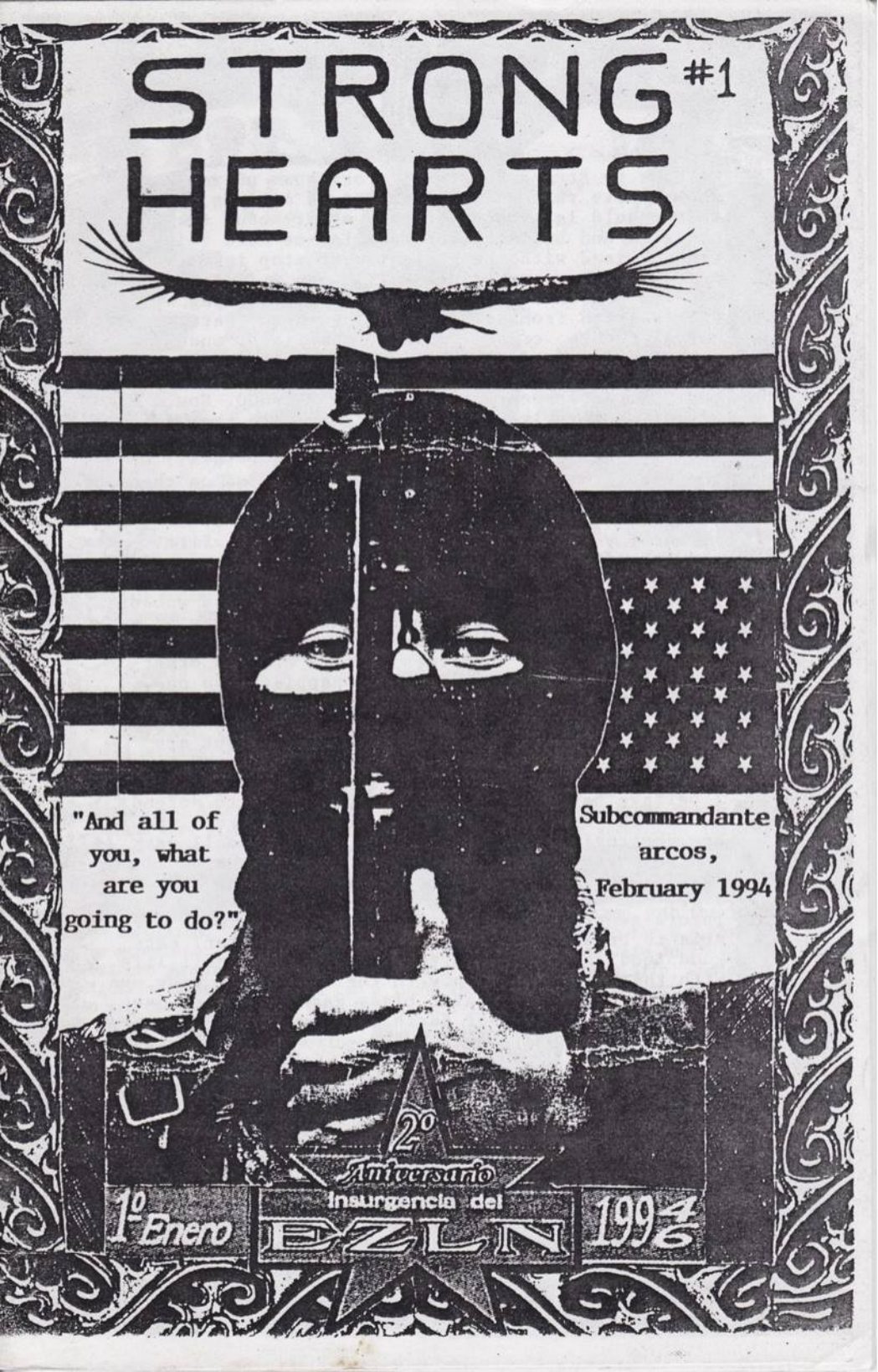
# STRONG HEARTS #1



Welcome to Strong Hearts #1! For those of you whom I have yet had the pleasure of meeting, this should let you understand a bit about the thoughts and beliefs that have led me down this winding road with the present rest stop in prison. Why my own 'zine? Well, when I first entered prison about a year ago I was feeling a bit isolated from all I love. The earth, her animal people, crystal rivers, campfires, and my beloved friends, family and community members all were taken from me when I became known to the U.S. Government as Prisoner 03895-000. Now as I live largely by my connections with the outside world through letters, books, newsletters and 'zines I want to give something back to all the beautiful people who have supported me on the path of resistance to the dark forces that plague our planet. Some of you have been friends since my early years with Sea Shepherd and Earth First and others since my return to my homeland here in Arizona. Some of you I know only by your brilliant letters that keep my heart alive when others would attempt to break it by imprisoning me. Anyway, I'm drifting. This 'zine is the product of thoughts and feelings that sometimes make me cry and other times leave me feeling like the happiest man on earth, even in here. Please pass this 'zine on to others you know, and feel free to reproduce any of it in any form. The animals I write about are those that I believe have yet to be conquered by Manifest Destiny, the people I write of are those I believe have accepted our resposibilty to defend our earth, animals and people from the forces who are destroying all of creation. In some small way I hope this 'zine helps remind you that the battle is far from over, and far from lost. Its up to every one of us to do our part to ensure that future generations of humans and other animals are able to breathe fresh air, drink clean water, eat good food, and continue the dance that we call life. With that I leave you now to the freedom of your own thoughts. May the Creator bless each and every one of us, the Children of Earth.

My job here in prison is with landscaping. I rake, sweep, water plants, and generally keep my designated area clean. Its very meditative and I work alone which means I think alot to myself. There's a cactus wren nest I watch out for, and tarantulas, scorpions, mice, hummingbirds and grackles that call this place home and I try to make sure they get enough food and water. From where I work I can see Black Mountain, where my village lies, and through the mountains, trees, plants and animals I can lever

LIFE CAN BE MAGIC WHE

# WE START TO BREAK FREE



FUERA EL EJERCITO de CHIA

I was at a Pow-Wow on New Years Day 1994 when I heard that Indians in southern Mexico had seized six towns in Chiapas state in an early morning declaration of war against the Mexican government. Excitedly I exchanged expressions with other indigenous brothers and sisters acknowledging this Indian uprising as the first of my generations. Our hearts swelled as Yaqui friends and I watched videos of ski-mask clad rebels with their trademark red bandanas marching in formation, many of them clearly women. The struggle in Chiapas is the result of hundreds of years of oppression that has left the proud Mayan Nation without land, liberty or justice. Not to mention no education, health care, housing, clean water, jobs or basic human rights. As indigenous peoples in the "First World" the Zapatista Army for National Liberation (EZLN) and their armed struggle means much especially to me and my Yaqui relations. After all, it was not long ago that our own great-grandparents were fighting a guerilla war against the same government for the very same things.

I was tempted to run to Chiapas and join this new rebellion. It would have been easy. I was wanted in the U.S. by the government, and prison was on my horizon, and a new life in the southern jungles of Mexico did'nt sound too bad. A noble life, and a dignified death, what more can a young indigenous revolutionary ask for? An aid caravan from the Pomo Nation in California was in Tucson, and some of us Yaqui's hosted them in our tribe's senior center where my elders gave them our blessings. The next day, as I helped the Pomos pack the last truck, I said goodbye to the thought of running away to Chiapas. Because running away is what I would be doing. We need to rally our own people and communities in the same way that the Zapatistas have. We need to begin building the framework to support our own resistance while at the same time lending aid to our southern relations.



The EZLN spent ten years preparing for their uprising, organizing, teaching, building and planning, it is all to common to us Americans to ride the wave of other peoples resistance rather than building our own. Like the EZLN all peoples not just Indians should reclaim their lives and build their own health clinics, schools, adult literacy programs, women's rights, day-care centers, self-defense training projects and return to true grassroots democracy such as existed before European Conquest. The Zapatistas have in this way shown us in the north all that we must do to secure a future for our people. "Everything for everyone, nothing for no one..." read the communiques from the jungles of Chiapas, and as the Zapatistas have so proudly proven, it is better to die on your feet, than to live on your knees.

And it wasn't long before the US government sent in the Cavalry once again. This time it has to be a little less obvious so it began with military hardware to be used to snuff out our relations in the south. A $40 billion bail out of the Mexican economy by the US also did not come without strings attached. Now US military advisors have been reported in Chiapas, just like Vietnam. And the troubles are not limited to Chiapas. Now a new guerillar army has emerged in Mexico, less diplomatic than the EZLN, the Popular Revolutionary Army (EPR) has attacked police stations and military installations killing 41 Mexican soldiers and wounding 43 others. The failure of the Mexican government to control its peasant population will almost inevitably lead to greater US military support and participation in the new Indian Wars of North America.





The National Commission for Democracy in Mexico released a report on US Government and Military Involvement in Mexico's "Low Intensity" War in 1995. It details how the US is escalating its donation of arms and war materials to the Mexican military of which one quarter (40-50,000 troops) are deployed in Chiapas. In plain english, the US is once again killing Indians. Not that they ever really stopped. Disguised as the "War on Drugs" US manufactured guns, bombs, planes and helicopters are being given to the Mexican military. The US specifically mentioned the indigenous uprising in Chiapas during its $40 billion bailout, citing the unrest as a potential barricade to free trade. Who besides multinational corporations benefits from NAFTA and military repression of Indians in Mexico? Bomb factories like Mcdonnell Douglas and Hughes Missles freely profit from killing Indians by manufacturing and supplying the weapons to kill them. Just as the notorious "Tucson Ring" of arms dealers profitted here in Arizona by discouraging an end the Apache Wars in the 1880's. Then and now the US Government has always initiated military action whenever indigenous peoples demand sovereignity and basic human rights.

In 1973 the US military was deployed to Wounded Knee, South Dakota when American Indian Movement warriors occupied the site of a massacre in 1891. In Spring of 1995 while I was out on bail, I drove down to the Tohono O'odham reservation just south of my village in Tucson. Near the village of San Miguel, only a couple miles from the Mexican border, I was shocked to see US military troops deployed in the area. When I enquired about them I was told they were given permission from the tribe to set up camp to aid in the "War on Drugs". Many of my friends who have traveled in northern Mexico near the US border have told me of the military checkpoints, roadblocks and searches that are conducted as the US and Mexican governments fear that American Indians and their sympathizers will supply their own arms to the indigenous of Mexico. And so, armed with machetes and with less than 4,000 well-armed warriors the Zapatistas are fighting for freedom, democracy and justice against 40-50,000 Mexican military troops armed and equipped by the US government.

Chiapas and the Zapatista rebellion is just as close to Arizona as is South Dakota, yet few people express outrage at this US-backed war on indigenous peoples in Mexico. What seperates American Indians like us Yaqui's from the Lakota of South Dakota is the same thing that seperates us from the Mayans of Chiapas. Nothing. Just imaginary lines drawn by the politicians who have stolen our lands and destroyed our people. Our skin is brown and our blood is red. How can we as American Indians be disgraced and angered with the US governments treatment of indigenous peoples in the last century by military forces and not be outraged by the very same type of military action against indigenous peoples today? It is time for all of us to speak out against these modern Indian Wars where our people are forced to live in such poverty that inevitable military defeat is better than living a life of disrespect, denial of basic human rights and freedoms where we are forced to continually lick our invaders boots. The Zapatistas are our brothers and sisters and we should do everything possible to ensure that US military involvement in the war against them is resisted by all civilized people.



Not only is the U.S. military involved in killing Indians, but also many big coffee corporations who exploit the lands of southern Mex. On huge plantations indigenous people are forced to grow cash crops like coffee instead of food for their own families. NAFTA has also cleared the way for more multinational corporations to buy out indigenous farming collectives which were given back to the Mayans after the Mexican Revolution of 1910. 80% of exported coffee from Mexico comes from Chiapas and the majority is consumed in the U.S. Now you can buy organic coffee grown by Mayans who own their own coffee plantation. Cafe Maya Ik is sold by indigenous peoples in the U.S. on behalf of the Mayan Nation. If you drink coffee, buy coffee that supports self-sufficiency and sovereignity for the Mayan people.



aya Ik can be ordered from: Indigenous Peoples Alliance, natierra, P.O. Box 24009, Phoenix, AZ 85074

# Mexican prison official kidnapped

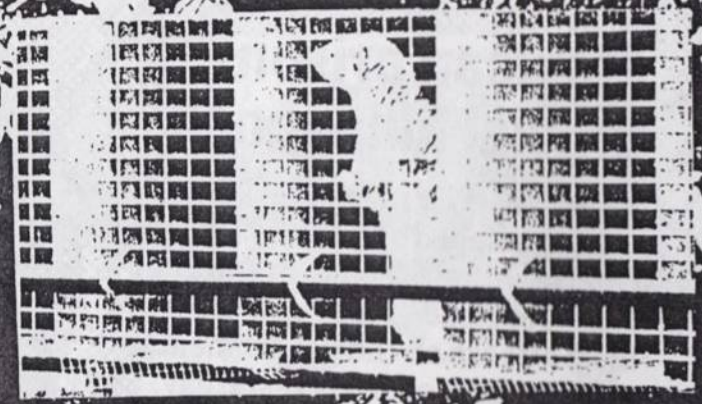
11/96

MEXICO CITY — Masked gunmen kidnapped a prison official in Guerrero state, hours after a guerrilla group ended a temporary truce in its attacks on the government, newspapers reported yesterday.

Officials presume that Sunday's abduction was the work of the armed group the Popular Revolutionary Army, the newspaper *Reforma* reported. Justino Rendon Alday, a state prison inspector, reportedly was abducted when a group with rifles stopped a bus east of Chilpancingo.

