great white shark," she said. "Silent and deadly." She remembered Frazier trying to poach deer in the woods surrounding the Grand Canyon Rendezvous site. The woods were full of people who could easily be mistaken for game, particularly by a hunter tripping his brains out on LSD.

Ilse was indicted six months later.

It would be two years before the Arizona Five, as they came to be called, went to trial. In those two years, the sophisticated anarchy that had held Earth First! together broke down completely.



Vineland

She'd come down by the old 101 from the redwoods to the City, a teenage beauty with the same blue eyes and wolf-whistle legs her daughter would have, out on her own early because of too many mouths to feed at home. Her father, Jess Traverse, trying to organize loggers in Vineland, Humboldt, and Del Norte, had suffered an accident arranged by one Crocker "Bud" Scantling for the Employers' Association, in plain sight of enough people who'd get the message, at a local ball game, where he was playing center field. The tree, one of a stand of old redwoods just beyond the fence, had been cut in advance almost all the way through. Nobody in the stands heard saw strokes, wedges being knocked loose . . . nobody could believe, when it began to register, the slow creaking detachment from the lives around it as the tree began its descent. Voices found at last only reached Jess in time for him to dive out of the way, to save his life, but not his mobility, as the redwood fell across his legs, crushing them, driving half of him into the earth.

—Thomas Pynchon
Vineland, 1990

1990—Northern California

THE BODY'S SHOCK MECHANISM IS A TURTLE moving at the pace of a hare. It pulls everything inward, shunting blood away from the extremities and pumping it furiously to the vital organs: liver, heart, brain. There is something else, too, a protective psychological film that drops like a loose window shade. For more than a year, Judi Bari could not remember the pain she felt when the pipe bomb went off in her car, shattering her pelvis. In her memory, her body was a distant island. She didn't hear the sound of sirens or smell her own burning flesh.

The only thing she did remember was straining to visualize the

faces of her two daughters in an effort to make herself want to live. But sight failed her.

It was only later, when she was giving testimony in a lawsuit against the FBI for allegedly fumbling the investigation of the bombing, that Judi Bari remembered those first minutes of pain. Suddenly she heard the thunderous sound of the bomb. She was in her crumpled Subaru station wagon, begging the cops to lower the seat, not knowing one of its steel springs had been blown into her body. Floating in shock, she cried as they arranged her on a stretcher. She passed out for a few seconds, then came to, and that was the time she remembered once she got to the hospital. Pain beyond words, more brutal than she would have wished on the worst capitalist pig land raper in northern California. It made her want to die. But Judi Bari was going to live. This time.

Judi Bari's home lies between the Golden Gate Bridge and the Oregon border. The 400 miles of northern California coastline are fogged in, wild. Ice plants curl daggers over humped sand dunes. The dunes go on forever, like gray cities in a science-fiction movie about the overindustrialized overpopulated future that is turning final, banking before it lands with the unavoidable certainty but uncertain velocity of a plane running out of gas. There is a sense of borrowed time here on the vacant beach, its big transparent waves rocking the shore in a constant Einsteinian kinesis, the pulp mill belching a rain-bow plume overhead. The plume is a leaky trail from logging roads that merge into a dense forest further inland. The beach is little more than a false front for tourists, a narrow bandage winding up the coast. The real northern California is in the deep woods, where big trees and bushy sensimilla plants are fed by the hot, bright summer sun and unremitting winter rains.

In the 1970s northern California was hippie heaven, an overflow valve for leftover leftists squeezed out by Nixon's accession and Carter's recession. Then the CAMP soldiers descended in their federal helicopters and camouflage pajamas, toting semiautomatic weapons and assorted paramilitary gizmos. The Campaign Against Marijuana

Planting turned Eden into a war zone. This was the war zone that Judi Bari happily walked into in 1986. Her background was typical, but Judi wasn't. She had gone to the University of Maryland, where she majored in antiwar protests and drugs. Like many Vietnam-era radicals, Judi was a pink-diaper baby. Her parents were linked not only by affection but by shared socialist ideals. Her mother, who is Jewish, was the first woman to graduate from Johns Hopkins University with a Ph.D. in mathematics. Her father is an Italian gem cutter. In college, Judi was not rebelling against her parents' values but against the hypocrisy that she believed they had adopted in order to function in society. When she toted home Mao Tse-tung's little red book, her mother admonished her, "Don't make the same mistake we did. Socialism in America has to be American." Bari took the advice to heart, but it would be a while before she actually used it, as an Earth First! organizer in California's timber and dope country. When she did, she would run up against the most brutal antienvironmental backlash in U.S. history.

If Judi Bari was an unlikely candidate for Buckaroo status, the man who introduced her to Earth First! appeared even more ill suited to the role. Darryl Cherney was a fast-talking Jewish guy from New York who had been a child actor in TV commercials. His indoor pallor and masses of dark, curly hair gave him the appearance of a Hobbit with bad habits. Darryl had made his pilgrimage to California in 1985, and California had not disappointed. A seemingly random encounter with a Native American hitchhiker named Kingfisher brought Darryl to the town of Garberville, a center for dope smuggling and environmental action. Not long after he arrived he found the offices of the Environmental Protection and Information Center, or EPIC, a grass-roots environmental group founded by an earlier generation of long-haired pilgrims. The EPIC activists were classic 1960s dropouts—a former real estate broker, an ex-legal secretary, the son of a Nobel Prize-winning physicist. They smoked dope, wore their hair in ponytails, and sported purple ties for press conferences. But the EPIC folks worked within the system, bringing a string of underfunded but remarkably successful lawsuits to stop log-

ging in California's old-growth forests. At the EPIC offices, Darryl was struck by one of Earth First!'s "silent agitator" stickers, which featured an updated version of the green fist logo Mike Roselle had sketched after the Pinacate trip. That summer Darryl attended the Earth First! Rendezvous in Colorado. The diminutive urban refugee was "scared shitless" of all the big macho guys guzzling beer and howling around the campfire. But when Darryl whipped out his guitar, he fit right in. Back in California he became the resident eco-radical, singing environmental folk songs that got airplay on local radio stations. He even made it onto Doctor Demento's syndicated show.

Things really started happening when Darryl met up with a bearded, handsome young reporter named Greg King in March 1986. King had driven up to Garberville to cover his first demonstration, a guerrilla tree planting on George Pacific land. He spotted Darryl in the crowd of hippies waiting for rides outside the EPIC office. Darryl, who gravitates toward reporters like a starving coyote to mice, lost no time in getting to know King.

When he met Darryl Cherney, King had just won an award for his investigative reporting on Louisiana-Pacific's operation in Sonoma County, which lies between San Francisco and the timber empires of Mendocino, Humboldt, and Del Norte. A banker's son, King had grown up in Sonoma. Now he was getting interested in what was happening farther north, where people were less sophisticated and the action was rougher. He had read about Texas corporate raider Charles Hurwitz taking over a family-run timber operation in Humboldt called Pacific Lumber. For decades, Pacific Lumber had been a notable exception to the aggressive harvesting practices of the region's two other major landholders, Simpson and Louisiana-Pacific. Because of its conservative cutting policies, PL owned more untouched redwood forest than any company in California. Darryl and his local Earth First! activists thought PL's old-growth holdings should be seized by the state to become parkland. But the state would have to act fast. A report commissioned by Hurwitz's corporation, Maxxam, was recommending that Pacific Lumber more than double its cut. If this advice was followed, Pacific Lumber would become indistinguishable from the

region's other timber companies.¹ The company also could pay off the more than \$500 million junk-bond debt that Hurwitz had incurred while buying the company.

It was a hell of a story. But to Greg King, it was more than a story. In the fall of 1986, King quit his newspaper job. He had just had his first look at Owl Creek Grove, a stand of old-growth redwoods owned by Pacific Lumber. After he saw it, journalism wasn't enough. He moved north to save the redwoods, even turning down an offer by a Sierra Club activist to run a weekly newspaper. He wanted to *do* something. With the help of deep-ecology popularizer Bill Devall, who taught at Humboldt State University, King and two students named Larry Evans and Todd Swarthout developed a proposal for a 98,000-acre wilderness complex. In keeping with their state-of-the-art ecological orientation, the proposal was designed to protect an entire watershed. The area included the largest contiguous piece of old growth still in private hands, a little-known 3,000-acre stand of ancient redwoods owned by Pacific Lumber. The land was off-limits to hikers, but King mapped it anyway, becoming the first environmentalist to enter the forest. It was an unbelievably pure rush. He felt like an explorer discovering a new world, an experience that had become increasingly rare in a world made smaller by technology and overpopulation. Yet it had been a formative event in the lives of many conservationists. Wilderness Society founder Aldo Leopold had experienced it when he entered the Sierra Madre in 1936 after a trip to Germany. In a single year, Leopold saw the extremes of human impact on the land, from the fully civilized to the fully wild. This stark contrast had a profound effect on his thinking.²

Another Wilderness Society founder, Bob Marshall, spent much of his short but intense life seeking out the pure wilderness rush. Marshall and his brother George were both under twenty-one when, with their guide Herb Clark, they became the first people to climb all forty-six Adirondack peaks over the height of 4,000 feet. Even with the heavy equipment of his era, Marshall routinely hiked thirty to forty miles a day. Alaska was his mecca. Nowhere else did Marshall find the undiluted experience of going where no man had gone

before—probably. (In those days, wilderness hikers didn't stop to consider that their virgin land may have been the corner grocery store for prehistoric people.) "In many ways the greatest one day I have ever spent was the day we snowshoed up to the very head of Clear River and looked down over the top into the Hammond River watershed," Marshall wrote in his posthumously published book *Alaska Wilderness*. "The thrill of that look into unknown country and the thrill of being the first people ever reaching the head of a great river are things that stand out forever in a person's memory." Marshall died of mysterious causes while on a train from Washington, D.C., to New York. A police autopsy was unclear about the cause of death but showed evidence of leukemia and coronary arteriosclerosis. His friend and colleague Robert Sterling Yard believed Marshall's unremitting demands on his body hastened his death. There was evidence of a certain compulsiveness on Marshall's part. In Forest Service camps he was known for his eccentric habit of listing things. He not only wrote down information about his hikes; he also noted the average number of pancakes eaten by his fellow Forest Service workers. His boss called him enthusiastic, happy, eager to learn, and "a very odd chap." Nevertheless, his family-authorized biographer, James M. Glover, said Marshall was not driven to his death by neurosis but made a conscious decision to live at full throttle. He was thirty-eight years old when he died.

On his excursion onto Pacific Lumber territory, Greg King experienced a frenzy similar to Marshall's. In two days, he completed a rugged thirty-five-mile hike that was supposed to take twice as long. He couldn't stop walking. Even though he knew loggers had been on the property, he saw no sign of them. The forest was a giant's landscape of velvety redwoods and ferns as tall as a human being. King half expected to see a woolly mammoth drinking from the rock-strewn waters that crossed and recrossed his path on a heavily wooded ridge. "It was the Lost World, not just because I was lost, but literally, it seemed like walking from the present into millions of years ago," he said. The redwoods were Greg King's Pinacate Desert; they meant to him what Yosemite had meant to John Muir. In the following

months, King led students on trespassing expeditions to map the forest, which he named Headwaters. By August, he was tree sitting with Corvallis-based Earth First! activist Mary Beth Nearing in a week-long protest that was eventually broadcast on the *Today* show and on 20/20. The next year, King and the Humboldt State students completed their wilderness proposal, which they presented at a national conference on environmental restoration in Berkeley.

They had, as politicians say, an issue. In January 1988, Darryl organized a march on freezing-cold Wall Street to protest Hurwitz's takeover. Fifteen New York City protesters stood in a circle holding abandoned Christmas trees. They sang along with Darryl to the tune of John Lennon's song "Give Peace a Chance." "All we are saying, is give trees a chance." At Maxxam headquarters, a spokesman denied that the company was destroying a national treasure. But he admitted that increased logging was necessary to pay for the takeover.³

In October, a congressional report revealed "significant evidence" of insider trading in the takeover of Pacific Lumber by Maxxam Group, Inc. Pacific Lumber was one of fourteen takeover-related stocks named by the SEC in connection with the insider-trading investigation of Ivan Boesky and Drexel Burnham Lambert, Inc.

Only days before the Pacific Lumber takeover bid surfaced, two investment firms, the Jeffries Group and the Transcontinental Services Group, had purchased large amounts of Pacific Lumber stock. Later, members of the Jeffries Group would admit that they had been used as a front for convicted felon Ivan Boesky, although they admitted nothing specific about the Pacific Lumber transaction. The second outfit, Transcontinental Services Group, was headed by a friend of Hurwitz's named Stanley Cohen. Hurwitz's corporation, Maxxam, held 12 percent of the stock of Transcontinental, which was registered in the tax haven of the Netherlands Antilles. The report also stated that Stanley Cohen was a partner in the law firm representing Maxxam in the takeover.⁴

After the report was issued, Hurwitz and Cohen testified at a Congressional hearing on hostile takeovers. No significant action was taken against them. But Maxxam's troubles were far from over. Just as things

were cooling off in Washington, trouble began in California. In 1988 and 1989, Pacific Lumber stockholders, including members of the family that had owned the company before Maxxam, brought two separate lawsuits contesting the takeover. The uproar wasn't confined to the company's upper reaches. Pacific Lumber mill workers became alarmed that increased production would put them out of a job. "It's incredible the amount of wood that's being cut. They're selling logs for export; they're selling logs to other mills. It's gluttony," said Pete Kayes, a ten-year PL employee. Another worker said, "I don't agree with the tree spiking or anything. But without trees there are no jobs."⁵ The workers hired a San Francisco consultant and attempted, unsuccessfully, to buy out Charles Hurwitz.

This shining example of the New Greed was a perfect setting for Judi Bari's entrance. Darryl Cherney first met Judi in 1987 at a benefit concert. A few weeks later, they ran into each other at a local environmental center. Cherney was running for Congress, a classic Darryl move that generated more personal publicity than political heat. He asked Judi to make posters for a save-the-redwoods fund-raising campaign.

"The thing that attracted me to her was her incredible sense of humor," said Darryl. "She laughed like hell at my congressional campaign."

Bari agreed to do the graphics only if Cherney entertained her two-year-old daughter. He improvised a tune, winning over Judi's daughter—and Judi herself. In a lot of ways, it was a match made in hell, a clash of titanic egos. But until it ended a year and a half later, it was true love. Because Darryl was, in the words of one of Judi's friends, a "wimp," Judi could tap into her own softer, more emotional side when he was around. Darryl fed on Judi's intellect. Darryl, who had once been a flack for a record company, would always rely more on flash than analysis, but the couple seemed well matched politically.⁶ Still, Darryl was forced to expend considerable time and energy persuading Judi to join Earth First! Like many women in the Bay Area (and elsewhere), Judi thought Earth First! was a bunch of rowdy, sexist assholes. On top of that, the group seemed to be getting a little stale.

John Davis had gradually taken over from Foreman as editor of the *Earth First! Journal*. The youthful Davis he had majored in environmental ethics in college. Under his direction, the *Journal* became mired in dull, theoretical discussions of deep ecology and long-winded scientific (or pseudo-scientific) articles on conservation biology. Although well-intentioned, Davis had the heavy-handed way with a blue pencil that is the mark of a young editor. The facts stayed in, but the author's voice got lost. By 1989, the *Journal* had lost more than its writers' voices and its sense of humor. It had also lost most of its audience in the mainstream environmental movement. "I still see it now and then," said Tom Turner, a former editor-in-chief of the Friends of the Earth publication *Not Man Apart*, now an editor for the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund. "But I'm damned if I can read it."

Dullness was not the *Journal's* only problem. When the articles weren't tedious, they tended to be offensive. *Journal* articles on AIDS, immigration, and Third World famines were provoking an outcry from people who ordinarily would have looked favorably on Earth First! As they struggled to contort deep ecology into an all-encompassing worldview, Earth First! writers like Christopher Manes were coming up with theories that took it to absurd lengths. Manes's 1987 article, written under the pseudonym Miss Ann Thropy, began with the statement "If radical environmentalists were to invent a disease to bring human population back to ecological sanity, it would probably be something like AIDS." Manes was careful to mention that it was merely coincidental that AIDS hit the homosexual population first. But his celebratory attitude toward the epidemic was partly based on the dumb contention that AIDS would wreak enough havoc to spell the end of industrial civilization. Failing that, Manes gloated over the fact that the epidemic promised to reduce human population.

Most environmentalists would agree that population reduction is desirable. Some would even agree that diseases like AIDS may be nature's response to humans overrunning the planet. But few would manifest such enthusiasm for this particular method of solving the

problem. "As radical environmentalists, we can see AIDS not as a problem, but a necessary solution (one you probably don't want to try for yourself)," wrote Manes, whose tasteless echo of Hitler's "final solution" was either unconscious or a joke. If it was a joke, most people didn't get it. Manes compounded his sins by flourishing references to Voltaire and using the word *effect* when he meant *affect*. The juxtaposition of pretentiousness and sloppy writing only made the whole thing more offensive.

Ed Abbey could get away with making immodest proposals. Manes couldn't. It was a question of tone as well as content. Instead of sounding like a modern-day Jonathan Swift using exaggeration to make a point, this new breed of radical sounded insensitive, immature, and possibly dangerous. Worst of all, they sounded pompous. The heyday of the Buckaroos was long past.

Manes's article was followed by a string of equally controversial polemics. For a few months, the pages of the *Earth First! Journal* became a national refuge for crackpots. To be fair to John Davis, he was virtually prohibited from turning down articles from any faction of Earth First! A bunch of anarchist "mutualists" who had rudely confronted Ed Abbey at the 1987 Grand Canyon Rendezvous strutted their stuff in an article titled "Alien-Nation." The anarchists accused Earth First! of racism, sexism, and "the worst kind of wild west imagery." Yet another AIDS article suggested that Gaia's own immune system might be lashing out against human beings, not merely for being too prolific but also for killing whales. The author, a lawyer named Daniel Conner, wrote that he hoped a cure for AIDS would be found. But he prayed that Gaia would not respond by hurling something more terrible at us, like Big Nurse straight-arming a javelin toward her cowering charges.

These articles, along with Abbey's immigration piece and a few ill-considered remarks by Foreman about famine in Ethiopia, sent the American Left into a feeding frenzy. "When I tell people how the worst thing we could do in Ethiopia is to give aid—the best thing would be to just let nature seek its own balance, to let the people there just starve there, they think that is monstrous. But the alternative

is that you go in and save these half-dead children who will never live a whole life. Their development will be stunted. And what's going to happen in ten years' time is that twice as many people will suffer and die," Foreman told deep-ecology popularizer Bill Devall in an interview conducted as the two men sat at the top of Growler Peak in the Cabeza Prieta National Wildlife Refuge in southern Arizona.

After Devall's interview was published, social ecologist Murray Bookchin took Foreman to task, both in print and in person. So did dozens of other people, who told Foreman that the displacement of traditional agriculture by cash crops for First World markets was a major reason for African famines. But population was one of Foreman's hobbyhorses. He boasted that he had married the only two women who disliked children more than he did. He had gotten a vasectomy "for ethical reasons" and it irked him that Earth First!ers were "having children right and left." There were quite a few people who agreed with him. This segment of Earth First! bore an odd resemblance to modern-day Shakers. The women got tubal ligations and the men got vasectomies. To the people who agreed in principle that overpopulation was bad but held more moderate views, the phenomenon smacked of self-mutilation.

But Foreman's views were not illogical. The doubling of human population over the next fifty years was a truly frightening concept. It didn't make sense to have children if you were an environmentalist, but most people settled for having one or two children rather than three or four. As for the starving Ethiopians, Foreman's solution also made sense—in strictly logical terms. But a civilization that lets its children starve to death hardly seems worth saving. The callousness of Foreman's remarks obscured what many Americans considered to be the real issue—cutbacks in funding for international population-control by successive Republican administrations whose policies were being dictated by the religious right.

Because he was the prime spokesman for Earth First!, Foreman was attacked for the AIDS and immigration articles, as well as for his own remarks about Africa. His response to the criticism was unclear. Sometimes he apologized for his insensitivity, as he did onstage with

Murray Bookchin in New York City in November 1989. At other times, he would dodge the question and reassert his allegiance to a less brutal form of deep ecology. He even wrote a defense of Abbey's article on illegal immigration. Foreman's opening anecdotes are vivid pictures of life on the U.S.-Mexican border, full of color and compassion. At the end he shifts tone, defensively reiterating Abbey's wistfully impractical recipe for dealing with the immigration problem. ("Stop every campesino at our southern border, give him a handgun, a good rifle, and a case of ammunition, and send him home. He will know what to do with our gifts and good wishes. The people know who their enemies are.") The awkwardness of this well-meaning defense is unmistakable. Even Abbey presumably knew that his immigration essay was meant to be thought-provoking satire, not policy analysis.

In general, Foreman's uncomfortable tossing and turning gave him away as an "old wilderness activist" who appeared to be out of his depth—or at least too far away from his home turf. One of his mentors, Celia Hunter, whose progressive political views sprang from her Quaker background, found Foreman's public statements incomprehensible. Years before, she had judged him better suited to the "rough and tumble" of New Mexico politics than to the patrician hallways of Washington, D.C. But even if his worldview was colored by his down-home roots, she didn't understand why his intellect seemed to balk at anything that sounded Liberal with a capital *L*. The poet Gary Snyder, who had given his qualified support to Earth First! since the group's inception, believed that Foreman had never stopped running long enough to think things through. Whatever his reasons, Foreman made himself vulnerable to criticism, not just from outsiders but also from within Earth First! The carping was even more emotionally exhausting than FBI persecution. Christopher Manes, the author of the controversial AIDS article, avoided most of the flak because he had written under a pseudonym.

