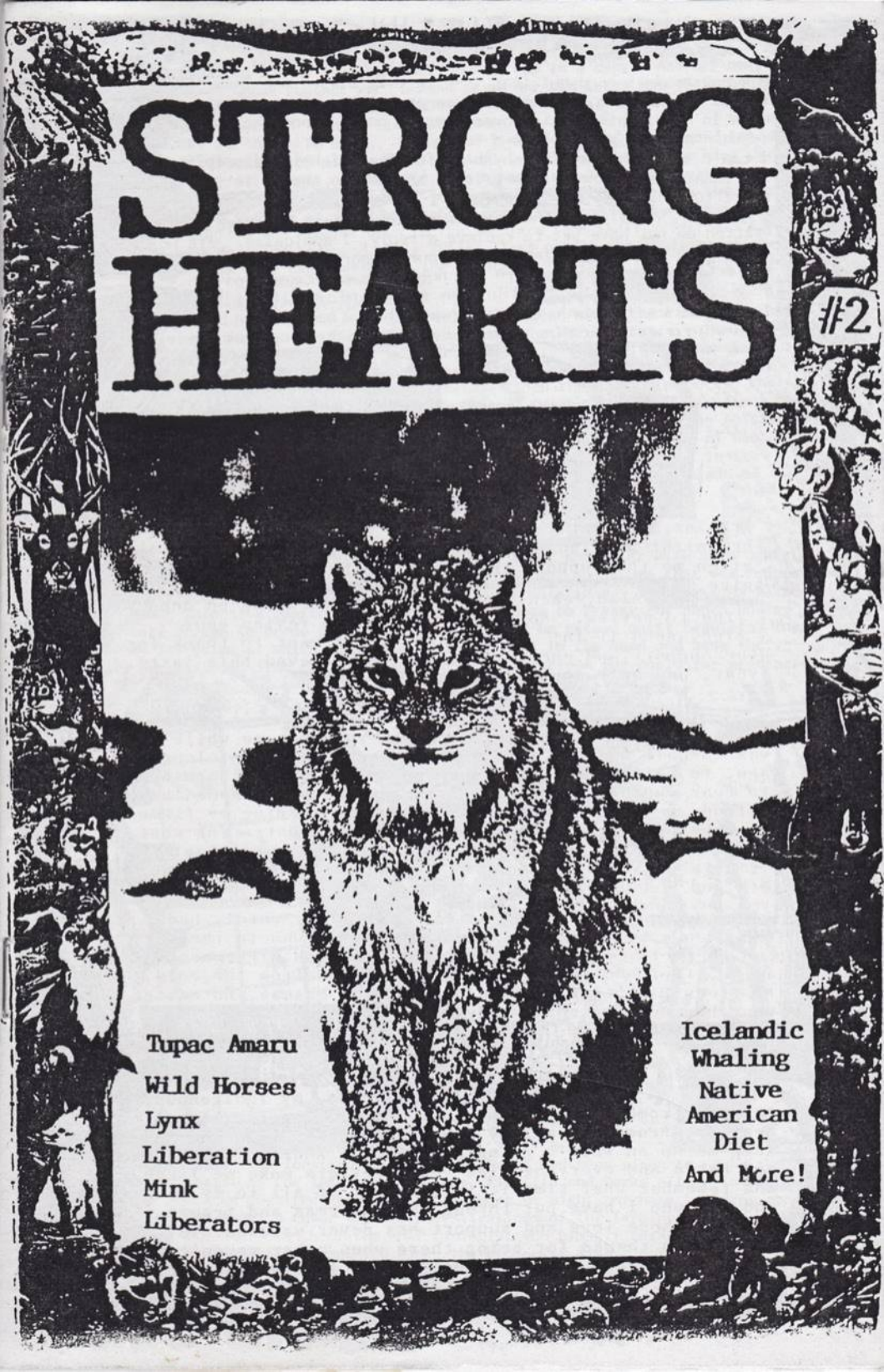
STRONG HEARTS

#2



Tupac Amaru

Wild Horses

Lynx

Liberation

Mink

Liberators

Icelandic Whaling

Native American Diet

And More!

Welcome Back! This is only the second issue of Strong Hearts, so any new readers need not fear, you've only missed one issue! You'll notice that the number of pages has shrunken. This was done in a vain attempt to lower postage costs since the last issue's mailing put me back a few bucks. As a prisoner of war, I can't solicit money for anything for fear of being disciplined for running a business from prison, so just do what's in your heart to help.

To all the friends and supporters who have written me but have yet to recieve a reply, I apologize. Its no reflection of my appreciation for your support, its just a reflection of my neccesity to get out of my cell more often. You should see the callous on my writing finger! I try to write back to everyone, but this 'zine and other projects means it may be awhile before you hear from me.



A muy especiale muchos gracias goes out to Cat, who has been the best support organizer a prisoner could ask for, also to Mel who has given me the support that only another prisoner can give.

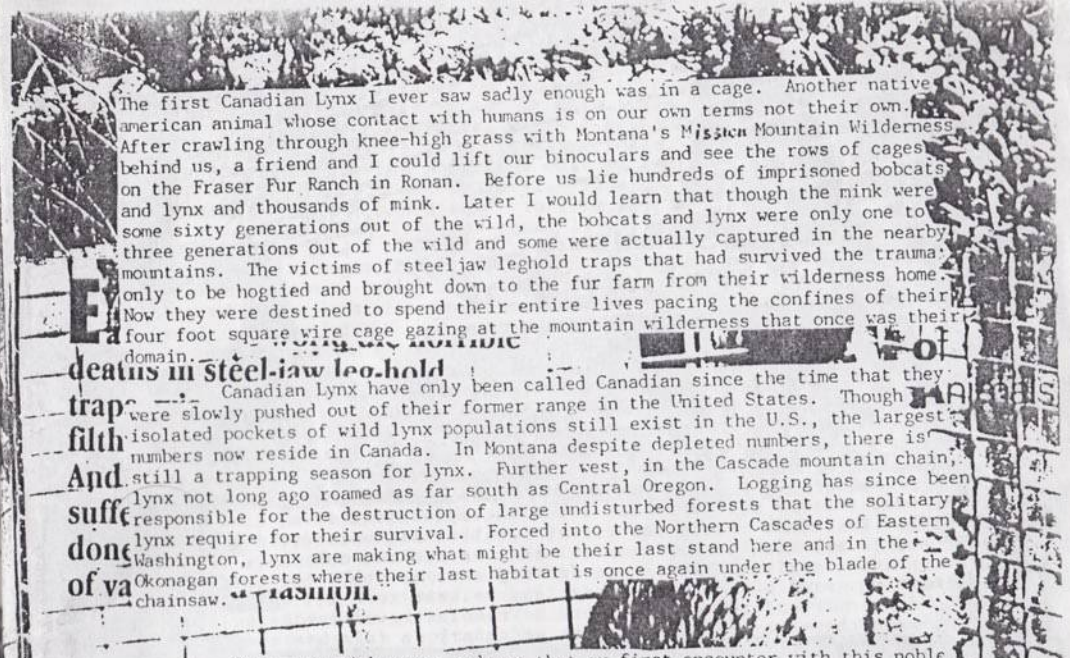
Also, each issue I will be focusing on one 'zine to review. So if you want me to review your 'zine, send it in! There's so many I want to thank for the support and encouragement I've recieved this last year, and only so much space.

Peg for the warrior strength you sent me while I was on bail and now in the place you were in not long ago, to Salmon Grrrl for showing me the way to Narnia, to Bear who has been there for me whenever I needed a friend, to the Freeman and Goodwin for keeping my flames of hope burning, to the Maniacs, for demonstrating what real solidarity and friendship is, to the surviving members of the Michigan Mink Militia, you know who you are and Godspeed to you, to the Parted Hairs, I miss you guys and love you alot.

Fadi, who I've rarely had the chance to thank, to my warrior relations in the Sea Shepherd Society who keep the whaler's nightmare alive, the Good Elk family who let me in from the cold, E. Frees Mink, for just being you, the Mass 4, no matter what happens, we've already won.



Troods, my indigenous teacher from across the pond, to Mindy, Ingrid, Lisa, Heather, Bruce and all my other friends at PETA who keep me up on what's going down, Jude, Andrea, Chickadee, and Katie and everyone else who's letters make me laugh and remember what time it is and most of all to my Mom and Dad who I have put through much stress and trauma, and yet whose love and support has never wavered. To all of you thanks for being there when other weren't. Enjoy this issue of Strong Hearts and always remember, Our Day Will Come!!!



The first Canadian Lynx I ever saw sadly enough was in a cage. Another native american animal whose contact with humans is on our own terms not their own. After crawling through knee-high grass with Montana's Mission Mountain Wilderness behind us, a friend and I could lift our binoculars and see the rows of cages on the Fraser Fur Ranch in Ronan. Before us lie hundreds of imprisoned bobcats and lynx and thousands of mink. Later I would learn that though the mink were some sixty generations out of the wild, the bobcats and lynx were only one to three generations out of the wild and some were actually captured in the nearby mountains. The victims of steeljaw leghold traps that had survived the trauma only to be hogtied and brought down to the fur farm from their wilderness home. Now they were destined to spend their entire lives pacing the confines of their four foot square wire cage gazing at the mountain wilderness that once was their domain.

deaths in steel-jaw leg-hold

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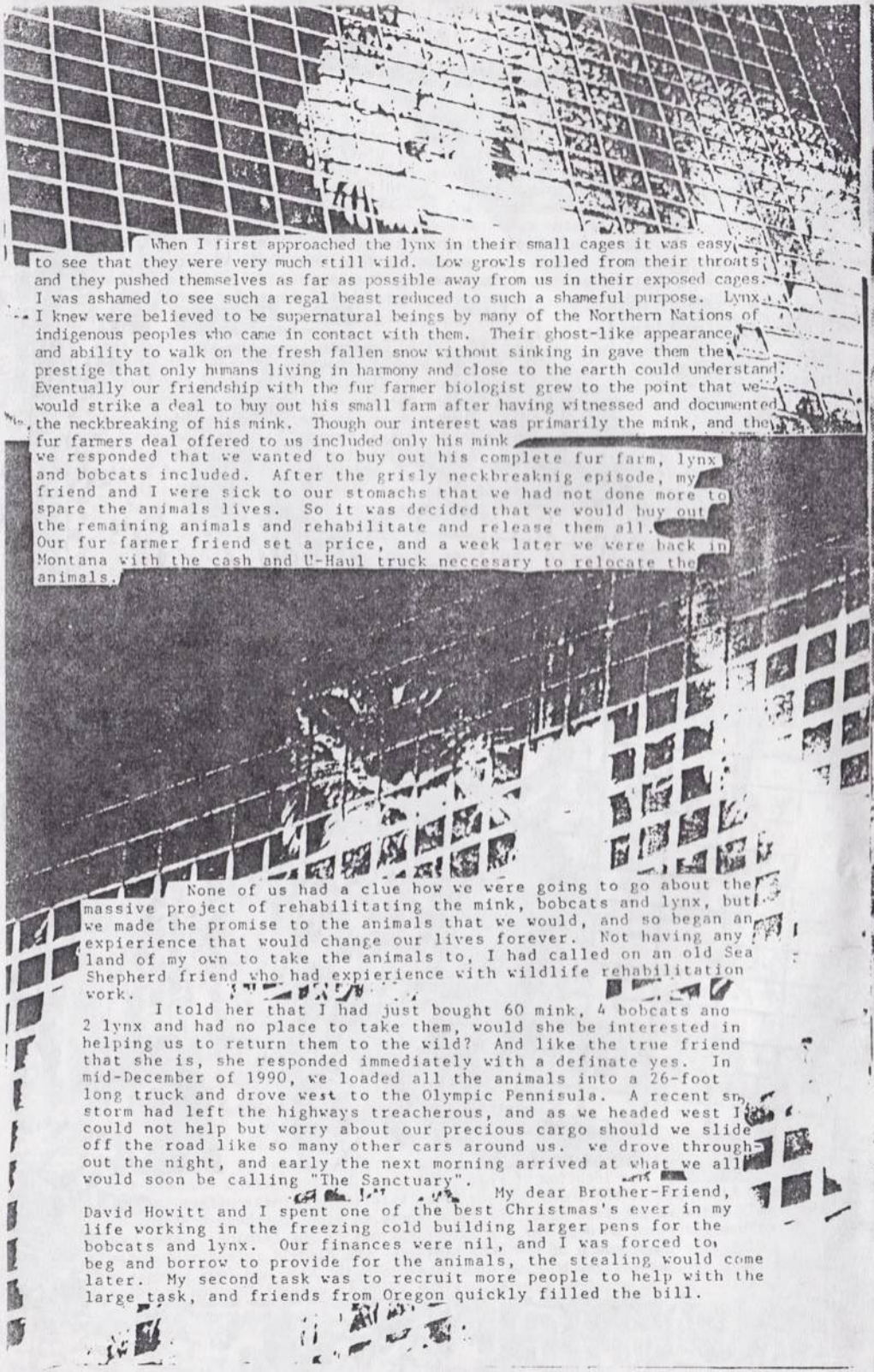
of va

fashion.

Canadian Lynx have only been called Canadian since the time that they were slowly pushed out of their former range in the United States. Though isolated pockets of wild lynx populations still exist in the U.S., the largest numbers now reside in Canada. In Montana despite depleted numbers, there is still a trapping season for lynx. Further west, in the Cascade mountain chain, lynx not long ago roamed as far south as Central Oregon. Logging has since been responsible for the destruction of large undisturbed forests that the solitary lynx require for their survival. Forced into the Northern Cascades of Eastern Washington, lynx are making what might be their last stand here and in the Okonagan forests where their last habitat is once again under the blade of the chainsaw.

So it was with great sadness that my first encounter with this noble animal relation was as yet another prisoner of the war on nature that was reduced to the physical worth that humans saw in our wild relations. For the Lynx Nation, this meant intensive confinement in cages like those on Fraser Fur Ranch where they were forced to breed the offspring that would be raised until beautiful fur reached its prime at which point they would be shot in the head and have their belly fur stripped from their bodies to provide luxurious fur coats for aristocrats in far off lands.

The location of Fraser Fur Ranch had been given to us by the friendly biologist at the local Montana Game, Wildlife and Parks office in Kalispell where we inquired about fur farms where we might purchase breeding stock for our own fur farm, a cover for our investigations of fur farming. Later, we would visit the small ranch of the MGWP biologist who himself raised mink for their fur. Besides his few hundred mink, the biologist also had four bobcats and two lynx that he had acquired from Fraser Fur Ranch to attempt his own breeding enterprise.