EPR

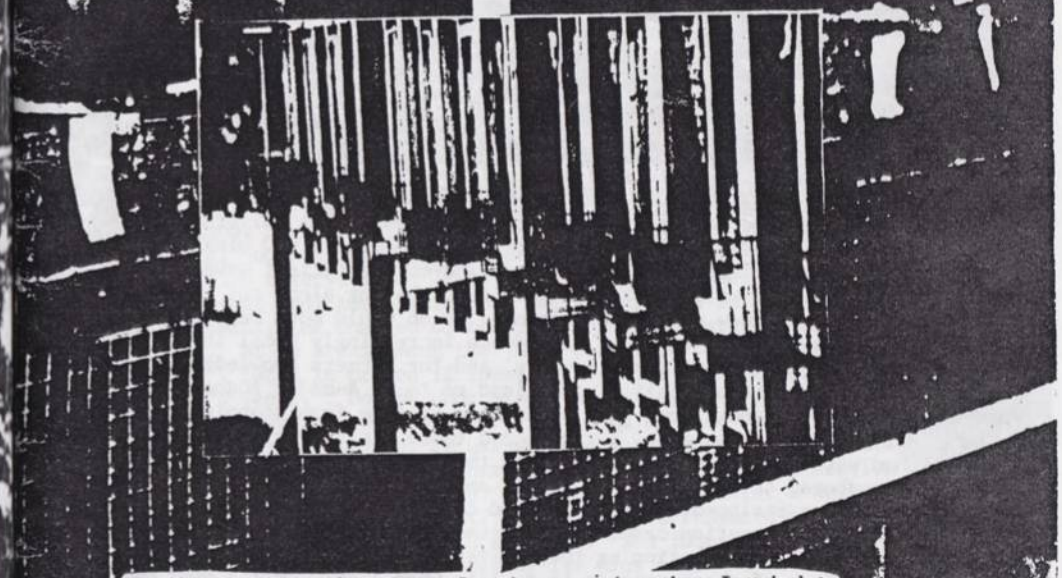
I will never forget the first time I saw a fur farm. It was late one night in Spring of 1990 in Oregon. From a distance it was just six or seven long open-ended barns, but as we crept closer we began to hear frantic scratching and smell the strong odor of mink musk. That night as we photographed and videotaped the filthy conditions, each mink we saw stared at us with enquisitive eyes wondering who these late night visitors were. Many had open sores from god knows what, and others had clipped the fur from all of their lower bodies leaving the appearance of a lion with a longer haired mane. Some mink had progressed to the next stage which was to slowly start chewing off their own tail until the infection from this self-mutilation lead to death. All these disorders are the result of nuerotic behavior caused by the cramped conditions over two million mink are forced to languish in here in the U.S.



Later that same evening, hiking back to our vehicle, the clouds cleared and the moon broke through the trees to reveal us walking through large fields of waist high grass covered with flowers. It was so beautiful, the surrealness of it all, how it easy it would have been to forget the living hell we had just not more than a few hundred yards away. What saddened me the most was that none of those mink would ever know the beauty that existed just outside their cage. Spring ended, then summer, and all year long I visited fur farm after fur farm, each time watching mink, fox, bobcats, lynx and chinchillas pacing their cages, bouncing off their wire walls and generally just displaying the type of behavior anyone would who is forced to live in cramped conditions their entire lives. I'm a warrior, and unacustomed to witnessing such cruelty without doing something about it, but Friends of Animals who had hired us for this undercover investigation had convinced me that more could be accomplished by documenting what I saw than taking any other kind of action. Still, it broke my heart, because I knew these animals knew who I was, and that is their human brother who had never turned a blind eye to their suffering and always taken whatever action was neccesary to stop it. But as their wild eyes revealed what my true spirit was, their hearts must have been confused as to why I did not set them free, and why I would only point my mechanical eyes at them taking something else and leaving them to die.



Then the killing season began. By this time I had befriended many fur farmers and one I was particular close to welcomed me on his small farm as he began to slaughter his mink. While my friend videotaped, I carried a 5-gallon bucket which was quickly filling with the dead bodies of mink that had had their necks broken. One by one the fur farmer would pull a screaming mink from its cage and wrestle with it until he held its body in one hand and its head in the other. Then he would bend the animals head back grotesquely until the sound of vertebrae popping ended the minks cries. Other mink could plainly see what fate lay before them and would begin to scream and emit their musk as they attempted in vain to escape from their death. This lasted all morning and many times I hid my face from the pleading eyes of the mink awaiting death who knew who I was and awakened to the betrayal that yet again their human brothers had forsaken them. Sure, we as humans with our "higher" intelligence can rationalize the benefits of obtaining this type of photographic evidence which today has been viewed by literally millions of potential fur-buying consumers but what is the cost to our spirit when we comprimise our compassionate hearts to our rational minds?



I made a promise that day. I made a promise that I tried to telepathically send to those mink before they died, and that promise was that I would do whatever was neccesary to destroy the industry which had created their death. I vowed to attack the mink farm industry with regard only to the sanctity of life, and at the expense of the instruments and machines used to wage war on the Mink Nation. As a warrior, I knew the promise I made could lead only to two places either prison or death. Before this war without quarter could begin, friends and I had promised to attend to a few living survivors.

We raised $9,000 and bought out the remaining 60 mink, 2 bobcats and 2 lynx from the fur farm we had witnessed the neckbreaking on with the guarantee that this fur farm would never operate again. We moved the animals, their cages and feed to a friends land in Washington state where for the next 5 months we begged, borrowed and stole to rehabilitate these few survivors. One by one we began to take these animals, who had slowly ceased their neurotic behavior and began to display the behavior of truly wild animals, from our sanctuary to their new homes in the Pacific Northwest wilderness. First the lynx were carried 15 miles into the heart of a roadless area and released. Then it was the bobcats, followed by the mink. The mink were very rewarding to watch being released. For the first time, the mink would exercise their inherent ability to swim effortlessly and acrobatically explore the streambeds with their paws. When the last animal was released, I stood overlooking the now empty cages on the sanctuary. I cried for the first time now that there was nothing I could do to protect these animals we had nursed back to the wild. True animal liberation had been achieved and tommorow the mink might get eaten by a coyote or great-horned owl, but at least they were free, in a world without cages.

Now it was time to fulfill my promise. The next night found me gazing across at the U.S. mink farm industry's largest research and development experimental fur farm on the Oregon State University's campus in Corvallis. This laboratory which housed 1,000 mink, was funded by mink farmers hoping cheaper and more efficient ways could be developed to raise mink for their fur. Laying alone out there that night, I knew what I was planning to do would most certainly mean serious prison time. I had become increasingly vocal in my opposition to the fur farm industry, and fur farmers knowledge of my undercover investigation would lead me to be a major suspect in any crimes against them. But my promise kept me from stopping now just to save my own ass. I remembered those minks eyes whose life I had watched fade out of them, with their last gaze focused on me. I remembered the screams, the smells and the sight of thousands of mink bodies stripped of their fur and dumped like so many victims of Nazi concentration camps. And I remembered the mink I had witnessed go free, beginning their lives as they were meant to be. This was one of those moments in my life when I knew what I must do in this physical realm of man's anti-nature laws would change the fate of my life. It was time to abandon my concern for laws that I could never understand or abide by. My spirit told me that I must make my stand in this dark day for the animal people and prove myself either an ally of theirs or a complacent co-conspirator in their death by doing nothing.

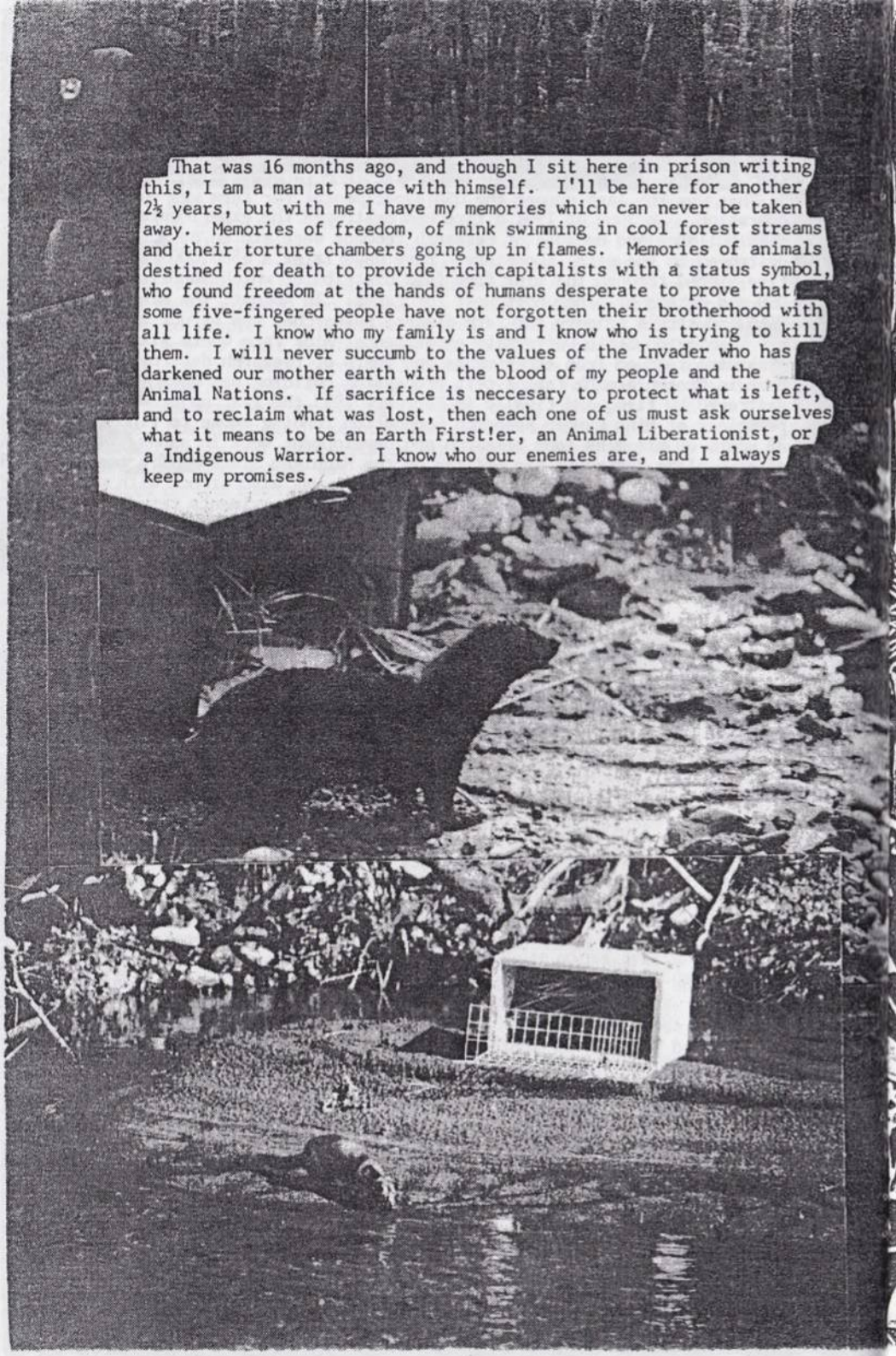
That was the last summer the OSU experimental fur farm was in operation. In June of 1991 a fire had destroyed the experimental feed building and decades of research records were stolen or destroyed in the main laboratory. Five days later a $800,000 fire ripped through the mink farm feed distributor which supplied OSU and dozens of other northwest fur farms. In August, the mink farm industry's primary fur farm disease researcher was struck at his Washington State University experimental mink farm where six mink were rescued from experiments and years of research destroyed. Back in Oregon a mink farm's pelt processing building was destroyed by fire, and finally in February 1992 the last major recipient of Mink Farmer Research Foundation funding awoke to find 32 years of his mink farm research and development work in ashes after a blaze destroyed his offices on the Michigan State University campus. His experimental fur farm was also struck with research equipment destroyed and 2 mink used in experiments rescued.

**WASHINGTON**

**EDMONDS — Fur breeders posted $30,000 reward for conviction of whoever set Saturday fire that damaged 25% of company that sells feed to mink and fox farms. Unknown group called Animal Liberation Front painted words "Freedom For Fur Farm Prisoners" on burned walls. ...**

Almost 3 years later I was chained and dragged in front of a federal judge after the U.S. Cavalry had captured me hiding out on an indian reservation. I was charged with the above crimes in a five-count indictment which was later increased to a seven-count indictment, the charges of conspiracy and interstate racketeering added. At my arraignment the judge read each count, listing the years I faced in prison if found guilty, the final count being over 70 years. "Do you understand the seriousness of these crimes?" he said, "Yeah, I understand..." I ended up plea-bargaining down to a 3-4 year sentence, refusing a one year sentence if I would reveal the identities of other members of the Animal Liberation Front as we called ourselves. Less than a year later I walked down from the sacred mountain, Mt. Graham, ant surrendered at federal prison and began my 57-month sentence. The judge having given me the maximum sentence allowable by law plus 6-months having failed to believe I was remorseful for my actions despite statements I made in court to that effect. A series of media interviews I had done prior to my sentencing were held up as evidence of this which ended with a quote I made, "I am proud of my service to the Animal Liberation Front and the Mink Nation..."