Despite these offenses, Judi let Darryl convince her to join Earth First! "I had problems with Earth First!" she said. "I was against tree spiking, and I was appalled by this male macho image and their anti-

labor attitude. I thought it was disgusting.” But Cherney convinced her. “Darryl said to me, ‘Look, you can either start a new group from scratch, or you can join Earth First! and the timber companies will quake in their boots.’ I realized there was something to that. Also, Earth First! is very decentralized. I realized we could make our group any way we wanted.”⁷

It was inevitable that Judi Bari’s Earth First! would be very different from Dave Foreman’s. About the only thing that Judi shared with the old-line Buckaroos was a sense of humor. For one thing, her political experience was in labor organizing, not in the conservation movement. In the mid-1970s she had dropped out of college and put her socialist ideals into practice by becoming a blue-collar worker and a union activist. For seven years she worked at the Washington Bulk Mail center in Largo, Maryland. She published an underground newsletter called *Postal Strife*, satirizing the official publication, *Postal Life*. *Postal Life* had the postal eagle; *Postal Strife* had the postal buzzard. At one point, Judi and a group of workers smuggled in a researcher for columnist Jack Anderson so he could see how unsafe machines were mangling the mail. The resulting nationally syndicated article carried a headline that Bari coined—“YOU MAIL ’EM, WE MAUL ’EM.”⁸

Judi used *Postal Strife* as a way to consolidate her power. Managers, it seemed, were more afraid of ridicule than outright insubordination. As a shop steward, she was able to end the mail center’s mandatory overtime policy. She was so effective that some of her black coworkers called her “Mafia Mama” in a joking reference to both her Italian name and her clout.

Legends grew up around Judi which suggested that she didn’t need the Mafia to act tough. A janitor with a reputation for sexual harassment interrupted her when she was talking to a fellow shop steward named Joe Cuppy in the lunchroom. When Bari didn’t respond, the janitor put his arm around her and touched her breast, saying to Cuppy, “Judi really doesn’t like men, does she?” In a reflexive action, she decked him with a karate punch. He hauled himself up and threat-

ened her. But Bari kept talking. That was how she was, incredibly intense. She had been about to make a point and nothing was going to stop her. Over the next several weeks, the janitor continued making threats. A protective phalanx of workers silently surrounded Judi every time he walked by.⁹

Clearly Judi Bari was not your average gal—neither your average female blue-collar worker, usually a tough breed, nor your average female Earth First!er, an even tougher one. Her unaffected warmth drew people to her, but her abrasiveness was hard for some people to handle. In 1979 she married a fellow union organizer named Mike Sweeney and moved to Santa Rosa, California. She had two children and participated in antinuclear and Central American demonstrations. She didn’t quite fit in with the mellow Sonoma County left-wingers, who tend to sound as if they’re trying to overthrow the government while on Quaaludes. “It was hard for me to deal with Judi’s anger,” one of her girlfriends told a reporter. “She’s a hostile person. She knew the world was fucked up.”¹⁰ In 1988, after she and her husband began building a house up north in the heart of dope and tree country, Judi’s marriage dissolved. She got a job working for David Raitt, the brother of singer Bonnie Raitt, who owned a construction company called California Yurts. Each day she commuted to work, her little car surrounded by fully loaded logging trucks. It was 1988, a ten-year high for logging in California. Suddenly she put it together. “I was putting the siding on this house and it was just this beautiful stuff—this redwood was like twenty feet long with no knots and this tight grain—and a light bulb went off in my head. And I went to the bookkeeper and said, ‘Is this old-growth redwood?’ and he said, ‘Oh yeah, the salesman told me this stuff is a thousand years old.’ I began to become really obsessed with the forest.”¹¹

Soon Bari was bringing the same intensity to environmental issues that she had once focused on union organizing. At a wealthy client’s housewarming party she presented him with a photo of a clearcut to show how ancient redwoods had been sacrificed for his house. Instead of throwing Judi out, he hung the photo up. This act was similar to

Earth First! guerrilla theater, but not quite the same. Judi's move had that nasty edge; personal, gritty. But it was close enough for rock and roll.

It was a good time for Judi to jump on Earth First!'s Pleistocene Go-Kart. Mike Roselle, the Buckaroo most sympathetic to Bari's left-wing views, had been living in California since 1984. Half of the *Journal's* subscribers also lived in California, where the movement was expanding its range into new environmental issues. For example, Roselle was working on the boycott of Burger King. The fast-food empire was being targeted for encouraging rain forest destruction because of its use of low-cost Latin American beef. Randy Hayes and another environmentalist named David Cobb had been trying to get Friends of the Earth to take on the rain-forest issue for years. But their efforts were stymied by the group's financial problems. In 1984, Hayes, who had helped Toby McLeod film the cracking of the Glen Canyon "Damn," finally decided to launch his own environmental group, the Rainforest Action Network. Mike Roselle pitched in, designing RAN's stationery and coordinating its activities with Earth First! David Brower, who had an infallible instinct for important new ideas, also supported Hayes. So did movement advertising man Herb Gunther. After a stint in a closet-sized room at Gunther's nonprofit Public Media Center in San Francisco's North Beach neighborhood, the Rainforest Action Network moved into the offices of Earth Island Institute, the group that Brower had formed after Friends of the Earth ousted him in 1985. By 1992, Hayes and his twenty-member staff were operating out of a spacious two-story corner office just across the street from Earth Island Institute and a few blocks from the group's original cubbyhole at the Public Media Center.

Not long after Rainforest Action Network was formed, California ecoradicals glommed onto another up-and-coming issue, genetic engineering. On April 24, 1987, Earth First! ecoraiders yanked out a patch of 2,000 strawberry plants in Brentwood, California. The strawberries had been treated with a genetically engineered form of bacteria called Frostban or ice-minus, a Vonnegut soundalike substance that

was designed to retard frost. The genetic-engineering company that owned the ice-minus patent, Advanced Genetic Sciences, had been stopped from testing their product in several other California communities. Before the Brentwood test, San Francisco Earth First!ers and Green Party members had collected 1,200 signatures on an antitest petition in Brentwood, which has a population of 5,600. But neither the county supervisors nor the state court would stop the test. The strawberry sabotage continued for the next year or two, but eventually the company was able to complete its work.

As usual, monkeywrenching's real clout rested in the realm of public relations. The Brentwood strawberry incidents, which attracted national media attention, vividly illustrated author and social critic Jeremy Rifkin's more reasoned arguments about the dangers of unleashing biotechnology before its potential impacts on the environment were understood.

In 1989, Earth First! began tentatively to establish links with hunt saboteurs. In the spring, a group of college women decided to parachute into British Columbia to protest a wolf hunt. They called themselves the Wolf Action Group (WAG) and were following in the footsteps of their mentor, Captain Paul Watson of the Sea Shepherds. At the last minute one of their leaders, Sue Rodriguez-Pastor, allowed herself to be bribed out of the jump by her stepfather, a successful Bay Area attorney who offered to put up the cash for a lawsuit. The other young women made the jump, but it was Rodriguez-Pastor's stepfather's legal offensive that stopped the hunt.

Although the Wolf Action Group ultimately relied more on the traditional tool of environmental groups—the goodwill of the rich—than newfangled in-your-face radicalism, it was notable for being one of the first organizations to plant itself in the area where animal rights and radical environmentalism overlap. This overlap is limited. Animal-rights activists care about individual animals, but most radical environmentalists would probably be happy to personally sacrifice ten dogs or cats if it meant saving a single endangered desert tortoise. Nevertheless, in the late 1980s uneasy alliances grew up between these two new wings of the environmental movement. Of course, not all Earth

First!ers were willing to embrace their new partners, who tended to be either weird, female, or vegetarian—and sometimes all three.

But Mike Roselle was a quick study—longtime Bay Area environmental journalist Angela Gennino called him a walking sound bite—and it wasn't long before he picked up on the new ideas that were floating around the environmental movement. The innovative spirit of West Coast environmentalism appealed to him, but there was something else that kept him hanging around. When he arrived in California in the fall of 1985, he crashed at a house that belonged to the local Earth First! contact person. Karen Pickett, who had gotten to know Roselle when she participated in the Bald Mountain blockades, lived in a rustic cabin in Canyon, a hippie community preserved along a back road in a honeycomb of plastic East Bay suburbs. A few months later, on an Earth First! excursion to Mexico, Roselle and Pickett fell in love. Roselle became a fixture in California. Eventually he and Pickett got married.

Northern California Earth First! had a unique constituency. It was a combination of students, hippies, gays, back-to-the-land white trash, disaffected dope-smoking loggers, and a sprinkling of misplaced intellectuals. The crusade that they adopted in 1990—saving the redwoods—should have been easy. The redwood forest was already acknowledged to be one of the wonders of the world. In fact, most people thought the redwoods had already been “saved.” But only about 100,000 acres—5 percent—of the original two million acres of virgin redwood forest were still standing. About 76,000 acres were in parks. The rest was in private hands. Coming from the East helped Judi realize that the reason there was *any* old growth left in the West was the recent vintage of European settlement. The largest remaining stand of old-growth forest in New England was less than 100 acres. There was only slightly more in the Great Smokies. But here in northern California Judi could feel the frontier rushing up against the last ragged fringes of real wilderness. As usual, the wilderness was losing. Already the redwood gene pool had been permanently altered.¹² Under the circumstances, there was a certain irony in the tree's Latin

name, *Sequoia sempervirens*, which means “always living.” With its soft, deep red bark and its ability to regenerate out of fire, the redwood made a good symbol for the Jungian principle of the feminine. Bari's political choices reflected her belief that contemporary culture splits off male and female traits. The feminine is virtually ignored while the masculine is overvalued. Bari wasn't the only one. A growing chorus of ecofeminist thinkers was linking diverse issues, including the ill treatment of livestock animals, to a male-driven culture of technology and death. The environmental consequences of this split were obvious. Dave Foreman had made the connection, too, although these days his inclinations might lead to shooting a range cow rather than lining a stable with straw. Foreman's quirks aside, the Earth First! bumper sticker that he had helped design and market, “Subvert the Dominant Paradigm,” was a perennial best-seller. To Judi, and eventually to thousands of demonstrators who came to the North Coast in the summer of 1990, the cutting of redwoods, the largest trees in the world, became emblematic of how the culture of domination was choking life out of the planet. The fight to save the last redwoods took on overtones of a jihad.

When Judi held a powwow at a local diner with loggers and truckers, she explained her philosophy. “The first question they asked us was, ‘Are you communists?’ I answered, ‘No, I'm much more radical. Communists only want to redistribute wealth in society; we want to have an entirely new society that's based on achieving a stable state with nature instead of exploiting the earth.’”

Bari's Californicated hippie utopianism would eventually set her at odds with the old-line Buckaroos. Not that they didn't share her vision of utopia. They just didn't believe it was possible. California optimism is like a night-blooming flower that fades as the sun rises over the motels of Reno, Nevada. A more familiar view of America returns when the traveler is faced with neon signs, nicotined rugs, and lurking teenage runaways. The rows of organic lettuce, colorful Guatemalan wristbands, and bottles of diamond-clear Japanese designer water degenerate into a half-remembered, low-calorie dream. Inno-

vation is frowned upon. Rugged independence is prized; support groups are not. Foreman's days of touting tribal unity were over. By the time Bari joined Earth First! in 1988 he had securely wrapped himself in his pessimism. His goal was to save enough wilderness for a biologically diverse gene pool to survive the inevitable Armageddon.

Bari thought Foreman was failing to realize that wilderness did not exist in a vacuum. When asked to define their differences, Bari called herself an agnostic.

It seems as though this whole thing is going to end in fire immediately. That's the religious view we've all been taught. But I don't know whether it will or not. I was raised nonreligious, with a Catholic father and a Jewish mother. . . . I do know that the earth cannot support this society. I don't know whether there's going to be a precipitous end or whether there's going to be a slow, grinding thing like Africa. That's why I feel that preserving wilderness in chunks isn't enough, although it needs to be done. Any chunks of wilderness can be destroyed by ozone or greenhouse or drought or also just by the pressures of this society. Anything that's left, hey, when they run out of old growth on private land you think they're not going for the parks? Or when they run out of Forest Service? They're goin' for the parks. It's only just a political boundary that says this is public and this is private.

In late 1989, Judi found an issue that combined social change with environmentalism. A community activist named Anna Marie Stenberg told Bari about a PCB spill at a Georgia Pacific mill in Fort Bragg. Bari and Stenberg brought the workers' case to OSHA, which initially ruled that the company had "willfully exposed" the workers to PCBs. When the workers failed to gain compensation, Bari, Stenberg, and Darryl Cherney recruited them to the environmentalist cause.

To Dave Foreman and most of the other founding Buckaroos, the idea of a worker-environmentalist alliance was repugnant. They believed that timber workers were responsible for their environmentally

destructive acts. Judi felt that Foreman should blame the corporate bosses who were really in control, not the grunts. The clash may have revealed more about Foreman's working-class background and Judi's middle-class one than it did about the timber workers. In any case, Judi believed that her campaign to organize Louisiana-Pacific workers was the perfect riposte to the timber industry's charge that "environmentalists want to take your jobs away."

Darryl and Judi had a great time putting together their minority alliance of timber workers and environmentalists. Judi would play her fiddle and Darryl would rock out on acoustic guitar, shouting out lyrics in his thin, hoarse voice. Then Judi would get down to business: staging workshops to rally workers under the twin banners of Earth First! and the Industrial Workers of the World or Wobblies. To someone with Bari's intellectual rigor and black sense of humor, the Wobblies were the ultimate labor union. They were, in the purest sense, the radicals of the trade union movement. (The etymological origin of the word *radical* is the Latin word *radicis*, which means "going to the root of things.") Back in the early part of the century, the Wobblies had called for workers to seize the means of production. In its heyday, the IWW attracted between 5,000 and 10,000 members. It was about the same number of followers as Earth First! would later draw; perhaps it is the threshold for a radical group in the United States, not a friendly place for radicalism or for political ideologies in general. Like Earth First!'s, the Wobblies' clout was out of proportion to their numbers. They used music, art, and stickers, which they called "silent agitators" to get their message across. Their philosophy of "One Big Union" included blacks and women. They didn't believe in contracts, because they felt that contract negotiations drained the energy of union leadership. Instead, they favored "direct action" in the tradition of the English food riots. It was the Wobblies (and the prospect of some spare change) that Dave Foreman had in mind when he developed the bumper stickers and T-shirts, aka "snake oil and trinkets," sold by Earth First! It was also the Wobbly tradition, along with Foreman's interest in anthropology, that helped shape Earth First!'s mix of culture and politics.

In the case of the Wobblies, government repression was inevitable. In January 1914, one of the union's prominent leaders and songwriters, a man named Joe Hill, was arrested for murdering a grocery clerk. Despite a lack of direct evidence, he was convicted. The case became known all over the world. Ten thousand letters of protest were sent but failed to prevent Hill's execution on November 19, 1915. But Hill managed to get in the last word. Giving Joan Baez one of her best lines, he wrote to Wobbly leader Big Bill Haywood before his death, "Don't waste any time mourning. Organize."¹³

The government's dislike for the Wobblies increased as World War I intensified. In 1917, the government arrested 165 IWW leaders for conspiring to hinder the draft, encourage desertion, and intimidate people in connection with union disputes. In a statement that could just as easily have been made by a black political activist in the Vietnam era, one IWW man told the court: "You ask me why the IWW is not patriotic to the United States. If you were a bum without a blanket; if you had left your wife and kids when you went west for a job, and had never located them since; if your job had never kept you long enough in a place to qualify you to vote; if you slept in a lousy, sour bunkhouse, and ate food just as rotten as they could give you and get by with it; if deputy sheriffs shot your cooking cans full of holes and spilled your grub on the ground . . . how in hell do you expect a man to be patriotic? This war is a business man's war and we don't see why we should go out and get shot in order to save the lovely state of affairs that we now enjoy."¹⁴

All the defendants were convicted, juries not taking kindly to draft resistance, especially during wartime. Their punishment was not as severe as Jack Burns's in Abbey's novel *The Brave Cowboy*, who died in pursuit of freedom from nationalistic constraints. But it was enough to crush the movement for most practical purposes. The judge gave the defendants heavy sentences and fined the IWW \$2,500,000. Big Bill Haywood, the Wobblies' most charismatic leader, jumped bail and fled to Russia, where he remained until his death ten years later. (He was reincarnated as a pseudonym for Dave Foreman's coauthor of *Ecodefense: A Field Guide to Monkeywrenching*.) After World War I,

the Wobblies limped along, showing enough vigor in 1925 to convert Bob Marshall to socialism after he saw the improvements made by the union in Pacific Northwest lumber camps. But by the 1980s, the IWW consisted of little more than a home office in the Midwest and a few doddering Socialists.* Judi Bari set out to change that.

Bari actually won some converts. But even her minor success threatened the fragile equilibrium of northern California timber country, where working-class people were feeling squeezed from all directions. Mills were closing and in 1990 Louisiana-Pacific announced it was opening a new plant in Baja California, Mexico, that eventually would employ up to 1,000 people. The Baja mill, which was on the coast, would be well situated to process timber from Latin America when domestic wood ran out.

This phenomenon was nothing new. Historically the timber industry had cut and run. Moving from east to west, loggers scythed their way across the United States in the 1800s, leaving a wasteland of decimated forests and inspiring Gifford Pinchot to form the U.S. Forest Service to safeguard against such abuses in the future. He was only temporarily successful. By the 1980s, timber companies were once again practicing rape and run. The only difference was that now they were working on a global scale, taking advantage of lower wages and fewer environmental regulations in Third World countries. By 1992, Louisiana-Pacific had closed more than half a dozen Northern California mills, sold another half dozen to a spin-off company, and laid off about 1,000 workers. Partially processed logs were being shipped to Mexico from company docks in Samoa, California. When they arrived, they were planed and set out to dry by workers whose daily wages were only a little more than what U.S. workers earned in an hour.

The toll for California workers was not just financial. At Pacific Lumber, employees worked mandatory overtime to keep up with in-

* The elderly Wobblies included Edward Abbey's father, Paul Revere Abbey, who had outlived his son and was proprietor of a rock shop in Home, Pennsylvania, until his own death in 1992.

creased production. Two workers died and several were injured in the four years following the takeover. After the second death, a lumber handler said, "They're working us too hard. When you get tired and don't stay alert all the time, you do things you probably wouldn't do again . . . people don't pay as much attention as they should."¹⁵

Loggers averted their eyes from injuries caused by overwork. They looked away from the ever-expanding clearcuts. Instead they kept their gazes firmly trained on their car payments and mortgages. In any case, most of them were offended by smelly hippies who looked like trolls from Trollhatten telling them that their whole way of life was wrong.

But the pressure wasn't just coming from hippies. The real threat to the timber industry was the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, which in 1990 succeeded in having the northern spotted owl declared a threatened species. As the controversy over the owl grew, so did the timber industry's public-relations budget. By 1987, Pacific Lumber had already hired the notorious Washington, D.C., public-relations firm of Hill & Knowlton, whose client list reads like a Who's Who of Third World dictatorships, to gussy up its image.

Pacific Lumber wasn't the only timber company going on the offensive. The situation in northern California was ripe for exploitation by the so-called Wise Use movement. This bigger and better Sagebrush Rebellion was supported by industry, right-wing groups, and fundamentalist Christians. Suddenly environmental backlash groups seemed to be everywhere. One of the slickest is the Center for the Defense of Free Enterprise, a direct-mail and right-wing publishing organization run by Alan Gottlieb and Ron Arnold. The more visible partner, Ron Arnold, is a PR man with a Mennonite fringe of facial hair who is fond of declaring that his goal is to "destroy the environmental movement once and for all." Ironically, Arnold is a former member of the Sierra Club. A cynic might reflect that his change of heart could be traced to his rumored links to the financial empire of Sun Myung Moon.¹⁶ Arnold's partner, Alan Gottlieb, is a major fund-raiser not only for the Wise Use movement but also for the gun lobby, which is his favorite cause, according to an investigative

article by Jon Krakauer in *Outside* magazine. "A significant portion of the money winds up in Gottlieb's pocket as well," wrote Krakauer, "in the form of profits from the companies that perform the mailings and publish the books." Gottlieb is a convicted felon who did time for filing false income-tax returns. While he was in prison, his employees accused him of misusing foundation funds for personal gain and sued him for racketeering and conspiracy to defraud.

Chuck Cushman is another movement guru. He is head of the National Inholders Association, whose members own land that falls within the boundaries of national forests. Often the land had been in their families for generations, but now the government was trying, gently, to get them to follow new rules, or in some cases, sell out. Cushman, who looks a lot like Dave Foreman if you added twenty years and twenty pounds, travels around the country advising Wise Use adherents to videotape environmentalists as a form of intimidation.

By the early 1990s, the Wise Use movement claimed three million members. A member of the Bush staff, David McIntosh, spoke in support of their cause at their annual meeting. Renegade Sierra Clubber Ron Arnold crisscrossed the country, giving rousing speeches—including one to the American Newspaper Publishers' Association in Washington, D.C.—about the "sword" of antienvironmental justice whose purpose was to kill its enemies. Not surprisingly, violence against grass-roots environmentalists increased in this climate. A Florida woman told a *60 Minutes* reporter that men angered by her local group's attempt to police industry had retaliated by raping her, burning her with a cigar, and slashing her face with a razor. Fistfights broke out in upstate New York. In Ohio, a woman drawn to environmental activism after her child died of leukemia was pelted with rocks until she was unconscious.¹⁷

To Dave Foreman and other veteran activists, these attacks were nothing new. The memory of architect Buzz Yuins had never left Foreman. While Foreman was still working for the Wilderness Society, Yuins's corpse had been found tied to a tree not far from his home in Alpine, Arizona. The cause of death was listed as a heart

attack, but Foreman believed that antienvironmentalist rednecks had killed Yuins by tying him up and torturing him. Now he had no doubt that the same people who had called Sierra Clubbers "green niggers" back when Brock Evans was still working as a field representative in the Pacific Northwest had gotten organized in a frightening fashion. It was as if the Ku Klux Klan had become a viable third party, with big corporate money, a raft of slick spokespeople, and a national political strategy.

Partly, the strategy consisted of co-opting the tactics of the environmental movement. This was outlined by a former California state senator, right-wing Christian, and state gun lobby founder named H. L. Richardson. Richardson is so far to the right that he accuses Strom Thurmond of being too compromising. In the late 1980s, the newly appointed head of the California Timber Association distributed copies of a Richardson speech to his membership as a position paper. It urged good Christians—and industry supporters—to go on the offensive by adopting the "confrontational" and organizational political tactics of their opponents.