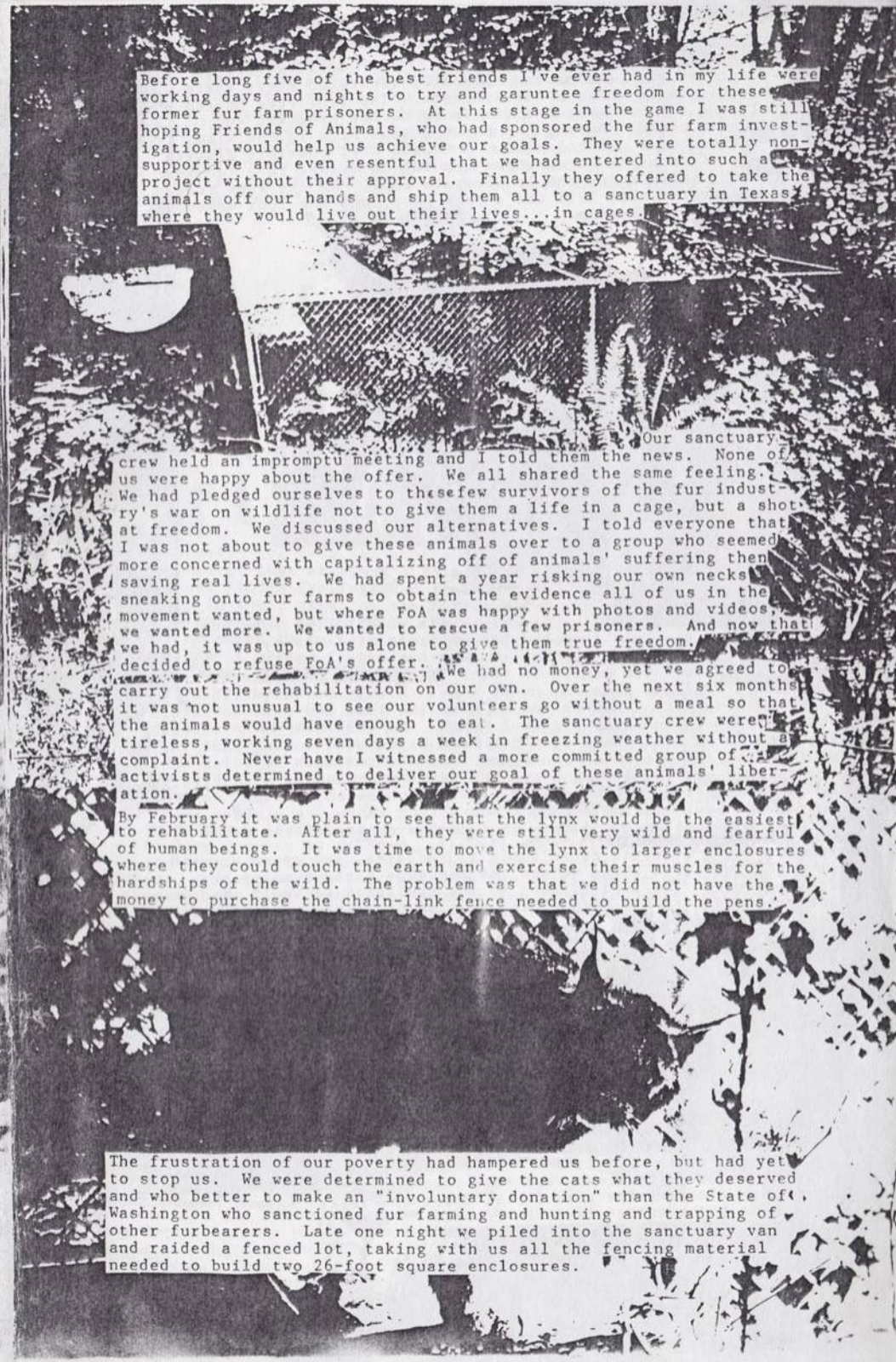


When I first approached the lynx in their small cages it was easy to see that they were very much still wild. Low growls rolled from their throats and they pushed themselves as far as possible away from us in their exposed cages. I was ashamed to see such a regal beast reduced to such a shameful purpose. Lynx I knew were believed to be supernatural beings by many of the Northern Nations of indigenous peoples who came in contact with them. Their ghost-like appearance and ability to walk on the fresh fallen snow without sinking in gave them the prestige that only humans living in harmony and close to the earth could understand. Eventually our friendship with the fur farmer biologist grew to the point that we would strike a deal to buy out his small farm after having witnessed and documented the neckbreaking of his mink. Though our interest was primarily the mink, and the fur farmers deal offered to us included only his mink we responded that we wanted to buy out his complete fur farm, lynx and bobcats included. After the grisly neckbreaknig episode, my friend and I were sick to our stomachs that we had not done more to spare the animals lives. So it was decided that we would buy out the remaining animals and rehabilitate and release them all. Our fur farmer friend set a price, and a week later we were back in Montana with the cash and U-Haul truck neccesary to relocate the animals.

None of us had a clue how we were going to go about the massive project of rehabilitating the mink, bobcats and lynx, but we made the promise to the animals that we would, and so began an expierience that would change our lives forever. Not having any land of my own to take the animals to, I had called on an old Sea Shepherd friend who had expierience with wildlife rehabilitation work.

I told her that I had just bought 60 mink, 4 bobcats and 2 lynx and had no place to take them, would she be interested in helping us to return them to the wild? And like the true friend that she is, she responded immediately with a definate yes. In mid-December of 1990, we loaded all the animals into a 26-foot long truck and drove west to the Olympic Pennisula. A recent snow storm had left the highways treacherous, and as we headed west I could not help but worry about our precious cargo should we slide off the road like so many other cars around us. we drove through out the night, and early the next morning arrived at what we all would soon be calling "The Sanctuary".

My dear Brother-Friend, David Howitt and I spent one of the best Christmas's ever in my life working in the freezing cold building larger pens for the bobcats and lynx. Our finances were nil, and I was forced to beg and borrow to provide for the animals, the stealing would come later. My second task was to recruit more people to help with the large task, and friends from Oregon quickly filled the bill.



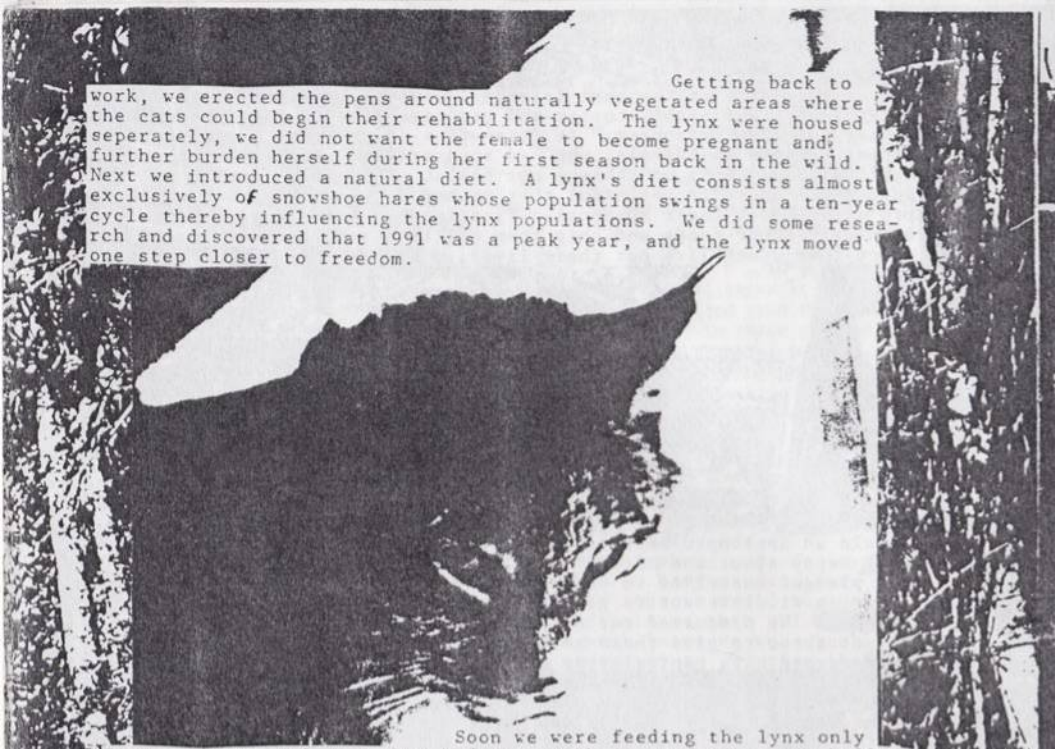
Before long five of the best friends I've ever had in my life were working days and nights to try and garuntee freedom for these former fur farm prisoners. At this stage in the game I was still hoping Friends of Animals, who had sponsored the fur farm investigation, would help us achieve our goals. They were totally non-supportive and even resentful that we had entered into such a project without their approval. Finally they offered to take the animals off our hands and ship them all to a sanctuary in Texas where they would live out their lives...in cages.

Our sanctuary crew held an impromptu meeting and I told them the news. None of us were happy about the offer. We all shared the same feeling. We had pledged ourselves to thesefew survivors of the fur industry's war on wildlife not to give them a life in a cage, but a shot at freedom. We discussed our alternatives. I told everyone that I was not about to give these animals over to a group who seemed more concerned with capitalizing off of animals' suffering then saving real lives. We had spent a year risking our own necks sneaking onto fur farms to obtain the evidence all of us in the movement wanted, but where FoA was happy with photos and videos, we wanted more. We wanted to rescue a few prisoners. And now that we had, it was up to us alone to give them true freedom. We decided to refuse FoA's offer. We had no money, yet we agreed to carry out the rehabilitation on our own. Over the next six months it was not unusual to see our volunteers go without a meal so that the animals would have enough to eat. The sanctuary crew were tireless, working seven days a week in freezing weather without a complaint. Never have I witnessed a more committed group of activists determined to deliver our goal of these animals' liberation.

By February it was plain to see that the lynx would be the easiest to rehabilitate. After all, they were still very wild and fearful of human beings. It was time to move the lynx to larger enclosures where they could touch the earth and exercise their muscles for the hardships of the wild. The problem was that we did not have the money to purchase the chain-link fence needed to build the pens.

The frustration of our poverty had hampered us before, but had yet to stop us. We were determined to give the cats what they deserved and who better to make an "involuntary donation" than the State of Washington who sanctioned fur farming and hunting and trapping of other furbearers. Late one night we piled into the sanctuary van and raided a fenced lot, taking with us all the fencing material needed to build two 26-foot square enclosures.

Getting back to work, we erected the pens around naturally vegetated areas where the cats could begin their rehabilitation. The lynx were housed seperately, we did not want the female to become pregnant and further burden herself during her first season back in the wild. Next we introduced a natural diet. A lynx's diet consists almost exclusively of snowshoe hares whose population swings in a ten-year cycle thereby influencing the lynx populations. We did some research and discovered that 1991 was a peak year, and the lynx moved one step closer to freedom.

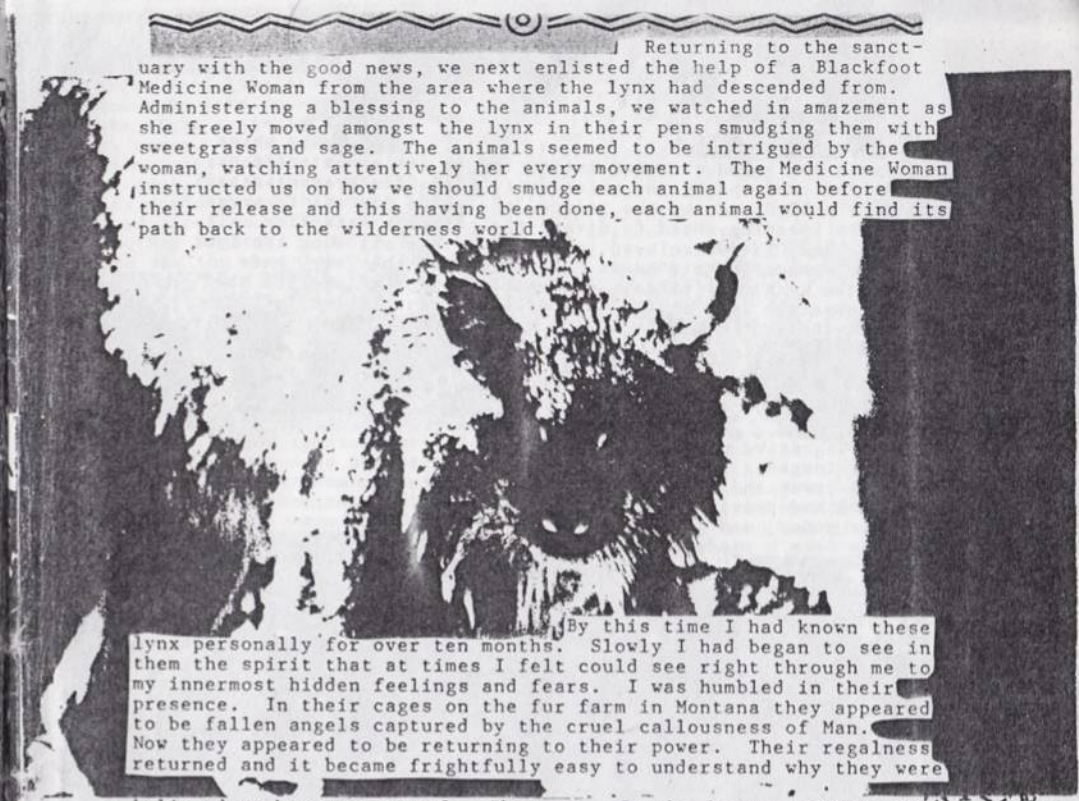


Soon we were feeding the lynx only live rabbits, and once they had proven their profeciency in killing their prey, we decided to start scoping out release sites. The lynx had had over two months in their large pens where they were completely isolated from all human view. Slowly we had watched their wild spirits reawaken and we knew the time had come to return these prisoners to their rightful homes. We were tempted to release the lynx in an area where lynx had been wiped out, hoping that they would breed and replenish the area. But our research revealed that two animals are too few to begin the reintroduction of a species, so our search shifted to habitat already inhabited by lynx, no matter how few. Taking a map of known lynx range, we circled the largest roadless area and drew an X on the center of the area.

Next we drove as close as we could to the area, and as we arrived at night the first thing we saw was snowshoe hares running away from our car. The road leading to the trailhead we would need to carry the lynx to had been closed by a major washout caused by the nearby river.

Also many trees had fallen over the road and when we inquired at the local U.S. Forest Service office about when the road would be cleared, we were told that budget cuts prevented them from clearing the road for at least two years. Again, the lynx made light steps closer to freedom.

Returning to the sanctuary with the good news, we next enlisted the help of a Blackfoot Medicine Woman from the area where the lynx had descended from. Administering a blessing to the animals, we watched in amazement as she freely moved amongst the lynx in their pens smudging them with sweetgrass and sage. The animals seemed to be intrigued by the woman, watching attentively her every movement. The Medicine Woman instructed us on how we should smudge each animal again before their release and this having been done, each animal would find its path back to the wilderness world.



By this time I had known these lynx personally for over ten months. Slowly I had began to see in them the spirit that at times I felt could see right through me to my innermost hidden feelings and fears. I was humbled in their presence. In their cages on the fur farm in Montana they appeared to be fallen angels captured by the cruel callousness of Man. Now they appeared to be returning to their power. Their regalness returned and it became frightfully easy to understand why they were believed to be supernatural. They are. In the Spring snowmelt of 1991 we began to map out our release strategy. Reintroducing captive-bred native wildlife was illegal. Any liberation would have to be conducted covertly or else the lynx might fall into the bloody hands of the wildlife agencies that sanction the killing for sport and profit of the lynx's wild brethen.

The night arrived when four chosen liberators were gathered together at the sanctuary for the long journey to freedom. Already the lynx's feeding had been supplemented with roadkilled rabbits in preperation for their release. A livetrap was borrowed from the local humane society to transfer the lynx from their pens to two seperate boxes outfitted with handles to facilitate carrying by two people. The boxes were completely covered with a sliding door on one end.