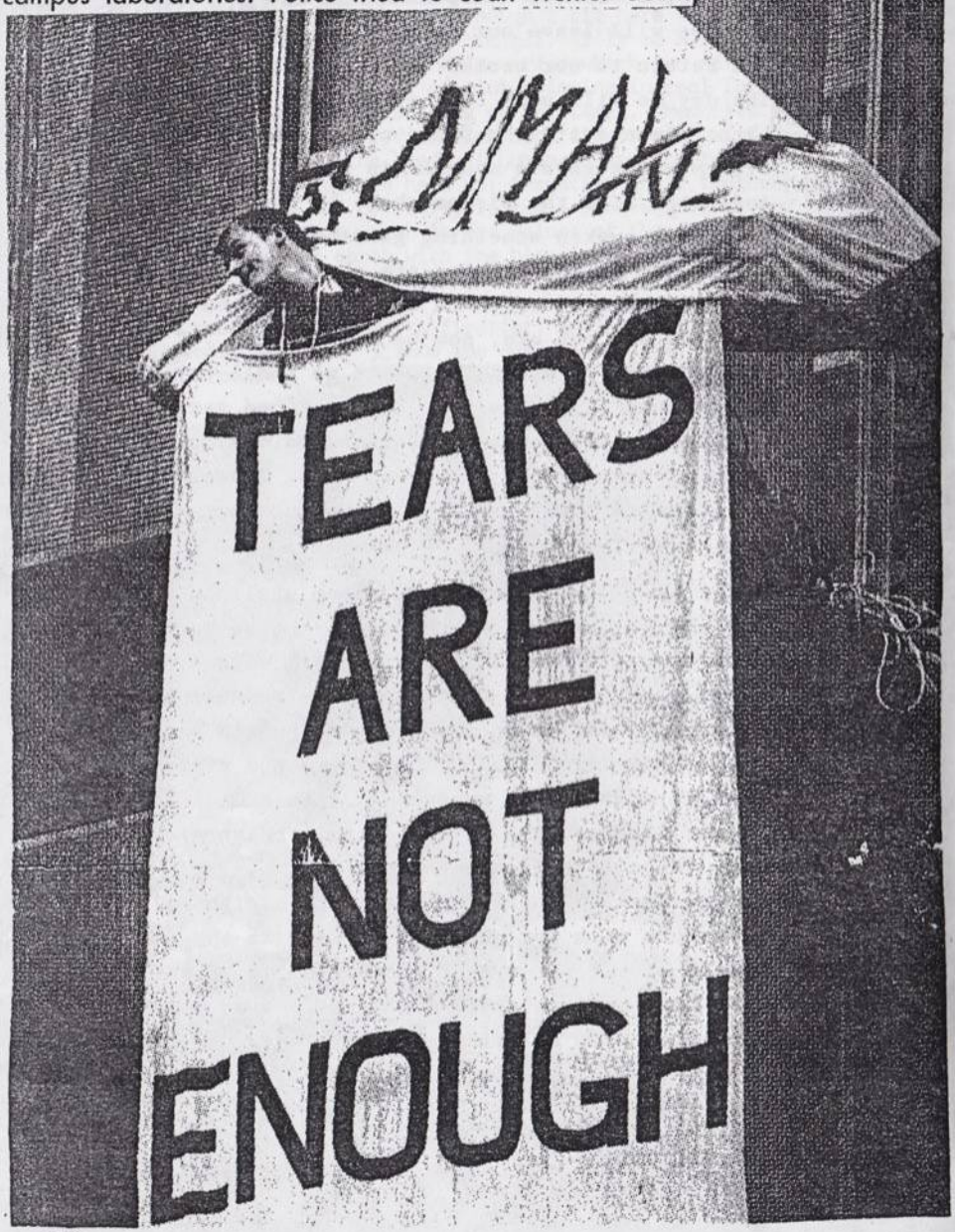
That was 16 months ago, and though I sit here in prison writing this, I am a man at peace with himself. I'll be here for another 2½ years, but with me I have my memories which can never be taken away. Memories of freedom, of mink swimming in cool forest streams and their torture chambers going up in flames. Memories of animals destined for death to provide rich capitalists with a status symbol, who found freedom at the hands of humans desperate to prove that some five-fingered people have not forgotten their brotherhood with all life. I know who my family is and I know who is trying to kill them. I will never succumb to the values of the Invader who has darkened our mother earth with the blood of my people and the Animal Nations. If sacrifice is neccesary to protect what is left, and to reclaim what was lost, then each one of us must ask ourselves what it means to be an Earth First!er, an Animal Liberationist, or a Indigenous Warrior. I know who our enemies are, and I always keep my promises.

From the dawn of darkness we awake
From the place where our wild spirits sleep,
dormant, hibernating, awaiting the Great Rebirth.
The day when we will come alive.
We love, we think, we speak.
When we will leave our numbers and names behind,
and return to our brother and sisterhood with all creation.
The day we will push back at the men in uniforms and
three piece suits who force upon us their twisted value
system which says a machine is worth more than a mountain.
And songs like the sirens shall be sung again.
And as we awaken something glorious will begin to happen
One by one as if noticing the obvious for the first time,
the Animals will begin to speak to us once again.
"We know who you are, now be one with us..."
And together we shall laugh and we shall cry as we realize
the nations of others that have endured generations of
slaughter, torture, exploitation and war behind the
doors of animal research labs, zoos, factory and fur
farms and everywhere else where nature and animals are
mere property
And on that day another deep sleep shall be broken.
Like the catapiller which becomes the butterfly,
our awakened and alive spirits shall metamorphisize
changing us into the earth warriors we must now become.
The cages shall be opened and with gentle hands we will
lift our imprisoned animal brothers and sisters to freedom.
We shall destroy the weapons of life's destruction,
and our enemies will shudder within their glass towers
as their power begins to crumble.
And together we shall reclaim what is rightfully ours
and return with our animal relations to the loving
embrace of our one mother earth.
Where once more we shall walk and live in peace
in harmony with all life.

THE CAMPAIGN TO END VIVISECTION

# Animal Rights Protest at UC Berkeley

Josh Trenter scaled Tolman Hall at UC Berkeley early yesterday, built a makeshift perch and unfurled a banner to protest experiments on animals in campus laboratories. Police tried to coax Trenter down