The burgeoning Wise Use movement would hardly neglect northern California's high-profile political troubles. It wasn't long before a whole slew of "grass-roots" timber support groups sprang up from the San Francisco Bay to the Oregon border. Some acknowledged receiving industry funding; others refused to reveal who their supporters were. As Richardson had outlined, these pro-timber "citizens' groups" were modeled on the hundreds of grass-roots environmental groups formed as a response to the Reagan administration's neglect of environmental issues in the 1980s. They had heartland-inspired names like the Yellow Ribbon Coalition and W.E.C.A.R.E. These groups were clearly organized along class lines. For instance, W.E.C.A.R.E. occupied office space in the Eureka Chamber of Commerce and its members included prominent business and civic leaders. The Yellow Ribbon Coalition was the workingman's front group. Although it was supposedly a grass-roots operation, its plentiful printed signs were handed out in the mills. There was even an Earth First! takeoff called Mother's Watch. Mother's Watch specialized in pranks that went be-

yond Earth First!'s essentially good-humored jibes. These included impersonating Judi Bari on the telephone and printing fake Earth First! literature. As its name might suggest, Mother's Watch was an all-female group. It was headed by a classic redneck woman. She was not a long-haired western cowgirl like Peg Millett, but the real thing: an obese, brightly dressed woman with the crinkly hairstyle that is the result of the kind of bad perm perpetrated by hairdressers in every small town in America. Her name was Candy Boak. Boak was tough, angry, and intelligent. She came from the same generation as the hippied-out single mothers that Judi had attracted to the movement. A wary mutual respect existed between the two groups, but even those most sympathetic to Boak couldn't help feeling that Mother's Watch represented something ugly and dangerous, Earth First!'s evil twin.

The male version of Mother's Watch was even more sinister. The Sahara Club was a collection of off-road-vehicle users from Charlie Manson's playground, the Mojave Desert. The Sahara Club was the brainchild of two burly dudes named Louis McKey, aka the Phantom Duck, and Rick Sieman. In the early eighties, the Bureau of Land Management got McKey's dander up when it stopped the annual Barstow-to-Vegas dirt-bike race. The agency had found that 90 percent of the mammals along the racecourse were either getting wiped out or fleeing after hordes of exhaust-puffing dirt bikes rammed through the fragile desert. The year after the ban was instituted, McKey, under his Phantom Duck pseudonym, led a pack of outlaw racers booming through the closed-off racecourse. The next year, the BLM backed down and allowed the race.

Earth First! decided to take matters into its own hands. In 1987, half a dozen amateur engineers stayed up all night plugging a culvert with creosote-soaked railroad ties. The next morning 300 dirt bikers took off with a roar that sounded like a fleet of Concorde. As their wheels dug in, a dust cloud rose higher and higher, until the desert became temporarily invisible. When it cleared, the bikers realized they were riding straight toward a barrier of Day-Glo survey tape and a sign saying "Fuck the Duck."

It wasn't long before the Phantom Duck counterattacked. In 1988,

McKey and Sieman found the money to publish a newsletter. It featured articles like this one, headlined "FAGGOTS IN THE FOREST."

In this day of "enlightenment", we are supposed to be tolerable [*sic*] of "alternate lifestyles". Well, at the Sahara Club, our values are very much old-fashioned and we call 'em as we see em. Anyway, it has come to our attention that the Sierra Club has a special chapter call [*sic*] GAY AND LESBIAN SIERRANS! This group, made up entirely of fruitcakes, has things like "moonlight hikes" and "buddy backpacking trips." Yessiree. Just don't bend over to sniff the flowers as you hike with this fun-loving group. If you want an idea of just how huge the queer membership is in the Sierra Club, give their Homo Hotline number a call and just listen to the activities these Virus Vampires have planned: [phone number].

Along with homophobia, infantilism, and violent tendencies, the Sahara Club's articles of faith included the theory that Earth First! was funded by the Sierra Club. This conspiracy theory also was touted by Pacific Lumber's president, a tough Australian named John Campbell.¹⁸ This was no coincidence. Despite its patrician flavor, W.E.C.A.R.E., which Campbell supported, "networked" with the Sahara Club. The groups shared both information and mailing lists. If you were a member of W.E.C.A.R.E., you would receive an action alert in the mail when the Sahara Club was waging a letter-writing campaign and vice versa. W.E.C.A.R.E., which has since changed its name to the Alta California Alliance, also was linked to other so-called Wise Use organizations.¹⁹

Pacific Lumber and other timber companies probably didn't need to funnel so much money into W.E.C.A.R.E. and other phony grass-roots groups. People in northern California already were running scared. The region had always suffered cyclical unemployment. Even when times were good, they weren't *that* good. Loggers weren't like blue-collar workers in Detroit who earned more than \$20 an hour. Many timber companies, including Pacific Lumber, were nonunion.

The unions that did exist were feeble compared to their urban counterparts. Veteran loggers considered themselves lucky if they earned \$15 an hour. Many timber workers made as little as \$7.50 an hour for doing work that was dangerous even without tree spikers.

In fact, the Redwood Empire should have been called the Sensimilla Empire. The only ones getting rich in northern California were the dope growers. Mindful of their reliance on community goodwill, most made sure to inject money into the local economy. But when the CAMP helicopters arrived, the growers went underground. Thanks to federal dope eradication efforts, storefronts were boarded up, folks holed up at home with their Uzis, and northern California reverted to its status as a colonial dependent. Then, in the midst of dealing with this recession, northern California residents all of a sudden found a hobble on their only other cash cow, the timber industry. Trying to explain that global economics were to blame for their problems was like talking nuclear physics to a boar as it charged toward you with spears sticking out of its hairy hide. It didn't take long for things to get ugly.

First it was hate mail. Its source has still not been determined, but the ugly, homophobic ranting reeked of the Sahara Club. In fact, the Sahara Club newsletter had published the Earth First! contact list, inviting its readers to "'reason' with them about the errors of their ways." The group also paid a visit to the North Country to teach a dirty-tricks workshop, which members of Mother's Watch attended.

Whoever they were, the authors of these letters were prolific. There were two main versions of the letters. One was sent to men, the other to women. The one received by approximately a dozen female activists in California (including people who were not affiliated with Earth First!) read like this:

It has come to our attention that you are an Earth First! lesbian whose favorite pastime is to eat box lunches in pajamas . . . this kind of behavior is to be expected of lesbians like you, since we have been observing Earth First! freaks like you for some time. Not only have we been watching you . . . but we

also know and have distributed your phone number [which they include] to every organized hate group that could possibly have hostile tendencies toward ilk of your kind. No longer can sleazy dikes like you operate with impunity through the guise of anonymity. We know who you are, where you live, and continue to home in on you . . . but you don't know who we are. . . . Rest assured . . . that we shall not be indiscriminate in our actions against the spineless, invertebrate members of Earth First! To the contrary, we will specifically hunt down each and every member like the lesbians you really are.

The letters were signed by the "Committee For The Death of Earth First! Brought to you by Fed Up Americans for Common Sense." Men received similar letters accusing them of being "Earth First! felatio expert(s) who suck dicks in outhouses."

In Tucson, the *Earth First! Journal* staff received reports of letters like these from 1987 until 1990, when they resigned en masse over political disputes and the *Journal* moved up to Missoula, Montana. California Earth First!ers received more threats than anyone else, with Judi Bari topping the list. Bari routinely got threatening phone calls and nasty misspelled missives. But the harassment wasn't confined to California, or even the West. "Dear Faggot" letters were sent to Earth First! activists as far away as Maine. Rod Mondt, who had worked as a Park Service law enforcement ranger, noticed that the period over which the letters arrived coincided with the FBI's undercover investigation. Mondt, Foreman, and the newspaper staff speculated endlessly over their source. Could the FBI have infiltrated the Sahara Club? Was the agency actually *funding* the right-wing nuts? The FBI had been involved with radical right-wing groups in Southern California before. In 1976, an informer named Howard Berry Godfrey told the *Los Angeles Times* that the FBI had paid him to participate in two right-wing groups in San Diego, the Minutemen and the Secret Army Organization. SAO member Jerry Lynn Davis said of Godfrey, "There were times we could not have existed without his financial

support. You might say we were a federally funded antipoverty program for the right wing." In January 1972, a young woman was shot by a man riding in a car driven by Godfrey. Her family later sued the FBI for hindering the investigation. Godfrey also testified that he had sold explosives to an SAO member who bombed an adult movie theater. These revelations raised serious questions about FBI complicity in the illegal activities of the right-wing groups that they were investigating.²⁰

On their most paranoid days, Mondt and the others wondered if the FBI was sending the letters itself. COINTELPRO documents released as a result of a Socialist Workers Party lawsuit had revealed that the FBI manufactured press releases and inflammatory cartoons to undermine the 1960s antiwar movement. These flyers and press releases were not unlike the material being circulated to make Earth First! look bad. For instance, the Sahara Club newsletter published a diagram that was supposedly a reprint from an Earth First! publication. It showed how to build a booby trap that could injure or even kill a motorcyclist or off-road vehicle user. The diagram was completely spurious, but convincingly aped the *Earth First! Journal's* format. Even more suspicious was the appointment of Richard Held as special agent in charge of the bureau's San Francisco office. The son of an FBI agent, Held had been deeply involved in the FBI's COINTELPRO investigations of the Black Panther Party and the American Indian movement. As a bureaucratic entity, COINTELPRO, short for "counterintelligence program," had long since been officially mothballed. But the bureau still funneled \$35 million a year into something called "domestic counterterrorism."

Before the arrests of Foreman and his codefendants, Earth First!ers contacted the FBI about threats that they were receiving. The FBI told them that no crime had been committed, according to Mondt's wife, Nancy Zierenberg, who was working as the *Journal's* merchandise coordinator, and Kris Summerville, the paper's business manager.

"What made the whole thing so odd is that we had never gotten any hate mail before," Zierenberg said. "We did get sort of a funny fan letter from Squeaky Fromme—remember she was one of those

Manson girls?—from some federal prison somewhere, but that was it. Pretty amazing, when you think about it, because EF certainly was controversial. Then all of a sudden, all those letters. It was creepy.”

For the northern California people, it was more than creepy. It was downright scary. The first violence occurred in the summer of 1989, when Earth First! staged a demonstration at a Calpella, California, lumber mill. The Earth First!ers were demonstrating against the chipping of young trees, pecker poles in logger’s slang, to make pressed-wood products. According to Judi Bari, it was a peaceful demonstration, with no civil disobedience or illegal activity of any kind. Then someone in the crowd began revving a chainsaw. Bari says there were about forty police officers present. “They all just turned their heads away,” she said.

Things were getting gnarly, and Greg King made them worse. “You’re not gonna need such a big bar on your chainsaw anymore now that all the old growth is gone,” he scoffed to a logger. The logger told him to get lost or he would “slap” him. Greg cockily replied, “You’re not going to hit me.” Wham! Greg went down. He had broken the first law that hippies learn in the Redwood Empire. Do *not* make smartass remarks about the size of a logger’s equipment.

Greg and the others tried to get police to arrest the man who had decked him, but they refused. Weeks later, he was able to file charges. The logger pleaded guilty.

Earth First! wasn’t exactly winning friends and influencing people in northern California. Judi’s 1988 appearance at a pro-choice rally at a Planned Parenthood clinic had set the confrontational tone. The clinic was going to be the first place in Mendocino County to offer abortions. Operation Rescue, Randall Terry’s militant national anti-abortion group, was threatening to appear for the grand opening. In the meantime, homegrown weirdos were harassing the clinic staff. Bill Staley, a former Chicago Bears linebacker with a walleyed My Lai stare, reportedly threatened to rape the clinic’s director so she would have his child.

Too indignant to be worried about her personal safety, Judi tried to rally support for the clinic from Earth First! groups. At every

meeting, she says, at least one guy would say, “It’s not an Earth First! issue.” Not an Earth First! issue? Population control? A few female Earth First!ers took her side, along with one or two “feminist men.” Finally, she made her case at a lesbian coffeehouse. “None of the lesbians told me it wasn’t a lesbian issue,” she says, disgusted.

With her eclectic band of supporters surrounding her, Judi sang a song whose humor was so harsh it shocked even some of the people who agreed with her. Its lyrics were set to the tune of “Will the Circle Be Unbroken.”

Betty Lou, she got pregnant,
and was addicted to 15 drugs,
she went down to the abortion clinic,
and was accosted by right-wing thugs.

(chorus)

Will the fetus be aborted,
bye and bye, lord, bye and bye,
there’s a better world awaiting,
in the sky, lord, in the sky.

Bridget had two kids already
and an abortion is what she chose
the Christians showed her a bloody fetus
she said, that’s fine I’ll have one of those.

(chorus)

Reverend Broyles* hated abortion,
but for a peaceful end he searched,
he said we’ll never bomb your clinic,
we said we’ll never bomb your church.

* Reverend Broyles was a local Baptist minister.

(chorus)

There's so many starving children
and living in the streets is tough,
there's five billion of us already,
don't you think that is enough?

Nobody questioned the Earth Firsters' bravery. But some questioned their integrity. *California* magazine reporter Jonathan Littman suggested that Judi, who relished telling reporters about her affinity for fat joints she called "hooters," let herself be used by a dope grower whose business had been short-circuited by a small-scale timber operation:

In August 1989, Bari and Cherney decided to blockade an access road to 300 acres being logged by Doyle Lancaster in Whitethorn, part of Humboldt's pot-growing region. The Lancasters, unlike Pacific Lumber or Louisiana-Pacific, were "gyppos"—small-business owners who do contract logging for the giant timber corporations and local mills. The Lancaster property was mainly oaks, madrones, Douglas firs and a few redwoods. There was no virgin old growth.

Yet it was the second time the Lancaster family had been blockaded. Bari says the Lancasters were asking for it: "This really shitty gyppo was filling in streambeds, shooting guns off, logging on neighbors' pieces of land and speeding their trucks." She claims that outraged neighbors asked for Earth First! "reinforcements."

"I know why we were targeted," says Gladys Lancaster. "This guy, he targeted us because he and a pal were growing pot on that property for years." When the Lancasters submitted their harvest plan in the spring of 1989, the Department of Forestry surveyed the property and found black irrigation pipe, fertilizer and fences—telltale signs of a pot-growing operation. The timber-harvest preparations made it impossible to

plant that season's marijuana crop. "They [the pot growers] lost access," says Lancaster.

Soon after, the Lancasters lost a Caterpillar to "monkey wrenching." Lancaster says the displaced pot grower bragged that he knew who had poured abrasives into the tractor's engine. On the day of the blockade, the pot grower was there with Bari and Cherney.

What Littman didn't appear to know was that pot was a minor consideration in Whitethorn. The town was Humboldt County's hub for the production of crank, also known as speed, crystal meth, or methamphetamine. In fact, right in the middle of the demonstration two businessmen demanded to cross the blockade to get to their lab. When a protester was crazy enough to try to stop them, they whipped out their semiautomatics, put the pedal to the metal, and ran the blockade.

The other thing Littman left out of his account was that an actual environmental issue was entangled with all this sleazy drug activity. The land under dispute ran along the banks of a tributary to the Mattole River. For almost a decade, back-to-the-landers had been lovingly restoring the Mattole to its former salmon-spawning glory. Their painstaking work was one of the cornerstones of the new environmental restoration movement. According to Greg King, the Lancasters were recklessly bulldozing along the streambed, even creating an illegal land bridge across the tributary itself. The stream was silting up under the depredations of the big Cat, King said. This was exactly what the Mattole folks had been trying to correct with their sandbags and laboriously hand-built rock retaining walls.

The difficulty of sorting out the motives of Bari, Cherney, and the others is not unusual in northern California, where dope is so entwined in the culture that local ministers bemoan the effects of a CAMP-inspired dip in the drug trade. In any case, whatever the moral passions and lapses that led up to the day of the Whitethorn demonstration, it ended up being an unlucky one even by funky northern California standards. It started peacefully enough, if somewhat obnox-

iously, with Bari and Cherney reviving an old Commander Cody favorite to mock the blockaded truck driver—"Here I sit, all alone with a broken heart. Well, I took three bennies and my semi truck won't start. . . ." But the demonstration soon turned into a brawl. In the melee, David Lancaster, the son of the owner of the small logging outfit, allegedly broke the nose of Mem Hill, a woman in her fifties who was generally agreed to be completely nonviolent. After Hill had been injured, Earth First!ers jumped David Lancaster, said Judi Bari. "We were just basically restraining him, maybe a little kick and punch on the way, but . . . and then his brother got out a gun and shouted out, 'You fucking commie hippies, I'll kill you!'"

When the Mendocino County sheriff's department arrived, they took Lancaster's statement—he said he had hit Mem Hill by mistake—but wouldn't talk to the Earth First!ers, Bari said. Despite Hill's broken nose, the district attorney refused to press charges against David Lancaster.

Mendocino County was beginning to resemble a post-hipster version of the Hatfields and McCoys. But this was only the beginning of the trouble for Earth First! A day or so after the Whitethorn incident, a logging truck rear-ended Judi's car. The passengers included Darryl Cherney, Judi's friend Pam Davis, Pam's two young sons, and Judi's two daughters. According to Judi, her car was slammed so hard it reeled off the road and collided with another truck. The impact of this second collision pushed Judi's car into the porch of a bar. All the adults got whiplash. The kids mostly got scared. "One of them got glass cuts in her face and there are still scars that you can see. They're pretty light but they're still there. Other than that, they were sore a little bit. . . . Kids are made out of rubber," said Judi.

After the three vehicles smashed to a halt, everyone had a chance to look around. According to Judi, she recognized the truck that hit her as the same one she had been blockading at Whitethorn. After the accident, the driver appeared shocked. "Oh, God, I didn't know there were kids in the car," Judi says she heard him say. After thinking about that one for a little while, Judi decided to sue.

The back injury Judi suffered in the crash was serious enough to

get her state disability payments. The accident put her out of commission as a carpenter, but that was only temporary. Her subsequent failure of nerve could have been permanent. But her courage returned after a trip to the Highlander Center, a venerable leftist institution in Knoxville, Tennessee. Since the 1930s, Highlander had been training political activists, including union organizers and civil-rights leaders like Martin Luther King, Jr., and Rosa Parks. At Highlander, Bari met people who had braved multiple assassination attempts without backing down. She saw gruesome pictures of strip mines, which struck her as not unlike clearcuts. She returned to California sobered, but with renewed commitment.

In the winter of 1989, Bari concentrated on working with the Georgia-Pacific employees who had been exposed to the PCB spill. "We had Earth First! activities certainly but not the kind of intensity we usually do during the summer," she said. "I never compromised the Earth First! side to work with the workers. What I did was seek out progressive enough workers so that they could handle that. I was the best-known Earth First!er in the area so any worker that met with me knew that's who they were meeting with. They still were willing to meet with me and work with me, which I thought was pretty damn incredible.

"There's some real radicals out there. They're just mostly scared to death. But there's some workers out there that I would call Earth First!ers. In fact, they don't need a book by Dave Foreman to tell them how to monkeywrench. They already know how *all* that machinery works. Actually there's more worker sabotage than there is Earth First! sabotage around here."

As Judi got more immersed in organizing for the IWW, Darryl faded out of the picture. According to Judi, "Workers have built-in bullshit detectors," and Darryl, whose stock in trade was PR, sent them into the stratosphere. Before long, Judi and Darryl were history, at least in a romantic sense. Judi and her friends, a cohort of down-home dope country mamas, were deliberately blowing the stereotype of Earth First! as a boy's club. In the process, Judi was starting to eclipse Darryl and Greg King. King didn't care, but Darryl was an-

other story. Darryl needed attention the way Judi needed her late-afternoon hooter. He had always run off hyperkinetic actor's energy. Now, in the face of a barrage of death threats, he seemed to be unraveling. In March 1990, Darryl smugly told *60 Minutes* reporter Ed Bradley that if he contracted a fatal disease, "I would definitely do something like strap dynamite on myself and take out the Glen Canyon Dam. Or maybe the Maxxam building in Los Angeles after it's closed up for the night."

If the staff of the *Earth First! Journal* had been Jewish, they would have collectively exclaimed, "Oy vey!" as they watched their erstwhile colleague dive-bombing himself—and by extension, the whole group—into a deep, dark canyon, failing even to scrape the sides of the Glen Canyon Dam or the Maxxam corporation in the process. Probably figuring that an apology was in order, Darryl hastily flew to the Sonoran Desert to "cool out." He stopped over in Tucson, where the forces of reason no doubt attempted to lock the barn door after the horse had already gotten out and whinneyed loud enough to make Mr. Ed look like a demure newborn foal.

To Bari, Darryl's *60 Minutes* gaffe was merely a distraction. She and Darryl were organizing Earth First!'s biggest show ever, a series of mass protests called Redwood Summer. In January, a hustling hippie named Walking Rainbow buzzed through town. In a weak moment, Judi agreed to meet with him. As he babbled, something made Judi pay attention. Walking Rainbow kept talking about how the forests needed a mass movement, just like the civil-rights movement. He kept saying that trees had rights. Walking Rainbow wasn't the first person to come up with this idea. In the early 1970s, an essay by Christopher D. Stone called "Should Trees Have Standing?" had become a landmark in environmental law. In the 1972 Mineral King case, Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund attorneys used Stone's revolutionary concept that if trees were going to be injured, they could be plaintiffs. The U.S. Supreme Court disagreed—with at least one notable exception, William O. Douglas, the liberal outdoorsman who had been influenced by Stone's essay.

In the 1980s, deep ecologists also proselytized about the idea that

nature had rights. So did Dave Foreman, when he compared monkeywrenching to the Boston Tea Party. But it took Roderick Nash, a historian at the University of California at Santa Barbara, to finally spell it out. Nash had written *Wilderness and the American Mind*, a classic book on the evolution of the wilderness idea in American culture. In his 1989 book, *The Rights of Nature*, he characterized American history as a process of continually expanding rights. He outlined the progression from the rights of man to the rights of animals—and finally to the rights of nature itself. He wrote favorably about Dave Foreman and Earth First!, giving them academia's Good Housekeeping seal of approval. Nash's book and the enthusiasm of *The End of Nature* author Bill McKibben were as close as Earth First! would come to establishment recognition—or even comprehension.