Once in the boxes, the lynx were loaded into the back of a truck, and a guide car led our procession away from the sanctuary to the ferry terminal where we would cross to Kingston, and then onto the mountains. When we arrived at the ferry terminal we discovered we had missed the last ferry and were forced to drive south to a ferry terminal that would place us right in downtown Seattle. Without any reasonable alternative, we boarded the ferry and had a meeting to discuss our escape from Seattle with two live lynx.



The three liberators in the guide car were instructed to follow us a few car lengths behind, and should the unfortunate situation present itself that we were pulled over by the police, the guide car was to serve as a decoy by speeding ahead to divert the police's attention. It was a crazy idea, but we refused to even consider allowing the lynx to fall into someone else's hands. We deboarded the ferry and drove down the dark city streets of Seattle trying to pretend that we did not have two lynx in the back of our pick-up which luckily had a camper shell.



With the escape from Seattle complete, we began the long drive north towards the desolate wilderness where only lynx belonged. We left behind the freeways, and then the small rural towns and soon began our ascent into the mountainous area that we had previously scouted. The scent of pine and cedar greeted our noses, and I began to daydream about what must be going through the lynx's minds and hearts about now.



Back at the sanctuary I had learned that like their domestic counterparts, the lynx I believed had the ability to almost telepathically sense the thoughts and feelings of humans around them. I had began as an experiment, to fill my mind with images, not words, that the lynx could understand whenever I was forced to be around them such as when we were moving them to larger pens. I filled my mind with the images of a lynx running free in a meadow white with fresh fallen snow, averting my glance at the lynx who interpeted a direct stare as a challenge. Maybe this was pure nonsense, but it did appear that the lynx were more calm when I did this.

I believe that there was a day not long ago when humans were more in touch with their mental abilities, and were maybe not always capable of literal communication with animals, but at least capable of conveying the intense feelings of fear and respect. Anyone who has ever known horses can agree that animals are definately capable of interpeting our most basic feelings. So I spent that night driving the dark two-lane roads leading into the wilderness flooding my mind and heart with the images that I hoped our two wild passengers could understand. Finally we reached our turn-off and drove the last few miles to the washed out dirt road that led to the heart of possibly America's last lynx stronghold.

Arriving in the early morning hours, we elected to grab a few hours sleep before beginning the 15 mile trek to our targeted release site. As the sun rose on a bright new day, it was like awaking not from a dream, but in one. All around us oldgrowth cedar trees were draped with moss, and the song of the nearby river was like a lullaby enchanting us off into a wilderness fairy land. Everyone was in the highest spirits, and after a quick review of our maps, we unloaded our two lynx relations, strapped our backpacks on and began the lynx's last leg of their journey to freedom.

While four liberators carried the two boxes, I sped ahead on my mountain bike to ensure there were no other people on the trails who might raise an alarm at seeing four people carrying two lynx in boxes. Many times I had to throw my bike over my shoulder and climb over fallen trees, and as the miles passed, it became plainly evident that nature was reclaiming these isolated lands. But nothing would prove this more than the sight I was about to see. As I sped along on my bike my senses sharpened only for the sight of another human, I glanced down on the now abandoned road I followed and saw the unmistakable tracks of a large wild cat.

Coming to a stop, I inspected the fresh tracks which brazenly led right down the center of the abandoned road. The space between each pad was the telltale sign that the tracks I was looking at belonged to lynx. I photographed them and after finishing my reconnaisance without having seen another human, sped back to the crew carrying the lynx to lend a hand and give them the good news. As I rounded a bend in the road, I almost laughed at the totally suspicious looking entourage the liberators made. Three women and one man were carrying two seperate boxes that were covered as if they were slaves in a far-off land carrying a royal litter containing hidden treasures. I ditched my bike along the road and switched off with one of the carriers who was tiring.



All day long we trudged along the former road lifting the boxes over fallen trees and forging small streams. The lynx were pretty quiet about the whole affair, only occasionally swatting the sides of the box with their huge furry paws. Every couple hours we would rest in the shade and fill the lynx's water dishes which we could access through a small slit in the tarp that covered the boxes. During these breaks we would take in the beauty around us letting our soreness and pain be forgotten as we each imagined how rightfully these lynx belonged in this wilderness. We were alone in the wilderness. It was still too early in the year for hikers or backpackers, the snow only recently melted from most roads. There was a chill in the air, and ours were the only human voices for perhaps miles. The further we got along on the road, the more obstructed it became.

It was plain to see why the wild lynx whose tracks I had seen had reclaimed these ancient homelands. They were rightfully theirs, and in the absence of human intrusion, they found all they needed to survive. As the day neared its end we came across another lynx trail, this one well dotted with the trail of fur from some preyed upon animal. Finally we had covered 13 miles and decided to set camp for the night. The lynx were moved some distance away from our camp, but still within sight. Tired and sore we fell onto the ground and into our sleeping bags to rest before the big day tommorow. In the early morning we rose and left our camp supplies where they lay as we had only a couple miles to go to reach the release site.

By now we had left even the abandoned road and were now on trail. Our path became more obscure and the lynx were more restless after now almost two days in their boxes. We decided to release the lynx as soon as we had reached a small clearing in the forest I had scouted the previous day. Once we reached the clearing, we placed the lynx near a small stream where they could drink if they wanted and then began to spread feces we had brought from the sanctuary so the lynx would recognize this place as their new home.

After a couple hours of quiet we all gathered on a large boulder overlooking the clearing some distance away. We were giddy with excitement as the moment each of us had waited months for arrived. Some of us had been involved with animal liberation actions, but nothing could prepare us for the return of two prisoners to their homeland. This was an action in response to each of our own personal sorrows we held for what was quickly becoming of the last wild animal nations...

Our generation was the first to see so many species in the prisons we call zoos and fur farms, or worse not to see some species at all. A door was closing, one that in the past led to a world where animals and humans lived harmoniously. And as that door closed with each clearcut forest or dammed (damned) river, we fell further and further away from every realizing the dream our ancestors lived. The liberation and release of these few fur farm prisoners was our small attempt at holding that door open long enough for others to realize what we were losing and come to the aid of our persecuted animal brothers and sisters.

When the moment arrived to open the boxes, I looked at everyone to ensure that they were ready, and climbed down from the rock and slowly approached the two lynx boxes. Standing between the boxes, I prayed silently to the earth spirits, begging for the protection of these two gentle spirits who were now returning home. We had followed all the instructions we had. In our hearts and minds, and as given by the Blackfoot medicine woman the night before we had smudged the two lynx and now it was to turn over any control to the earth mother.

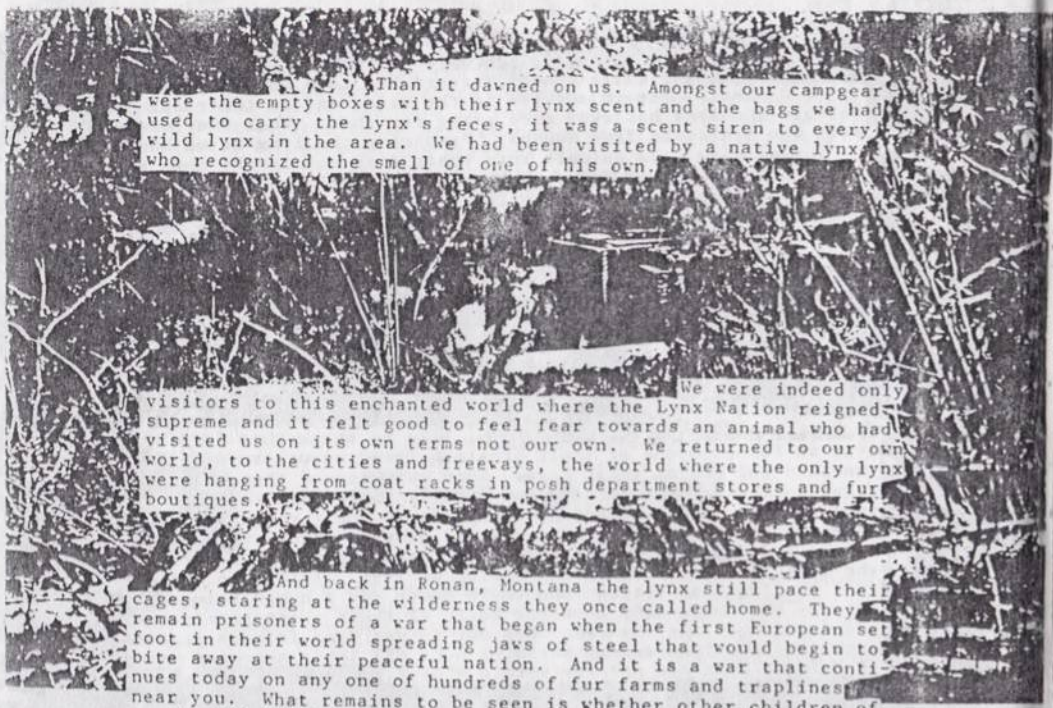
Grabbing each box door in one hand, I slid them open at the same time and quickly retreated back to the boulder. As soon as the boxes opened, the lynx were out. Not running, but out. They stared first at eachother, appearing like a mirror image and then began scanning their surrondings from the stream that trickled before them to the cedar tree canopy a hundred feet into the sky. They never looked back. Slowly they began to investigate their new home, stepping gingerly over logs, sipping the fresh water in the stream and within ten minutes melted into the forest around them, one following the other. They were gone. Maybe they would starve, or maybe they would be killed by another lynx or some other predator. But then again, maybe, just maybe they would dig into their genetic memory and hunt the snowshoe hare, forget the months in captivity and have kittens and live. Really live. No human would ever decide the fate of these two animals. Liberation for them meant the total independence from human interference.

Wildlife rehabilitators had told us of the ability of domestic cats to survive in the wild, and in their opinion bobcats and lynx had even more going for them. What they needed most was isolation from humans. Preparing the lynx as we had, introducing live animals into their diet had taught them to see other animals as food, not something handed to them dead already. Placing the lynx in large enclosures had allowed them to develop muscular strength that was not possible in the small cages on the fur farm, and isolating them from human view had reinforced their fear of humans.

I like to think that for the lynx we released one of their greatest freedoms was to never run into the end of their cage. When we obtained them, their cages got larger and larger, and finally their last residence would be the largest roadless area left in their range in the lower 48 states. I hope they ran and jumped, drank sweet spring waters and munched the tasty flesh of yearling snowshoe hares who lived in abundance in the Spring of 1991. I like to think that the lynx had kittens who would never see a human being. Kittens who would only know the world of their great-grandparents. And when the day came when our former lynx friends crossed over into the lynx spirit world, I hope all their memories were of being a lynx and not any within a cage.

Later that night we all returned to our campsite and broke down the now empty lynx boxes and sat around the campfire lost in our own thoughts. Without the lynx I felt like a visitor in a world I would probably never quite fully understand. Around the campfire we talked about food (as ours had ran out) and sang songs from our urban earth warrior culture, mostly punk rock songs about smashing the state and animal liberation. We were the lost children of earth, but we were struggling to find our own way home as the lynx now had.

That night we all fell asleep early, rolled in our sleeping bags which were sprawled around the now dead campfire. As I tried to sleep I could not help but recognize a fear I had not felt since I was a child camping in the wilderness. I felt that something was out there, just outside of sight of view. I laughed to myself and rolled over and tried to sleep, but the fear would not go away. Then I heard it. It was a low throated growl that I tried hard to believe was the river. Then it was closer. First in front of me, then behind me. In the moonless night all I could hear was a GRRRrrrr..... as it moved around the campsite. Finally the sound dissapeared and one by one we began to whisper, "Did you hear that!?" not even knowing whether anyone was awake. We all were and we all had heard it.



Than it dawned on us. Amongst our campgear were the empty boxes with their lynx scent and the bags we had used to carry the lynx's feces, it was a scent siren to every wild lynx in the area. We had been visited by a native lynx who recognized the smell of one of his own.

We were indeed only visitors to this enchanted world where the Lynx Nation reigned supreme and it felt good to feel fear towards an animal who had visited us on its own terms not our own. We returned to our own world, to the cities and freeways, the world where the only lynx were hanging from coat racks in posh department stores and fur boutiques.

And back in Ronan, Montana the lynx still pace their cages, staring at the wilderness they once called home. They remain prisoners of a war that began when the first European set foot in their world spreading jaws of steel that would begin to bite away at their peaceful nation. And it is a war that continues today on any one of hundreds of fur farms and traplines near you. What remains to be seen is whether other children of earth will break from the ranks and join us in trying to hold open the door to the world that is quickly dissapearing leaving us alone in a world where only Man and his machines reign supreme.



Animal activists free mink

4 arrested



On November 26, 1996 four members of the Coalition To Abolish the Fur Trade (CAFT) were arrested near Berkshire Fur Farm in Hinsdale, Massachusetts and charged with releasing mink from their cages. The four are now out on bail awaiting trial and need our help and support. Jaime Roth, Alex Smolak, Grant and Warren Upson are all being targeted for their outspoken work in defense of animals killed for the fur trade in a state that has seen recent raids by the Animal Liberation Front (ALF).

In August 1996, the ALF released over 1,000 mink from Berkshire Furs, and returned again in October to release another 100. The ALF has been active recently in the Northeast, striking fur farms in New Hampshire, New York and Connecticut. Ever since the earliest recorded colonial settlement of the Northeast have mink and other furbearers been exploited by the fur trade. Now as a result of these non-violent actions, at least one fur farm is reportedly going out of business.

Mink are native to the Northeast. Historic records report that they were being trapped for their fur for European export as early as 1621. Wild mink populations have steadedly been depleted by commercial trapping and environmental pollution of their waterway habitat. Many of the ALF's liberated mink from the Northeast are now living a life of freedom fulfilling an integral part in the aquatic environment their ancestors were stolen from 70 years ago when captive-breeding of mink for their fur began. Mink released from fur farms in Canada, Europe and Scandanavia have successfully survived in the wild, yet North America is the native homeland of all mink on fur farms.

The Fur Commission of the USA is playing an active role in contributing background information on the CAFT activists and is pressuring the District Attorney to make an example of these young non-violent animal liberationists. The four activists who have pled not guilty refuse to condemn the actions of the ALF which their Boston chapter of CAFT has repeatedly defended. Partially because of this the Fur Commission is eager to make an example of anyone who poses a legitimate threat to their barbaric trade in native wildlife or speaks out for those who do. A $100,000 reward currently exists for the capture and conviction of ALF warriors who are responsible for more than 24 raids on fur farms across North America that have rescued and released thousands of mink from a certain death.

Jaime, Alex, Grant and Warren are up against not only a crooked legal system that protects those who abuse animals rather than those trying to prevent it, but also a billion dollar industry that sustains itself on the death and destruction of native wildlife by the millions. Most of whom are slaughtered for luxury garments for export to Asia, the former Soviet Union and other European countries as has been the history of commercial wildlife exploitation in North America for hundreds of years.

These four brave committed young warriors only crime is that they refused to remain silent as American wildlife and the environment is destroyed in order to make a quick buck, all at the expense of future generations of all life. Rather than be punished by the law, these four should be commended for taking social and ecological responsibility to cease the war on wildlife that the fur industry has waged on this continent for over 400 years.

It is vital as a sincere resistance movement, that all people either animal rights activists, environmentalist indigenous sovereigntist or their supporters stand behind these targeted individuals who are challenged by the fur trade and the society which sanctions their bloody activities. The fur trade is one of Europe's most ecologically and culturally destructive imports to North America. It is responsible for the introduction of alcoholism, prostitution, disease and greater inter-tribal violence than previously existed. The fur trade also continues to eradicate and commercially exploit native species of furbearing animal nations and demonstrate cruel and callous disrespectful treatment of their prisoners and survivors on fur farms and traplines today.