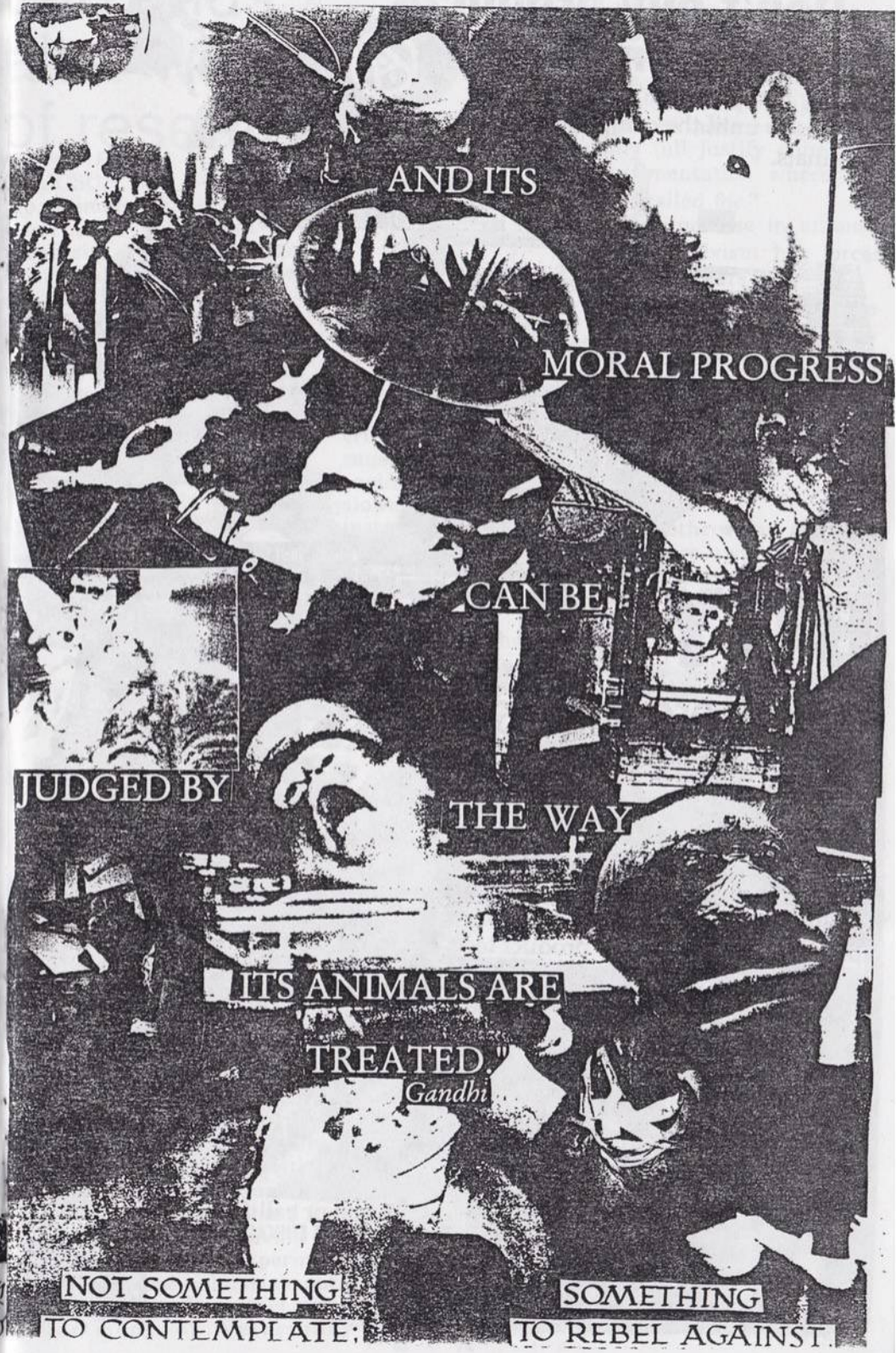


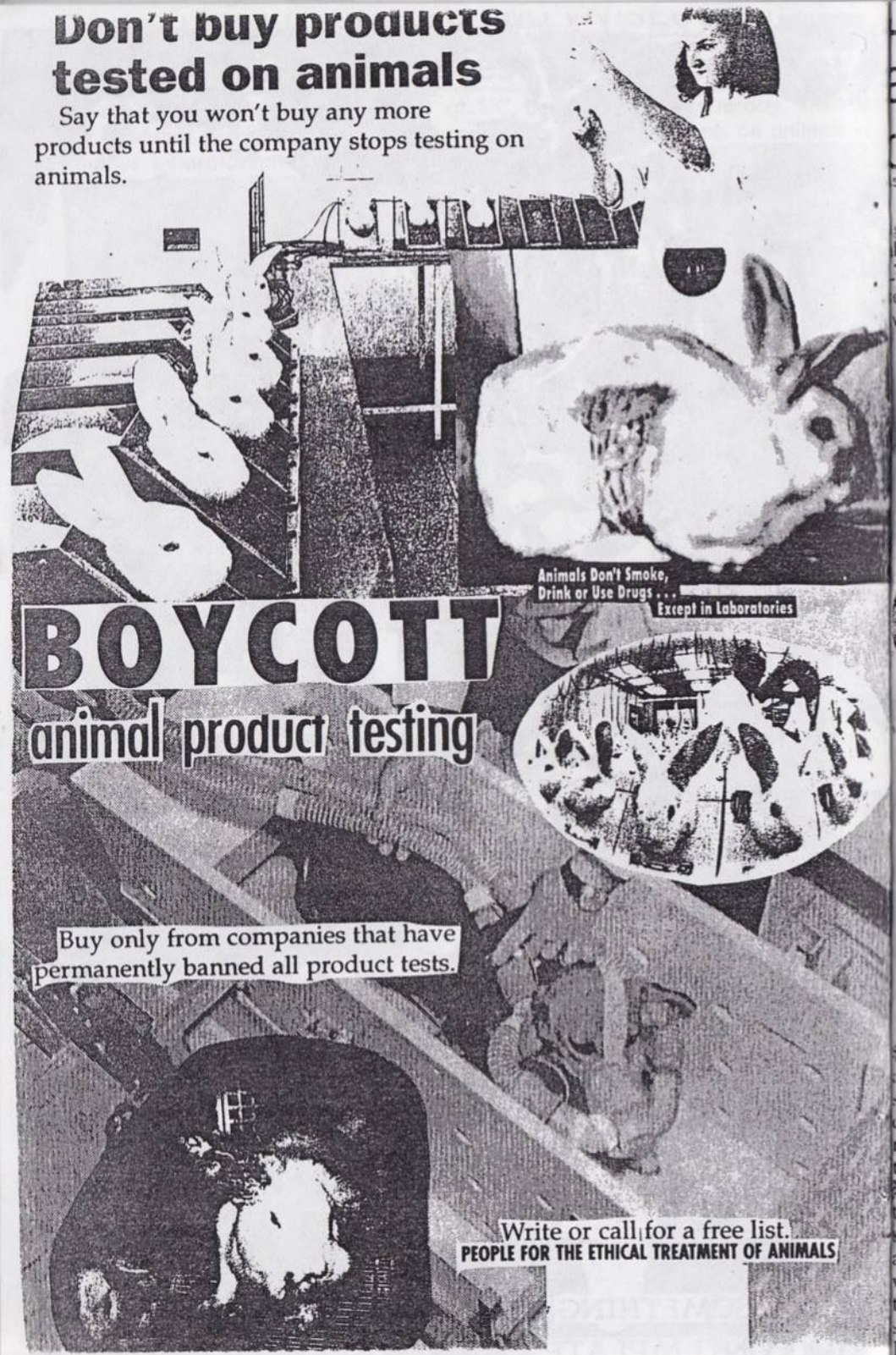



Action speaks louder than words










# Lab raids alter ways of research

ssociated Press

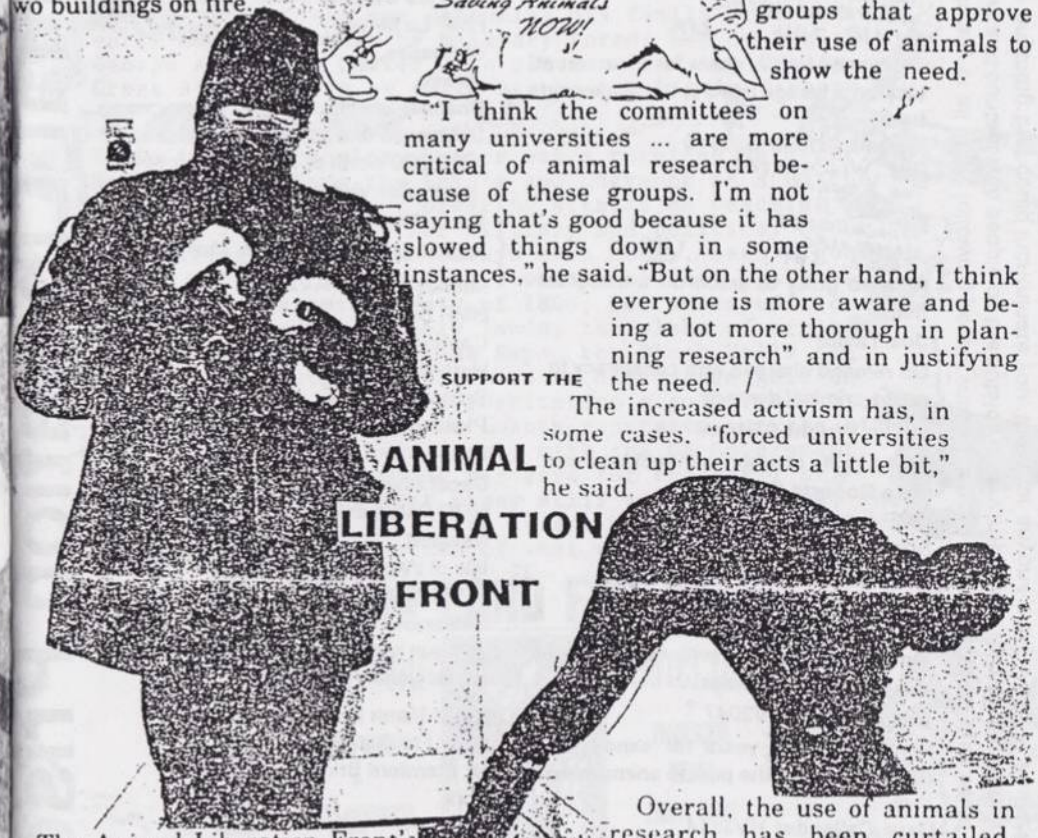
TUCSON, Ariz. — Seven years go, animal-rights activists freed bout 1,100 animals in raiding niversity of Arizona animal re-earch laboratories and setting wo buildings on fire.




types of legislation upon us that have made it a little more difficult for us to do some types of animal research. But on the other hand, some of the impacts of these groups have been to have us really full justify animal experimentation where it's called for."

The increase in animal-rights activism has forced researchers and the groups that approve their use of animals to show the need.

"I think the committees on many universities ... are more critical of animal research because of these groups. I'm not saying that's good because it has slowed things down in some instances," he said. "But on the other hand, I think everyone is more aware and being a lot more thorough in planning research" and in justifying the need.




The increased activism has, in some cases, "forced universities to clean up their acts a little bit," he said.

The Animal Liberation Front's $200,000 vandalism in Tucson and similar actions elsewhere resulted in changes: tightened security, consolidation of laboratories and in researchers' justifying their laboratory use of animals.

"I think a lot of the activities of these groups have made researchers take a long, hard look at the research they're doing and whether for a given experiment they need to use animals or not," said Charles Sterling, chief of the Department of Veterinary

Overall, the use of animals in research has been curtailed. Frogs do not need to be dissected to learn anatomy, Sterling said, and toxicity levels can be tested through cell cultures instead of in rabbits' eyes.

"There were a lot of uses of animals in that fashion that have been done away with," he said.

The university had to rebuild its entire security system after the April 2, 1989, raid, in which activists destroyed equipment and research data while freeing mice, rats, rabbits, guinea pigs and frogs.




# Animal Liberation Prisoners

Please write to any or all of the following people who have been incarcerated for their belief in animal rights. To anyone in prison, news and contact with people on the outside is very important. Remember all mail can be read by prison staff, so don't write anything that could incriminate you, them, or anyone else. WRITE PRISONERS AT THE SAME PRISON SEPERA

**Darren Cole XD2301**
HMP FEATHERSTONE
WOLVERHAMPTON
WV10 7PU UK
Sentenced to 3½ years for an arson attack on a lairage used in the live exports trade.

**Melanie Arnold GJ0940**
HMP WINCHESTER
THE ANNEXE
ROMSEY RD.
WINCHESTER
HAMPSHIRE
SC22 5DF UK
Pleaded guilty to arson on a slaughterhouse.

**Joe Taylor**
**Justin Wright GE3046**
On remand charged with conspiracy to cause criminal damage.

**Mike Roberts GE3743**
HMP Lewes,
Brighton Road,
Lewes,
East Sussex.
BN7 1EA UK
On remand charged with conspiracy to cause criminal damage.

**Gurjeet Aujla HV2047**
Sentenced to 6 years for sending six devices through the post to animal abusers.

**Dave Callender HV3314**
HMP Birmingham,
Winson Green Rd,
Birmingham. B18 4AS UK
Sentenced to 10 years for conspiracy to commit arson.

**Barbara Trenholm RL1292**
Found guilty of arson with intent to endanger life.

**Gillian Peachey RL3415**
HMP Holloway,
Parkhurst Road,
London.
N7 0NU UK
On remand charged with conspiracy to

**Charles Skinner 24250**
HMP La Moye,
St Beades,
Jersey,
Channel Islands. UK
Sentenced to 4 years for causing over £322,000 worth of damage by arson to Jersey Zoo visitors centre.

**Barry Horne VC2141**
Remanded on explosives charges.

**Michael Green AV2923**
HMP Bristol,
Cambridge Road,
Horfield,
Bristol. BS7 8PS UK
Pleaded guilty to arson on a slaughterhouse.

**Geoff Sheppard MD1030**
HMP Parkhurst,
Newport
Isle of Wight.
PO30 5NX UK
Sentenced to 7 years for possession of a shotgun and possession of items for making incendiary devices.

**Keith Mann EE3588**
HMP Full Sutton,
Nr Stamford Bridge,
York.
YO4 1PS UK
Sentenced to 11 years for criminal damage to meat vehicles, attempted incitement, possession of explosive materials, attempted arson and escaping from custody

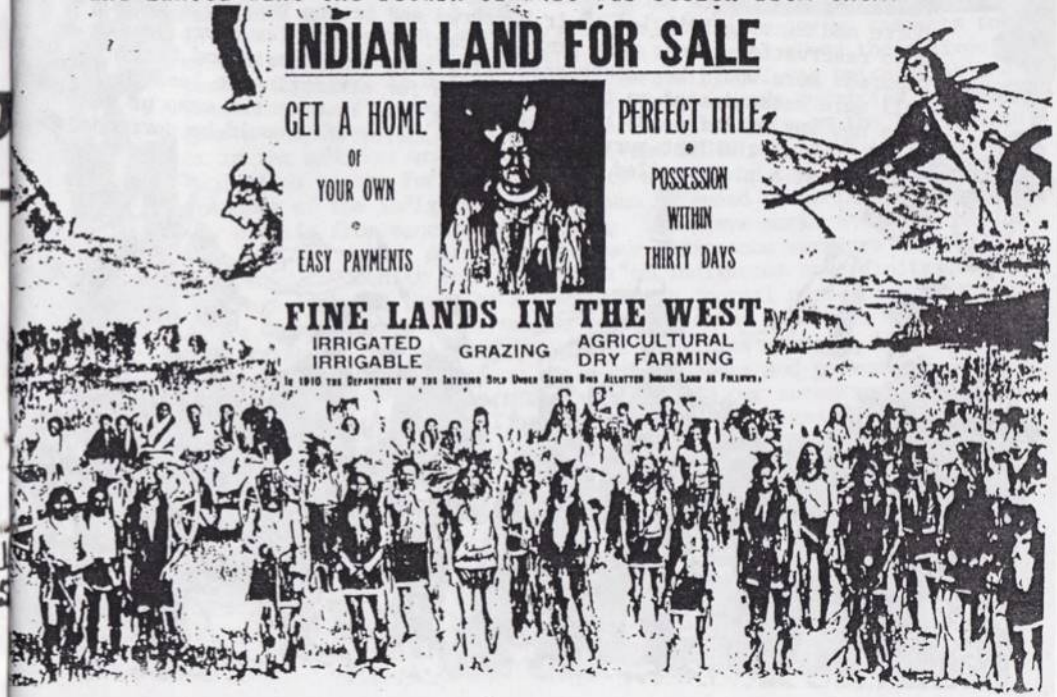
**Eric van de Laan 1648819**
**Frank Kocera 1648820**
Penitentiaire inrichting
Over Amstel (Bijlmer),
Postbus 41901,
1009 CE,
Amsterdam,
The Netherlands.
On remand charged with criminal

OTHER HANDS WILL TAKE UP THE TOOLS OF LIBERATION

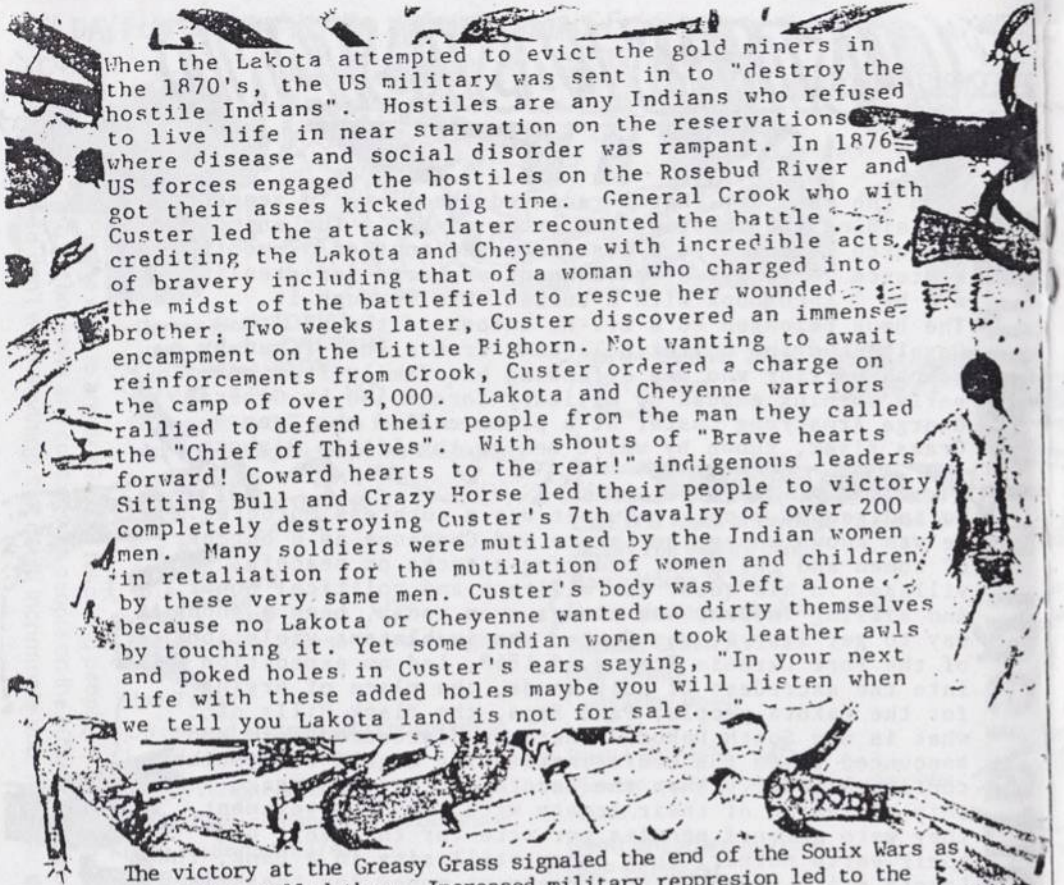
# CUSTER'S LAST STAND

On the same day that I recieved the 57-month sentence for aiding and abetting the arson at MSU's fur animal research laboratory, I also recieved another 57-month sentence for theft of government property for stealing a 5 by 7 inch book with a bullet hole through it. The book belonged to a Lt. Mc Intosh of the US 7th Cavalry and the bullet hole came from a shot fired by a Lakota warrior who was defending his family from an early morning ambush by military forces led by General George Armstrong Custer at a place called the Greasy Grass River, known by white men as the Little Bighorn.

To indigenous peoples, Custer was a ruthless murderer. He was known among the Lakota and Cheyenne as a butcher of women and children, ordering attacks on peaceful villages in his quest for military and political honor. And killing Indians has always even today, been a good way to get it. It was Custer who in blatant violation of the Fort Laramie Treaty of 1868, led an expedition into the sacredest of holy lands, the place of orgin for the Lakota people, Paha Sapa, the Black Hills of what is now South Dakota. There he discovered gold and announced it to the media instituting a gold rush which continues today. When the Lakota expressed outrage at this violation of their treaty with the US Government, they were offered pennies per acre for the heart of their earth mother. That money still sits in a bank, the Lakota still today refuse to accept money for their land The Lakota want the return of what was stolen from them.