The fact that Walking Rainbow and Roderick Nash were on the same wavelength was incongruous, but not wholly coincidental. There was something in the air. Judi Bari was part of it, too. Instinctively, Judi thought of concentration camps when she tried to describe the destruction of ancient redwoods. Pacific Lumber's mill had been built in the late 1800s. Diffuse green light filtered through its high-vaulted fiberglass ceilings. It was not unlike a Gothic cathedral—or the dim gas chambers portrayed in World War II movies. Outside, a machine lifted huge redwood trees, one after another, out of a holding pond and rolled them into a giant saw blade. As the red dust flew, it was impossible not to think of the mill as a romantically lit slaughterhouse.

Judi brought Walking Rainbow and his idea to the local environmental center. A committee formed to organize a series of major rallies called Redwood Summer, which would be punctuated by more typical Earth First! actions, such as blockades, tree-sits, and, of course, a smattering of ecotage. At a panel in March, millworker and union activist Gene Lawhorn abruptly changed his planned speech after he heard Judi playing fiddle on the song "Spike a Tree for Jesus."

"I said if you really want to build bridges between timber workers and environmentalists, you should denounce tree spiking," Lawhorn said. "At that moment Judi got up and said, 'I agree with Gene.'" According to Lawhorn, someone went outside to tell Mike Roselle

about the exchange. He had "a heart attack" Lawhorn reported, but once he got over his shock, he agreed that California Earth First! should renounce—not denounce—monkeywrenching, at least for the duration of Redwood Summer.

"I wasn't with Earth First! then," Lawhorn recalled. "I was just a wood products worker who was starting to speak out about environmental issues and was starting to get heat about it.

"It's not like Foreman says in his book. There's not Plexiglas protecting the workers. There's a lot of open space. I looked down once (after a sawblade hit something) and there were little pieces of shrapnel around my feet."

On April 11, 1990, after a few weeks of heated debate, Northern California Earth First! pledged a moratorium on tree spiking. Redwood Summer would resemble the civil rights campaigns Judi had learned about at the Highlander Center. "Partially it was in response to what had happened last year," Bari explained. "Very suddenly, within one year's time, they got very violent towards us and there were three incidents of real overt violence in which people were hurt. They [these incidents] were not investigated, they were not prosecuted. . . . It was a problem for me. How could I, as an organizer, bear . . . I felt a responsibility for leading people into actions in which they were likely to get hurt."

After the nonviolence pledge, Dave Foreman fired off a letter outlining his disagreement with their decision but avoiding an open split. Foreman wasn't happy with events in northern California, but most of the time he was too busy preparing for his trial to worry about it. Not only had his cause attracted the Big Cowboy Kahuna Gerry Spence, but it had also enlisted the help of a less well known attorney named Sam Guiberson. Guiberson was a rotund ex-hippie who had once wanted to be a filmmaker. When his prestigious Houston family ran low on funds, he went to law school instead. With his familiarity with recording devices and counterculture-inspired interest in government surveillance, Guiberson became one of the country's foremost wiretapping experts. While Judi rallied the troops in California, Foreman, Nancy Morton, and a dozen volunteers spent over a year

commuting to Guiberson's comfortable Galveston beach house, where they transcribed close to 800,000 pages of taped evidence.

The FBI case wasn't the only thing holding Foreman back. He simply didn't think that Redwood Summer was a good idea. Foreman had joined David Brower in a 1986 demonstration against the Maxxam takeover; and at the 1989 California Wilderness Conference, organized by his old friend Jim Eaton, he spoke favorably of Greg, Darryl, and Judi's attempt to go after private landowners. Although the concept might have offended a strict libertarian, Foreman's devotion to the environment outweighed ideology. There was even a precedent for the Pacific Lumber campaign. Early in his career, Bob Marshall, the socialist founder of the Wilderness Society, had attempted to reform private forestry. Marshall changed his approach when he decided that government acquisition of land would be more effective. Nevertheless, regulation of private forestry had become institutionalized since Marshall's day. Of course, there was a vast gulf between the approach of Northern California Earth First! and the usual process of government regulation, especially in California, where the state Department of Forestry was dominated by a mode of thought that hadn't changed since the post-World War II housing boom.

While Foreman recognized the need for reforming the state's regulation of private lands, he felt that the national forests in California were a more pressing issue. These forests, which contained far more old growth than did private land, were constantly being eroded by salvage logging and other operations that took advantage of regulatory loopholes. Redwood Summer seemed like a distraction from the less dramatic process of fighting the Forest Service, using channels for public dissent that already existed.

In any case, the fact that the state's regulatory board needed reform was not exactly news. The smart, underfunded hippies who ran EPIC out of Garberville were desperately trying to get a statewide reform initiative called Forests Forever on the November 1990 ballot. Their original plan had been to try for the 1992 election. But trees were being cut so fast that they decided to go for it in 1990. They knew it would be tough. Not only was the timber industry an economic

Goliath, but the Sierra Club and other environmental groups were working on their own ballot initiative, which was nicknamed Big Green. Big Green took the kitchen-sink approach to environmental reform. It contained at least one provision for every businessman in the state to hate, including major pesticide reforms that were revving up the state's formidable agriculture lobby. What was significant to the EPIC hippies, though, was the fact that Big Green's forestry-reform provision was much weaker than theirs. The Forests Forever initiative was the last best hope to save the redwoods. And if it passed, it would reorganize the antediluvian decision-making process of the California Department of Forestry along ecological lines.

Foreman knew that Redwood Summer could deal a deathblow to EPIC's already dicey chances. The timber industry's sophisticated PR machine was working overtime to blend EPIC and Earth First! in the public's consciousness. Yet Redwood Summer's organizers refused to believe that their campaign might be counterproductive. This blindness to strategy was a new phenomenon in Earth First! Until now, Earth First! had refrained from mowing down other environmentalists with friendly fire. Even though the group had criticized moderates, its members had been practical enough to realize the limits of being a gadfly. Most of them worked hard to fulfill a strategic role that advanced the practical, if more limited, agenda of the mainstream groups. Although the high-level conspiracy imagined by Wise Use supporters was fictional, informal links often did exist between Earth First!ers and local mainstream activists. In northern California this relationship was being blown apart. Darryl was particularly dense when it came to knowing his enemies. He could barely be convinced not to stage a sit-in at the Save the Redwoods League, a group founded in 1918 which was still active in forest protection in California.

Despite Darryl's peccadilloes, it was pretty clear to Foreman that Redwood Summer was a done deal. He supported the northern Californians in public, but privately he stepped back. In Mike Roselle's view, Foreman was copping out. The relationship between the two men had been worsening for some time. For one thing, Nancy Mor-

ton didn't get along with Roselle. Ron Kezar felt that she didn't particularly like him, either. Morton could be charming, but when she disliked someone she was merciless. Some members of Earth First! respected Nancy's toughness; others nicknamed her Nancy Reagan and accused her of channeling her own formidable ambitions through her husband's career. "I don't consider her a player," said a prominent female Earth First! organizer. "She just doesn't have the judgment, although she's intensely loyal to Dave."

But Nancy thought she was a player; and she didn't like being crossed. If nothing else, she had proved her loyalty during the lean years of the mid-1980s by supporting the Earth First! household in Tucson with her demanding work as a trauma nurse. Ron Kezar had been able to reach a working accommodation with her, so he stayed within Foreman's inner circle. But Roselle couldn't hack it. He blamed Dave, not Nancy. Dave avoided confrontation so assiduously it sometimes interfered with his ability to communicate. It was inevitable—and maybe unfair—that Nancy would take up the slack.

"A lot of people say Nancy is the problem," Roselle responded, when asked about his difficulties with Foreman. "I'm not going to blame Nancy because I think Foreman needs to accept responsibility for his actions. Dave isolated himself."

Roselle was exaggerating, but he was not completely off base. Professionally, Foreman was reaching out to conservation biologists and to environmentalists working on innovative, small-scale projects that stirred the few remnants of optimism he had managed to salvage from twenty years as an environmentalist. But personally, Foreman was circling the wagons. After all these years of crowd pleasing, he found himself withdrawing to a smaller circle of friends. Closest to him was his inner circle of uncritical supporters like John Davis, Rod Mondt, and Nancy Zierenberg. Then there were the hard-drinking western writers, hairy-chested men like Charles Bowden, William Kittredge, and Doug Peacock.

Roselle fit neither of these descriptions. Part of the problem may have been his emotional instability. Roselle was drinking and smoking

dope more than ever. His marriage to Karen Pickett had broken up fairly quickly and he was back to moving from city to city and from relationship to relationship. On the other hand, Foreman and the other Buckaroos had settled down. At Howie Wolke's wedding, Louisa Willcox remembers Howie telling her that if they hadn't all calmed down, they'd probably be dead by now.

Although his emotional maturity might be lagging, politically Roselle may have been outgrowing both Earth First! and Dave Foreman—and he wasn't doing it gracefully. He had learned firsthand about international environmental issues, traveling to Southeast Asia and Latin America under the aegis of the Rainforest Action Network. In 1987, he began working for Greenpeace. He spent enough time in Washington to grow disillusioned with big-budget environmentalism. Eventually he spent four months in a South Dakota jail for dropping a Greenpeace banner protesting acid rain down the faces on Mount Rushmore.

After four months of incarceration, something crossed over in Roselle. He became angry, but that passed. As he reached his late thirties, Roselle became even more committed to the vagrant lifestyle of a political agitator. His tolerance for bullshit became nonexistent. His loyalty to his old friends was even scarcer. He criticized Foreman and his cadre of supporters for not keeping up with the rapid changes in the environmental movement. Foreman's failure to clearly refute charges of racism and sexism genuinely appalled him. But the vehemence of his attacks on Foreman seemed to come from something deeper and more personal. He accused Foreman of using the *Earth First! Journal* for his own ends and dubbed his supporters "Foremanistas." Foreman stonewalled, refusing to be drawn into a dispute or even to talk things over. Roselle kept hammering away, telling everyone who would listen that the Arizona contingent was too isolated, both culturally and geographically, from the rest of Earth First! "They live in a Western movie," he said bitterly.

Roselle's biggest beef was control of the *Earth First! Journal*. He estimated the *Journal's* budget at about \$200,000 a year. He said that he couldn't understand where all the money was going, since the drab-

looking paper couldn't cost that much to produce. Roselle correctly assumed that some of the cash was being selectively funneled to activists, which gave Foreman a strong power base within the organization. With some justice, Roselle charged that the *Journal* needed fresh air. It had been exciting from 1980 until 1985, when the mainstream press was ignoring environmental issues. But after *Time* magazine ran its "Planet of the Year" issue in 1989, the situation changed radically. Not only was the mainstream media covering the environment more, but the advent of desktop publishing was spawning a whole new generation of cheaply produced, well-designed environmental publications. The *Journal's* layout and graphics, which always had ranged from clumsy to awful, ceased to be a quaint reference to the group's affinity with the era of cave paintings. After trying and failing to assert influence on the paper, Roselle gave up. Instead he established his own power base, insisting on using the *Journal's* mailing list to raise money for his Direct Action Fund.

He may have grabbed a purse string or two, but Roselle hadn't found a way to resolve his differences with Foreman. In his view, Foreman's whole clique was failing to acknowledge the rifts that were weakening the group.

"The generational differences are obvious," he said. "I think they're even apparent between Foreman and Kezar and myself. Foreman grew up in a time before the civil-rights movement, before the women's movement. I mean, it was just a few years that he missed it, but that's important. You're talking about your juvenile years when you really are picking up how to deal with society. So he carries that air about him.

"Abbey was worse, but Abbey was older. You get young people now, like we get eighteen-, nineteen-year-old kids, even if they're rednecks you're not gonna hear them use racial slurs and you're not gonna hear them talk about women in the way the older generation would. Because times have changed somewhat. Now I'm not sayin' there are not these fossilized individuals out there that can't tell the difference. There are certainly those individuals out there. But we don't get them in Earth First!"

As Foreman evaded Roselle's attempts to talk about their problems, Roselle grew increasingly hurt and frustrated. When Foreman finally tried to shake hands with him at an environmental conference, Roselle walked away. He said that he felt the gesture was meaningless, because Foreman still refused to have a substantive discussion with him.

Ironically, the two men seemed to be in accord on environmental issues. While the pragmatic Bart Koehler and other mainstream environmentalists were lobbying for a Montana wilderness bill that appeared to be the best of a series of very bad compromises, both Foreman and Roselle unequivocally said that the mainstream guys were wrong: the bill should be dumped. As for Redwood Summer, Roselle was too savvy not to realize the strategic problems it posed. His attitude was simply more tolerant. "I would like to see us focus more on public lands," he said. "I would have liked to see us (Northern California Earth First!) focus on public lands a long time ago, but most of the activists have wanted to really concentrate on redwoods. This was a day of reckoning."

By April 1990, the day of reckoning was approaching at a velocity terrifying to Judi Bari. In late March, she says, Louisiana-Pacific mill workers asked her to organize a demonstration at a Mendocino County Board of Supervisors meeting. On April 4, she appeared before the supervisors with a group of mill workers, IWW members, and Earth First!ers. They called for the seizure of timber company land under eminent domain.

After the meeting, she said, "I very much got the feeling the line had been crossed." Within a few days, she began receiving death threats in the mail. Two fake Earth First! press releases calling for violence were circulated to the media. The right-wing radio station in nearby Fort Bragg seemed to be mentioning Bari's name almost daily. The pressure kept up for at least a month. During that time, Darryl did what Darryl did best: turned up the heat. In early April, he circulated an Earth Day poster. In the foreground were two Cromagnon Earth First!ers hefting monkeywrenches. In the background

was a bulldozer. "EARTH NIGHT 1990," it announced. "GO OUT AND DO SOMETHING FOR THE EARTH . . . AT NIGHT."

Someone apparently took his advice. On the night of April 22, a wooden transmission tower was sawed through and 92,000 people in Santa Cruz and Watsonville lost power for several hours. The next morning, a 100-foot metal tower slammed down and the area was blacked out again. These events generated particularly strong feelings because the area had been hit so hard by the big earthquake of October 1989. Santa Cruz is a pastel-colored university town on the central California coast. For twenty years it had been a stop on the underground railroad for hippies, a bastion of progressive politics and hallucinogenic drugs, and a magnet for surfers. The power-line hit was rumored to be of local origin, but even Santa Cruz subversives thought that it was in poor taste to exhume the trauma caused by the earthquake so soon and for no discernible reason.

Darryl's involvement in the Santa Cruz incident may have been limited to his inspirational poster. But Darryl's own Earth Day was far from uneventful. At 4:30 in the morning, he was in a Marin County phone booth, dialing the home phone number of every reporter he knew. In front of him, a group of Earth First!ers were dangling a banner from the Golden Gate Bridge, which links Marin County to San Francisco. Apparently Darryl's publicity reached not only journalists, but the authorities, too. In a matter of minutes, Darryl was hustled off to jail. Darryl said it was the Oakland police who searched his car, not the Marin County cops. "I thought FBI," he said. "We knew the FBI was big in Oakland."²¹

Back in the north country, Darryl's poster was mysteriously showing up on loggers' doorsteps. Threatening letters—one with a crudely drawn hangman's noose—kept arriving. Judi finally became frightened and called Dave Foreman for advice. According to Judi, he said, "You're a hero. A hundred years from now people will remember you." Then he told her to talk to Rod Mondt, who could advise her on security precautions. A few days later, she says she was asked to appear before the Mendocino County Board of Supervisors to explain the violence that had occurred in the timber conflicts.

When Judi arrived at the county offices on May 2, she said she was greeted by “a lynch mob” of gyppo owners, low-level managers, and security personnel. Once the meeting started, she held up her most recent piece of hate mail, a photo of herself on which the cross-hairs of a rifle had been superimposed. “Violence isn’t being directed at workers. It’s being directed at us,” she said, provoking hoots and yells from the audience. As she stalked out, a supervisor named Marilyn Butcher said primly, “Judi, you’ve brought this on yourself.”

After the meeting, the death threats abruptly stopped. Judi met with the loggers who had attended. She won the respect of most of them. A few even decided to support her cause. Close up, she was less threatening. She had a ready sympathy and a certain rough charm. Then, on May 9, a pipe bomb exploded in a Louisiana-Pacific mill in Cloverdale. Police investigated the incident, but it was barely noticed in the furor over Redwood Summer.

Redwood Summer wasn’t just rocking the establishment; it also was seriously straining the meager organizational resources of Earth First! Fortunately for the roughly 3,000 demonstrators who showed up, a Berkeley-based group called Seeds of Peace stepped in. Seeds of Peace had provided logistical support for a string of civil-disobedience actions at the Nevada Test Site, as well as for the Great Peace March across America in 1987. The group was staffed by pros like James McGuinness, a fortyish Brooklyn boy who enjoyed stopping in Vegas to play the slots and drink imported beer after playing cat and mouse with authorities at the test site. The no-bullshit practicality of people like McGuinness was a much-needed antidote to the Earth First!-inspired chaos.

Seeds of Peace could handle the crowds. It was Judi and Darryl’s job to draw them in. The couple began touring colleges to drum up support for the first big demo, a protest against log exports which was going to be held at a Louisiana-Pacific mill on June 20. On Thursday, May 24, they had a gig booked in Santa Cruz. The night before, they drove down to Berkeley to meet with Seeds of Peace. They crashed at separate houses in the East Bay. It was close to noon when Judi

and Darryl left for Santa Cruz. Less than fifteen minutes after they drove off in Judi’s Subaru, the bomb exploded.

Who bombed Judi Bari? When the shouting quieted down and the big rains started that winter, a documentary filmmaker named Stephen Talbot and a journalist-cum-private-eye named David Helvarg tried to find out. Coincidentally, Talbot, like Cherney, was a former child actor. Talbot had been a regular on the old *Leave It to Beaver* series. He looked the part, with a toothy grin and an affable manner. But he had also been head of Wesleyan University’s SDS chapter in 1968. Among his other interests, Talbot was a mystery buff who had named his son Dashiell. It was easy to see why Bari’s story intrigued him. Helvarg’s political credentials were just as good. He had seen active duty as a journalist in Central America and written tough investigative articles on environmental issues. Bari trusted both of them. No less a personage than Bruce Anderson, the intellectual ex-Marine who owned the muckraking newspaper the *Anderson Valley Advertiser*, expected their film to be “The Definitive Mendo Movie.”

Talbot and Helvarg’s documentary aired on San Francisco’s public television station KQED in the spring of 1991. The documentary profiled a number of suspects in the bombing. One was Irv Sutley, a bearded, potbellied gun freak and known informer. He had taken photos of Judi Bari with an Uzi, ostensibly as a joke for a record-album cover. After the bombing, he sent it to local police stations. Another was the ex-linebacker Bill Staley. There was some speculation that Staley, the militant anti-abortionist who had threatened the Planned Parenthood clinic’s director, was the author of a bizarre letter that had been sent to a local newspaper on May 30. The letter, which was signed by someone calling himself “The Lord’s Avenger,” claimed responsibility for the bombing of Judi and Darryl. The author also claimed to have set what Judi called “the test bomb” at the Cloverdale mill back on May 9. The letter was sent to reporter Mike Geniella of the *Santa Rosa Press Democrat*. Geniella, who was later removed from

the timber beat, had done some of the best investigative reporting on the North Coast timber wars. As published by the *Press Democrat*, the letter read:

I built with these Hands the bomb that I placed in the car of Judi Bari. Doubt me not for I will tell you the design and materials such as only I will Know. I come forward now emboldened by the Spirit of the Lord to spread the Message spoken by the bomb so that All will hear it and take into there [sic] Hearts. This woman is possessed of the Devil. No natural Woman created of our Lord spews Forth the Lies, Calumnies and Poisons that she does with such Evil Power. The Lord cleared my vision and revealed this unto me outside the Baby-Killing Clinic when Judi Bari smote with Satan's words the humble and Faithful servants of the Lord who had come there to make witness against Abortion. I saw Satan's flames shoot forth from her mouth her eyes and ears proving forever that this was no Godly Woman no Ruth full of obedience to procreate and multiply the children of Adam throughout the world as is God's Divine Will.

Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp the authority over the man, but to be in silence.

—Timothy 2:11

. . . This possessed demon Judi Bari spread her Poison to tell the Multitude that trees were not god's Gift to Man but that Trees were themselves gods and it was a sin to cut them. My Spirit ached as her Paganism festered before mine Eyes. I felt the Power of the Lord stir within my Heart and I knew I had been Chosen to strike down the Demon. But my Faith was Weak and I was Deaf to His Words as he instructed me. The Devil Hissed into my other ear that I should use Cunning and turn Judi Baris [sic] poison against her . . . I dared not Strike

at the demon herself. No, instead the Devil moved my hand nto bomb in Cloverdale to bring infamy down on Judi Bari . . . The Lord told me Use no Indirection. The Lord had shown me that his Work needed no Subtergufe [sic] and must be clear and Visible in the eyes of all. I was His Avenger. The demon must be struck down. The Light filled me and my Faith was impregnable. Great joy Filled me I set to work.

The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance: he shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked.

—Psalms 58:10

I put the bomb in her car whilst she was at the meeting with the loggers. The wicked shall know no Refuge. . . . For two nights and two days the [bomb] stayed until the Demon was joined in her car by the VERY SAME man who had helped her Mock and Insult the Faithful outside the Abortion Clinic that day years ago. PRAISE GOD!

Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is.

—Ephesians 5:17

But if you Heed not his Warning and go into the forests to do Satan's Bidding surely you will Suffer the Punishments of demon Judi Bari.

I will early destroy all the wicked of the land; that I may cut off all wicked doers from the city of the Lord.

—Psalms 101:8

I HAVE SPOKEN. I AM THE LORD'S AVENGER.²²

The *Press Democrat* received the letter on May 29 and turned it over to the FBI. Agents asked the newspaper to excise the letter's technical information about the manufacture of the two bombs.