Please donate a few bucks to Jaime, Alex, Grant and Warren's legal defense. Fighting any legal indictment is costly and time consuming and it is important that these friends know that they are not alone in their battle. If you cannot spare any financial assistance at this time, please drop them a letter or card just to let them know you are one of the many who believe mink and foxes belong in the wild and not on one of North America's 800 fur farms.

Letters of support
CAFT Boston
PO Box 381855
Cambridge, MA 02238, USA

Donations for legal and court costs
CAFT
PO Box 822411
Dallas, TX 75382, USA
Please mark it for the "Mass. 4"



On December 17th, 1996 the Tupac Amaru Revolutionary Movement (MRTA) stormed the Lima, Peru residence of the Japanese Ambassador during a diplomatic cocktail party celebrating the birth of Japan's Emperor taking almost 500 of Peru's most political elite hostage. The 23 guerrillas crashed the party by blowing through a wall in the Japanese compound and gained entry without invitation. MRTA forces engaged security and police in a gun battle that included grenade attacks that killed no one and injured only one rebel. MRTA guerrillas were quick to shepherd the frightened party-goers into the ambassadors residence while their compañeros planted booby-traps and mined the grounds of the compound. Armed with grenades, automatic weapons, anti-tank guns, plastic explosives and a rocket launcher, MRTA then issued a statement to the international media and Peru's government demanding economic reform for the nation's majority poor living in poverty, the recognition of MRTA as a non-violent opposition political party, and the release of over 400 MRTA prisoners of war.

The leader of the lightning strike raid is Nestor Cerpa who has taken the name of Hemijilio Huerta in honor of a close friend who was a textile union member murdered by police during a 1974 labor strike against the textile mill where he and Cerpa organized. Cerpa is a former union leader who was jailed in 1979 for leading a worker occupation of another textile plant which was being shutdown. Cerpa's wife is one of the MRTA members who is in prison and whose freedom is demanded before the last hostages can be released.

Tupac Amaru leader Nestor Cerpa (left) [illegible] across

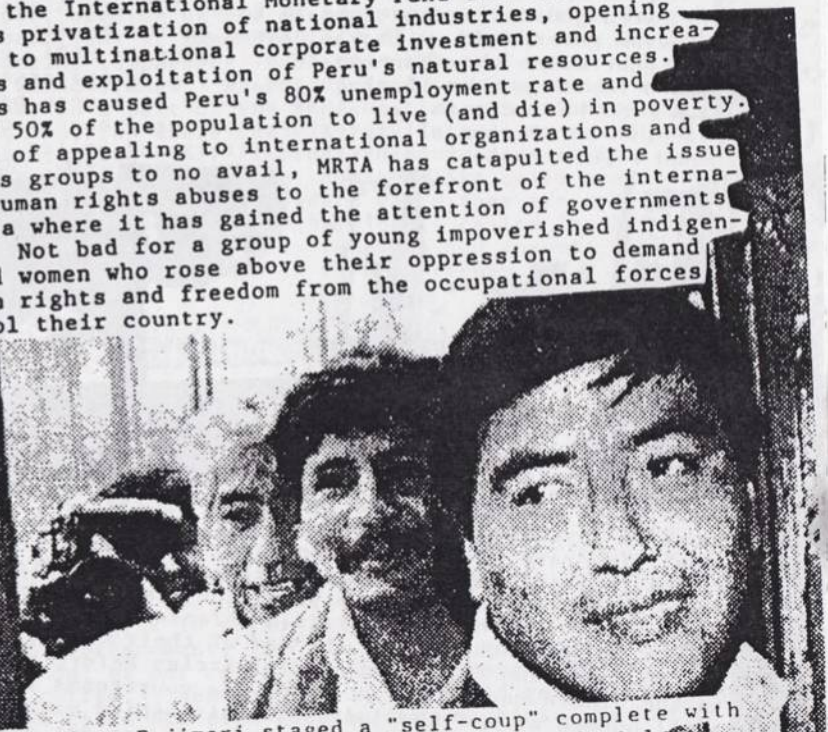
Inside the Japanese compound, Cerpa engaged in political conversation and debate with hostages and was careful to explain to all why MRTA's action was neccesary. "We are fighting for social justice, we have been forced into this by a government that does not respond..." Within days of the takeover, MRTA released hundreds of hostages, many of whom shook hands with their captors and wished them good luck in their struggle to gain greater democracy, social justice and freedom.

Of the 72 hostages that remain, 5 are supreme court judges, 8 military generals, 5 congressmen, ministers, legislators, leaders of the armed forces and police, representatives of Japanese multinational corporations and President Fujimori's brother. Among these hostages are the very people responsible for Peru's extreme poverty and flagrant record of human rights abuses such as General Maximo Riveria Diaz, the head of Peru's anti-terrorism police and General Guillermo Bobbio Zevallos, the head of State Security Police. A Guatamalan ambassador held hostage was released by MRTA in recognition of a recent peace accord with guerrillas in Guatamala. A Uraguayan ambassador was also released following Uraguay's release of 2 MRTA prisoners awaiting extradition to Peru.

A Peruvian economist who was released described his captors as anything but terrorists, "They're guys that are nice, actually. They don't shout, they ask you 'please'. There's a connection there between some of the hostages and kidnappers." Promising to adhere to international conventions regarding hostages, MRTA guerrillas refused to fire on two hostages who escaped in the early hours following the occupation. Beneath Nestor Cerpa are two deputies named Arabo and Palestino who are in their mid-30's with a gift of joke-telling. "These guyswent on and on as if we were old friends from school." said a congressman held hostage, " They were dying to tell their war stories to anybody." The rest of MRTA's 21 warriors in the compound seem to be no older than 20 and who joined after witnessing the death and imprisonment of family members accused of being terrorist or watching their villages being destroyed for allegedly sympathizing with MRTA. Two of the rebels are young indigenous women from the jungle regions who were known to wave away hostages watching TV with their Kalashnikov assault rifles so they could watch the Mexican soap opera, "Maria from the Barrio" when not on guard duty. For the first time in their lives giving orders to the ruling elite who have caused centuries of suffering upon their people.

But behind the almost casual relationship between the hostages and their captors there lies a history of intense human rights abuses and a deadly counter-insurgency program that has forced Peruvian's such as MRTA to take up arms in their quest for liberty and justice. Within a month of the occupation, MRTA invited foreign journalist into the compound to hear their grievances against Fujimori's government. The military refused to allow entry, so about 20 Peruvian and foreign journalist defied the police and swarmed into the compound. The MRTA guerrillas welcomed the unexpected guests and showed them the hostages who had not been harmed and appeared in good spirits and physical condition.

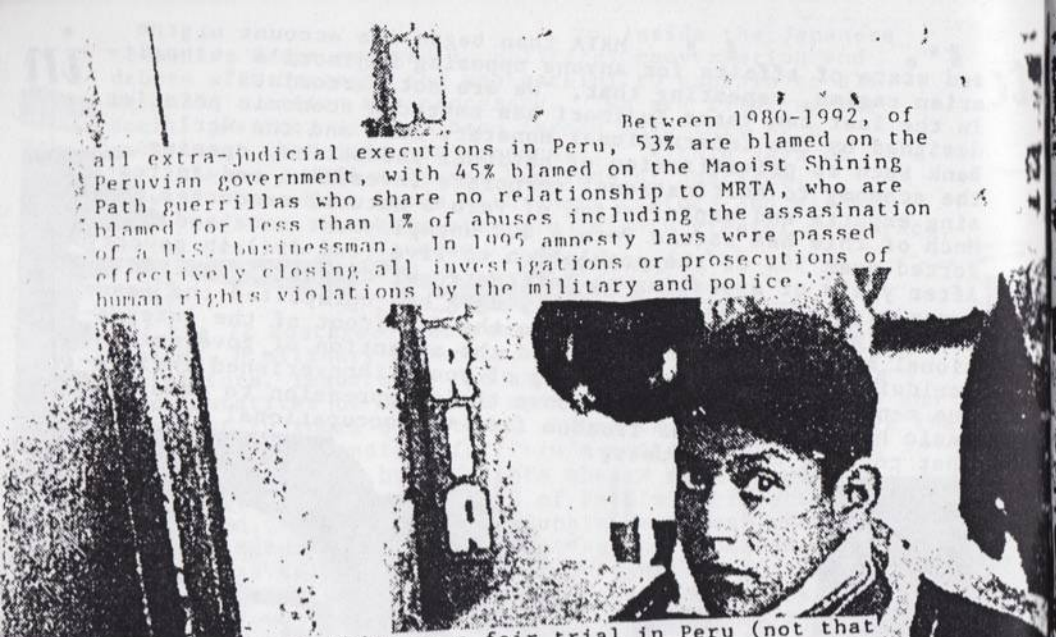
MRTA than began its account of the sad state of affairs for anyone opposing Fujimori's authoritarian regime, repeating that, "We are not terrorists". In the last ten years Fujimori has embraced economic polocies designed by the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank such as privatization of national industries, opening the economy to multinational corporate investment and increasing exports and exploitation of Peru's natural resources. Much of this has caused Peru's 80% unemployment rate and forced over 50% of the population to live (and die) in poverty. After years of appealing to international organizations and human rights groups to no avail, MRTA has catapulted the issue of Peru's human rights abuses to the forefront of the international media where it has gained the attention of governments worldwide. Not bad for a group of young impoverished indigenous men and women who rose above their oppression to demand basic human rights and freedom from the occupational forces that control their country.



In 1992 President Fujimori staged a "self-coup" complete with military troops who dissolved congress and the judicial system and radically altered the constitution. Imposing a "state of emergency" Fujimori imposed harsh "anti-terrorism laws to fight the guerrilla movements thwarting foreign investment and government control of the peasantry. 54% of Peru's population are indigenous, 34% of mixed Spanish and indigenous ancestry yet Peru's minority white and Japanese upper class comprise the ruling elite. Fujimori's increased military powers have led to a record of human rights abuses that surpass any blamed on Peru's guerrillas.

Counter-insurgency campaigns have systematically targeted anyone critical of the government, be they union organizers, peasants, journalist, political opponents or human rights workers. As of 1995, Amnesty International had documented thousands of cases of "dissappearances", unfair trials, hundreds of cases of imprisoned political activists, massacres by the Peruvian military, torture and extra-judicial executions by both the military and police. In one counter-insurgency operation in 1994, at least 30 peasants were executed by the Peruvian Army. Citizens suspected of terrorism are routinely blindfolded, beaten, hung from ceilings, electrocuted, nearly drowned and raped. One pregnant woman it is reported was so terrified by the threat of police interrogations that she spontaneously aborted from fear.

Between 1980-1992, of all extra-judicial executions in Peru, 53% are blamed on the Peruvian government, with 45% blamed on the Maoist Shining Path guerrillas who share no relationship to MRTA, who are blamed for less than 1% of abuses including the assasination of a U.S. businessman. In 1995 amnesty laws were passed effectively closing all investigations or prosecutions of human rights violations by the military and police.



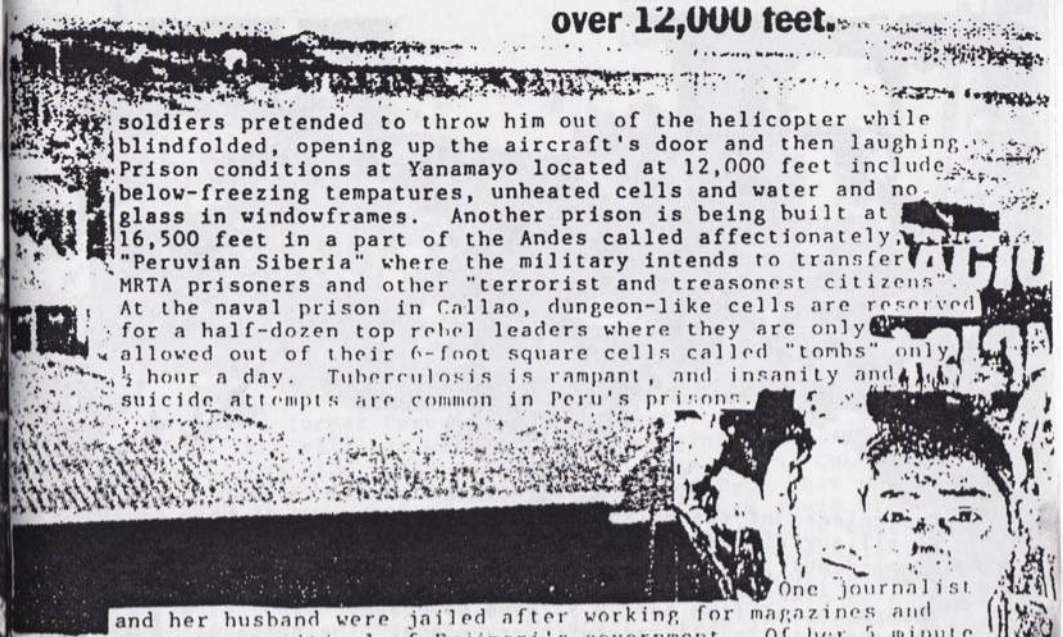
There is no such thing as a fair trial in Peru (not that there is anywhere). The new military courts boast a 97% conviction rate. The draconian "anti-terrorism" legislation allows political opponents, the press and human rights activists to be imprisoned for 6 years for simply "defending terrorism". In the secret trials defense attorneys are denied access to defendants until the day of their trial, and are put in hoods and driven around in circles before being taken to the hidden courtrooms. Inside the courtrooms they are still hooded as are the judges who sit behind mirrored glass. Defense witnesses and cross-examinations are not allowed. Military prosecutors make cases to military judges.



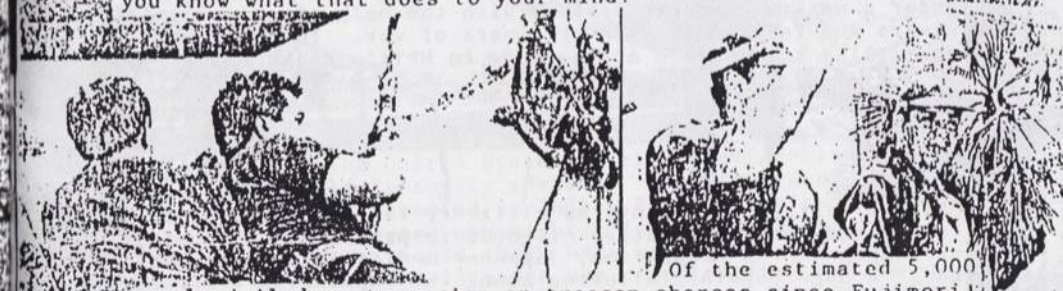
Miguel Ruiz Conejo, a journalist, is the only person ever to be pardoned from Peru's notorious maximum security Yanamayo prison high in the Andes where many MRTA prisoners are held. At his trial, the judge hid behind a wooden partition drilled with holes, his voice distorted through an electronic speaker to make it sound robotic. At his side was a "court-appointed" lawyer trembling under his hood, "Nothing he said showed any knowledge of the law, it was probably the cook." he said. The judge let Ruiz Conejo defend himself, but before he had finished speaking, they handed him a piece of paper with his sentence written on it. Trials often last no more than 10 minutes. During Ruiz Conejo's transfer to Yanamayo,

over 12,000 feet.

soldiers pretended to throw him out of the helicopter while blindfolded, opening up the aircraft's door and then laughing. Prison conditions at Yanamayo located at 12,000 feet include below-freezing tempatures, unheated cells and water and no glass in windowframes. Another prison is being built at 16,500 feet in a part of the Andes called affectionately, "Peruvian Siberia" where the military intends to transfer MRTA prisoners and other "terrorist and treasonest citizens". At the naval prison in Callao, dungeon-like cells are reserved for a half-dozen top rebel leaders where they are only allowed out of their 6-foot square cells called "tombs" only ½ hour a day. Tuberculosis is rampant, and insanity and suicide attempts are common in Peru's prisons.