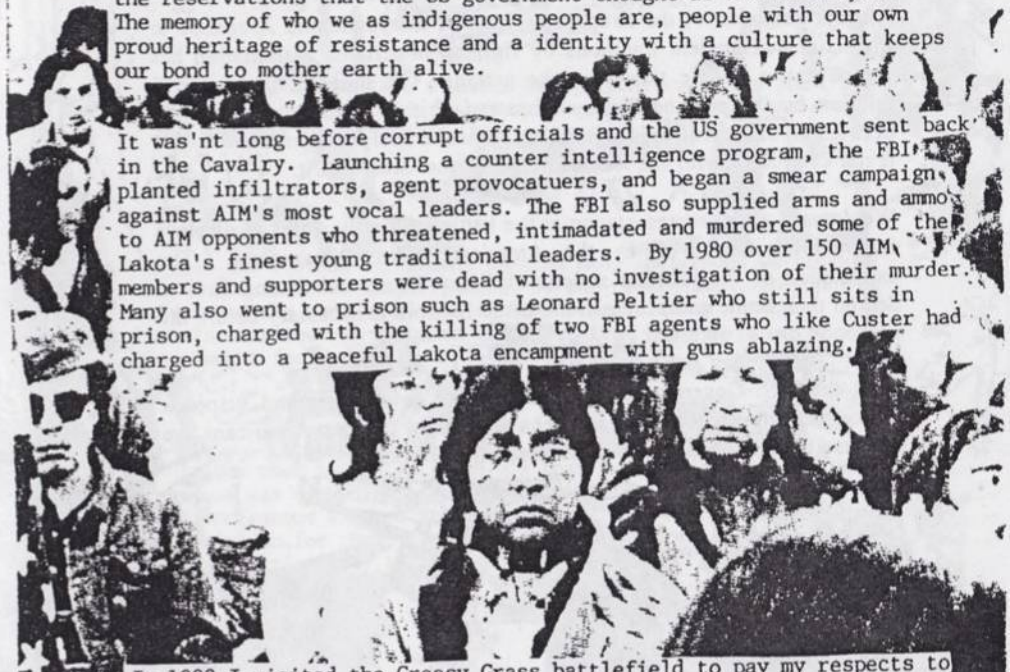
When the Lakota attempted to evict the gold miners in the 1870's, the US military was sent in to "destroy the hostile Indians". Hostiles are any Indians who refused to live life in near starvation on the reservations where disease and social disorder was rampant. In 1876 US forces engaged the hostiles on the Rosebud River and got their asses kicked big tine. General Crook who with Custer led the attack, later recounted the battle crediting the Lakota and Cheyenne with incredible acts of bravery including that of a woman who charged into the midst of the battlefield to rescue her wounded brother. Two weeks later, Custer discovered an immense encampment on the Little Pighorn. Not wanting to await reinforcements from Crook, Custer ordered a charge on the camp of over 3,000. Lakota and Cheyenne warriors rallied to defend their people from the man they called the "Chief of Thieves". With shouts of "Brave hearts forward! Coward hearts to the rear!" indigenous leaders Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse led their people to victory completely destroying Custer's 7th Cavalry of over 200 men. Many soldiers were mutilated by the Indian women in retaliation for the mutilation of women and children by these very same men. Custer's body was left alone because no Lakota or Cheyenne wanted to dirty themselves by touching it. Yet some Indian women took leather awls and poked holes in Custer's ears saying, "In your next life with these added holes maybe you will listen when we tell you Lakota land is not for sale..."



The victory at the Greasy Grass signaled the end of the Souix Wars as the whites called them. Increased military reppresion led to the defeat of the Lakota Nation, and one by one leaders such as Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull led their battered and broken yet proud people onto reservations where many remain today. Within a few short years hundreds more would be slaughtered after both Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull were assassinated on the reservation for attempting to lead their in a new way of life. As bands of Lakota fled towards the camp of Red Cloud, one of the last surviving great leaders, they would be surronded and shot at a place called Wounded Knee.



Eighty years later something began to happen as the restless spirits of those whose blood was spilled by the US government began to fill the hearts of young Indian men and women in the 1970's. A resurgence was born and the American Indian Movement was began. AIM warriors converged on the Lakota reservations at the invitation of the elders whose relations had fought and died against Custer on the Plains. Fighting tribal government corruption on the Pine Ridge reservation which sold uranium rich lands to the mining industry, AIM also began to rebuild traditional communities bringing back the old ways to the youngsters of the sweat lodge and sun dance ceremonies. AIM brought something to the reservations that the US government thought it had destroyed. The memory of who we as indigenous people are, people with our own proud heritage of resistance and a identity with a culture that keeps our bond to mother earth alive.



It was'nt long before corrupt officials and the US government sent back in the Cavalry. Launching a counter intelligence program, the FBI planted infiltrators, agent provocatuers, and began a smear campaign against AIM's most vocal leaders. The FBI also supplied arms and ammo to AIM opponents who threatened, intimadated and murdered some of the Lakota's finest young traditional leaders. By 1980 over 150 AIM members and supporters were dead with no investigation of their murder. Many also went to prison such as Leonard Peltier who still sits in prison, charged with the killing of two FBI agents who like Custer had charged into a peaceful Lakota encampment with guns ablazing.



In 1992 I visited the Greasy Grass battlefield to pay my respects to my fallen indigenous brothers and sisters who had given their lives past and present to defend Lakota sovereinity. I was outraged at the presentation of Custer's defeat as a great tragedy committed by Lakota and Cheyenne "hostiles". There was no space on the battlefield or in the adjacent museum to present the TRUTH of the US governments violations of the Fort Laramie Treaty of 1868 or the justifiable response of the indigenous peoples who defended their families and way of life from sanctioned butchers. No grave markers like those for the 7th Cavalrymen, detailing the many indigenous warriors who fell. I decided to counter this disrespect of indigenous sovereinity and heritage with the theft of a Cavalryman's journal on display that was taken from a Lakota woman on the reservation by a soldier distributing food rations. For stealing this over glorified shopping list I recieved 57 months in prison while graverobbers and pothunters on indigenous lands who desecrate the graves of our ancestors routinely recieve probation. When I stole the journal I issued the following press release:

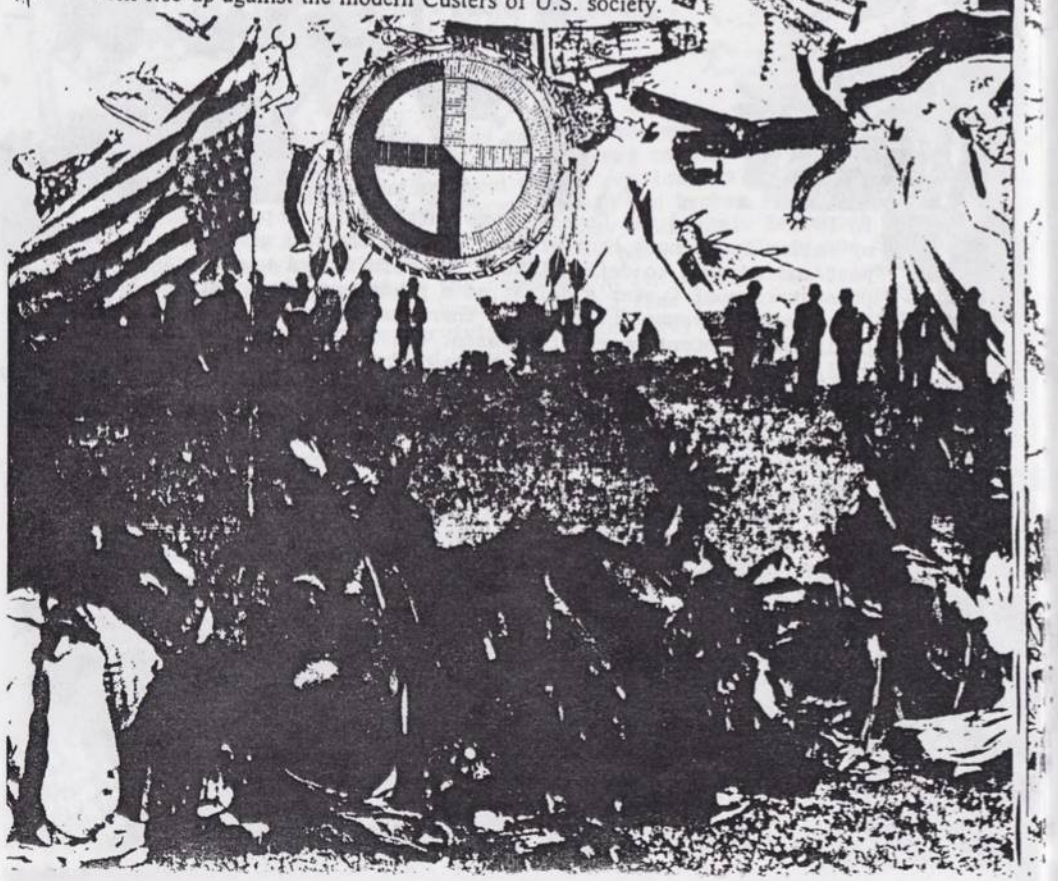


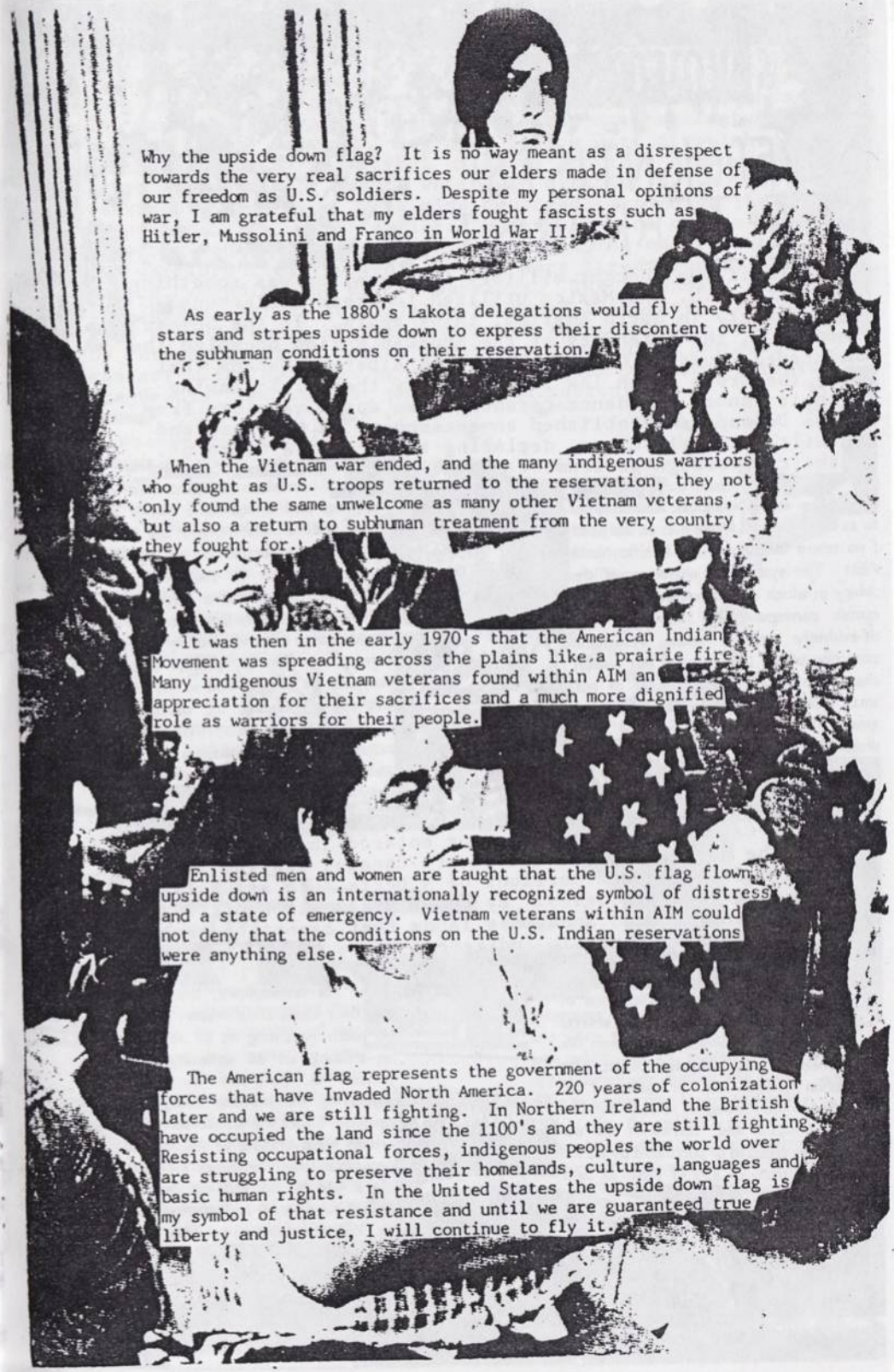
McIntosh's notebook from the battle monument. It was done to draw attention to the continued genocide inflicted on Native American peoples and lands by the U.S. government. Custer's defeat at the Battle of the Little Bighorn is described at the battlefield museum as a tragedy. The real tragedy is what leads native people to such drastic actions. Rape, mutilations, poverty, religious persecution, and cultural assassination carried out by the 7th Calvary continues to this day by other U.S. agents of repression on reservations across North America.