“There is enough detail in this letter that we are obviously looking at it very seriously. It would indicate at this point that someone had very good knowledge of both devices,” said FBI agent Barry Mawn. However, Mawn said, it was also possible that the letter was the handiwork of a prankster who had done some “lucky guesswork.”²³ Earth First!ers also speculated that the tone of religious zealotry in the Lord’s Avenger letter could be a smokescreen.

Judi’s ex-husband, labor organizer Michael Sweeney, was another suspect on Talbot and Helvarg’s short list. Several years before, Sweeney had led an unsuccessful antigrowth campaign against an airport expansion. When the airport was nearly destroyed by an arson fire triggered by a complicated electronic device, Sweeney was a prime suspect. Judi was not implicated in the arson, according to Talbot and Helvarg. The documentary team reexamined the arson case onscreen, providing a compelling argument that authorities should at least consider Sweeney’s possible involvement in the Earth First! bombing. The suggestion infuriated Judi, who tried to force Talbot to cut this section before the documentary aired. She accused him of sexism, charging that he was ignoring the political implications of the attempt on her life in favor of a sordid domestic violence scenario. She also complained that Talbot had failed to include among his suspects Mendocino county’s radical right-wingers, who had banded together in a group called Blue Light.

Despite Judi’s anger, the documentary team had done her at least one great service. “Who Bombed Judi Bari?” provided convincing evidence of Judi and Darryl’s innocence. It helped balance the early news coverage, which had been weighted heavily in favor of speculation that Judi Bari and Darryl Cherney had known about the bomb.

Television coverage of the story was damaging, but a series of articles in the Oakland *Tribune* practically convicted the two radicals on the basis of information that later turned out to be false. In the first weeks after the bombing, veteran cop reporter Harry Harrison and investigative reporter Paul Grabowicz clearly had the inside track, probably because of Harris’s long relationship with the Oakland police. The day after the bombing Harris and Grabowicz wrote that “law

enforcement sources said investigators are convinced Bari and Cherney were transporting the explosive device when it went off at about 11:50 A.M.”

The following day, the two reporters wrote a second major story. In this article they beat out the rest of the Bay Area media by outlining the evidence against Bari and Cherney. Once again, their information came from unnamed “law enforcement sources.” According to the *Tribune*’s sources, the pipe bomb had been in the backseat of Bari’s car, covered by a guitar case. This indicated that Bari knew the bomb was there, reported the *Tribune*. In addition, finishing nails “identical to ones used in the bomb” were found elsewhere in the car. Similar nails also were found during a search of one of the suspect’s houses in the Garberville area, the *Tribune* reported. There was more. Duct tape and wire “that resembled that used in the bomb also was found in Cherney’s van and house and in Bari’s house.”²⁴

Getting this information was quite a coup for the *Tribune*. The only problem was that it was all either wrong or misleading. In the following weeks, the facts emerged. The bomb had been under Judi’s seat, not in the back of the car. The finishing nails came from a batch so large that it was impossible to trace them. The fact that the duct tape and wire were “similar” was simply irrelevant.

As the story evolved, it became apparent that Oakland police had been feeding *Tribune* reporters false information. A staff member of the congressional subcommittee that watchdogs the FBI said the Oakland police had been in charge of the investigation for the first month. When Oakland’s theories didn’t pan out, the FBI took over. “The primary culprits in fingering Judi and Darryl were clearly the Oakland police department, not the FBI,” the staff member said. However, the subcommittee’s chair, Congressman Don Edwards, said he was disturbed by the fact that Cherney and Bari were identified as suspects partly because of the FBI’s analysis of forensic evidence—the matching nails and the bomb’s location—which later proved to be false. Edwards blamed the Oakland police for manipulating the FBI. Earth First!ers were not so quick to exonerate the feds. Eventually they would bring a lawsuit against the FBI Special Agent in Charge,

Richard Held. But in the meantime, they fired off letters to Edwards, hoping to provoke an investigation.

The only reason Congressman Edwards was showing any interest in the case was that Mike Roselle liked strong, dynamic women with independent careers. (This may have been the most convincing evidence of the generational division that he claimed existed between him and the other Buckaroos.) Roselle's new girlfriend, Claire Greensfelder, was a fifth-generation Californian who had been a Democratic political activist for almost twenty years. After the bombing, she persuaded Congressman Ron Dellums to hold a press conference calling for an inquiry into the FBI's handling of the case. Dellums followed up with a letter to Edwards. (A similar letter was sent by the heads of the Sierra Club, the National Wildlife Federation, Friends of the Earth, the National Audubon Society, and the National Parks and Conservation Association. This letter had no effect whatsoever, which doesn't speak well for the environmental lobby's much-lauded political clout.)

Edwards received an oral briefing from the FBI, but he failed to launch a full-fledged investigation. Even though Edwards didn't insist on Congressional action—which at least one staff member thought was warranted—the FBI was put on notice. It was a far cry from the previous year, when the FBI's congressional liaison had called Edwards's office to brag about Foreman's arrest. The FBI's other recent counterintelligence campaign, an investigation of Central America support groups, had led to problems when the agency was linked to illegal break-ins. The EMETIC arrests were used as an example of playing by the rules—targeting criminal incidents rather than a whole movement. “The FBI was on the defensive and using this as an example of how they did it right,” said the committee staffer.

Then Foreman and his attorneys released the transcript of Agent Fain's remarks about busting Foreman, not because he was an “actual perpetrator,” but to “send a message.”

“Since then, some of that [the FBI's claim to playing by the rules] has unraveled,” commented the staffer rather drily.

After the bombing, the circumstances of Foreman's arrest came

under renewed scrutiny. Edwards would be keeping a close watch on the trial. A congressional investigation was still possible.

For several weeks, Judi was too sick even to think about the FBI. Led by Karen Pickett, Earth First!ers held a vigil outside Oakland's Highland Hospital while Judi waffled in and out of consciousness. When she was awake, she noticed a pervasive, disturbing odor. Eventually she figured out where it was coming from. Gunpowder and shrapnel were clinging to her long, reddish brown hair. For ten days, she begged the hospital staff to rinse it out, but they refused, telling her that she was too weak to be moved. Up north, Redwood Summer was continuing. But for those first few weeks, Redwood Summer in the Bay Area consisted of providing support for Judi. Darryl had escaped with only minor injuries.

“There's somebody with me twenty-four hours a day. If I wake up crying, there's somebody to hold my hand, and I don't even always know the person, but there's always someone here, and I really appreciate it,” she told the *Anderson Valley Advertiser's* feisty editor Bruce Anderson three weeks after the bombing.

When Anderson told her the bombing had been covered nationally, Judi joked, “Some people will do anything to be famous. . . .” Anderson replied, “I know Darryl wanted to get on TV, but [laughter] . . . that may account for the placement of the device.”

Quite seriously, Bari responded, “No, Darryl, first of all, has some of the least mechanical skills of anyone I've ever known. I once tried to hire him to hang sheet rock and found him to be unemployable, because he didn't know how to hammer.” To anyone who knew Darryl, this was a convincing argument. But to Judi, there was an equally compelling one. “Darryl loved me,” she told Anderson. Case closed, just like Mike Sweeney's. Judi may have been a woman's woman, with a healthy contempt for male foibles, but her belief in the bonds she had forged with certain men was unshakable.

This deeper side of Judi surfaced frequently during her slow recovery. She was still funny and obnoxious, with a penchant for calling young trees pecker poles and talking about smoking hooters. But she had come close to death and for many months she remained cloaked

in the silent intensity of that experience. It would take years to assimilate what had happened. "The nights are hard," she said. "I get terrified at night."

By the end of the summer Bari was walking again, using a pair of crutches. Surgeons told her that they could not operate on her pelvis; her nerves and bones were so jumbled up that surgery could paralyze her. Her pelvis looked like a kaleidoscope. Her coccyx looked like "cottage cheese." Her right foot was paralyzed from the ankle down. She could not walk long distances or sit for long periods of time. "As the day goes on, I get more and more prone," she joked. When asked if she could have a regular sex life again, Bari was uncharacteristically silent. Finally she answered in a neutral tone. "That's the last thing I'm thinking about," she said. Then she changed the subject to her children.

Redwood Summer went on without Judi. There were four big demonstrations and about a hundred arrests. Occasionally there were flashes of violence, sometimes initiated by protesters. In September, screaming demonstrators pounded at the windows and doors of a building where timber officials were meeting. As the officials departed, protesters flailed at the windows of a car carrying Pacific Lumber president John Campbell, the tough Australian ex-surfer who had made his fortune in America by marrying the boss's daughter. As the car continued on its path, one protester flung himself on the hood. Campbell, either unfazed or too shocked to react, kept driving until the speed of his car caused the protester to tumble onto the pavement.

No trees were saved by Redwood Summer, but thousands of students were initiated into counterculture politics. The California Department of Forestry got a new director who showed signs of breaking the agency out of its usual role as a rubber stamp for the timber industry. Over the next few years, a bill designed to save Headwaters Forest inched through Congress. By September, Judi Bari was helping to organize Redwood Summer's sequel. Its catchy title—Corporate Fall—proved that Judi's mobility had suffered but not her wit. Once again, her cleverness was lost on her opponents. This time thugs threatened to burn down her house. In November, both of California's environmental ballot initiatives, Forests Forever and Big Green, lost at the polls.



Splitting the Sheets

To carry out this program it is exigent that all friends of the wilderness ideal should unite. If they do not present the urgency of their view-point the other side will certainly capture popular support. Then it will only be a few years until the last escape from society will be barricaded.

—Bob Marshall

"The Problem of the Wilderness," 1930

For a few years they were left in peace, forgotten by a world that seemed, for all they could tell, to have forgotten itself—and then the gates of the citadel were opened and certain men came forth with aspirations far more grand than those of farmers and herdsmen and hunters. The oldest civil war of all, that between the city and the country, was resumed.

—Edward Abbey

Good News, 1980

July 1989—Ann Arbor

DAVE FOREMAN CLIMBED ONTO THE STAGE at the Sierra Club's International Assembly. He wore a tweed sport jacket, not a Fuck Bechtel T-shirt. There wasn't a monkeywrench in sight. He didn't need one. Thanks to the FBI, Dave Foreman's fifteen minutes of fame had begun.

As soon as he opened his mouth, speculation that Dave had been cowed by the FBI vanished. In a matter of minutes he won the audience over. His astonishing talent for getting up close and personal with a crowd remained intact.

His message hadn't changed much, either. He talked about the legacy of the club's patron saint, John Muir. Foreman obviously identified with the romantic Scot careening off into the glacial wilderness

of his own soul. After all, he was a diehard romantic himself, a lobbyist who had abandoned his trade, announcing that he could no longer lock "my heart in a safe deposit box and replace my brain with a pocket calculator."

Then Foreman talked about the modern-day Sierra Club. By building on David Brower's model of political activism, it had become the best environmental lobbying group on Capitol Hill. But when it refined its political skills, the club lost something. It left for dead the northern spotted owl—and the old-growth forests of the Pacific Northwest—because its leaders judged the timber industry impossible to defeat. Would the Sierra Club also hang back from the issues of overpopulation, species extinction, global warming?

In the early eighties, Foreman had jokingly touted himself as a write-in candidate for the Sierra Club Board of Directors. Now, more seriously, he called for a revolution within the ranks. By returning to the idealism of its early leaders, the Sierra Club could advance the environmental debate beyond realpolitik.

"One of the alternatives I'd like to offer is that the Sierra Club learn a little humility. I remember a number of years ago at a conference in Africa on environmental problems around the world some people came up with the idea that instead of a Peace Corps, what we need is a reverse Peace Corps. Instead of North America and Europe teaching the rest of the world how to live, we needed some Australian aborigines and bushmen and Eskimos and Kayapo Indians and Penan tribespeople to come to teach us how to live."

Here, Foreman was interrupted by loud applause.

I think too often the American environmental movement thinks that since we started environmentalism we know how to do it and every other environmental group in the world needs to learn from us.

Well, I think we can learn from the Australian Conservation Federation and the Australian Wilderness Society, which are the mainstream groups in that country and which have practiced nonviolent civil disobedience to stop dams.

Why doesn't the Sierra Club try that? I think we can learn from the Kayapo Indians, from the Penan tribespeople. . . . I want to say that the greatest honor I have ever received was finding out that the Penan tribespeople had several copies of my book, *Ecodefense*. I think I have learned more from them, and from the Kayapo and that kind of courageous resistance than I can from anything else.

I would like to challenge the Sierra Club to confront the crisis we're in. The most prominent ecologists in the world today say we may face the loss of one-third of all species. Michael Soulé, founder of the Society for Conservation Biology, tells us that vertebrate evolution may be at an end. Think about it. Let it sink in.

We aren't talking about scenery. We aren't talking about aesthetics. We aren't talking about non-motorized, primitive, recreational opportunities. We're talking life. We're talking about three and a half billion years of life on this planet. The whole flow and flowering and blossoming of evolution on this planet for a longer time than any one of us can imagine. The activities of this generation could truncate that whole flowering, that whole blossoming. . . .

We are involved in the most sacred crusade ever waged on earth.

It is time to hold the line, Foreman told the crowd. You are the ones who can do it. You are the elect, the chosen. It is you who are the heirs of John Muir, the mountaineering comrades of David Brower.

We have to have a ferment of ideas where we can come up with wild and crazy and provocative things because the problems facing us today are so overwhelming that if we stay in the same straight and narrow of ideas and reflection then we aren't going to get anywhere. We'll be going down the same

path of destruction that we've been on for 10,000 years of civilization.

The job of the Sierra Club is not to come up with the good, solid, pragmatic compromises that can pass Congress. The Sierra Club should never support a bill that can pass Congress. . . .

At this point, Foreman is drowned out by applause.

Our job is to be constant advocates of wilderness and ecological sanity. We pay congressmen and bureaucrats to make compromises. But unless we hold their feet to the fire, just like Exxon holds their feet to the fire, the compromises are all going to be the other way.

Instead of being insulted, the audience gave Foreman a standing ovation.

Not everyone stood. Behind his bushy walrus moustache, Doug Scott was working himself into a rage. Foreman had called the Sierra Club the "most important environmental group on earth." Then he delivered a blueprint for destroying the group's credibility. "The Sierra Club should never support a bill that can pass Congress"? Without the Sierra Club and other mainstream groups, environmental bills would *die* in Congress. Industry-sponsored legislation would be virtually unopposed. If the Sierra Club was ever crazy enough to take Foreman's advice, everything Doug had worked for would be destroyed.

Environmentalists are not noted for their ironic distance. Doug simply couldn't take Foreman's comment for what it was, a piece of rhetoric, a metaphor, a goad. He was too earnest and the stakes were too high.

"Doug almost as a point of pride doesn't wear his heart on his sleeve," said Tim Mahoney. "But the environmental movement was his whole life. He's fascinating, and shy in his own way. He has inspired people, not on a mass level, but to play the inside game. It

probably bothers him that he's never received the accolades that Dave and others have. He cares just as much, but he believes the torch bearers can mislead and he strikes out at them."

Scott believed that Foreman and his followers in Earth First! were destructive to the environmental movement. To add to his catalogue of sins, Foreman had just implicitly but very publicly trashed Doug's entire insider's career with his idiotic remarks. Particularly galling was the fact that he had done it at Scott's alma mater, the University of Michigan. This was where Doug had first volunteered for the Wilderness Society. He had been among the students who started Earth Day here. It was in Ann Arbor, too, that he had submitted his master's thesis on Howard Zahniser, the mentor who died before Doug got a chance to meet him.

As he schmoozed at the conference, Doug stopped now and then to scribble a few notes for his own speech. He didn't have to agonize. The Sierra Club's conservation director was a deft and experienced orator: not as gifted as Foreman, but animated by his own brand of passion. It was the passion of the conservative Edmund Burke, not the romantic vision of Rousseau. But it was passion nonetheless. "I'm fed up with these people who think these things [environmental laws] are just tools, just lifeless pieces of paper," he said in an interview about a year later. "So what if Congress gets all excited and in a huge backlash guts the Endangered Species Act? Well, that is a species of arrogant, self-indulgent, head-in-the-sandism that just drives me crazy. If environmentalism is radical, it won't have a social consensus around it and it won't work. It won't last. We've hardened the lines in a way that I think is terribly unfortunate. I think it will have dire implications for trees down the line. More than I could say, I wish I had been smart enough to see a way to head that off. But I think we're in the hands of the fates."

When it was his turn to address the crowd, Scott's first priority was responding to Foreman's dictum that the Sierra Club should not support any legislation that could pass Congress.

"We've engaged in a good deal of discussion about what would be ideal in ideal circumstances," Scott told the crowd in his reedy but

powerful voice. "But we also have the world of reality. In the world of reality, the Congress will be voting on an imperfect bill on the Tongass National Forest." Scott was referring to the ground-breaking reform bill that Bart Koehler was finally herding through the legislative process with the help of both the Audubon Society and the Sierra Club. It was a dig at Foreman. Look at what Bart's accomplishing, he seemed to be saying. How many trees have you saved with all your rhetoric?

Then Scott really let 'er rip. Dave Foreman's line sounds good, but only to people who don't think very deeply, said Scott. In the world of reality, you don't get to play if that's the attitude you bring to the bargaining table. Activists have to realize what they're giving up when they adopt radical tactics, he told the audience.

"This is what being an effective environmentalist might be like," he said. "Get on the phone. Write a letter. If not ignore, at least pay proper disrespect to your own bureaucracy. What we are talking about is *individual political action*."

Scott went on to give his boilerplate pep talk, about the individuals who had made a difference in the environmental movement. These people had worked doggedly for slow, incremental progress. They were the real heroes. They had locked up wilderness and it had stayed locked up. They had forced government agencies to consider the environmental consequences of their actions. Together, thousands of environmentalists had altered the country's conscience.

Doug got a standing ovation for his speech, too. But the skinny rear end of one white-haired ectomorph remained firmly attached to his rickety auditorium chair. David Brower was appalled by Doug's attack on Foreman. He also vehemently disagreed with his message. Scott's Horatio Alger optimism struck Brower as absurd. Scott actually believed that things were getting better, that there was a "net gain."

In the 1970s, Scott had won legislative protection for more land than anyone since Howard Zahniser. He had steered the Alaska National Interest Lands Act and the Endangered American Wilderness Act through Congress. But twenty years later, he exemplified a frightening complacency. After the conference David Brower wrote a letter

to him. "Can you tell this alleged what's-his-name-reincarnate, what has driven you from the damn-the-torpedoes man you were for the Alaska Coalition?" Brower asked. Then he outlined a view of the Sierra Club's role that resembled Dave Foreman's more than Doug Scott's.

My thesis is that compromise is often necessary but that it ought not originate with the Sierra Club. We are to hold fast to what we believe is right, fight for it, and find allies and adduce all possible arguments for our cause. If we cannot find enough vigor in us or them to win, then let someone else propose the compromise. We thereupon work hard to coax it our way. We become a nucleus around which the strongest force can build and function.

Brower rattled off a mind-numbing list of the club's dips into compromise, starting back in 1938 when he was working for the club half-time at \$75 a month. Then he offered an outline for a major campaign to save the old-growth forests of the Pacific Northwest. It was prefaced by this paragraph:

Then I get to the crisis of the ancient forests and the club's role that is so faltering that SCLDF [the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund] had to come to the rescue of the trees by hiring a lobbyist. And I think of the rude treatment of Dave Foreman, a club-invited speaker whom the assembly audience had admired for his courage, courage which gives the club a field to be bolder in, which the club should be grateful for.

David Brower's letter was copied so many times it became an epistolary Tribble. Brower himself gave it to the Sierra Club's new executive director, Michael Fischer. He liberally sprinkled it among his legion of friends and supporters. They passed it out to dozens of reporters. The odd thing was, Scott said Brower never sent it to him. Scott saw it, of course. He couldn't help being hurt by what Brower

had written. Certainly he was humiliated by the manner in which the letter had fanned out among their mutual friends, acquaintances, and colleagues.

In the end, Doug decided not to reply. "I wrote draft after draft and spent days fuming," he said. "Then I decided, this is bullshit. I would not dignify it with a response. I think it is self-revealing bullshit. . . . I think early on something snapped in him and he had to have sycophants around him.

"If I had written to Dave I'd have said, 'You know, Dave, you stopped having a useful feedback loop when people started standing up before your speeches as well as after them.' That's a real bad thing. I hope nobody ever gives me a standing ovation before they've heard what I had to say."

The whole pissing match gave Dave Foreman something new to think about. He began to see a parallel between his dispute with Scott and the falling out between John Muir and Gifford Pinchot in 1916. Eureka! The Hetch Hetchy argument was still going on, the same old environmental carcass waking up and shaking itself, wearing Gore-Tex these days instead of canvas. Unlike Scott, the early conservationist Gifford Pinchot came from a Gilded Age background so aristocratic it is hard even to imagine in an era of mass culture. Yet Pinchot entered government as a reformer. He convinced Teddy Roosevelt to start the U.S. Forest Service in order to stop the ransacking of the frontier by a few greedy entrepreneurs. Like Roosevelt—and Doug Scott—he was a firm believer in the greatest good for the greatest number.

Pinchot's relationship with Muir was problematic. At first, the two men were friends and allies. But when the Hetch Hetchy dam was proposed, Pinchot waffled. The 1906 earthquake had ignited a chain of fires that practically leveled San Francisco. Fearing another disaster, the people of the city wanted a steady, cheap supply of water. Building a dam at Hetch Hetchy was only one of several possibilities, but it was favored by businessmen and a handful of corrupt politicians who stood to make a profit from it. Eventually Pinchot joined their side.

It was ironic that the aristocratic Pinchot was dominated by the ideology of the masses. Muir, whose childhood had been emotionally and materially impoverished, recognized that physical discomfort could be survived, but spiritual loss could not.

Pinchot's betrayal of the wilderness ideal, which far outweighed any compromises Doug Scott might have made in his career, was sadder because of his great contributions to forestry reform and because of Muir's advanced age. It was a bad ending for a friendship between the two founders of American conservation. It opened a rift that would widen until its fissures undermined the structure of the modern environmental movement.