One journalist and her husband were jailed after working for magazines and newspapers critical of Fujimori's government. Of her 5 minute trial she says, "Once you are arrested, they say, 'Defend yourself', but there is no way because you do not know who accused you, you don't know what the evidence is, you have no access to anything. You have no recourse at all." Rosa Alvarez spent a year in prison before being "pardoned". She says of her imprisonment, "For the first 4 months, we were not allowed out of our cells at all. In the morning we would get tea or coffee. Then about 4p.m. we would get either soup or stew. We could not even get sanitary napkins. We had to bathe naked outdoors at 6a.m. We had no books, no paper, no lights and nothing to do. It was worse than a nightmare." Her husband, Jose spent 4 years in prison. Children are only allowed to visit 30 minutes every 3 months, with no physical contact. "That means I saw my children for two hours a year. Do you know what that does to a family? Do you know what that does to your mind?



Of the estimated 5,000 people jailed on terrorism or treason charges since Fujimori began his secret trials in 1992, human rights officials have identified 1,504 as probably being innocent, 765 of whom were eventually found not guilty though most had already spent more than 3 years in prison. A peruvian journalist who was imprisoned for 6 months at Lima's maximum security Castro. Castro prison recalls beatings by club-swinging guards who walked on the backs of naked prisoners forced to lie face down on cold concrete. He also remembers being fed rats in putrid beans, "whiskers and all" while wrongly imprisoned on terrorism charges. "The conditions were completely inhuman, and they still are now."

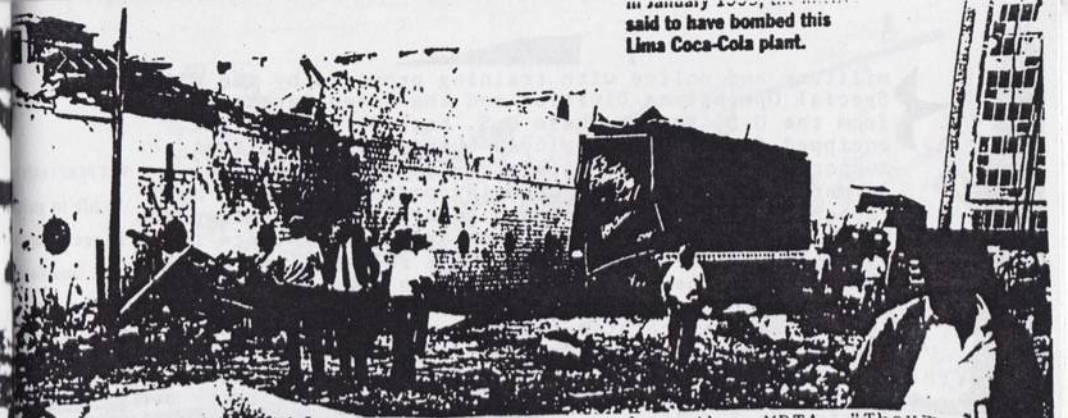


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The release of its prisoners is a high priority of MRTA's as all guerrillas and political prisoners are routinely singled out for torture and abuse. About 1,000 MRTA members are now imprisoned, many of whom are now on hunger strike. Though absent from most U.S. news coverage, MRTA are not newcomers to Peru's revolutionary scene. The original Tupac Amaru was an Incan warrior who led a rebellion in the 1500's that almost removed Spanish colonization from much of South America. When captured, he was drawn and quartered in public. 200 years later another indigenous rebellion took his name in a failed revolt against the Spanish in 1780.

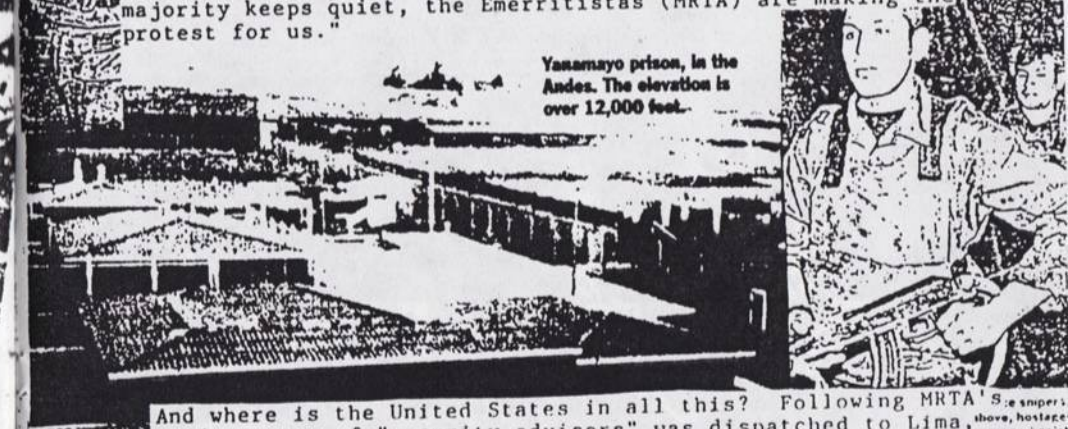
The Tupac Amaru of the twentieth century is a genuine Robin Hood-like movement resorting to physical violence only as a last resort. MRTA's military successes include the destruction of two military barracks and four military helicopters used in counter-insurgency operations. MRTA also has bombed a Coca Cola bottling plant and the Bank of America, launched a mortar attack on the U.S. embassy, firebombed Kentucky Fried Chicken outlets and in a daring prison breakout, dug a 900 foot tunnel under a maximum security prison with the help of unemployed miners and rescued 47 MRTA prisoners of war. The liberated guerrillas returned to active duty in MRTA's ranks.

But what MRTA is best known for by the citizenry is the hijacking of trucks and the distrobution of goods to peasants. Following the ambassador's occupation, Japanese media stated that MRTA has, "a huge popular following among the impoverished because the money it steals from companies or recieved as ransom in kidnapping rich people is always passed on to the poor." A spokesperson for MRTA says, "We do things like expropriate food from the big supermarket chains and hand it out to the people...we strike at the army and police who are becoming more and more like occupational forces within their own country."



said to have bombed this Lima Coca-Cola plant.

A former Peruvian senator describes MRTA, "They would go into villages wearing green, singing hymns, giving away food, holding up Coca-Cola trucks, and giving Cokes to kids." MRTA is so popular in some parts of Peru that when they marched into villages, spontaneous fiestas would break out, and the guerrillas would dance with the village women according to the senator. In a recent arrest and gunfight with police, MRTA members captured were heard shouting, "While there is hunger and misery, no one surrenders here!" A captured MRTA member said, "We don't engage in terrorist acts. We fight to change the situation in this country so there will no longer be hunger and exploitation." Speaking out in defense of MRTA can land you in prison, yet one Peruvian housewife says of the abassador's palace occupation, "I think this is something the people want, while the majority keeps quiet, the Emerritistas (MRTA) are making the protest for us."



Yanamayo prison, in the Andes. The elevation is over 12,000 feet.

And where is the United States in all this? Following MRTA's [illegible] raid, a team of "security advisors" was dispatched to Lima, possibly it is suspected including Delta Force commandos from the armed forces who might offer technical as well as physical support should there be a hostage rescue attempt. Already Peruvian intelligence has reported that a U.S. spy plane outfitted with infra-red cameras has flown several reconnaisance missions over the Japanese compound. And a recent visit to Lima by Vice-President Al Gore commended Fujimori for his economic programs and eradication of the Shining Path guerrilla movement. The U.S. takes great pains to ensure that all of the America's are rid of political dissent through foreign aid programs and military assistance. The recent presence of U.S. advisors and military hardware in Peru is nothing new. A former high-ranking CIA official has stated that since the 1960's the CIA has maintained operations in Peru providing military equipment such as helicopters, arms and other combat hardware to the Peruvian

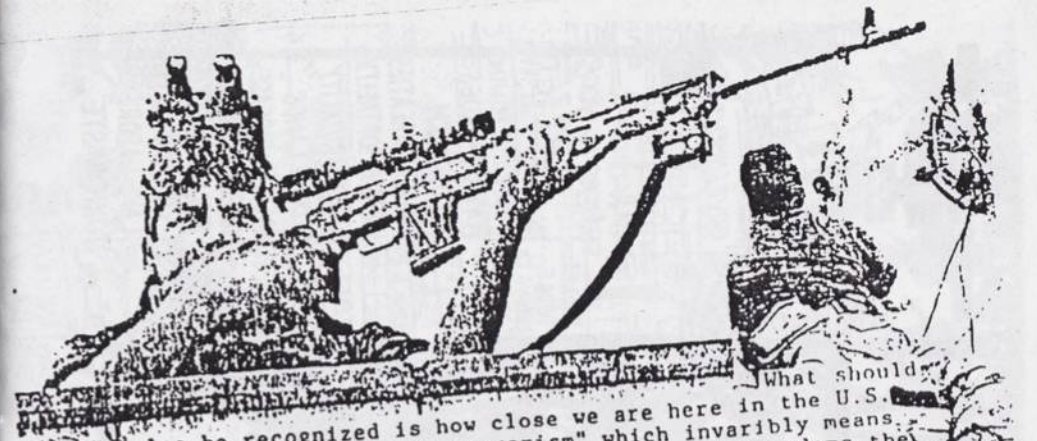
military and police with training provided by the CIA's Special Operations Division and the Green Berets on loan from the U.S. Army. These U.S. backed, trained and equipped forces have employed burning villages that supported guerrillas, napalming the jungle regions, satuaration bombing and throwing prisoners out of helicopters. All this to silence Peru's largely indigenous population who have a long heritage of resistance to authoritarian regimes built by the ruling class. Under the guise of the "War on Drugs" Peru like Mexico is given the tools neccesary for the Fujimori government to maintain its counter-insurgency war against poverty-striken citizens who only want a people's democracy as MRTA proposes where everyone is involved with their workplace and community and is free to decide their own destiny.

MRTA

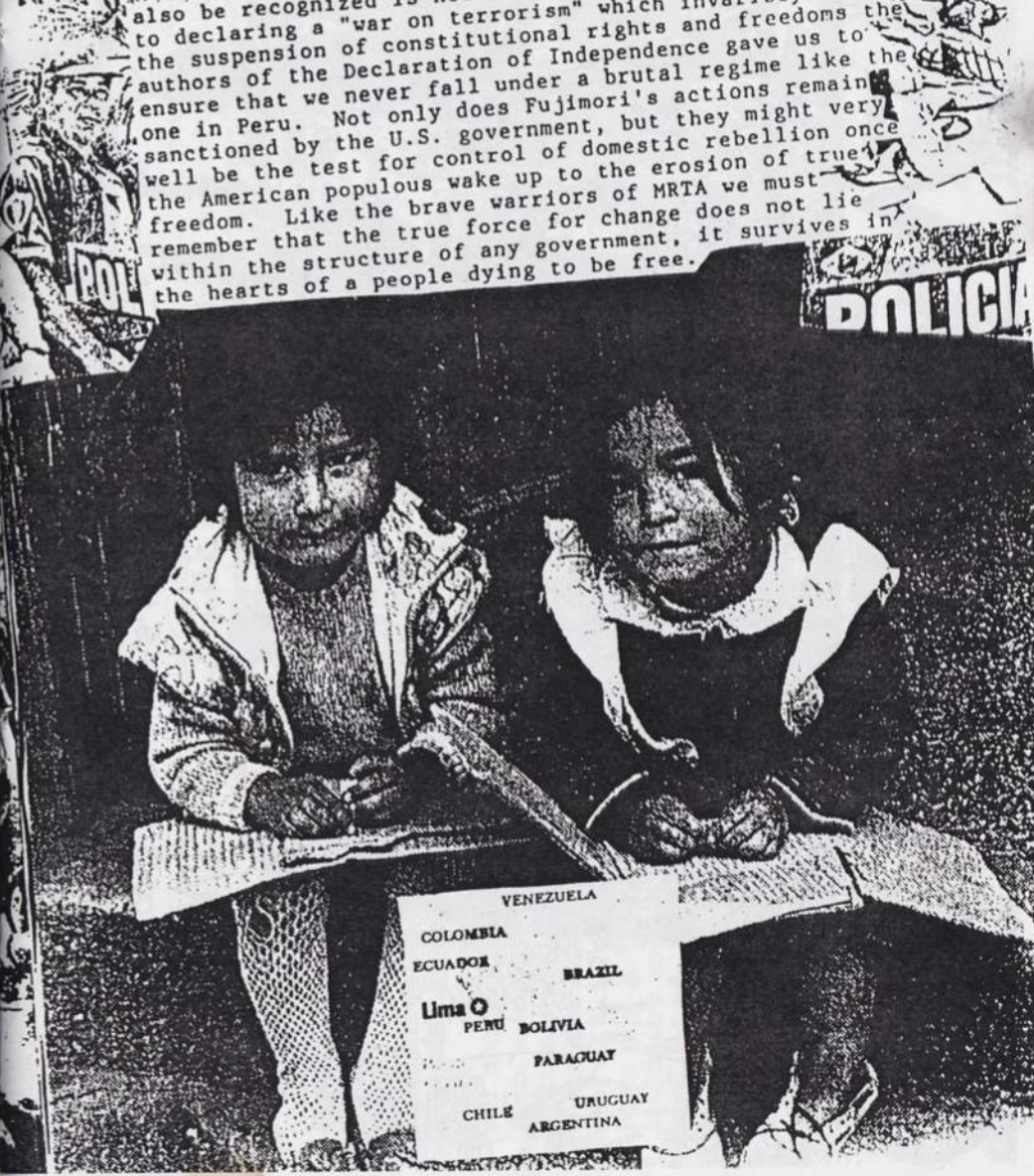
Meanwhile back at the Japanese ambassador's palace, Fujimori has offered the MRTA rebels free passage out of Peru possibly to Cuba or the Dominican Republic. Nestor Cerpa has adamantly refused stating that had he wanted out of the country MRTA would have simply left. MRTA has vowed resistance until the end unless their brothers and sisters are freed from the hell-holes Peru's prisons are. Negotiations towards a peaceful settlement have been cut off after Nestor Cerpa accused the military of attempting to dig a tunnel under the abassador's residence to execute an attack from above and below ground.

Once again we stand witness to a U.S. allied country that commits such horrendous human rights violations that a certain death or life of misery in prison is a risk worth taking for the warriors of MRTA. If Peru happened to be Iraq the U.S. media would be tripping over themselves to expose the atrocities that a fascist dictator committed against its people. U.S. military intervention would be sanctioned, and U.N. forces would also be dispatched to instill democracy. But instead we have a country that does not recieve condemnation by the United States but commendation for its building of a bridge to the 21st century. Hiding behind the shield of fighting "terrorism" any government is free to violate every human and civil right of its citizens.