Misrepresentation of the struggle by Lakota, Cheyenne and Arapahoe to maintain their ancient traditions by fighting imperialist assimilation has forced native people today to take action. The desecration of native religion by the profane display of sacrad objects in museums, and the destruction of sacred lands to mine uranium and coal for bombs and T.V.s, is not conducive with the lessons given by the Great Spirit.

We demand equal representation at the battlefield in the form of displays and exhibits approved by the American Indian Movement. The explanation of the justified actions of Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull to defend their home and people at the Little Bighorn is necessary before the notebook can be returned.

Until the U.S. Government recognizes native sovereignty and suspends exploitive attitudes, teachings and behavior against the First Americans, we will rise up against the modern Custers of U.S. society.





Why the upside down flag? It is no way meant as a disrespect towards the very real sacrifices our elders made in defense of our freedom as U.S. soldiers. Despite my personal opinions of war, I am grateful that my elders fought fascists such as Hitler, Mussolini and Franco in World War II.

As early as the 1880's Lakota delegations would fly the stars and stripes upside down to express their discontent over the subhuman conditions on their reservation.

When the Vietnam war ended, and the many indigenous warriors who fought as U.S. troops returned to the reservation, they not only found the same unwelcome as many other Vietnam veterans, but also a return to subhuman treatment from the very country they fought for.

It was then in the early 1970's that the American Indian Movement was spreading across the plains like a prairie fire. Many indigenous Vietnam veterans found within AIM an appreciation for their sacrifices and a much more dignified role as warriors for their people.

Enlisted men and women are taught that the U.S. flag flown upside down is an internationally recognized symbol of distress and a state of emergency. Vietnam veterans within AIM could not deny that the conditions on the U.S. Indian reservations were anything else.

The American flag represents the government of the occupying forces that have Invaded North America. 220 years of colonization later and we are still fighting. In Northern Ireland the British have occupied the land since the 1100's and they are still fighting. Resisting occupational forces, indigenous peoples the world over are struggling to preserve their homelands, culture, languages and basic human rights. In the United States the upside down flag is my symbol of that resistance and until we are guaranteed true liberty and justice, I will continue to fly it.

# SOVEREIGNTISTS NOT TERRORISTS

And if you thought military intervention was something only the U.S. and Mexico utilized to break indigenous sovereinty in North America, think again. In the Summer of 1995, the Defenders of the Shuswap Nation occupied the unceded lands of Gustafsen Lake in Alberta, Canada that by the Crown's own law is rightfully theirs. Following their annual sun dance ceremony, two dozen warriors from the Defenders established an encampment on the land and built a council house, declaring the area the heart of their sovereign government.

The ethno-biological continuity of
fe as our ancestors knew it is at the point
f no return throughout the Pacific North
Vest. The systematic alteration of the
cology in which our autochtonous cultures
ourish correspondingly, inevitably and
elf-evidently entails the systematic
estruction of the continuity of our human
ultural identity--for the character of our
uman cultural identity is by definition
ependent upon continuity of the bio-
ultural identity of our forests.

Materialism and spiritualism are not opposing and antagonistic forces in our native culture. Rather, over the eons they have been reconciled in an equilibrium. That equilibrium is maintained by our paramount cultural value: respect. In our culture, the goal is to take from the material world enough to survive not only as physical beings, but also as spiritual beings. In contrast, we observe that in the non-native culture surrounding us enough is not enough. More is better. We observe that materialism and spiritualism are opposing and antagonistic forces in that non-native culture.

The Canadian government never entered into any treaty with the native nations of Western Canada, leaving all of British Columbia and portions of Alberta such as Gustafsen Lake unceded territories. By Crown Declaration of 1763, unceded territories and those lands that cannot be traced to a valid treaty remain indigenous lands.

The Royal Proclamation of 1763 confirmed for all time that "the several Nations or Tribes of Indians with whom We are connected and who live under Our Protection should not be molested or disturbed in the Possession of such Parts of Our Dominions and Territories as not having been ceded to or purchased by Us are reserved to them or any of them as their Hunting Grounds."

In consequence, the whites and their native collaborators are not so much governing us as attacking us--treating us as squatting trespassers in our own homelands, destroying our forests, killing our people. Under the smoke screen of crimes masquerading as federal and provincial laws, the whites are waging a war of physical and psychological intervention and attrition upon us. Systematically, we have been physcially killed, infected with diseases, beaten, imprisoned, threatened and sexually preyed upon."

The occupation at Gustafsen Lake met with the support of many Canadian bands of indigenous peoples who for years have been struggling for the return of their stolen lands. The Canadian government responded to the occupation by calling in the Calvary. Regional police were dispatched to the area, and the Federal military provided armoured personnel carriers, one of which was disabled by Shuswap warriors. Land mines were also deployed surronding the occupation site, which exploded underneath one of the warriors vehicles while they were collecting water. When the warriors fled the vehicle they were fired upon by police, wounding one of the warriors. The Defenders of the Shuswap Nation justifiably defended themselves from this second coming of the same armed and agressive invaders by returning fire. Police forces prohibited all outside contact with the media or other supporters by jamming radio frequencies and cutting phone communications.

We are psychologically held up to contempt and ridicule, patronized, brainwashed, bribed, corrupted, threatened, and then criminalized for trying to defend ourselves. Their lawyers and politicians, who should uphold the paramount law, are effectively their generals and their police, their storm troopers in the unremitting campaign to take everything and leave us nothing.

Today, the white judges are the commandants of our concentration camps--the reservations onto which we are herded and from which we are forced to watch through the fence of chicanery, the invasion, clear cutting, pollution and tortured death of the body of our Mother, the earth, our home and native land.

Indigenous mediators contributed to a peaceful settlement before police and military could kill or injure anyone else. Now the Defenders are in Court facing serious charges such as attempted murder of law enforcement forces who illegaly violated Shuswap sovereignty by laying seige to the unceded land at Gustafsen Lake.

POLICE 18-B2

By casting nets across the mouths of our rivers, the ancestors of the whites taught our ancestors they could break the continuity of our salmon runs, and starve us into submission. By having their priests and ministers promise us everlasting life they grouped us around churches, and thereby broke the cyclic patterns of our economy. By outlawing our "potlatch" ceremonies they broke the legal, economic, political and social ties that bound our people holistically as nations.

By kidnapping our children and beating their native languages out of them in residential and white schools they brainwashed our culture out of existence. By apprehending our children and giving them to whites they broke the family unit. By the whites' systematic removal or prohibition of alternative life support economies, native Elders have been made physically dependent for survival upon white social welfare payments.

Throughout Canada, indigenous resistance has been growing with many native nations declaring themselves sovereign and blockading roads, bridges and railways across their lands. Indigenous warriors have also toppled powerlines, burned bridges, sunk boats, destroyed logging equipment and been arrested defending their lands from government sanctioned corporate destruction. The Okanagan, Nuxalk, Tsilhqot'in Nations and the Haida band have all declared them sovereign nations by right of Crown Law, and began their fight to prevent the desecration of sacred lands and waters in some instances stopping military and logging exercises.

By this means, genocide has been perpetuated to the point where today we stand at the brink of taking the plunge into the 'whites' final solution to the problem that we constitute for them by our very existence and persistence. Today, the problem still remains with the Indian Act system, with its network of nepotism, sycophancy to bureaucrats, and economic manipulation of a people reduced to abject dependency, that carries on the genocidal tyranny of the European master race--through the medium of the fostered "band" and "reserve" mentality of the privileged class of native collaborators: the Indian Act "elected" chiefs and councillors.

Not content to keep their promises or follow their own laws, the Canadian government has labeled any native band of sovereigntist that fails to recognize their corrupt and illegitimate authority as extremists or terrorists. All in the same historical way as any independent indigenous community in the past was labeled hostile for not bowing to the authority of the occupational forces. Now the indigenous people of Canada as well as those of the U.S. and Mexico must face criminalization and imprisonment or death when simply defending their homelands, culture and people. And whoever said the indigenous nations of North America were defeated when the Canadian, U.S. and Mexican military are all presently engaged in actions to supress native sovereignty and the rightful challenge for the return of stolen lands. From the rainforests of Western Canada to the jungles of Chiapas Indigenous peoples are rising up to reclaim what is theirs and to defend land, animals and people from the European descendants who would destroy them.

Compared to Judge Esson, Premier Harcourt and Prime Ministers Trudeau and Mulroney, Hitler was a crude amateur. Governments of Canada and British Columbia have made a painstakingly "civilized" and refined art of the same end process that the Nazis were accused of implementing under Hitler.

Defenders of the Shuswap Nation

The Gustafsen Lake trial though still continuing is no longer news. Indigenous peoples taking up arms makes good newsprint, but those very same warriors defending their actions in court is of no interest to the mainstream media. Indigenous peoples of North America fighting for the return of their stolen lands is no competition for football players who kill their wives. It is up to Indigenous peoples in the United States and environmentalist everywhere to fight the very same injustice that threatens not only indigenous sovereignty but environmental protection as a whole. The First Americans are the only human civilization in North America which has proven successful to live in harmony with the land for thousands of years. It is time all others swallow their racial pride and listen to the voices that can save us all, rather than maintain our complacent silence while multinational corporations and North American governments and their militaries crush the new generations of Indigenous warriors. Our spirits cannot be broken. The spirit of our ancestors lives within us. How many more must die before you realize the lives we are defending are also your own?

MOHAWK UPRISING 1990-REMEMBER OK

14 year old Wanook Horn Miller with sister

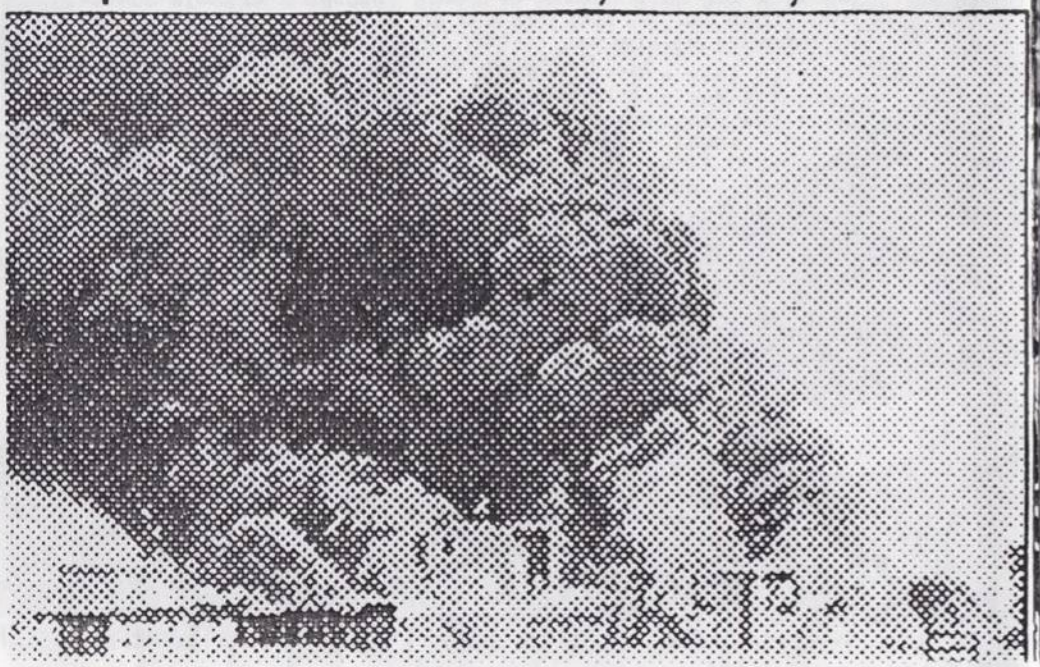



We're from the government...We're here to help you."

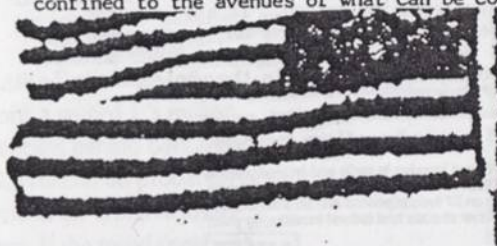


# April 19

# ederal agents storm Branch Davidian ompound near Waco, Texas; 80 die.



Nothing can convey to someone what prison is like if you've never been there before. It is not only about the physical conditions you are forced to endure, for me what is much greater is the psychological conditioning that one is subject to. As a prisoner of war (I do not consider myself a political prisoner) I see my imprisonment a modern day equivilent to the outright murder of indigenous warriors in the last century. Though a state sanctioned death at the hands of "law enforcement" officers is a very real day to day threat for indigenous peoples, the risk of imprisonment or death skyrockets when one becomes "politically active". Especially when your activism is not confined to the avenues of what can be controlled by the government.



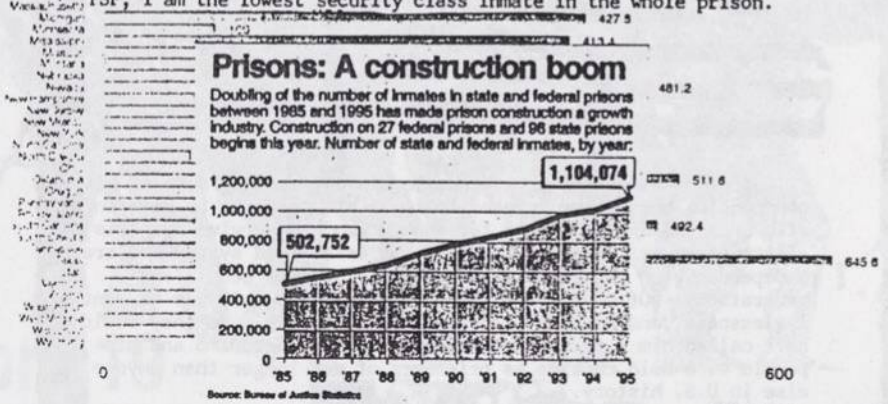
Geronimo was called a renegade in his day even by some of his own people, because he refused to limit his protests to pleading with uncaring Indian Agents for enough food to survive by. His alternative was to work outside of the established system and create a dependency on the earth that had sustained his people for generations. Of course, to the U.S. government this was blatant lawlessness, and had they invented the word, I'm sure they would have called him a terrorist. For his "crimes" Geronimo and his people were held captive as prisoners of war longer than anyone else in U.S. history.