If Doug was a latter-day Pinchot, then Foreman was Muir's most recent reincarnation. Dave Foreman's affinity with John Muir explained a lot of what was happening to him these days. Several years before, he had read *The Pathless Way*, a book by Michael P. Cohen. Cohen's book looked beneath the surface of the bearded patriarch's life story. It provided Foreman with insight into Muir's transformation in the wilderness, which began with a near-death experience. Just a month before his twenty-ninth birthday, Muir was temporarily blinded by an industrial accident. After he recovered, he abandoned a promising career as an inventor and manufacturing executive. He made his "Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf" which he later recounted in a book. On the trip he picked up an illness, probably from a mosquito, which would reappear throughout his life during times of stress. But this journey was merely an opening, the initial stage in Muir's process of self-definition. It wasn't until Muir reached the western edge of the United States that he found the transcendence he was seeking.

"The West of which I speak is but another name for the Wild; and what I have been preparing to say is, that in Wildness is the preservation of the World. . . . The most alive is the wildest," Thoreau had written in his essay "Walking."

Stripped of his past, Muir found a new sense of self in the West. In Yosemite, he had the paradoxical experience of defining a new self and at the same time feeling a greater sense of connectedness to other

creatures. Only then did Muir make the decisive break from his father's dour, repressive God. He found his own god, the intelligent force behind the harmonious processes of nature.

In his forties, Muir's life changed dramatically. He married the richest girl in Martinez, California, and turned her inheritance into a profitable orchard. Now and then, he retreated to his "scribble den" on the third floor of their elegant house and turned out a best-selling book. When his health and spirits drooped, his wife would order him into the mountains, where he would miraculously regain his desire to live. He became friends with a Scottish painter named William Keith, whose San Francisco studio he frequented. Once the Sierra Club had formed, Muir went on the group's hiking trips. Like many writers, he was a compulsive talker. In 1909, as he walked down from Glacier Point with William Howard Taft, Taft teased him for being so enthusiastic. Michael Cohen writes that Muir's childlike quality was simultaneously genuine and part of a "calculated charm" which he used for political purposes.¹

As he grew older, Muir diluted the purity of his wilderness message. He became an enthusiastic advocate of bringing visitors to national parks. His rationale was that if more people learned about nature, they would want to protect it. In 1912 he even advocated building roads through Yosemite. On the subject of a railway line near the Grand Canyon, he wrote: "In the presence of such stupendous scenery [trains] are nothing." He compared trains and automobiles to beetles and caterpillars and, in Cohen's words, "his language revealed a grudging willingness to accept the beginnings of industrial tourism."²

Muir was over seventy years old when Model A cars began cranking along the edges of the American wilderness. He probably could not have foreseen the world that existed by the time his biographer became a Sierra Club trip leader in the 1970s. Cohen's experience led him to believe there is a gap between the mountain world and the world of Washington, D.C., that cannot be bridged by brilliant talk or good intentions. Although certain observations leave him vulner-

able to charges of elitism, Cohen's account reflects the process of an environmentalist losing his illusions:

Muir's politics, to the extent that he was capable of manipulating the circumstances, were carried out in the mountains. Men like Roosevelt and Taft, Burroughs and Harriman, came to his world in Alaska and Yosemite. Muir did not go to Washington, or even to Sacramento, unless he had to. This *was* important. Mountain thinking was different, and so consequently was mountain society. If only the conversion in the wilderness could be made strong enough, it would be carried back to the lowlands and change the cities. All of this suggested that the Sierra Club Outing carried the possibility for a re-creation of human society.

When I worked on Sierra Club Outings, there was still hope that the outings would enlist the "support and cooperation" of the participants. The air was alive with it. How could people fail to gain something after camping for two weeks in the company of Norman Clyde? There was a place on a Sierra Club Outing for a young man like George Dyson, a place where he could get away from his father's obsessional vision of a nuclear-powered escape from a polluted and overpopulated world. He could find a congenial group, a cult of revolutionaries who believed that our own world was our only world, and one worth saving. Even doctors and lawyers became something different when they went into the wilderness; they learned a new set of manners and a new set of values. That was the promise of the Sierra Club and of Muir's kind of Sierra Club Outing politics. Americans could sense, for a while, what it meant to be at home in Nature, and then they would write to their congressmen.

The dream of the Sierra Club Outings had always been essential to Sierra Club politics, but the reality of the outings suggests something else. People haven't always gotten along

with each other, and there have been frequent moral conflicts between the younger crews and the older campers over precisely the question of what constitutes the "right manners of the wilderness." On one trip we invited along two boys, nine and eleven years old, from the Oakland ghetto. Duke and John. They were miserable. They missed the television set and even the noise of traffic. They could not understand why sane adults would want to spend any time out in that wilderness. We were shocked to discover firsthand that the taste for wilderness was culturally determined, a privilege enjoyed only by the sons and daughters of a certain comfortable class of Americans. One could cultivate a sense of utopian community on the outings only by beginning with a group of people who already agreed closely about certain basic values. Mountain thinking and mountain politics were not likely to become a ground swell in the evolution of American culture and politics. The Sierra Club Outing had always been designed to appeal only to middle- and upper-class people. And it worked effectively only within those groups. The most popular crew members, not surprisingly, were the young men who had gone to elite prep schools like Phillips Exeter and Choate. The doctors, college professors, and lawyers loved them.³

Like Muir, Foreman had thrown away a promising, if conventional, career. He had gone on his own journey of self-exploration. It involved more booze and less apparent introspection than Muir's, but he had defined his role in the world. He had also defined his limits. One of them was the one hundredth meridian, the line separating East from West. From obscure outposts like Ely, Nevada, and Chico, California, Earth First! had managed to alter the views of people who ran things from Washington, D.C., Boston, and New York. Foreman was at ease in his world. When he remarried, he chose a woman who was comfortable sharing his outlaw status.

As the pressure increased in the months leading to his trial, Dave

Foreman drew closer to Cohen's conclusion. He could not be a democrat "with a small d" as Doug Scott claimed to be. He did not want to be part of a mass movement. The rapt quality of his audiences terrified him.

More than ever Foreman wanted to retreat to his own scribble den and write, to drink and talk and hike only with people he trusted. The FBI tapes included painful passages. His friend Peg Millett had been recorded calling him a paternalistic asshole. Mark Davis spent more time figuring out how to manipulate Foreman into funding his revolutionary fantasies than he did considering the consequences of his actions. Foreman had created a monster. The monster had turned on its creator.

The irate anarchists who had surrounded Ed Abbey at the Grand Canyon Rendezvous in 1987 were the advance guard of an obnoxious army. Barely a month after Foreman's arrest in 1989, Mike Jakubal, the wild young mountaineer who had invented tree sitting, burned the American flag at the Earth First! Rendezvous in the Jemez Mountains of New Mexico. The incident was prominently featured in the media. Foreman was disgusted. From the start, he had deliberately wrapped Earth First! in the American flag. Patriotism was a subject on which Foreman and Doug Scott were in perfect accord. "A movement's got to be brain dead to let the American flag get away from it as a symbol," said Scott. "Brain dead." Nancy Morton felt even more strongly about the Jakubal incident, but for personal reasons. Still freaked out about the FBI's invasion of her home, she spread the word that Jakubal was a government plant. Her accusations created even more paranoia and divisiveness. But there was no other way she could understand such an ill-timed, destructive act.

These days when he made public appearances Foreman often was confronted by hecklers. Invariably they were Earth First! members. The gentlemanly Foreman would respond as genially as possible, then go home muttering about the bad manners of the younger generation. In July 1990, not long after the New Mexico rendezvous, *The Nation* and the *Anderson Valley Advertiser* ran an interview with Mike Roselle

that broke records for vituperation. When Roselle claimed that the press had given Earth First! a raw deal, his interviewer, Alexander Cockburn, pulled him up short.

COCKBURN: But Mike, Foreman's and Abbey's statements weren't misinterpreted or taken out of context.

ROSELLE: No, they weren't. They stand on their own, and they are recognized as being racist, extremely ignorant and insensitive. There's big debate in the grass roots of Earth First! over these issues. The problem is that Foreman doesn't want to discuss the issues any more. He feels his words speak for themselves and he's been misinterpreted. So the rest of us are left hanging and we have to deal with this dirty laundry that Foreman has left all over the place and to defend ourselves on positions we don't even have. Any effort to resolve this has been met by the stubborn opposition of the current editors of the *Earth First! Journal*, John Davis and Dale Turner, two people [in Tucson] not involved with the grass roots of Earth First! and hand-picked by Foreman. There's a lot of bitterness right now in Earth First! about the total loss of control of the paper and how, as grass roots organizers, we haven't been able to address the most important issues. When we walk into the offices of the local peace committee some place and want some help on old growth, we don't want to have to answer for David Foreman's statements on immigration or his position on the future of tribal people in Ethiopia. Foreman has announced his retirement and continues to say that he doesn't speak for the movement. Unfortunately, he gets a lot of phone calls from the media and they don't know that, and I don't think he makes it clear to them. I think he's become a liability to us . . .

It was a clear invitation to resign. Ten years before, Foreman had been in a similar position, at odds with the new regime at the Wilderness Society. Since tossing aside his career as a lobbyist, Foreman had been free, but poor. In the early 1980s, he unhesitatingly sold his land in

Glenwood to fund Earth First! He lived in a house owned by his wife. For a long time, he hadn't even owned a tent. He had spent most of his adult life wearing black T-shirts with monkeywrenches on them and geeky surplus camouflage duds from the local Army-Navy store.

With the notoriety of his arrest, Foreman's long scramble for cash looked as if it might be over. His speaking fee doubled, jumping from \$1,500 to \$3,000. He got a respectable advance from a major publisher for his memoirs, *Confessions of an EcoWarrior*. He was on a roll.

But somewhere along the way, Foreman's list of dependents had grown. When his sister Roxanne's marriage went bad, he hired her to run his mail-order book business. Roxanne and her three kids moved into the Calle Carapan house. Eventually Foreman's mother, who was ill with emphysema, began to spend part of the year there, too. Dave and Nancy moved to a nearby apartment. The whole ménage balanced on Dave's fragile notoriety. When the book business was bad, both households were jeopardized.

When Roselle's interview was published, Foreman set aside these considerations and decided that he wasn't afraid to start over. He might have mellowed, but he wasn't ready to mimic John Muir's transformation into a gelded patriarch. Foreman's vision of Earth First! was being sullied by anarchist shoplifters, by rude North Country mamas, and bratty adolescent boys. He wasn't going to rationalize. He wasn't going to try to fit in. Dave Foreman was a military brat. He knew how to move on. Maybe he was addicted to it. He was an entrepreneur, a loner, and, most of all, a purist who couldn't bear it when his creativity ran up against a dead end. John James Audubon had been similarly compelled by his "Great Idea," the depiction of every single American bird caught in a state of uncanny, frozen intensity.⁴ Foreman's romantic view of the West was not unlike Audubon's ecstatic vision. The wilderness aesthetic existed outside cheap squabbles and self-righteous pedantry. This was Bob Marshall's theme in his essay "The Problem of Wilderness," the most commanding argument for the wilderness aesthetic ever written. The experience of wilderness is unanchored in the historic stream, according to Marshall. Nothing stands between the aesthete and experience; no other aes-

thetic experience so completely fills the spectator's senses. "There can be no extraneous thoughts—no question about the creator of the phenomenon, its structure, what it resembles or what vanity in the beholder it gratifies. 'The purely esthetic observer has for the moment forgotten his own soul,' he has only one sensation left and that is exquisiteness," Marshall wrote in 1930.⁵ Marshall did not duck charges of elitism but faced them head on. He argued that the amount of wilderness was tiny in proportion to the country's vast carpet of roads and stores and telephones. Financial losses accruing from wilderness protection could easily be offset by better stewardship of the land already under cultivation.

But Marshall's most compelling argument was the exaltation of his prose when he described wilderness. It was this purity of feeling, transcendent but transitory, that drove him to a full life and an early death. It also kept Foreman on the move. Years before, he and Debbie Sease had gone to see *Lawrence of Arabia*. Blinking from the glare of the streetlights, they left the movie theater talking about the film. Debbie thought that Lawrence must have been crazy, even if his masochistic embrace of extremes allowed him to accomplish the impossible. Dave loved the movie unconditionally and was outraged at Debbie's unimaginative caution. He was ready to throw on white robes and start the long march.

It was ten years later, and he was ready to do it again. It could have been that he was tired of not fitting in. Or perhaps he was just stubborn, impatient, and egotistical. All he knew was that he was getting the hell out.

There was one problem. If Foreman ditched, it would look like he was trying to save his ass. Gerry Spence had agreed to defend him only after Foreman promised to keep rabble-raising. Tough, Foreman decided. He talked to Spence on the telephone. Then he sat down with Nancy Morton. Together they wrote a corny but heartfelt Dear John letter to their Baby Frankenstein. "Dear friends," it began. "We feel like we should be sitting at the bar of a seedy honky-tonk, drinking Lone Star, thumbing quarters in the country-western jukebox, and writing this letter on a bar napkin." The letter lovingly embraced what

the anarchist mutualists had disparagingly called "the worst kind of Wild West imagery." It also affirmed Dave and Nancy's commitment to a "biocentric" view of the world—and people. "A good metaphor, we think, for Earth First! over the last decade is that of a generalist species in a new habitat with many available niches. . . . Oftentimes, external environmental stresses push a generalist species toward faster differentiation into separate, specifically adapted sister species. This is what has happened to us in Earth First! Those given to better exploiting the different niches of monkeywrenching, direct action, and conservation biology have been diverging. . . . Splitting the sheets is not pleasant but staying together with irreconcilable differences is worse."

Dave and Nancy's letter didn't quite get the circulation of David Brower's, but it managed to make its way into the hands of Mike Roselle and Doug Scott. "I think we should be careful about using biology to understand human things," said Roselle, mindful of the split between leftists and deep ecologists. He couldn't resist one last parting dig at Dave. "It's like using the Bible to expound on politics."

Scott's reaction was kinder. It was almost as if he were welcoming Dave back into the fold. "I think it's the best thing Dave ever wrote," he said. "I wouldn't be surprised if there were tear stains on the original letter."

Still nostalgic for the legacy of Howard Zahniser, Doug added, "The single most tragic thing is that the Wilderness Society that I knew in the sixties and seventies no longer exists. . . . Dave would have been a different person, a happier person [if it did]."

But the heyday of the Wilderness Society was long gone. Doug Scott spoke the truth when he said that the environmental movement's greatest gain was America's increased awareness of environmental issues. But the growth of conservation into a mass movement had diluted the message of Aldo Leopold and Bob Marshall. Rock-and-roll rain-forest benefits with performers like the Grateful Dead, Madonna, and Sting were deceptive. Even a real environmental vice president could only gloss over the fact that the real game is hardball and the good guys are always losing. Ed Abbey had turned out to be

right when he said that conservationists never “gain” anything. “In two or three years the other side is back again,” Abbey noted. Eventually a compromise is reached. The result is inevitably loss—of biodiversity, wilderness, a sense of freedom. “I’m in favor of genuine compromise,” Abbey said. “If you build a dam, remove one.”⁶ In the preface to *Beyond the Wall*, he went further:

Let us save the 2 per cent—that saving remnant. Or better yet, expand, recover and reclaim much more of the original American wilderness. About 50 per cent would be a fair and reasonable compromise. We have yielded too much too easily. It is time to start shoving cement and iron in the opposite direction before the entire nation, before the whole planet, becomes one steaming, stinking, overcrowded high-tech ghetto. Open space was the fundamental heritage of America; the freedom of the wilderness may well be the central purpose of our national adventure.⁷

Radicals like Abbey weren’t the only ones who saw the movement’s effectiveness eroding. Foreman’s ex-wife Debbie Sease had watched it happen from the inside. Even after Sease became one of the few female policymakers on the Sierra Club staff, she kept a stuffed deer head protruding from her office wall to remind her of the Buckaroo Bunkhouse days. To Sease, the antienvironmental backlash unleashed by the Reagan administration grew more subtle—and more effective—during the Bush presidency:

The clear-cut good guy/bad guy model that Watt provided was replaced. Watt said, “I’m a born-again man who’s going to trash the environment. I’m going to take back the west for the states.” It’s clear-cut; he was just a beacon of radicalism.

And Hodel . . . I can remember the first meeting I had with Hodel before he was confirmed. He took out this piece of paper. He put a line at the top and a line at the middle. He said, we can all agree that some things definitely ought to be

protected. And we can all agree that some things definitely ought to be exploited. He said, what I want to spend my time doing is talking about the things that maybe should and maybe shouldn’t. I want to narrow the debate.

Well, in fact, that’s the difference between him and Watt. Watt talked about things that shouldn’t be exploited. Therefore, he did a lot to create a public consciousness of the public lands and those kinds of issues outside of the local western environment. It made him very ineffective.

Hodel, by leaving aside things that everybody agreed shouldn’t be developed, managed to get a lot more damage done. So we were dealing with a more subtle threat.

The pro-active Bush administration was not satisfied with Reagan’s policy of not-so-benign neglect. The man who had run for office promising to serve as “the environmental president” tried to cut back wetlands protection, sabotaged tougher gas-efficiency requirements for automobiles, supported weakening the Endangered Species Act, and sided with the coal industry in pressing to dismantle enforcement of strip-mining laws. In 1992, Bush’s agriculture secretary, Edward R. Madigan, made a proposal that would have practically eliminated citizen input from the forest-planning process. With the backing of Vice President Dan Quayle’s antienvironmental star chamber, the Council on Competitiveness, Madigan proposed to end administrative appeals of forest plans. If his proposal had been adopted, environmental opposition would have been limited to the far more costly option of lawsuits.

The environmental movement was not just being attacked by its traditional pro-business opponents. The movement’s efforts to negotiate in the hostile climate of successive Republican administrations provoked savage attacks from its own left wing. It wasn’t just wilderness purists like Brower and Foreman who were down on groups like the Sierra Club, the Wilderness Society, the National Audubon Society, and the National Wildlife Federation. So were urban antipollution groups. “We can’t get funding from the national environmental

groups for our work," said Linda Campbell, director of Southern Women Against Toxics, in Livingston, Alabama. "They're nowhere to be seen in our fights." Critics called the big groups the Gang of 10, a term that originated in the late 1980s, when the heads of the mainstream groups began meeting in Washington, D.C., on a regular basis to keep one another informed on their respective activities. Increasingly, gang members heard complaints that they were sleeping through World War III.

"What seems to be selling out is trying to get something done in a very rough situation," said Audubon's Brock Evans, who was probably the most responsive of any top-level official to grass-roots concerns. "It struck me last summer that we're being savaged on the right and attacked on the left and maybe the center cannot hold."⁸

It all got to be too much for Doug Scott. Not long after David Brower's letter splashed down, he made his escape plans. By November 1990, Scott had left the Sierra Club. If he had anticipated the election of Bill Clinton and Al Gore, perhaps he might have stayed on, hoping for a replay of his triumphs during the Carter administration. But the election was too far away to call. He took a job as the head of a small theater company on San Juan Island, a green, unspoiled community full of trees in the Pacific Northwest.

These days, most of the Buckaroos were in semiretirement, too. Ron Kezar had long since repaired to the garden spot of Ely, Nevada, where he worked his way into a sinecure with the Bureau of Land Management. His fire-fighting job allowed him to keep up with his various hobbies, including writing the odd article for the *Earth First! Journal*, usually a polemic on the bombing and polluting that the Department of Defense was inflicting on the public lands.

Howie Wolke had benefited from the boom in ecotourism. His guide service, Wilderness Horizons, had finally become lucrative enough to support him and his small family, which included Marilyn's two children from a previous marriage. Being a founder of Earth First! didn't hurt. Celebrities like Grateful Dead guitarist Bob Weir signed up for Howie's trips, lured by his aura of outdoorsier-than-thou rad-

icalism. Occasionally Howie would surface in the politics of the northern Rockies, mostly as a supporter of Alliance for the Wild Rockies, a group whose tactics and ecosystem-oriented wilderness proposals fell somewhere between those of Earth First! and the mainstream groups.

Even mainstream hero Tim Mahoney had gone to ground. After his RARE II wilderness bill triumph in 1984, Mahoney had become the Sierra Club's point man on Alaska. The battle over oil exploration on the coastal plain of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge was the last big frontier of the wilderness war. It wasn't over when Mahoney resigned in the late 1980s, but it didn't look as if it was going to be over for a long time and Mahoney was tired. He became that ubiquitous Washington species, a consultant, and taught college classes on the history of the environmental movement. He also became, of all things, a Sierra Club volunteer. In that capacity, Mahoney served as an unpaid unofficial adviser to less experienced environmentalists.

Mike Roselle and Bart Koehler were probably the most active of the Buckaroos. Roselle spent the end of the 1980s traveling around the country organizing demonstrations for Greenpeace. Their emphasis on direct action rather than philosophy suited him. But sometimes being part of an organization—even a relatively loose and disorganized one such as Greenpeace—was too much. In early 1990 he left Greenpeace to man the phones for Redwood Summer. Roselle still was an Earth First!er at heart, but there wasn't much he could do while the Foremanistas kept control of the *Earth First! Journal*. By Thanksgiving he and Claire Greensfelder were preparing to move to Washington, D.C. Roselle was going to rejoin Greenpeace as a roving agitator, and Greensfelder would direct an antinuke campaign.

Roselle wasn't the only Buckaroo acknowledging the pull of Washington, D.C. Even though he was an official Alaskan now, Bart Koehler had spent quite a bit of the late 1980s in Washington. It wasn't just that he didn't like the cold weather, although some of his friends joked that this had something to do with it. The real reason was that Bart was riding straight to the happy ending of the corniest cowpoke movie ever made, "The Tongass Trail." His cubbyhole at the Audubon Society's Washington office was bursting with inspira-

tional totems. Photocopies of old sepia portraits of western outlaws. A certificate of appreciation from the Alaska Peace Officers' Association. A framed piece of glass with a yellow Post-It smacked on it. (Someone had written "SEACC's window" on the Post-It.) A photo of Ed Abbey. A Rosie the Riveter poster with the headline "WE CAN DO IT!" A pinup of pitcher Nolan Ryan. A color photo of Bart and Howie with Mardie Murie, the widow of Wilderness Society founder Olaus Murie. A ripped, impaled, and sadistically tortured copy of *People of the Tongass*, the propaganda book printed by Ron Arnold and Alan Gottlieb's Wise Use group, the Center for the Defense of Free Enterprise.