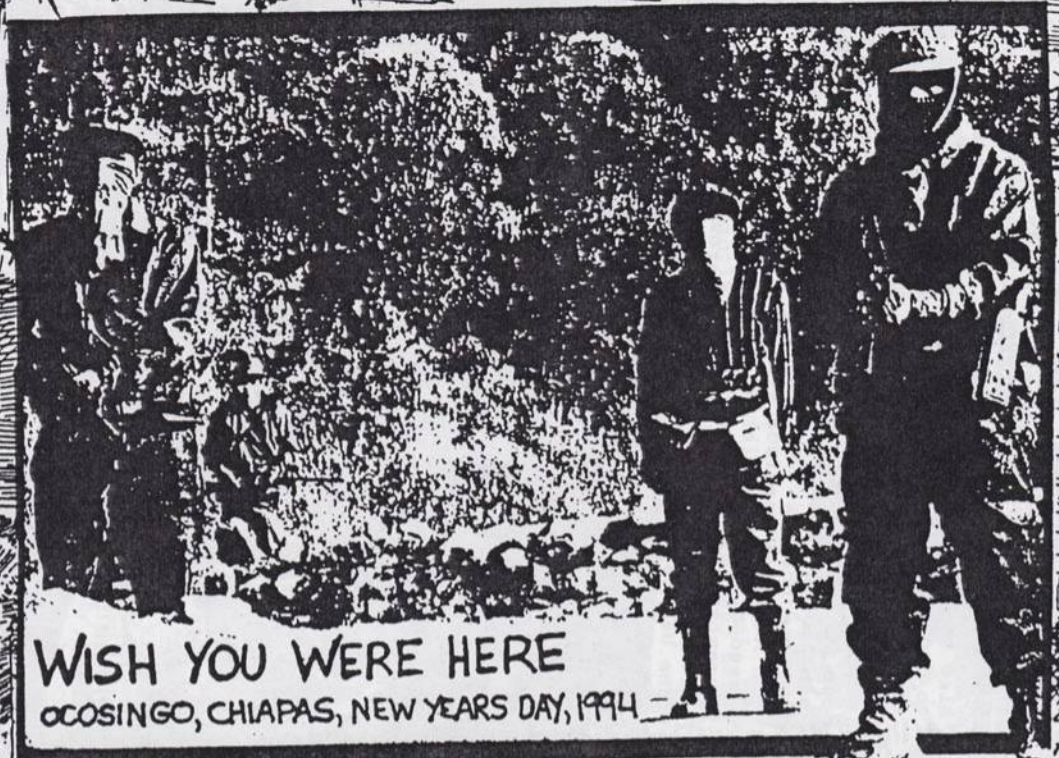
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What should also be recognized is how close we are here in the U.S. to declaring a "war on terrorism" which invaribly means the suspension of constitutional rights and freedoms the authors of the Declaration of Independence gave us to ensure that we never fall under a brutal regime like the one in Peru. Not only does Fujimori's actions remain sanctioned by the U.S. government, but they might very well be the test for control of domestic rebellion once the American populous wake up to the erosion of true freedom. Like the brave warriors of MRTA we must remember that the true force for change does not lie within the structure of any government, it survives in the hearts of a people dying to be free.



WE ALL LIVE IN



WISH YOU WERE HERE
OCOSINGO, CHIAPAS, NEW YEARS DAY, 1994

CHIAPAS

In January 1997 the Zapatista Army for National Liberation (EZLN) rejected a counterproposal from the Mexican government that removed protection of indigenous rights and culture that was included in a peace accord signed by both Mexico and the EZLN in 1996. The government proposal would allow U.S. corporations like Louisiana-Pacific, International Paper and Simpson Paper to create huge timber plantations on indigenous and communal lands. Since the rejection of the governments counterproposal the Mexican military has escalated its presence around Zapatista communities and supported the increase in paramilitary groups some of whom have been trained by Mexican and U.S. forces to terrorize indigenous peoples. A Low Intensity War is being waged in Chiapas with disappearances, kidnappings, beatings, rape torture, shootings and firebombings of human rights workers, obsrevers, indigenous peasants and anyone suspected of sympathizing with the EZLN. It is now estimated that five peasants a day are being assasinated. Pentagon papers confirm that Mexico has recieved U.S., Israeli and Guatamalan military support and advisors and acknowledges a U.S. military presence in Chiapas as early as 1995. These "advisors" train counterinsurgency commandos and paramilitary groups and it is believed the U.S. Army is assisting in bringing Argentinian mercenaries into Chiapas. It has even now been confirmed that the U.S. actively interfered with communications amongst the EZLN delegation during peace talks in 1995. Meanwhile, the flow of U.S. military hardware continues over the border. White Guards, Throatcutters, Red Masks and Peace and Justice are just a few of paramilitary groups supported by the ruling political party, large landowners and the Mexican and U.S. military. All of whom have begun a violent offensive against the EZLN and civil society in Chiapas with hopes of destroying the peace process and any political reform or protection of the indigenous peoples of all Mexico. As a death threat to 28 human rights workers in Chiapas said, "Now you will see how your government really works."

SOLIDARIDAD=FUERZA

NAFTA=MUERTE



MY NATIVE AMERICAN DIET

Long before Columbus ever stumbled onto the beaches of North America, millions of indigenous peoples called this continent home. Many of these nations had developed regular trade routes across hundreds and even thousands of miles, and an agrarian society was maintained by many more. The typical stereotype of the indigenous North American is as the hunter, and though this is accurate for some indigenous nations, many cultures were not pushed towards a greater dependency on hunting until the arrival of Europeans who forced the indigenous populations away from sustainable agriculture and into a more nomadic existence.

The first English colonialist to land in what is now "New England" in the 17th Century wasted no time in capitalizing and literally stealing from the indigenous peoples agricultural bounty. The Pilgrim's who landed at Plymouth Rock record how they raided houses and storerooms of corn and other farmed foods and eventually through physical force took over already tilled lands rather than performing the tedious task of clearing their own lands for cultivation. It is no secret that without indigenous peoples assistance in learning how to grow their own food, the first European colonizers would have starved to death.

We can give thanks also to indigenous peoples agrarian culture for such foods as corn, potatoes, many strains of beans and rice and a host of other plant foods that we sustain ourselves on today. In fact, more than half of all modern agriculturally produced crops were derived from plants domesticated by indigenous peoples. The historical denial of advanced agricultural methods practiced by indigenous nations is in keeping with the lies that we were not a highly civilized culture.

By labeling us as heathens (a term that described the pagans who lived on the heath, that is "wastelands" of western Europe) and savages, the early colonists were able to justify the destruction of our societies without the concern one might give to the invasion and conquering of an already civilized land. Also by denying advanced agricultural practices historians are able to continue the lie that the many millions of people that inhabited North America could not have existed as indigenous people were primarily "hunters and gatherers". That is one of the biggest lies of the last 500 years.

Not only did we domesticate most of the food plants the western world eats today, but we also developed horticultural methods that created food surpluses that allowed peaceful trade with many other nations of indigenous peoples. Such facts speak of the truth and are proof that North America was a highly populated civilization that was inhabited by tens of millions more people than is commonly taught or believed. Once the truth is known, the extent of European inflicted genocide becomes staggering to compare.

For indigenous people in the Southwest, hunting was a supplamentary activity, overshadowed by horticultural practices which provided the basis of our food supply. For thousands of years indigenous peoples grew corn, beans and squash, which are called in some cultures, the "Three Sisters" because they were commonly grown together. It is believed that as many as 500 different varieties of corn were grown in the Americas previous to European conquest. Here in the Southwest, and in many other indigenous cultures, animals were not domesticated for food production, so no dairy products existed.

Previous to the Spanish Conquistadors intrusion into the Southwest, many indigenous peoples sustained themselves on over 85% plant foods with very little animal protein. The Yaqui Nation primarily was vegetarian with only occasional animal protein in the form of shellfish which were easily harvested from the sea. Nations that did sustain themselves on the killing of wildlife only did so after days of prayer and purification. Without a tremendous amount of preperation and respect the killing of an animal relation might bring unknown disaster to a people. The hunting of any animal was never tolerated for sport or for any other reason but absolute neccesity for survival. Our relationship with the animal world was a sacred one, and the death of an animal was seen as the death of a being on our own spiritual level.

Much changed when the Spanish arrived. The Spanish were quick to learn of our dependancy on planted crops and began to burn farmlands and foodstores as a way to create a greater dependancy on their own rule. Nations living outside control of the Spanish Crown were seen as a threat to Spanish colonization, especially because indigenous slaves immediately became neccesary to the Spanish for their labor in the mines that produced the gold and silver neccesary for the Spanish Kingdom to expand its empire throughout the world. For the first time, many indigenous peoples who resisted this slavery and degradation were forced to hunt animals they rarely did before. For many nations, physical violence was also something they had rarely committed against humans.

It was during this time that the hunter and gatherer societies began in the Southwest on a large scale. The introduction of Spanish horses meant indigenous tribes could expand their range and compete for hunting lands, and the displacement of indigenous peoples from their homelands meant greater conflict with previously peaceful neighbors. Some indigenous peoples collaberated with the Spanish in exchange for their survival and for the first time large scale warfare became common.

The Spanish also were responsible for the introduction of cattle, sheep and pigs into North America, thereby permenantly altering such indigenous cultures such as the Navajo who began raising sheep for wool and meat. Other nations were forced into dependence on domestic livestock as their pre-conquest cultures were not possible during the centuries of armed struggle that began in the late 16th century. Commercial hunting near areas populated by Europeans depleted wildlife populations that in dire times provided the sustenance indigenous people required during crop failures.

By the early 19th century many nations in the southwest were engaged in a lifestyle dependant on raids of neighboring tribes and European settlements which provided the foodstores and supplies they were unable to raise and manufacture themselves. By the time non-Spanish Europeans reached the southwest in the 1800's, the face of Native America and subsequently the indigenous diet had radically been altered. As more and more indigenous peoples were dislocated from their native homelands, a greater dependancy on European trade was created. Periods of peace for many nations were infrequent enough to prevent the time neccesary to till the land, plant, harvest and prepare food for storage.

As much as the war on indigenous peoples themselves was waged, so was the war on the indigenous way of life. Military installations were placed in the center of homelands and all indigenous peoples not under Spanish or American authority were often considered hostile. This forced those indigenous people resisting assimilation further away from the peaceful pursuit of their pre-European lifestyles such as self-sustaining agriculture. By the time the 20th century rolled around, indigenous peoples found themselves surronded by the rapidly increasing European and Mexican populations. Centuries of warfare eventually came to an end as the last indigenous nations laid down their arms.

Many nations were forced onto lands foreign to them that were often unsuitable for agriculture, the best farming lands going to the conquerors. A new way of life began for many who previously had never lived under the Euro-American rule. With their former lifestlye shattered, indigenous peoples were left with no alternative but to accept the meager handouts given to them by the U.S. government. Thus began the present-day food commidity program that for the first time introduced indigenous peoples to foods previously foreign to them. In Mexico, indigenous people were forced to work on large plantations growing cash crops such as coffee, henequen, sugar cane and corn that they would never eat themselves.



Here in Arizona, native people slowly lost touch with their agrarian heritage as they accepted livestock for their sustenence and began to create a dietary dependancy on non-native foods. Gathering of wild foods and cultivation of crops was abandoned as native people entered the societal workforce where cash flow allowed them to obtain foods previously unavailable. Meat, dairy and processed foods high in sugar and cholesterol not only were purchased, but also continue to be provided by the U.S. Department of Agriculture's commidity food program which often traffics in food surpluses to indigenous peoples.

The metabolism and physiology of a people raised for thousands of years on wild and genetically unaltered plant foods in combination with unpolluted air and water has been severely affected by this foreign diet. Nutrition related health defects have been rampant on Indian Reservations. High rates of obesity, high blood pressure, diabetes and coronary disease are proof that the war on indigenous peoples continues on a different front. In the late 20th century food is a weapon. The United States has long used food aid as an incentive to break the will of indigenous people here and abroad.

Also corporate agri-businesses have destroyed local and regional food production, ripped apart rural agrarian cultures and pitted farmer against farmer as they struggle to survive in a world market dominated by corporations with a monopoly on the world's food supply. In many parts of North, Central and South America, indigenous peoples are economically blackmailed into growing corn and grain on lands that could feed their own families and villages, but who because of their need to survive in a cash economy must provide the feed to the livestock industry.

All so the "First World" may have their Big Mac's, Whoppers and other meat products that cost not only indigenous agrarian cultures, but also ecologically valuable land and water that could provide healthy foods in larger quantities to many poverty striken peoples. But all is not lost. A resurgence has began amongst indigenous peoples of the southwest as we rediscover the wild and agriculturally produced plant foods that not only provided sustenence for thousands of years, but also contribute greatly to lower levels of health problems.

Tepary beans for instance were grown here for hundreds of years and contain more protein than soybeans. Other wild plant foods such as Prickly Pear have long been a food source for native people and it is now known that the fruits and pads from the cactus are filled with vitamins and minerals and soluble fiber which slows the absorption of sugars into the body thereby contributing to a reduction and even reversal of diabetes which is common among native peoples of the southwest. A native plant-based diet similar to the one enjoyed by our ancestors also reduces cholesterol which helps lower our risk of coronary heart disease.

Slowly we are beginning to approach elders with knowledge of wild and traditional food plants to learn quite possible of the diet that can save us. Also, for the Yaqui Nation and other nations with people over the border in Mexico we are able to locate food plants that never dissapeared from the diet of our relatives who never subscribed to the junk food culture. Some wild food plants have been found still surviving in isolated canyons and valleys where seeds might be harvested for the rebirth of our agrarian culture. Here in my desert homeland native foods include watermelon, sunflower seeds, corn, beans, squash, chiles many varieties of cactus pads and their fruit and a host of other wild and domesticated yet indigenous plant foods just waiting for our rediscovery.

Since my return to the southwest a vegan diet has taken on a whole new meaning. It is not only a natural diet that provides optimum health, but also one that helps preserve a culture that was almost lost upon the introduction of commercial foods. Though not always vegan, our traditional diet can help our children also learn the survival skills neccesary to live self-sustainably with little or no dependency on U.S. government handouts. By growing our own food we also return to a relationship with the earth that we have nearly lost in the world of fast food and Safeway's.

Harvesting wild food plants also replaces us in the cycle of life where it is easy to see the desert not as a inhospitable environment, but a world waiting to share with us the bounty that has sustained human and nonhuman life for generations. Though I have eaten animal products on rare occasion such as ceremonies and as a guest in impoverished households where any food is welcomed, I now consider it vital to demonstrate to my fellow people the benefit of a purely plant-based diet. Not only for our own health and that of the environment, but also in the hopes that it is possible now for us to return to the pre-conquest diet that let us live in non-violent harmony with the animal world which we still know is so sacred.

The majority of our ceremonial foods have always been plant-based, corn tamales, beans, squash, tortillas, flat enchiladas and chiles and it is not hard to remove the animal products from our diet without losing any of its cultural integrity. It is up to my generation to reintroduce the traditional diet that is not only one nondependent on corporate or government commercial foods both plant and animal, but also one that is available to those not able to afford the privilege of natural food stores and there sometimes expensive food products. A return to Native American Vegetarianism will always be a goal parallel to my desire for cultural preservation and protection of our homelands and sovereignty.