## USA — Incarceration Rates

## U.S. rate 354.3 — Per 100K Population

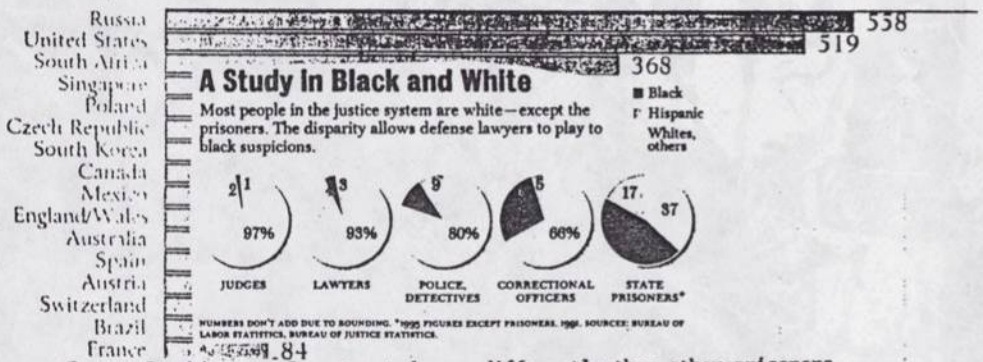
In no way do I think I even come close to being half the man that Geronimo was, but I do feel a strong kinship with him and his resistance. As an indigenous person fighting for the preservation of mother earth, animals, indigenous peoples and our culture, my crimes are viewed as terrorism by the U.S. government. In the eyes of the Invader my actions are all the more heinious because they were premeditated and targeted against industry. Here within the Bureau of Prisons this has earned me a "Public Safety Factor" which ensures that I will never do my time in anything less than a medium-security prison. It also ensures that I will not be awarded a furlough which I might otherwise be eligible for in the last two years of my sentence. Other than the PSF, I am the lowest security class inmate in the whole prison.




1994 Bureau of Justice

It is purely political that I have been given a PSF, as my sentencing judge originally reccomended that I go to a prison camp or low security prison. After only 3 months at the low security prison at the foot of Mt. Graham, I was redesignated to the medium security prison here in Tucson and told that I simply was not wanted at FCI Safford. I later learned this was in part due to the prisons proximity to Mt. Graham which is a disputed sacred site and the center of a fight for indigenous religous freedom.

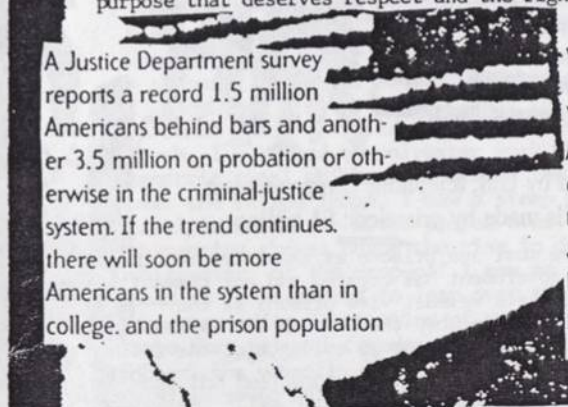
Chart 2
nternat
Rates includes jails




84

In this way, I am treated very differently than other prisoners. I am one of the few prisoners who not only elected to come to prison as the consequence of engaging in activities I knew were illegal, but also I was unwilling to cooperate with the government in return for a shorter sentence, which is a common component in most federally prosecuted cases.

Like my ancestors who were sometimes outlaws simply by the fact that they were forced to live under the laws of a tyrannical society, I am an outlaw simply because I refuse to live by the laws that assert more rights to the inanimate property used to destroy life than to the life that is being destroyed. Indigenous resistance in North America has always centered around the preservation of a worldview that asserts those rights to animals and the earth that the U.S. government sometimes asserts to human beings. The exception being if a human being was killed by military or law enforcement forces. Whether it be called the indigenous worldview, animal rights or liberation or biocentrism, it is all the same thing, the belief that what the Creator put here on this earth was for a purpose, a purpose that deserves respect and the right to a free existence.



A Justice Department survey reports a record 1.5 million Americans behind bars and another 3.5 million on probation or otherwise in the criminal-justice system. If the trend continues, there will soon be more Americans in the system than in college, and the prison population will within 10 years exceed the 7.3 million population of New York City. The Contract With America calls for providing billions of dollars for new prison construction if states lengthen the required amount of time convicts serve to at least 85% of their sentences, a provision Florida recently met. *The New York Times*, August 10, 1995

This is why I am in prison. Because I still believe in this. And though the continued expression of that belief should come as no suprise to other traditional indigenous peoples, it is seen by the Bureau of Prisons and the Department of Justice as proof of a lack of remorse and regret for my criminal behavior. In this way the adherence to my beliefs contribute to my PSF and will undoubtedly lead to the refusal of relief in the form of early release.

### More Marionisation

IN 1973 the first U.S. Management Control Unit was established in Marion Penitentiary in Illinois. This unit was specifically designed to rid the U.S. prison system of its critics, revolutionaries, Native and Islamic militants, prison union organisers, jailhouse lawyers and any other cons who defended human rights and dignity. There are now 36 such control units in the U.S. using such torture techniques as forced drugging, constant isolation and supervision, humiliation and physical and mental assault. Their object is to break the wills of politically active prisoners.

Ojore Nuru Lutalo, a New African political prisoner in Trenton Penitentiary, New Jersey, has recently requested that his defence campaign be refocused onto the fight against control units, and on the support of their torture victims. Ojore writes, "*Any movement that does not support its political internees is a sham movement.*" National Campaign to Stop Control Unit Prisons, 6th Floor, 472 Broad St., Newark, NJ 07102, USA.

That is what I mean when I say that the psychological conditions of prison are much worse than the physical conditions. To psychologically please my captors, who are also those impacted by my crimes, I would have to renounce the very beliefs I and my ancestors lived by. Though I am a non-violent offender with virtually no record of violence in my life, my beliefs ensure that I will never be judged by my actual behavior in society, but more so by the laws I call into question because of their threats to the living earth and her animal people. In this way, in the U.S. governments eyes, I will always be a terrorist and a renegade.

Prison is like living in the midst of the dominating worldview which sees animals as food, tools or entertainment, the earth as real estate, natural resources and private property, and humans as consumers, employees and sex objects. Prison reinforces the ideals that were first forced upon us when Columbus arrived in North America. Prisons are for all of those who have taken more than is allowed by the Government or for those who have found another way to obtain it. It is also a place for those who have fallen victim to the greed and quest for control and power that the government that imprisons them first encouraged.

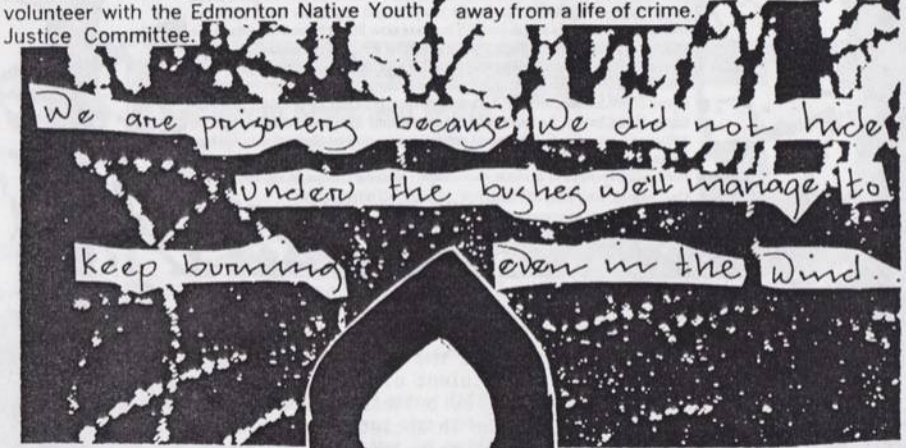



• Gross revenue earned by U.S. telephone companies last year from phone calls made by prisoners: **$1 billion**

As indigenous peoples we must see prisons as the internment camps for our warriors that our government has created and our communities neglect. As political activists we must view prisons as the punishment for those who refuse to obey the laws of our oppressors. And as human beings we should see prisons as evidence of the failure of the dominant worldview to provide justice, liberty and freedom to those people most persecuted and crushed by the power elite who now imprison them.

## ALBERTA

■ **EDMONTON — An overwhelming major-** ity of offenders who are punished by youth-justice committees are sorry for their actions and want to set their lives back on track, one committee member says. "We've had kids who have completely broken down when asked by an elder on the committee why they did what they did," said Leona Jaennotte, an inner-city youth worker and volunteer with the Edmonton Native Youth Justice Committee. The small committee has been making culturally sensitive sentencing recommendations for more than a year for several young Indians who have pleaded guilty to lesser offenses, generally property crimes. Now, the Alberta government wants to set up similar programs for other young first-time offenders in Edmonton and Calgary in an effort to keep them away from a life of crime.




The Lake Placid Oly… built for use as a federal prison after the 198…cs.



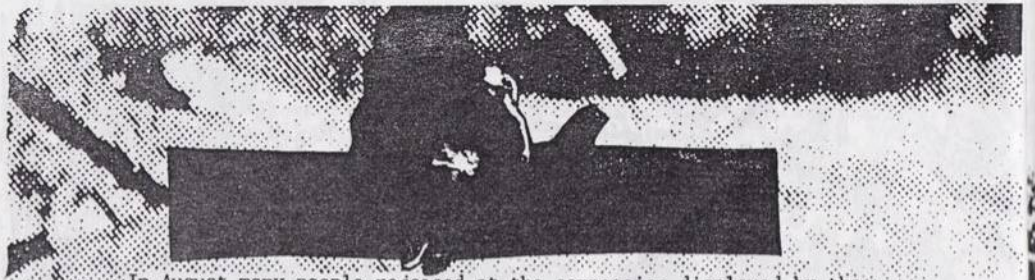

Last night I had a dream I worked in a discount store. When it was time for a break, I left the store which was in a shopping mall, and strode across the parking lot to where I remembered a river to be. Past the Wal-Mart where the pavement ended and wild grass broke through the hardpacked earth, I untucked my polyester work shirt and climbed the concrete canal which now confined the river. As I peered over the raised ledge, I saw a steep man-made rise in the canal in which the water poured over. I began to notice shimmering shapes below the rise in deep water, and in the whitewater of the drop-off I saw an occassional salmon head as it attempted to leap over the rise. Despite all the surronding destruction of man, the salmon offered me hope that natural freedom always prevails.

What the buffalo were to the plains, salmon are to the rivers. Like the buffalo, salmon have led a sad resistance to the damming, pollution and river ecology destruction by clearcutting in the last century. Still, like the salmon in my dream, they are relentless. In that spirit of resistance, salmon are the hope we all must never abandon as we fight also to restore and reclaim our sacred wild places.

Ecofreak (Evil Twin) Publications has created a brilliant fanzine called Cascadia Salmon which is an inspiring tale of the Salmon Nations journey into the late 20th Century. In very understandable verse Cascadia Salmon traces the history of salmon in Americas northwestern waterways as they pursue a cycle of life and death that has continued for thousands of years. Cascadia Salmon is also a celebration of a native spirit that will not be comprimised. Modern attempts by Euroamericans to tame this wild beast with capitalistic hatchery programs have only been proven to be of benefit to man, not salmon and in some cases detrimental to wild salmon who refuse to become domestic chickens of the sea. While U.S. capitalism dictates that salmon must submit in order to survive with modern man, Cascadia Salmon details the threats to salmon of the Northwest and how we as salmon allies must fight to protect them.

Cascadia Salmon is hopefully only the first of many fanzines from ecofreak to replace the insensitivity of modern wildlife biological studies with a more wholistic perspective which speaks of the very spirit of the wild and the animals whom call it home. Printed on tree-free paper Cascadia Salmon has excellent maps, diagrams, graphs and bibliography, but also cool artwork, poetry and stories, all about our finned relations the Salmon People.

CASCADIA SALMON: A Wild Salmon Fanzine 67 pages
available for $4 (+$1 postage) from:
ecofreak/Evil Twin Publications
P.O. Box 12124, Seattle, WA 98102



In August many people rejoiced at the compassion displayed by the gorilla Binta Ju (Daughter of Sunshine) when she rescued a 3-year boy who had fallen into her prison at the Brookfield Illinois Zoo.

Many people are suprised when animals demonstrate blatant compassion for the species, Homo sapiens who ironically display the least compassion towards them. Lost children rescued by faithful dogs, shipwrecked sailors protected from sharks by dolphins and now gorillas rescuing children who have fallen into their concrete pits we reserve for these intelligent beings.