Go, team!

The most important thing on the cubbyhole's wall was the Tongass trail map. Magic Markers of every color imaginable traced the metaphorical journey of the Tongass Timber Reform Act. Like the grizzled, over-the-hill Texas Rangers in *Lonesome Dove*, the Tongass Rangers had herded this little puppy from the Rio Grande all the way north to the promised land. It had slunk its way through the Metz-enbaum Morass. It had climbed Mt. Wayburn. It had hitched a ride on the Mitchell Ferry, climbed up the Wirth Waterfall, passed the Bittersweet Grasslands, hiked the Bennett Johnston Canyon and made it all the way to the White House (Lawn) rose garden by the banks of the Chinook River. (Chinook is the town near the Milk River where the Lonesome Dove cowboys ended up, not to mention the name of the only beer brewed in Alaska.)

In November 1990, the Tongass reform bill landed on Bush's desk. Mirabile dictu, he signed it. Bart won the Alaska Wildlife Federation's Olaus Murie Award, and SEACC was named Conservation Group of the Year by the National Wildlife Federation. After seven years of steady work, he had engineered a deal to stop logging in a stretch of forest that was bigger than the state of New Jersey. On the eve of final congressional approval for his reform bill, Bart downplayed his achievement to the press, calling it a "bittersweet result . . . [but] balanced and fair." Privately he crowed about his victory. If he had learned anything from his years with Earth First!, it was how to harness

the power of regular people to change the terms of debate. Bart's coalition was not just made up of environmental activists of the Saab and Land Rover genre but also included fishermen, sportsmen, and Native Alaskans. His tiny staff had, in Doug Scott's words, "done what the Sierra Club does better than we do." They had traveled through the Lower 48 states with a slide show and a good rap, generating reams of letters to Congress. In Bart's words, they had forced Alaska's unwilling congressional delegation into the fray, fought, and ridden away with their best horses.

For the next few months, Bart holed up on Admiralty Island with his wife, Julie. Occasionally, the phone would ring. It was usually one of his friends congratulating him or an environmental group trying to woo him away from Alaska. The months passed. Winter on Admiralty Island grew whiter and more silent. Bart stayed home, building fires in the fireplace and playing his guitar. On clear days, he paddled out in a kayak to watch for humpback whales and listen for the sharp cries of eagles. Bart wasn't in any rush. He had waited a long time for this.



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I feel in the mood to write a long weird story—a tale so strange & terrible that it will change the brain of the normal reader forever. . . . Which is not a crime—but almost, in some precincts—and in Arizona they hang you for it.

—Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, in a letter to his agent

1991—Prescott, Arizona

IT WASN'T EASY TO PISS OFF NANCY ZIERENBERG. The Earth First! merchandise coordinator was a rangy, clear-eyed woman with a deep laugh and a healthy disregard for authority. She had an outdoorsy kind of beauty that would be spoiled by makeup and high heels. Z's easy-going nature made her the most well liked person in Earth First! Except for her general disgust with the U.S. government's environmental policies, she didn't get angry often. When she did, it was big. A little bit like a tectonic plate moving fast, and in your general direction.

It was the night before the Earth First! trial was going to begin. Around nine o'clock, Sam Guiberson, one of Foreman's two defense attorneys, shoved a pile of wrinkled shirts into Nancy's arms. "Just take them to the office and call the dry cleaners," he told her, in a tone that left no room for argument.

Nancy raised an eyebrow and walked off. Where the hell did Guiberson think he was? Paris? He'd be lucky to find a pizza in Prescott this time of night. Just for the hell of it, she made a couple of calls. She struck out, of course. Then she started asking around. The Foreman camp had rented a bank of apartments in a housing development on the outskirts of town. She knocked on door after door. No one had remembered to bring an iron. Finally she got around to the R.V. that Nancy Morton's parents had driven out from California. Nell Morton had brought along one of those miniature stripped-down travel irons. Nancy Zierenberg plugged it in and got to work, trying to coax herself into being tolerant. After all, Sam was under a lot of pressure. The defense team was depending on his expertise in wire-tapping. Guiberson had made a career out of convincing juries that government agents psychologically manipulated people to say things that sounded incriminating on tape. A former documentary filmmaker, he had used his own expertise with technology to achieve a command of evidence that overshadowed his opponents'. It was Sam's Byzantine computer program that gave the defense instant access to an intimidating crush of transcripts and motions. Sam was indispensable in other ways, too. His to-the-manner-born Texas affability had cast him in the role of go-between. When the feds wanted to take care of business, they called Sam.

As if the ordinary pressures of the case weren't enough, the disarray of Guiberson's personal life had spilled over to his work. Until shortly before the trial, he had been dating his legal assistant. When he announced his engagement to another woman, she abruptly resigned both positions, leaving Sam cowering under a microchip blitzkrieg.

By the time Nancy returned with his shirts, Sam had calmed down enough to take a good look at her face. He had the sense to thank her effusively, acting suitably abashed when he realized that she had ironed the shirts herself.

The summer was filled with these vignettes of barely controlled chaos. Short tempers, stress, and most of all, paranoia, kept everybody wired. Foreman popped tranquilizers. Guiberson nearly went broke.

The wife of one attorney had a baby. Another lawyer's wife was diagnosed with a rare, usually fatal cancer. Peg Millett got divorced. So did Marc Baker. Ilse Asplund broke up with her new boyfriend and fought with her mother. And Mark Davis . . . well, Davis got frenetic.

By the time the trial started, Davis had switched lawyers three times. First he fired Tom Hoidel, the head of the public defender's office. Hoidel's sin was showing enthusiasm for a plea bargain, which could include the proviso that Davis testify against Foreman. This caused Davis to suspect Hoidel of complicity with the FBI. Then Davis hired Dick Eiden, a left-wing lawyer from Southern California who knew virtually nothing about the case. Eiden went along with Mark's idea of using a strategy called the necessity defense. The necessity defense is based on the idea that the defendant was operating under a higher moral law, which led him to break the lesser human law. It was a strategy popular with political activists, particularly Catholic Rambos in the Ploughshares movement who pulled stunts like breaking into defense plants and pouring blood on missile nose cones. There was only one problem with it. Judges despised it. The necessity defense was a sure ticket to martyrdom.

When they discovered Eiden's approach, Guiberson and Foreman's other lawyer, Wyoming trial attorney Gerry Spence, frantically filed a series of motions to sever Foreman's case from those of the other defendants. The motions were denied, one after another. To their relief, Davis eventually tired of Eiden, too. At Spence's urging, Wellborn Jack, Jr., a brilliant but eccentric lawyer from Shreveport, Louisiana, popped up to take Davis's case. Jack was so intense that he positively twitched with agitation, his small, marionette body unable to take the ferocious jolts of energy pumped out by his brain. Davis had met his match. Ilse Asplund stopped worrying—at least about that aspect of the case. "This is perfect," she thought. "Mark finally found a lawyer as crazy as he is."

Davis wasn't the only one taking potshots at his own foot. There was the small matter of Gerry Spence's motion. Nothing was wrong with it per se. Like everything else that Spence wrote, it was quite

eloquent. There was just the little matter of Spence's calling the judge Bloomfield when his name was really Broomfield.

When jury selection began, Foreman realized that something more serious had gone awry. The jury pool was so big it practically overflowed the Federal-style courtroom. But the fact that there were over one hundred potential jurors provided scant comfort. Each one seemed to have worked for the U.S. Forest Service, the Salt River Project, or a local sheriff's department. Every man had a National Rifle Association bumper sticker on his pickup truck; they watched sports on TV and didn't read books. The women had cotton candy hair, and the last book they had read was the Kitty Kelley biography of Nancy Reagan. "I haven't been around so many rednecks since I left Louisiana," muttered the AP stringer covering the case.

Someone had definitely screwed up. Months before, when the four Prescott defendants complained that they couldn't afford to relocate, Spence and Guiberson had agreed to switch the trial's venue from Phoenix to Prescott. Prescott was a nice little town, and nobody in his or her right mind would want to spend a long, hot summer in Phoenix. But when they agreed to press for the change, Foreman's attorneys had assumed that the jury would be drawn exclusively from Yavapai County, where Prescott was located. They were counting on Prescott's New West transplants and affluent retirees to provide them with an understanding jury. They didn't realize that the jury would be culled from the five counties surrounding Prescott, which were so conservative that air routes had to be redirected so that people from New York or California wouldn't go into culture shock just flying over them. As jury selection droned on, they all realized what a mistake they had made. They found themselves grateful for slim pickings, like the Apache, Navajo, and Hopi reservations. Maybe they could dig up at least one juror who considered the federal government capable of malfeasance. That would be enough for a hung jury.

After opening statements by the prosecution and defense attorneys, the prosecution would be presenting its case. Later, the defense would get its chance. Because of last-minute casting changes, the prosecution's show promised to be a combination of the McCarthy hearings

and *Reefer Madness*. While the defense was scrambling to iron shirts and straighten out spelling errors, the prosecution had been churning through its own chaos. The original prosecutor, a lawyer named Steven (Mad Dog) Mitchell, who had the reputation of not being terribly competent, had been replaced by a man named Ivan Mathew. Then Mathew was replaced by a bright, ginger-haired fellow named Ivan Abrams. Abrams was a former antiwar activist from Pittsburgh whose politics had slipped to the right over a decade of working as a federal prosecutor. In December 1990, Abrams drafted a second superseding indictment that stretched the definition of conspiracy to include Foreman in virtually every criminal activity of EMETIC. In this document, the government indicted Ilse Asplund, who had so far remained out of the case. Asplund reportedly was indicted in order to pressure Davis to make a deal. The indictment was a killer piece of legal work. Not long afterward, Abrams awoke to a midlife crisis. Riven by self-disgust—and distaste for the government's handling of the Earth First! case—he resigned to enter private practice.

That left Roslyn Moore-Silver. The best adjective to describe Moore-Silver is severe. She was deadly pale beneath an early Faye Dunaway mane of blond hair. When she pinned her hair up in a French twist, she revealed a deliberate strip of brown underneath. The Disney movie *101 Dalmatians* had been rereleased that summer. Moore-Silver's two-tone dye job and baleful manner inspired the press pool to nickname her Cruella de Vil. Most of her peers in the legal community considered Moore-Silver terminally uptight. She had a reputation for getting so hung up on details that she lost sight of the larger canvas. But she was clearly single-minded enough to twist the neck of a cute Dalmatian puppy if circumstances required. Years before, a fellow attorney had been amused when he kept running into her in the Maricopa County law library in the middle of the night. "We'd be the only people there at two in the morning. I was there because I was ripped on drugs. She was there because she was such an incredible world-class grind," he said with a laugh.

The Earth First! trial was a big deal for Moore-Silver. The federal prosecutor's office was being criticized for ignoring Arizona's political

corruption. The Earth First! case was an opportunity to deflect this criticism with a flashy national cause célèbre. Moore-Silver pulled out all the stops. On the day of her opening statement, she wore a dress-for-success, 1970s-style power suit in patriotic shades of red, white, and blue. Only someone from Phoenix would get within a city block of this fashion felony, much less wrap it around her body. She even brought a visual aid—a large sketch pad with phrases like "Anarchy and Revolution" and "Eco-Terrorism" written in big block letters with a Magic Marker. Two FBI agents sat at the prosecution table with her. They were Lori Bailey, the young Martina Navratilova look-alike who had been in charge of the case, and the FBI tape-meister, Keith Tollhurst, a standard-issue, pug-nosed all-American boy. That first day, Moore-Silver reportedly alienated Bailey when she told jurors, "Miss Bailey will be my Vanna White, if you will." Bailey utilized her FBI training to remain stone faced while she flipped from one page of the sketch pad to another.

In her opening statement, Moore-Silver made it clear that she was taking the hardest line possible. "This is going to be a long trial," she told the jury. "But this is not a complex case.

"What is this case about?" she asked rhetorically. "Very simply, this is a case about monkeywrenching. . . . Monkeywrenching, ladies and gentlemen, is terrorism."

Dave Foreman was sitting behind the defense table like a middle-aged schoolboy in his shiny new suit and cowboy boots (sans muleshit this time). Heads swiveled as Moore-Silver pointed him out, calling him a preacher. But she didn't call him a preacher of a pantheistic religion, which, in an odd way, he was. "This man is the preacher of ecoterrorism," Moore-Silver told the jury. Like a preacher herself, Moore-Silver used the measured cadences of call and response. "What is this case about?" she screamed. "This case is about . . . [Vanna flips the chart] 'ANARCHY AND REVOLUTION.' *Ecodefense*, Foreman's field guide to monkeywrenching, was filled with sabotage techniques for bedeviling businesses and the government."

Dave Foreman had never looked so swashbuckling. He had always been a nerd in cowboy's clothing, a ninety-seven-pound weakling

who had taken the Charles Atlas course but kept his butterfly collection by his bed. In Moore-Silver's cosmology he had finally made it to Lucifer status, the fallen angel who did ". . . outshine/Myriads though bright" in *Paradise Lost*. Not bad for a shitkicker from New Mexico.

Mark Davis had been promoted, too. He had become a "mastermind." The epithet had been bestowed by a credulous Peg Millett in an idle conversation that just happened to have been taped by the FBI. For three years, Davis "perfected them [techniques] into the dangerous monkeywrenching techniques used in this grand plot," Moore-Silver advised the jury. Grand plot? One of Davis's worst sins was designing the acronym EMETIC, which stood for the Evan Mecham Eco Terrorist International Conspiracy. Of course, Davis had later changed "terrorist" to "teasippers." In EMETIC's second letter to the Fairfield Snowbowl, "Iisaw" had explained the situation:

In passing it seems necessary to clear up some of the confusion surrounding our name. We would like to state clearly here and now that we firmly support Governor Mecham in his courageous battle against the militant liberal faggots trying to hound him from office. He has done more in a few months to slow economic growth in Arizona than EMETIC could hope to with years of dedicated conscientious destruction. If he is recalled, and someone competent elected, then Arizona's ram-paging business community will be free to return its full attention to the process of turning one of the loveliest places on earth into a giant shopping mall.

We aren't really terrorists. We refuse to do anything that will physically injure anyone. We just needed a T word to make the acronym work.

Back to so-called reality.

"You see? These defendants even called themselves terrorists. . . . Of course Evan Mecham had nothing to do with these acts. It was a

red herring to pull people away from who was actually committing these acts," Moore-Silver intoned. Du-uh.

Listening to the prosecutor, it was easy to get the impression that the monkeywrenchers' worst sin was having a good time. True, there was something a little sick about the rush that people got from monkeywrenching, or even from civil disobedience. But Moore-Silver made it sound as if the rush, not the act, was illegal. "It was willful. It was more than willful," she said. "It was *gleeful*. You will learn, ladies and gentlemen, that these people thought these acts of destruction were fun."

Heaven forfend.

After Moore-Silver's performance, a veritable Rockettes chorus line of defense attorneys lined up at the podium to make their opening statements. The first to speak was Mike Black, a former Miami federal prosecutor who had become a drug lawyer in Phoenix. Black was a tough, garrulous good old boy from South Dakota who had taken Peg Millett's case because she reminded him of his little sister, a speech therapist also named Peggy. Black tried to insist that Gerry Spence go first, but it would have been a hot day in the Himalayas before Spence gave up star billing. He was the Bull Goose Looney of the legal Rockettes, and he'd let you know about it in three seconds flat. When push came to shove, Black backed down.

Black promised to mount a true nineties defense. Part of his entrapment argument was based on the fact that Peg Millett was the child of an alcoholic. By claiming to be a recovering drunk in search of help, Mike Fain exploited her vulnerability. Ironically, when Black's real-life sister had pointed out to him that their family was similar to Peg's, Black replied that he preferred to stay in denial, if that's what the hell it was. Perhaps mentioning Peg's vulnerability as the daughter of an alcoholic was his roundabout method of acknowledgment. In any case, Black resembled nothing so much as an elder brother defending his baby sister against a gang of hoodlums.

Next, Mark Budoff, a handsome, nattily dressed man with chiseled features, gave a low-key statement on behalf of Ilse Asplund. Budoff's presentation would get more dramatic as the trial went on. After Bu-

doff, Skip Donau, the Tucson lawyer known for his representation of the Bonanno Mafia clan, did his schtick. Donau's great strength was thinking on his feet. Spontaneously, he decided to use Moore-Silver's own sketch pad to refute her point-by-point. He even asked Baker to flip the pages for him. The respectful tone he used toward his client contrasted sharply with Moore-Silver's ill-considered Vanna White remark. It was "Doctor Baker this" "Doctor Baker that." Dr. Baker pitched in by trying to look the part. He had cut his hair and shopped at the Salvation Army for some straight-looking clothes. In keeping with Donau's contention that he was a respectable—if absentminded—scientist who had half unwittingly stumbled into this gang of eco-outlaws, Marc sat a few feet apart from the other defendants. As the trial swirled around him, he seemed absorbed in reading *The State of the World* and other suitably sober-minded environmental tomes. It was a good routine. Since getting cleaned up, the six-foot-five Baker looked almost statesmanlike, a latter-day Abe Lincoln. No one had ever questioned his intelligence or his talent for botany. His friends even said that he had matured after his arrest—as much as he was ever going to.

After Donau was finished, Wellborn Jack, Jr., pulled out all the stops. He invoked religious imagery like Jimmy Swaggart in a three-piece suit, getting down on the good foot in the way that only a Southerner can. Jack's most memorable line was delivered when he cast his client, Mark Davis, as an impotent dreamer. His best-of-trial aphorism came not from Flannery O'Connor or any other practitioner of southern Gothic but revealed itself as a straight shot from the streets of New York, courtesy of the city's top mouthpiece, Jimmy Breslin. "This was the Monkey Wrench Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight," Wellborn told the court. Observers familiar with the facts of the case silently breathed the word *Amen*.

After Jack's presentation, court recessed at the suggestion of the defense. The afternoon was wearing on, and it was obvious that Gerry Spence didn't want anything to break his rhythm once he got started. Everyone in the courtroom was aware of his reputation. He had never

lost a case, and many of his cases had been sure losers. His clients were regular folks: a Wyoming sheriff accused of murder, a Miss America contestant who claimed to have been maligned by a satirical article in *Penthouse* magazine. Karen Silkwood's family. Imelda Marcos . . . well, not exactly a little guy, but to Spence she was a victim, too. At least, that's what he convinced the New York jury to believe. He had won huge awards for his clients in civil cases. Many were reversed on appeal, but the legend was untarnished. Everyone in Prescott expected Spence to work a miracle, not just for Foreman, but for the other defendants, as well. Peg Millett, not exactly a fan of male authority figures, had been charmed and awed by Spence when he took her to lunch. He told her that in college he had vacillated between becoming an opera singer and studying law. Peg could identify with Spence's artistic sensibility; her arrest had given a big boost to her singing career. His humongous ego failed to offend her. Peg herself drove friends crazy with wild oscillations between grandiosity and poor self-esteem. All in all, she was quite taken by Spence's forceful, fatherly personality. "He reminds me of George Washington," she said, possibly prompted by a defense strategy of invoking the flag.

As charismatic as Spence was, the real star of the show was going to be Dave Foreman. The trial's climax would come when Foreman used his awesome powers of persuasion to save his own neck on the witness stand. If Spence couldn't work a miracle, Foreman surely could. Everyone was waiting for it. When David Brower came to Prescott to drum up support for the defendants—Doug Scott would have gotten perverse gratification knowing that Brower received a standing ovation both before he spoke and afterward—he announced that this was going to be "the trial of the century." The outcome would reveal the future of the environmental movement, Brower told a wholesome crowd of Birkenstock-shod young people, most of whom were associated with one of the three colleges in Prescott. Ilse Asplund saw the trial in even larger terms. She was a direct descendant of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, and her sense of connection to the political philosophies that shaped the Constitution was strong.

"In some sense, it's about a mode of government that came out of the French Enlightenment and worked out its destiny on this wild continent," she said in a late-night conversation early in the trial. "There are two questions here—of our constitutional rights and the rights of the land."

While most of the legal team would be trying to prove that the FBI had violated their clients' civil rights, Spence would be trying to raise the other question that Asplund said concerned her. "How will our form of government deal with the sacredness of the land?"

Foreman and the warm, eloquent Asplund were the only defendants who were going to testify. The other four were too obdurate and fringy. With the heroic figures of Spence, Foreman, and Asplund on one side and Roslyn Moore-Silver's cartoon sketches of deviltry on the other, the trial's political imagery outweighed its legal issues. Moore-Silver's predecessor, Ivan Abrams, thought that the whole thing should have been treated as a minor case of criminal mischief. Instead, it was a clash of symbols.

As befits a symbolic clash, the trial progressed at a stately pace. Everyone knew that they would have to wait for Foreman's star turn. But as it turned out, they waited for Spence, too. As the prosecutor and the other defense attorneys sweated and strained at their opening statements, Spence sat quietly at the far end of the defense table taking notes with the uncanny concentration of a Sioux warrior with a penchant for kingly Stetsons. The most talking Spence had done was at a benefit picnic held the Sunday before the trial began. As he posed onstage with an American flag, Spence sounded pompous, paternalistic, and practically silly. But when he finally approached the podium to deliver his opening remarks, an amazing transformation overtook the Bull Goose Looney, the Big Kahuna of Litigation. On the grander scale of the courtroom, staginess became intimacy. The man who acted like a bull elk in rutting season in the corridor became a kind, trustworthy authority figure. "Together we're going to get to the bottom of this," the Great White Father assured the jury. Then he showed them a time line—with careful elisions—that proved beyond

a shadow of a doubt that his client couldn't possibly be guilty. The confusing welter of evidence miraculously rearranged itself. The Wizard whipped out his crystal ball and there it was—Kansas, in all its homespun glory.