For a catalog of native plant foods and seeds send $1.00 to:
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REYKJAVIK RAID

On my very first trip at sea and aboard the Sea Shepherd in 1985, we were crossing the North Atlantic from Halifax, Nova Scotia to the Danish Faroe Islands where we were to interfere with the annual pilot whale slaughter there. Along the way, we stopped to refuel in Reykjavik, Iceland. Home of the country's only whaling fleet, as soon as we docked police patrols were set up around our ship and the whalers. Also divers were sent down daily to check the whaling ships for mines we might of placed on their hulls at night. All pretty flattering stuff really.

Meanwhile, Greenpeace who had their ship, the Sirius there as well got jealous as their visit had not merited such attention. They joined with the Icelanders and called us terrorists for sinking whaling ships, and banned our crew from visiting their ship even though journalists on board complained to us that while they were in port, Greenpeace had watched passively as the whaling ships went to sea to kill whales and did nothing. As long as Sea Shepherd was in town, the whalers refused to go to sea. Captain Paul Watson told them we were on our way to the Faroe Islands, but if Iceland refused to abide by the international moratorium on commercial whaling which would take effect the following summer, we would be back.

One day while in port, I walked to the part of the harbor where the whaling ships were and watched the police watch me and told myself, "I bet that if we were not here, there would be no police guard on the whalers..." Besides the cops, there was only one watchman onboard for all four whalers. I buried that information in the back of my head where I keep all my other little schemes to save the earth, and went back to the Sea Shepherd.



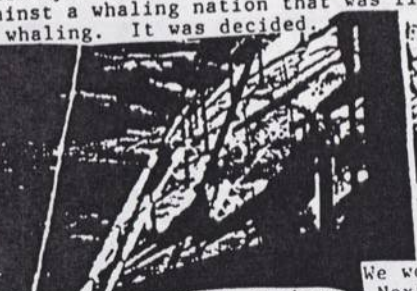
A year later, and I was onboard the Sea Shepherd again this time in Malmo, Sweden for the International Whaling Commission (IWC) conference. There the big news was that Iceland was refusing to cease their whaling operations, despite the worldwide moratorium to assess whale populations and every other whaling nation in the world was watching to see what the member nations would do since the IWC lacked any enforcement body save individual member nations economic power in the form of sanctions. Captain Watson repeated his warning to Iceland to abide by the moratorium or face enforcement of the moratorium by Sea Shepherd.



Later Sea Shepherd would be the first and only non-govermental observer to be banned from the IWC for having done just that. That summer we returned to the Faroe Islands to successfully interfere with the pilot whale slaughter again. I got beat up, arrested and jailed by the police for the first time, and after my release rejoined the Sea Shepherd where we returned to have a running battle with the Faroese Patrol Vessel, the Olivar Hagli.

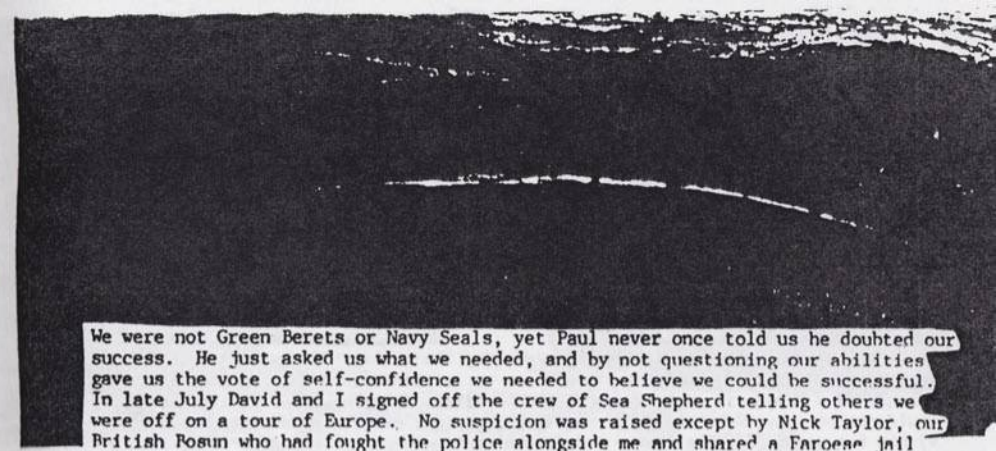
It was awesome - they were trying to board our vessel at sea shooting tear gas bullets at us and lobbing tear gas canisters onboard, but we threw every one back at them and I got to shoot flares and a firehose at the same Faroese cop who had beaten and arrested me. Very empowering stuff, but thats another story. Anyhow, in that battle, one brave crew member shined bright, and that was the young Cornish engineer David Howitt who kept the Sea Shepherd rolling by pushing our engines to the max despite the engine room being 120 degrees and full of tear gas. Had we lost speed or stopped we not only would have lost the ship, but probably gotten our asses kicked big time by the Faroese and gone to jail for a very long time.

But we did'nt, and sailed for Bristol, England. Now that our summer campaign was over, my thoughts shifted back to Iceland's whaling industry. News reports stated that Icelandic whalers had filled a self-imposed quota of 80 sei whales, and 40 fin both endangered species. I approached David who by now was a good friend, and late one night after our watches we sat on piles of ship's lines in the rope locker and shared a smoke. Finally I told him my idea of trying to infiltrate Iceland with the sole purpose of causing maximum economic sabotage to their whaling industry. David agreed that it seemed an appropriate action against a whaling nation that was flagrantly violating the IWC ban on whaling. It was decided.





We would take action on behalf of the last great Whale Nations. Next, I approached Paul and told him of our plan. As we gently sailed the warm summer sea, we quietly talked of the plan as if we were discussing something as simple as the tides and currents, not something that if there was failure could land David and I in prison for years. Paul gave us his blessing, and with that our mission became reality. Looking back on that day, it is easy to understand why I have such great respect and admiration for Paul Watson. Here I was a 20 year-old kid telling him how myself and a 23 year-old British hunt saboteur planned to carry out a major covert operation against an island nation that had already been threatened with the very same action.

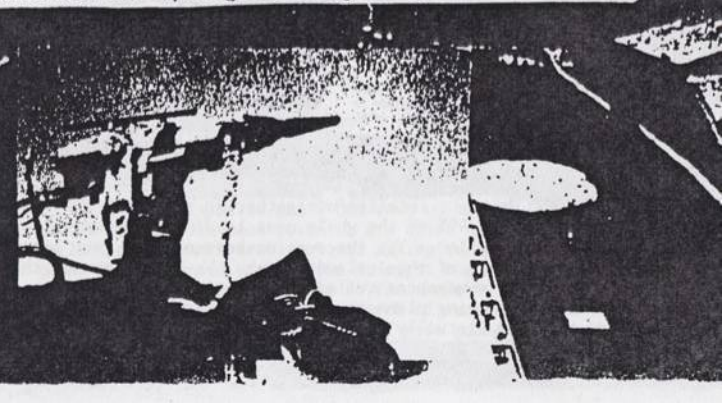


We were not Green Berets or Navy Seals, yet Paul never once told us he doubted our success. He just asked us what we needed, and by not questioning our abilities gave us the vote of self-confidence we needed to believe we could be successful. In late July David and I signed off the crew of Sea Shepherd telling others we were off on a tour of Europe. No suspicion was raised except by Nick Taylor, our British Bosun who had fought the police alongside me and shared a Faroese jail cell with me too. Nick could not believe we were off to do something so frivilous and we could tell was deeply dissapointed in us. Later before our departure to Reykjavik, we would return to the Sea Shepherd and confess to Nick of our real intentions as we knew it had hurt him that we were leaving him alone to care for the Sea Shepherd through the long English winter. Nick was pleased, and the last words he ever spoke to me were, "it must be great doing something you really believe in..." a few months later Nick committed suicide as he slowly began to slip back into a life of drug abuse.

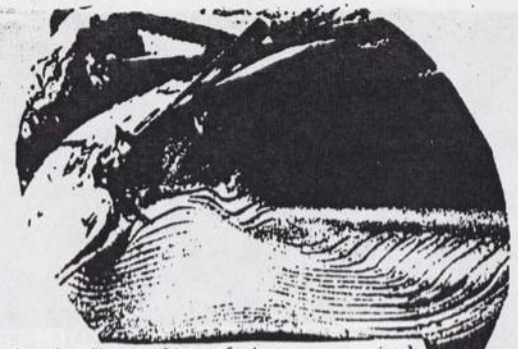


David and I spent the whole Summer of 1986 working to raise the money for our mission. I waited tables in a nightclub in London's Chelsea district during the nights, and refinished antiques on Kings Road during the day. David went to southern England where he picked hops. Every few weeks we would meet to discuss our plans and go over intelligence we had gathered on Iceland. When our work was complete, we would make a batch of paint-filled lightbulbs and ride out on our bikes to redecorate London fur shops. Finally the day arrived when we rode the London Underground subway to Heathrow Airport to catch our IcelandAir flight to Reykjavik. As we rode to the airport, I removed a patch from my jacket that read "Save the Whales, Save the Earth" with a picture of a fin whale. All we carried with us was our cameras, clothes and raingear, underwater flashlights, knives and a couple maps. All the tools neccesary for any action would be acquired in Iceland.

When we arrived in October only the hardcore tourists were still around. We got beds in the local youth hostel and one of our first tasks was to buy a pair of boltcutters and a large adjustable wrench from a local hardware store. We wanted as much time as possible between the purchase of our tools and the action in case anyone might remember the purchase. On one of the first nights in the capital city of Reykjavik, we snuck out of the hostel late at night and snuck to a scrapyard from where we could view the four Icelandic 175 foot ships that comprised the nations entire whaling fleet. Hvalur (whaleship) 5,6,7 and 8 bobbed in the harbor tied alongside eachother like four Riders of the Apocalypse waiting to unleash their evil on the natural world. The ships superstructures were painted white with the bridge windows and portholes dark and imposing resembling the eyesockets of a skull.



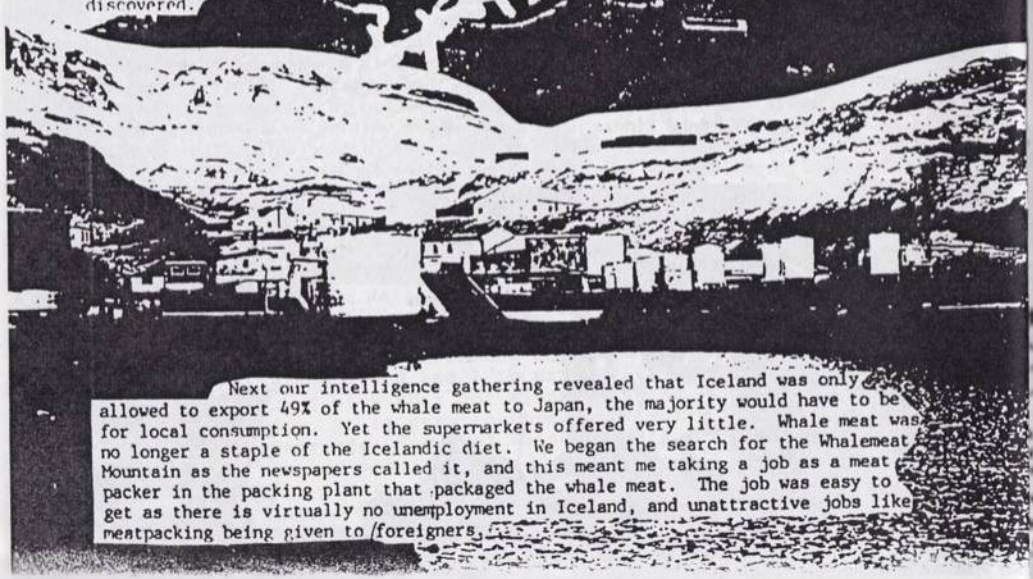




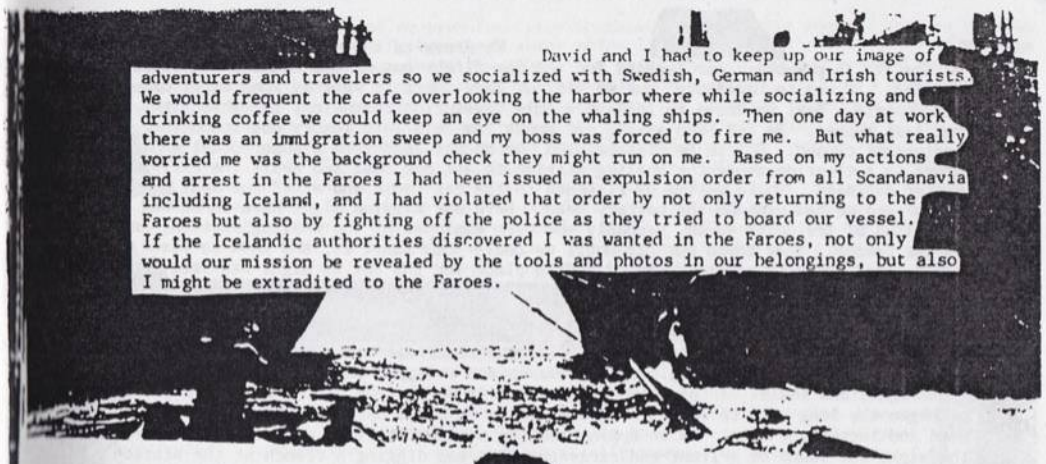
Needless to say, we were a little intimidated. The reality of what was so simple to discuss in England, but what was staring us in the face in the freezing Fall weather of a Reykjavik night was more than a little daunting. But we knew it would not be easy, so we began a series of latenight observations of the harbor. Within two weeks of surveillence a definate routine began to emerge. Every Friday night, a watchman would relieve the day watch carrying with him two bottles of Brenivin, a strong Icelandic vodka. No activity could be seen on three of the ships, the watchman staying on the fourth ship, the one furthest from the dock. A weekend night emerged as the best night for action.



In Reykjavik we saw photos from the whaling station which was 45 miles from town. Tours were offered for the station, so David and I hitch hiked to the desolate station and dropped off near the entrance. As we approached, not a soul was visible. The whaling season was over, and with it the demand for tours. David and I began to walk throughout the premises in broad daylight, gazing through windows at offices, machinery and workshops and it quickly became evident to both of us that we might be able to strike the whaling station also. We knew we would have only one shot at the Icelandic whaling industry, and any risk to ourselves did not matter, already we felt the chances were high we would not get off the island once our sabotage was discovered.



Next our intelligence gathering revealed that Iceland was only allowed to export 49% of the whale meat to Japan, the majority would have to be for local consumption. Yet the supermarkets offered very little. Whale meat was no longer a staple of the Icelandic diet. We began the search for the Whalemeat Mountain as the newspapers called it, and this meant me taking a job as a meat packer in the packing plant that packaged the whale meat. The job was easy to get as there is virtually no unemployment in Iceland, and unattractive jobs like meatpacking being given to foreigners.