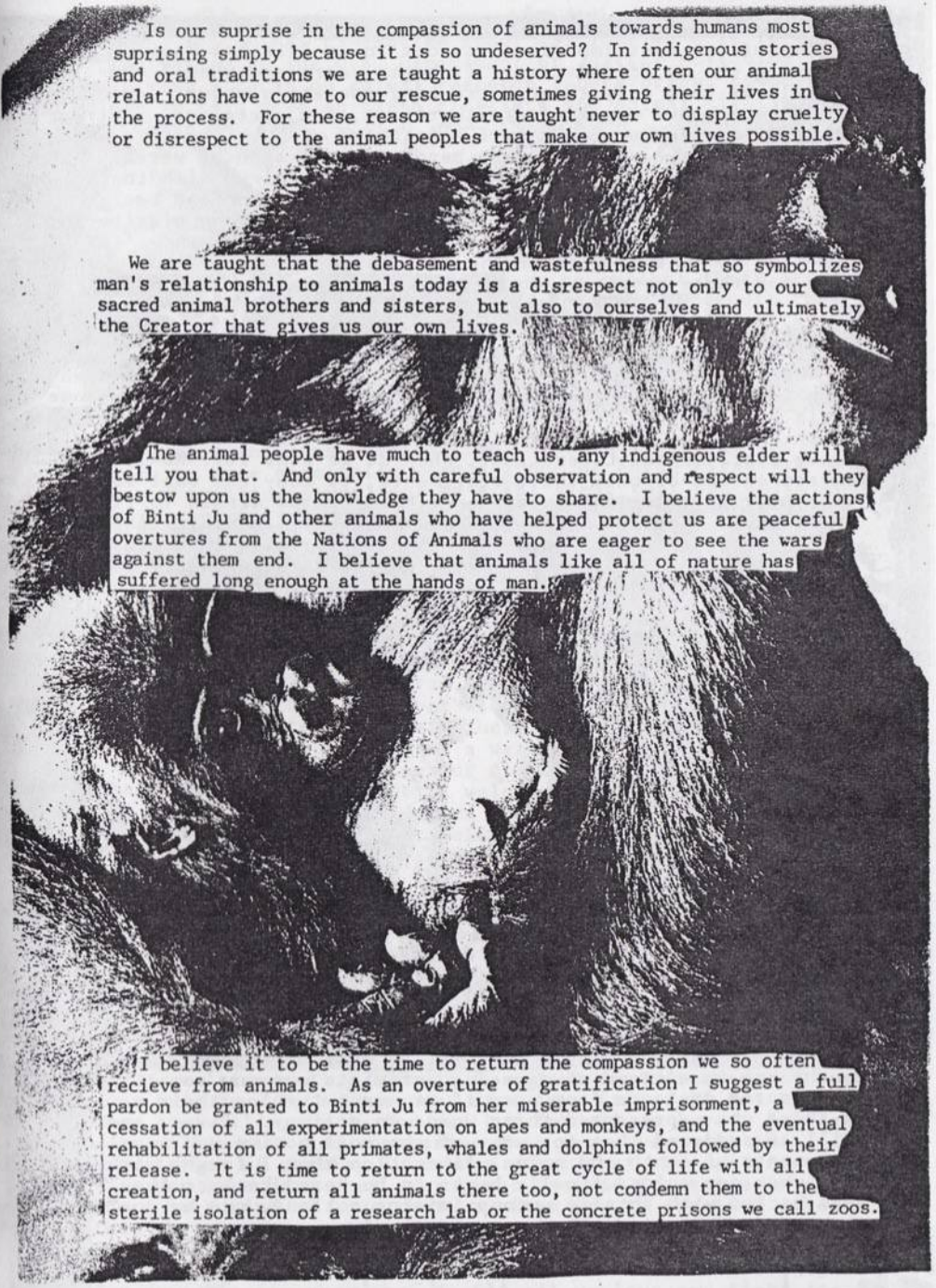
And how do we repay our animal relations? We irresponsibly allow dogs and cats to overpopulate to the degree that millions are killed annually not to mention the former pets which are purchased from "shelters" for painful experimentation we deem neccesary, we support the imprisonment of dolphins and whales which are inarguably highly intelligent for humiliating displays we call entertainment forever stealing them from their families who annually are drowned in fisherman's nets, and in the same year that we celebrate the compassionate acts of Binti Ju we allow the NASA space program to waste $30 million dollars shooting apes into space with electrodes in their skulls and spinal cords while other branches of the government fund research that inflicts apes and monkeys with diseases we know are painful crippling and debilitating.



Is our suprise in the compassion of animals towards humans most suprising simply because it is so undeserved? In indigenous stories and oral traditions we are taught a history where often our animal relations have come to our rescue, sometimes giving their lives in the process. For these reason we are taught never to display cruelty or disrespect to the animal peoples that make our own lives possible.

We are taught that the debasement and wastefulness that so symbolizes man's relationship to animals today is a disrespect not only to our sacred animal brothers and sisters, but also to ourselves and ultimately the Creator that gives us our own lives.

The animal people have much to teach us, any indigenous elder will tell you that. And only with careful observation and respect will they bestow upon us the knowledge they have to share. I believe the actions of Binti Ju and other animals who have helped protect us are peaceful overtures from the Nations of Animals who are eager to see the wars against them end. I believe that animals like all of nature has suffered long enough at the hands of man.



I believe it to be the time to return the compassion we so often recieve from animals. As an overture of gratification I suggest a full pardon be granted to Binti Ju from her miserable imprisonment, a cessation of all experimentation on apes and monkeys, and the eventual rehabilitation of all primates, whales and dolphins followed by their release. It is time to return to the great cycle of life with all creation, and return all animals there too, not condemn them to the sterile isolation of a research lab or the concrete prisons we call zoos.

# LIFE SENTENCE NO PAROLE

One of the most important lessons in my life has been learning who my friends are. It began years ago when I chose to believe that only through breaking society's unjust laws could we achieve any kind of liberation, for ourselves, earth or animals. There were many I associated with before this, and once I chose my path, many people whom I thought were friends vanished. Those were only people involved with the struggles for peace and liberty for their own benefit, be it for the feeling of belonging to something, or for popularity, or whatever else I dont know, all I do know is that wh[illegible] it was time to shit or get off the pot, there was always so[illegible] else for these people to do.

When my path began to bring U.S. government reppression down upon the animal rights and radical environmental movements, once again peoples true colors shone through. Statements such as Earth First! No Comprimise In Defense of Mother Earth! and What do we want? Animal Liberation!, When do we want it?, Now! turned out to be only that, statements, to many who want to be a part of a legitimate struggle but are too afraid to risk their lives or freedom for it. How selfish I thought these people were, the earth mother gives us everything that makes our lives possible, and when that very entity is being destroyed, those who claim to represent her are oh so careful to walk the lines drawn by those who are destroying her.

In Spring of 1992 with federal grand juries convened in five different states all investigating ALF actions in which I was a suspect, I began to feel like someone with a deadly contagious disease. Many of my former friends now felt that the cost of our friendship might be a visit by the FBI, and for many it was. For some what was so easy to support just months ago in a crowd of agreeing activists was now something they wanted distance from even if it meant turning their backs on those who represented their words in actions. I was, and still am saddened that for many of the most active and vocal proponents of earth and animal liberation that I fought with, that when our voices finally began to be heard because they were backed with totally uncomprimising actions, one by one they began following other pursuits.

**"The fear is worse than the thing feared,**
**Where there's fear, there is power."**
**-Starhawk**

When the Animal Liberation Front was labeled a terrorist organization by the U.S. Department of Justice following their continued attacks on animal research laboratories, subpoenas began to rain down on Earth First!ers and animal rights activists.

Once again people began to reflect their level of commitment as their own government began to persecute them for their beliefs, a first for many of the upper middle-class folks who made up the majority of these movements.

The previously popular stance of supporting illegal direct action and displaying such proclamations on bumperstickers and T-shirts began to wane especially when a group of Earth First!ers were busted toppling powerlines by a FBI agent that had infiltrated their own ranks.

By Fall of 1992 I expected one of two responses from friends I turned to for help. Either wide-eyed suprise and silence while I could literally smell their fear that a target of the FBI was on their doorstep, or a warm hug and a hot meal followed by the offering of any money or other support they could give. There were not many who still welcomed me in their lives, and many of them I hardly even knew previous to my persecution by the U.S. government for our beliefs. But when all we loved was something dangerous to be associated with, the most beautiful human beings in the world that I have ever met stood tall and were unwavering in their support of our earth mother, her animal people and the warriors who fought for them.

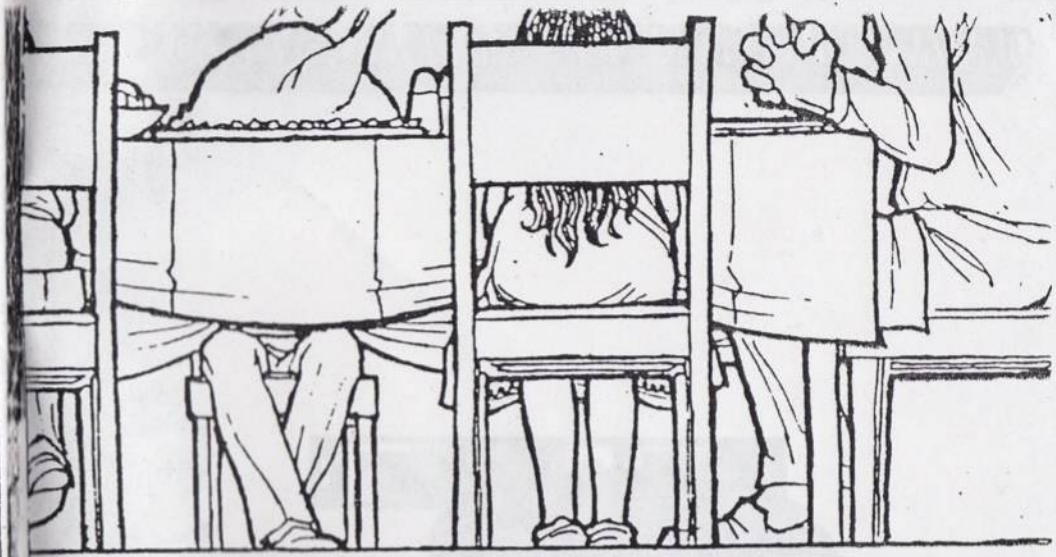
These 'zine and my life to an extent is dedicated to those true friends. My measurement of a true friend is not by what they are willing to do for me, but for all we love. Selfless acts of kindness and compassion that are given with the expectation of nothing in return other that the satisfaction that you have done what your heart desired for those in danger. There is a kind of love that we often try to convince others that we represent yet we frequently fail to display in our own behavior. That is unconditional love, a love that emanates from your heart for your fellow warriors not for what they do for you, but for what they do for all we love and fight for. It is the love that shines when collective hearts gather for the purposes of rescuing animals in peril or sacred ground about to be destroyed.

The love that I have been fortunate enough to recieve is not a love that I feel I deserve. Because I am human, and as a human I have hurt those I love with insensitive actions, forgetting the supreme purpose we all represent. It is hard to stay true to a path that is an honor to all who walk it. But I have learned from my mistakes, with the hopes that those who have hurt me will learn from theirs.

That is between them and their hearts. What I am trying to say is love becomes you if you allow it. Many people have bestowed their love and friendship upon me, not because of how I look, or what I can give them, but because the things I have fought for are also the things that they love. In this way I have an obligation to them to return that love in continuing actions.

There are those special few who I love the deepest, and those are the people the Creator has gifted me with to serve a purpose. Together we have rescued hundreds of animals that would have died in cruel experiments and smashed the machines used to kill them. When others gave up the fight simply because nothing legal remained possible to do, my friends have come forward and together we have walked darkened forest roads to challenge the yellow mechanical dragons that defile our earth mother. And we have won. When others said there was nothing else one could do, that is the call for my true friends. Some of them I have only known at night, never seeing their face in the world where our enemies walk, never restricting their friendship to phone lines or e-mails where Big Brother is always listening and watching. But always they are there when I need them the most.

Since my arrest in Fall of 1994, my true friends have stood beside me. While others based their friendship on whether I did what they wanted, others gave me the support I needed while the U.S. government attempted to crush me. Some of the people I thought were my closest friends have now attepted to destroy me simply because I do not agree with their legal strategies. It is no suprise to me that these are the same people who refused to support dear friends of mine who spent six months in jail rather than testify against me to the federal grand jury. That is friendship, not the conditional support some offer if you do what they say. That is our enemies tactic not our own. So as I spend the next couple of yours as a prisoner of war, it comes as no suprise to see some turn their backs on me, spreading rumors that I cooperated with the federal government, while they sit on their ass in a comfortable home spreading their lies. It is the strength of others that allows me to persevere while others, the government, former friends and my jailers work together to break my spirit.



# Indians hold protest at Plymouth Rock

Associated Press

PLYMOUTH, Mass. — A group of Indian-rights activists complaining of racism covered Plymouth Rock with sand Thursday in a protest of the town's annual salute to the Pilgrims' first Thanksgiving.

"In the spirit of King Philip, bury racism . . . and bury the rock," shouted protester Roland James, a member of the Wampanoag Tribe. King Philip, a Wampanoag chief, led his people against the colonists.

James has been organizing protests against the Thanksgiving Day parade for more than 25 years, calling it racist and offensive because it commemorates an armed invasion and forced conversion of Indians to Christianity.

The protesters left before police arrived, and there were no arrests.




NEXT ISSUE: DIET FOR NATIVE AMERICA

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The Earth is my home.
The Earth shelters all the animals.
The Earth takes care of us.
The Earth feeds us and heals us.
The Earth watches us at night.
I love the Earth.
*—Dreamsong, Cree, age eleven*






*In the sounds of the wild, we awaken to who we are.*