Dave Foreman was bathed in the rosy light of Spence's rhetoric. He managed not to cringe in his uncomfortable courtroom seat when Spence suggested that the sensitivity of this newfangled Marlboro Man stopped barely short of quiche eating. No longer proud Lucifer, Foreman was "a fierce-looking man with the sloppy, mushy heart of a puppy." Hyperbole aside, Spence had obviously spent time analyzing his client's character. He even borrowed a leaf from Foreman's own history book, intimating that Foreman was being punished for being a nonconformist "as many of our leaders have been," including Washington, Jefferson, John Brown, and Henry David Thoreau. Spence's explanation of Foreman's apparent willingness to go along with Davis and Fain's nuke scheme accurately reflected Foreman's emotional style. Although he could be sharp-tongued with his intimates, Foreman generally went to great lengths to avoid contradicting people. Instead, he gently led them to discover their mistakes themselves. His avoidance of confrontation verged on the neurotic; it had sent Mike Roselle bouncing off the walls. It wasn't inconceivable that Foreman would have grunted assent to just about anything that Mike Fain said.

Spence gave a masterful performance, but it was the last aria that he would sing for this particular jury. For the next several weeks the prosecution plodded away at establishing the facts of the case. They seemed to be fighting a war of attrition, calling the same dull witnesses from the Fairfield Snowbowl and the Canyon Mine to elucidate the same dull details from every conceivable angle. It was only after weeks of devastating boredom that they called Ron Frazier to the stand.

The prosecution had worked its own kind of magic on its star witness. Frazier had been transformed from a hippie survivalist into Charlie Brown. For one thing, Special Agent Keith Tollhurst had taken him shopping. He wore a brown corduroy sport jacket and a tie. His hair was mostly combed. His face looked freshly scrubbed. If

it hadn't been for a certain air of discomfort, an indefinable sense that the pieces didn't quite fit together, Frazier might have looked like an FBI agent instead of an informer.

Once Frazier started testifying, the trial switched channels, flipping from *Dragnet* to *The Outer Limits* with disorienting alacrity. Frazier looked okay, but he acted weird. He waited an Alabama minute before answering almost every question. In those interminable pauses, he would stare at the ceiling or at the floor in a spaced-out way, as if a prompter were feeding him lines. Whoever he, she, or it was, they were doing a good job. Frazier said all the right things, testifying that he had first contacted the FBI because he was worried that Mark Davis was a danger to Ilse's children. He also talked about a confrontation with Dave Foreman at the 1988 Rendezvous. Frazier was unloading packed garbage bags from the back of a pickup truck when Dave Foreman walked over and asked him what he was doing. "I order you to put those bags back on the truck," Frazier quoted Foreman as saying. Frazier told the jury that he had clicked his heels together and raised his hand in a Nazi salute and said, "*Jawohl, Herr Presidente.*" Foreman jumped onto the truck, his face swollen with anger. Frazier said that he grabbed Foreman, admonishing him "not to get violent."

"He seemed to deflate then," Frazier told the courtroom.

This was the only time Foreman smiled in court, apparently at the absurdity of Frazier's story. Under cross-examination, Frazier would admit that he had been the one throwing a tantrum. When Foreman appeared, Frazier was tossing garbage out of the back of the pickup, yelling, "You goddamn Yuppie bastards. If you can haul this garbage in, you can haul it out." But that was later. For now, Frazier was conscientiously earning the FBI's \$54,000.

Later that day, Mark Davis talked about how well prepared Frazier seemed to be. "Oh, yeah," Davis said. "There's no doubt about it. He's buffed."

Frazier's unconventional training program was revealed under cross-examination by Wellborn Jack. In a variation on the CIA's alleged

use of psychics to get information from dead agents, the FBI had flown Frazier to a Texas hypnotist. The FBI claimed that the hypnosis was to jump-start Frazier's memory of a name. Jack said that the FBI's real aim was "memory hardening," a subtle form of brainwashing that would strengthen Frazier's testimony in court. While in Texas, Frazier told the FBI psychiatrist that he felt guilty about betraying Ilse. The FBI psychiatrist helped him get rid of his guilt, Frazier said. He expressed his gratitude to the psychiatrist, calling the hypnosis "a growth experience." But Frazier's voice was uncertain. He claimed that he had never been unconscious during the hypnosis. Yet in his exchange with Jack he sounded like a child, or a zombie.

"You weren't brainwashed, were you?" Jack asked.

"I don't think so."

"You were finding some new friends though?"

"I had already."

"The FBI."

"Yes."

Eerie as it was, this exchange revealed only one side of Frazier's personality. Another side was revealed in the moment that everyone had been waiting for, whether they knew it consciously or not. Frazier was asked about his relationship with Ilse Asplund. Sitting directly in front of her, he told the packed courtroom about the circumstances of their intimacy; Ken's abrupt cancellation, how he had shown up with his sleeping bag, the camping trip to the high meadow in the San Francisco Peaks. We got close, Frazier said. We stayed "close" for a month and a half.

Sam Guiberson watched Ilse. She was staring at Frazier, who rigidly avoided her gaze. Tears ran down her face.

The next day, Ilse came to court with an impassive expression. She was wearing a sleeveless black turtleneck. Underneath it she wore a black brassiere. Stripped of her privacy and dignity, all she had left was this secret gesture of defiance.

After Frazier's testimony about Ilse, the defense lawyers felt an even stronger stake in the case. They were a talented bunch, and it

didn't take them long to tear him apart. "It will be like peeling an onion," Wellborn Jack, Jr., crowed. "I think we may have an actual case of multiple personalities."

First there were the drugs. Frazier had done more than his fair hippie's share. "I could tell he was fried. I met with him, and the FBI and was appalled. I instantly knew here was a very . . . odd individual," said former prosecutor Ivan Abrams. When it became obvious that the defense was going to bring up his drug use, Frazier balked. Could the FBI guarantee immunity if he answered questions about drugs? For some reason, Moore-Silver hadn't anticipated this problem. Fearful that his refusal to testify under cross-examination would result in a mistrial, his government handlers told him to get a lawyer. He hired a local attorney, who negotiated a deal with the sheriff's office. Then Frazier proceeded to tell the judge that he had used a medicine chest of mind-altering substances, including peyote, LSD, heroin, barbituates, speed, and marijuana. Although he had been arrested only once, for peyote, he was known as a pot dealer in Bisbee. Oops, there's one more thing. Frazier had been tripping on LSD during the Rendezvous. He was stoned on several tabs of acid when he took Ilse's daughter for a walk. He might have been high during his famous run-in with Foreman. Judge Broomfield ruled that the jury could hear about Frazier's drug use. The accusations of child molesting, beating a sheepdog, and firing a gun into a van full of passengers in Bisbee were not allowed into evidence, although when the jury was out of the courtroom, Spence thundered about the government's irresponsibility in letting a possible child molester baby-sit for Ilse's children.

Wealthy drug lawyer Mike Black showed great gusto in moralizing about Frazier's drug use. He even waved a paper cup, asking if the government had given Frazier a drug test (they hadn't) and not-so-subtly implying that now might be a good time to correct that oversight. There was some speculation around the courtroom that Frazier, who certainly seemed to be in some sort of Thorazine-inspired trance, might be on medication to keep him calm. Then again, he probably wasn't the only one.

Assistant U.S. Attorney Tom Simon, playing good cop to Roslyn Moore-Silver's bad cop, found himself in the odd position of defending Frazier's drug use. Whether or not LSD affects perception is a matter of opinion, Simon asserted. It was an ironic position for the government to take in the era of Just Say No.

Simon tried hard, but Frazier's cover of normalcy had been blown. Of course, his former friends weren't exactly refugees from the cast of *The Brady Bunch*. One of the FBI tapes contained Mark Davis's long, vague explanation of the mysterious "She" who wanted him to lay off monkeywrenching for a while. Unfortunately, Davis was not referring to the role played by bombshell Ursula Andress in the justly famous B movie made from the H. Rider Haggard novel. He was speaking about his personal New Age deity who appeared to him in the form of a bird.

Davis and Peg Millett were especially prone to New Age maunderings. But they were eccentric, not crazy. Frazier had true difficulty in distinguishing between fantasy and reality. This was especially true where women were involved. He testified that he had tried to implicate Ilse, hoping that he could bring her into the FBI fold—and, who knows, perhaps back into a relationship with him. "She's already helping us, albeit unwittingly," wrote Frazier in a diary he kept for the FBI. "I feel that I am preparing her in this way to help us consciously at a propitious time." Actually, Ilse was the only defendant who seemed to know how to keep her mouth shut around Frazier. Under his repeated prodding, her standard line had been, "That's between you and Mark."

By then the jurors shared Abrams's opinion of Frazier. He was an odd duck, to say the least. But in a flash of pure inspiration, Skip Donau cast the informer in a larger context. First Mike Black softened him up. Like a butcher pounding veal, Black hammered him with questions about his pseudonyms, Victor and Stilson. The meaning of Stilson became clear soon enough. It was oil-field slang for a monkeywrench. Frazier had used Stilson as his pseudonym with Earth First! In fact, his FBI bosses had chastised him for writing a letter under that

name to the *Earth First! Journal* that began "*Achtung, neanderthals*" and used the Phoenix FBI office as a return address. But nobody knew why Frazier had chosen Victor to use as a code name with the FBI.

Black's repeated questioning failed to elicit an answer from Frazier. But it pulled up a connection in Donau's mind. When it was his turn to question Frazier, he asked him to hold the cutting torch he had helped Mark Davis buy. Then he asked Frazier if there was a brand name on the torch. Frazier answered affirmatively. When Donau questioned him further, he said the brand name was Victor. Frazier admitted that he had once owned a Victor torch himself. It had been his favorite torch.

Stilson and Victor. Frazier had named himself after tools. Tools kept machines alive. He loved big engines the way other people loved poetry, paintings, or their best friends. Earth First!—and Dave Foreman, a klutz who couldn't fix a carburetor if his life depended on it—were trying to destroy these machines. Frazier was the nightmare that Ed Abbey hadn't lived long enough to dream up. It wasn't the evil General Desalius in Abbey's post-apocalyptic novel *Good News* who would destroy rebellious Nature. It was a grunt. A fucked-up mechanic.

"Do you consider yourself a tool, Mr. Frazier?" Donau asked.

"No."

"Do you consider yourself a tool of the government to ensnare the people named in this indictment?"

Quietly. "No."

Everybody was waiting for Dave Foreman to take the stand. By the end of Frazier's testimony, the trial had lasted almost three months, and the prosecution was only half finished. In August, the court recessed for a week. After the break, Mike Fain, the shadow man who had infiltrated Peg Millett's life, would be taking the stand. He had already been spotted around the courthouse, dodging photographers and hightailing it up to the third-floor office where the prosecution was camping out. Cameras weren't allowed in the courtroom, so it

was possible that his cover would remain semi-intact even if he took the stand. But would the FBI's case?

Attorney Skip Donau had grown up in the border town of Nogales, Arizona. It is a depressing little town just across the international line from a crime-ridden, dilapidated Mexican city. Even though Donau's family had been well-off, growing up there had helped him develop a certain kind of street smarts. He had his own stubborn set of morals—for instance, he had refused the government's fee as a court-appointed attorney because he believed it would be hypocritical to take money from the enemy. But as the defendants wryly pointed out, this moral stand made their lives more difficult because they had to scramble to meet his expenses. But Donau couldn't be persuaded. His mind worked like a cruise missile. When the recess began, this became an advantage. He sensed that Frazier's bizarre performance had given the defense a temporary edge. Waiting for Fain to take the stand could be advantageous. But it also would be risky. Fain was a pro. His only weakness would be on the entrapment issue. Entrapment was a tough call, especially with a jury that believed in Mom, Apple Pie, and Big Brother. If the entrapment line didn't fly, the case was over. Nearly all the defendants, except Foreman and possibly Ilse, had already convicted themselves on tape. Despite his jumbled personality, Frazier had convincingly corroborated the taped evidence. Mark Davis and Peg Millett were guilty as hell. Marc Baker had been caught red-handed at the CAP pole and had probably gone on at least one Snow-bowl hit. It was a good bet that Ilse Asplund had been along on the Canyon Mine incident. That couldn't be proved, either, but she risked going down on the broad charge of conspiracy, which could include merely knowing about EMETIC's activities. Under the harsh 1988 federal sentencing guidelines, each defendant faced a minimum of five years for each charge. The only one who was almost certainly going to walk was Foreman. There wasn't enough evidence against him, even on conspiracy charges.

Donau presented the idea of a plea bargain to the defendants. It was a touchy subject, because each defendant's situation was different.

The government's case against Foreman was so weak, Donau thought he could negotiate him out of serving any jail time. Mark Davis would probably have to accept a sentence of more than five years. The others were scattered in between.

Up until now, they had overcome fear, grudges, and tremendous personality differences to stick together. Each of the Prescott defendants had turned down deals to testify against Foreman. Marc Baker, who was regarded as the most likely to fold, had been pressured the most. Baker had the most to lose, with his career in botany and two young children. But Mark Davis was also vulnerable. He was an acute claustrophobe. In the county jail he had suffered constant anxiety attacks and lost forty pounds. He had children to think about, too. Davis was unstable in many areas, but he was a devoted father. Separation from his daughters was nearly unbearable.

There were other pressures on Davis. He and Dave Foreman couldn't stand each other. Privately, Davis hinted that Foreman was more involved in EMETIC than the tapes showed. If Foreman had implicated himself in untaped conversations with Davis, Davis could turn the whole trial on its head. It must have been tempting. Davis resented Foreman's success, considering him a smooth-talking hypocrite. Foreman had taken a hard line on monkeywrenching in the 1986 interview with deep ecologist Bill Devall, saying, "I think the worst thing you can do if you consciously break the law and are caught is to whine about it. Accept the consequences. Welcome the consequences. But don't do something and then try to get out of it." Now Foreman was doing his damndest to save his own neck. Nevertheless, Davis never seriously considered turning state's evidence. Most of the time he was willing, almost eager, to be a martyr.

Ilse was ready to tough it out, but the decision was harder for her. During the trial her mother announced that she did not feel up to caring for Ilse's two children. Ilse's ex-husband grudgingly agreed to care for one of the kids. But separating the children was inconceivable. Adam and Julia had grown more dependent on each other since the traumatic events of 1989. A foster home was a nightmarish thought. Julia still woke at night asking Ilse if the FBI was going to take them

away. When the subject of the trial was mentioned, four-year-old Adam shut off like a little freckled light bulb.

Mark Davis had sacrificed domesticity two years before to embark on a "warrior path." This time, he made a different decision. He told Ilse to go along with Skip's plea bargain deal. As he turned forty, Mark Davis finally seemed to be learning that one woman and her children could be more important than playing war for women and children in the abstract. But in some ways the lesson came too late. During the recess, he and Ilse ran into each other on Thumb Butte, a hiking spot outside Prescott. As they talked, Mark found himself surrendering to Ilse in a way he had never done while they were together. He talked about turning forty, confiding to her his feelings of failure. Ilse reassured him. Keep fighting, she told him. Just learn to fight another way. For a few days after their encounter, Mark thought the relationship had come alive again. But it was just one of those flashes of intimacy that occur when there is nothing left to lose.

Foreman's decision was more complicated. His acquittal was almost as good a bet as his codefendants' convictions. But the trial was not living up to its promise as the environmental case of the century. The media were ignoring it. It might look better to a few hard-core environmentalists if Foreman stuck it out, but the personal cost, both financial and emotional, would be tremendous. He was deeply in debt. The strain was affecting his marriage. He felt himself becoming bitter and depressed. It was worse for the others, of course. Peg Millett was facing certain conviction with a possible sentence of ten years or more. Three months after Judi Bari was bombed, Foreman had denied feeling responsible for the people he attracted to Earth First! Now he seemed to have changed his mind. Foreman said that while he was making his decision he'd thought about something Ed Abbey had written. "Never sacrifice a friend to a cause," he paraphrased, as the reporters dutifully took notes. Foreman agreed to be part of the package.

On the last day before the recess, Skip Donau approached the prosecution with his deal. To his surprise, they were willing to accept most of it. The deal was based on the defendants pleading guilty to

charges linked to the 1987 Snowbowl incident. (The first sabotage of the Snowbowl had occurred before more stringent federal sentencing guidelines went into effect.) But the prosecutors were not willing to let Foreman plead out to a misdemeanor. Neither were they willing to make a deal that didn't include every defendant; it was all or nothing. During the week-long break, Guiberson guided the two camps through intense negotiations. Once the plea bargain was under way, Gerry Spence bailed. He had done his best to put U.S. environmental policy on trial. He had delivered a fine soliloquy on the antiquated mining laws that allowed the Canyon uranium mine to operate on federal land without paying a cent into the treasury. He had talked about forests and whales and grizzly bears. But his client's political beliefs were not on trial. Spence wasn't hitting the right notes. Well-born Jack had been slightly more on the mark. But both attorneys were performers, not negotiators. Their involvement was over. Now it was up to Sam Guiberson, Dave Foreman, and the local tough boys.

On the first day of negotiations Dave Foreman was called to the judge's chambers. Sitting at a long table was the prosecution team, which included Assistant U.S. Attorney Tom Simon, a mild-mannered regular kind of guy; Roslyn Moore-Silver; and Daniel Fromstein, a ferret-faced lawyer from the Justice Department's anti-terrorism section. The FBI was lined up along another side of the table. To Foreman's surprise, the bureau was not just represented by Lori Bailey and Keith Tollhurst. Mike Fain was there, too.

Since the busts, the FBI had denied being out to get Foreman. Yet none of the other defendants had been invited to this meeting. Foreman's central role became even more apparent when Moore-Silver got to the point. In effect, the prosecution wanted Foreman to recant—to disavow monkeywrenching, and to endorse the FBI's actions.

At last. To the people in Judge Robert Broomfield's book-lined chambers, it was as if the events of the past two years had compressed themselves into this final moment. They watched as Foreman drank it in. Then he spoke. He told the prosecutors and the FBI exactly what he was willing to do. He would no longer advocate monkey-

wrenching, but he refused to disavow it.¹ He would never, never endorse the FBI's actions. He talked about how it had felt when the FBI stormed into his house and pointed their guns at his wife. He told them what it was like to face death at the hands of your own government. The audience was tiny, but it was the most important performance of his life.

Foreman won most of his points. There would be no recanting, although he would avoid the subject of monkeywrenching. In return, he agreed to plead guilty to a felony conspiracy charge. His sentencing would be delayed for five years. At the end of five years, his charge would be reduced to a misdemeanor. Mark Davis received a six-year prison sentence. Peg Millett got three years. Mark Baker got six months. Ilse Asplund got a one-month sentence.

At her sentencing, Ilse delivered a carefully prepared speech that left courtroom observers in tears. She referred to her two children, who were dressed up and sitting in the front row. She said the FBI's threats to take her children away on the morning of May 31 constituted true "terror." She, too, refused to recant.

"They [my children] must know that there's a range of life that cannot be reduced to merchandise . . . and they must know that I will guard that for them," she said.

"The government has already won. They've sent their message," she told Judge Broomfield. "I'm tired and I'd like to go home."

That remark could just as easily have been made by Foreman. He spent the next few months finishing a new edition of *The Big Outside*, the atlas of roadless areas that he had compiled with Howie Wolke. He made few public appearances. With his usual insensitivity to bleeding-heart liberals, he called the trial a tar baby and swore he was letting it go. But he seemed practically obsessed with it. He suspected that he was being followed. Moore-Silver was hauling him into court again. The FBI was keeping him on a leash. The mail-order book business was in the pits, which added to his gloom.

Eventually Foreman fell back into his routine. In the two years he waited for his trial to begin, he had founded a new environmental

group with Rod Mondt and John Davis. The Wildlands Project was going to be a network of grass-roots groups devoted to saving entire ecosystems. The goal sounded familiar to anyone involved in the early days of Earth First! Mike Roselle said Foreman hadn't come up with any new ideas since his benchmark article in *The Progressive*. But those ideas had been good ones. Although remnants of most major ecosystems had been protected, they weren't large enough to sustain biodiversity. Now regional groups had come up with innovative ways to approach that goal, like wilderness corridors to preserve migration and breeding routes.

Foreman said he was growing tired of tearing down his tent and starting over. He hoped The Wildlands Project would be an organization that he could live with for the rest of his life. It wouldn't be as flashy as Earth First! But that had been a different time. With a sympathetic administration about to take office, there was no longer fuel for the rage and frustration that had helped create Earth First!'s guerrilla politics. Or maybe it was just that Foreman's political style had changed. His basic beliefs were the same, but he was less of a rebellious adolescent. He was convinced that Mike Roselle's biggest problem with him was that he was no longer a party animal.

Earth First! was still full of party animals, and Mike Roselle was still keeping up with them. In the spring of 1992, he finally got control of the *Earth First! Journal*, which was being published out of Missoula. At first, it appeared that Roselle had won only a Pyrrhic victory. Nobody seemed to be reading the *Journal* except a handful of diehard activists. The most dynamic, sophisticated Earth First!ers had moved on, usually to form small groups that offered a no-compromise alternative in local and regional land disputes.

Then, all at once, Earth First! revived. New groups formed in the United States. People in England calling themselves Earth First! fastened their heads to heavy equipment with bicycle locks, à la the long-dead but not forgotten Buggis. As for the real monkeywrenchers, these lone, wild wolves of environmentalism were not about to be deterred by a plea bargain or even by the breakup of the old Earth First! It wasn't these isolated individuals that federal agents and prosecutors

worried about. It was the man who had the power to make monkeywrenching a national pastime.

For ten years, Dave Foreman had gotten away with saying fuck you to the U.S. government. In a way, it was a tribute to the country's concept of freedom that he had lasted so long.

He came out of hiding in the spring. At first he spoke only to small, sympathetic audiences. These days, he made cracks about being a capitalist and shilled for his own books. He told people that he hadn't been Mr. Monkeywrench for a long time. It was both self-serving and true. One of his first gigs was in Phoenix, at a panel called "Human-kind's Responsibility to the Environment." He hadn't delivered a speech in months. But he wasn't nervous. He never got nervous. If he had still believed in a god, he would have said it was his god-given gift. It came to him as naturally as food or sex or running in the desert. He walked up to the podium.

Before he could speak, the crowd stood. They drowned him in applause.