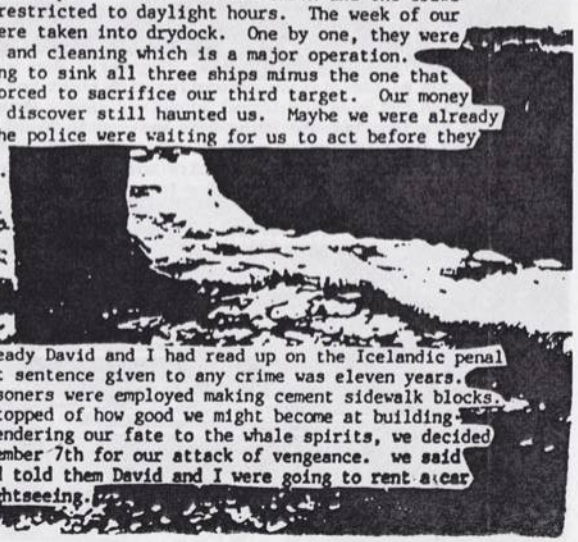
David and I had to keep up our image of adventurers and travelers so we socialized with Swedish, German and Irish tourists. We would frequent the cafe overlooking the harbor where while socializing and drinking coffee we could keep an eye on the whaling ships. Then one day at work there was an immigration sweep and my boss was forced to fire me. But what really worried me was the background check they might run on me. Based on my actions and arrest in the Faroes I had been issued an expulsion order from all Scandanavia including Iceland, and I had violated that order by not only returning to the Faroes but also by fighting off the police as they tried to board our vessel. If the Icelandic authorities discovered I was wanted in the Faroes, not only would our mission be revealed by the tools and photos in our belongings, but also I might be extradited to the Faroes.



My boss was apologetic and even advanced me some money from his own wallet. Meanwhile David and I decided that we must either abort our mission and flee the country immediately, or stay and try to carry out the action. We chose the latter. We had been in Iceland for almost a month now, and felt familiar with the habits of the watchmen aboard the whaling ships as well as confident we could also strike the whaling station. We also had visited a small zoo outside of Reykjavik which housed a few native animals including one Orca whale that had been captured recently and was to be sold to an aquarium. David and I looked at eachother trying to figure how the hell we could get that whale out of its tank and into the ocean just a hundred yards away, but here we were forced to realize the bounds of our limitations. Still, it was decided that should time allow, after striking the whaling station and the whaling ships, we would hit the zoo and release as many native animals as possible.



Iceland in November was not a country that expected nor even remembered the threats of a militant anti-whaling organization. Just as I had expected in that Summer visit of 1985, without our visible presence, only one watchman was aboard all four ships. It was the off-season and the crews were ashore with work on the ships restricted to daylight hours. The week of our planned attack, the whaling ships were taken into drydock. One by one, they were pulled out of the water for repairs and cleaning which is a major operation. David and I had planned on attempting to sink all three ships minus the one that housed the watchman. Now we were forced to sacrifice our third target. Our money was running low, and the fear of my discover still haunted us. Maybe we were already under surveillence ourselves, and the police were waiting for us to act before they could legitimately arrest us?



Already David and I had read up on the Icelandic penal system and learned that the longest sentence given to any crime was eleven years. We also learned that Icelandic prisoners were employed making cement sidewalk blocks. From that day on the jokes never stopped of how good we might become at building Icelandic sidewalks. Finally surrendering our fate to the whale spirits, we decided to act. We chose the night of November 7th for our attack of vengeance. we said goodbye to our European friends and told them David and I were going to rent a car for our last day to do a little sightseeing.

In Idaho, where a herd of 200 wild horses competes with cattle for grazing lands in the Owyhee Mountains, over 900 ranchers crowded public hearings, opposed to a plan to reduce cattle grazing by one-third to allow room for both horses and cattle. On public lands across the West, cattle not wild horses are responsible for causing severe soil erosion and riparian habitat destruction. Yet cattle reign supreme over the land as is also proven by the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Animal Damage Control program which routinely slaughters any and all native wildlife that preys upon the unprotected sheep and cattle on our public lands.

Most wild horses are descendants of Spanish Mustangs that the indigenous peoples of America quickly learned to ride in battle against the Spanish and other European invaders as early as the 1500's. But like the indigenous peoples themselves, wild horses are now finding themselves forced off their homelands and slaughtered. Even during the high conflict of the late 1800's between indigenous peoples and the U.S. Government, wild horses were targeted for eradication. General George Armstrong Custer was well known for the slaughter of a tribal band's horses once they had been defeated as he knew wild horses were a vehicle for native sovereignty.

In the Nez Perce Country of what is now Washington State, the day is still remembered when hundreds of Nez Perce ponies were slaughtered by military forces intent on forcing the Nez Perce onto reservations. But the wild horses, and the indigenous peoples survive. On the Blackfeet Indian Reservation in Montana tribal members have established an organization called the Blackfeet Buffalo Horse Coalition which has begun to replenish the tribe's lost horse herds with Spanish Mustangs purchased from horse breeders. And as the horses return, so does the peoples interest in their horse culture of the past which is fueling young tribal members interest in their lands and culture.

When I was on the run, I lived for a time in the Dakotas where a friend of mine maintained a herd of wild horses that were direct descendants of the horses that Sitting Bull, the Hunkpapa Lakota leader, rode in battle against Custer. Some days I would walk the prairie only to be suprised by the sound of thundering hooves as over 100 wild horses came bolting across the range. Snorting and stamping their hooves, the horses would stare at me incredulously, wondering who this trespasser was on their lands. Their wildness and untamed spirit emanated from them like an electric light, these were the animals who belonged on the range, not the soil destroying and water polluting beef-machines we've bred cows to be.

But the battles over the wild west are far from over. On one side we have domestic livestock interests with their powerful political lobby who would tame the land with the same fervor that their ancestors exercised against the indigenous human populations, and on the other side lies the still beating heart of Wild America whose soldiers remain the wild ones, the horses, wolves, bison, cougars and jaguars that are struggling to maintain their grasp on America's last undeveloped natural places which remain our only formula for survival should we ever realize that one must live with the earth rather than against her.



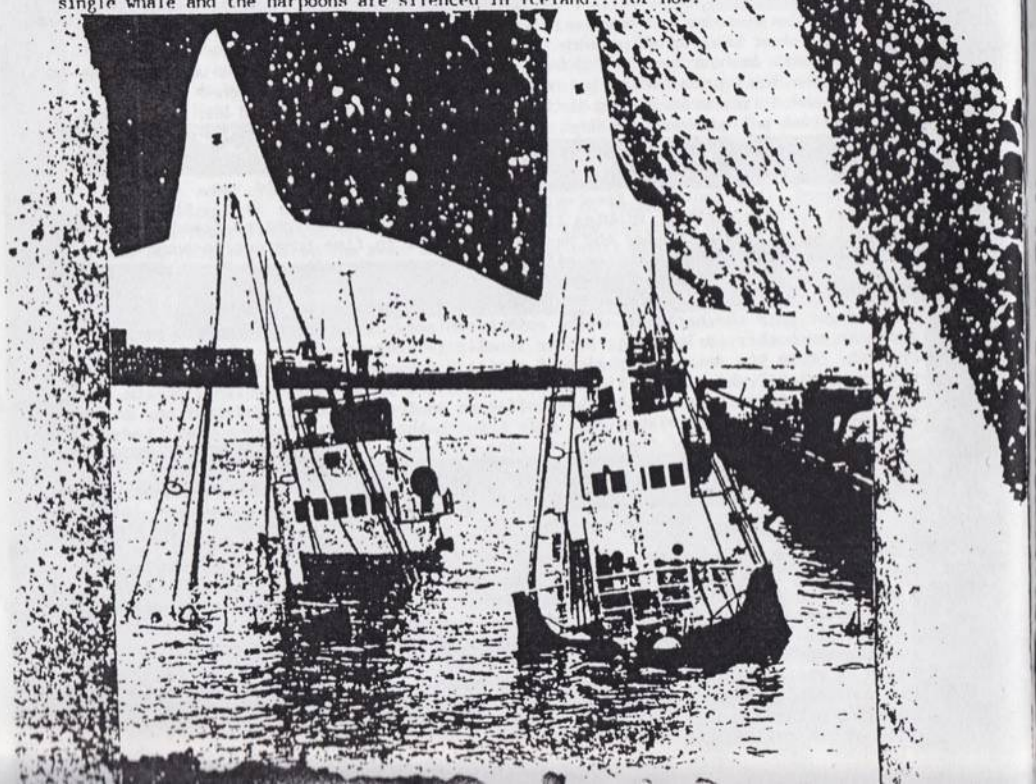
horse meat for shipment to Europe

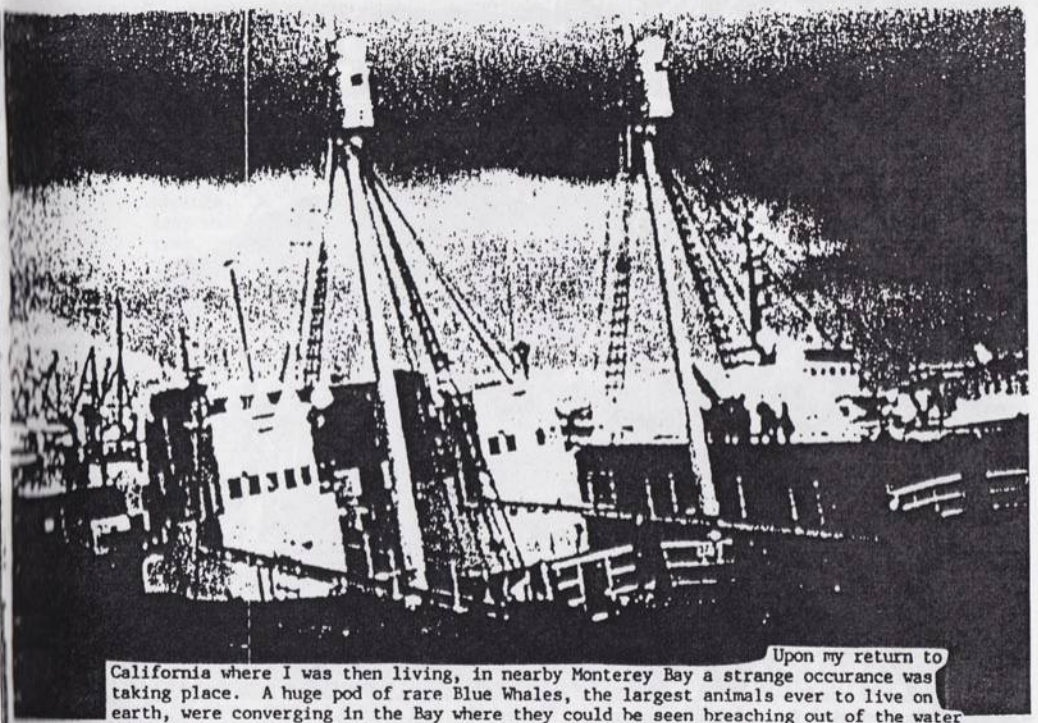
Now it is up to the rest of us to ensure protection for the remnant wild horse herds on public lands. The BLM is not only wasting millions of dollars a year killing wild horses when they are supposed to be protecting them, but are also catering to the demands of the cattle industry who are more responsible than anyone else for the destruction of grazing lands across the West. The "Opening of the West" as it has been called, was in treality the closing of a chapter of true American heritage that the wild horse epitomizes with its free roaming occupation of the West. And it is a chapter that we should fight to preserve as evidence of the once great nation that America was. Rather that, then a land ruled by a government forever willing to satisfy the greed of a few by the continual sacrifice of every wild animal that struggles to remain free. The spirit of freedom that our country so thrives on is no longer represented by the overpaid bureaucrats feeding at the public trough at our expense, it shines in the nations of animals and humans who refuse to be tamed.

Hours later we did just that, David and I gazing out the window half expecting to see Interpol agents waiting for our arrival. They were not. We collected our luggage and walked out the airport after making an anonymous call to Sea Shepherd offices in the U.K. saying only, "We got the station, and two are on the bottom..." We hitchhiked to Belgium where we caught a ferry to England, and then a bus to London. Getting off the bus now 36 hours after our action, I walked to a news agent and picked up a copy of the morning paper. A story on the front page said only, "SABOTUERS SINK WHALERS photo page six..." flipping to the page I saw one of the most beautiful sights in the world. There was Hvalur 5 and 6 resting gently on the bottom of Reykjavik harbor only their skeletal superstructure peeking above the waves. Paul Watson was quoted as accepting responsibility for the attack which he said was an enforcement action of the IWC's moratorium on commercial whaling that Iceland had violated. David and I embraced in the streets laughing with the elation that only a realized dream can bring.

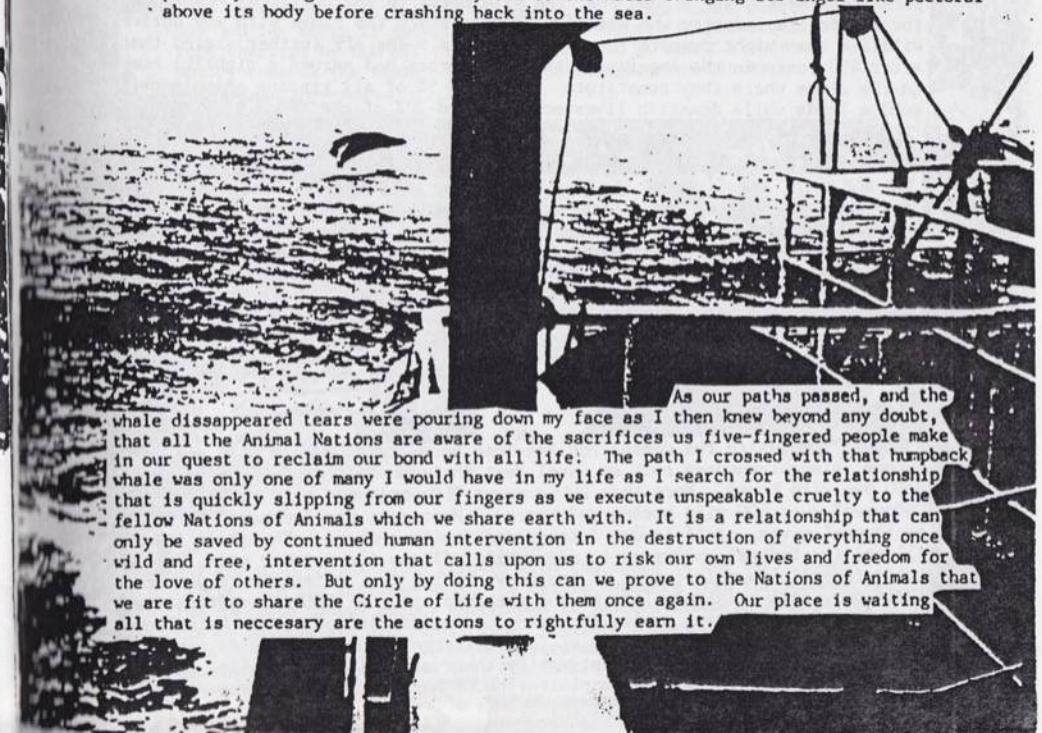


The next few weeks were to see David go into hiding in the Mediterranean not knowing Britian's response to his actions while I flew back Stateside to join Paul in a press conference in Cleveland Amory's office at the Fund for Animals to accept personal responsibility for the raid. The confiscated record books would prove that Iceland had cheated with its own imposed quota, having shipped more than the maximum 49% whale meat catch to Japan. A special meeting of the Icelandic Congress was held to address the act of sabotage and the extradition of those responsible called for. Paul could not agree more and said it would give Sea Shepherd the opportunity to put Iceland on trial also in the spotlight of international media where their pirate whaling operations could be exposed. Iceland never pressed charges against myself or David. Though Hvalur 5 and 6 were finally resurfaced, the saltwater submersion had destroyed all the engines, electrical and navigational equipment. To this day neither ship has killed a single whale and the harpoons are silenced in Iceland...for now.



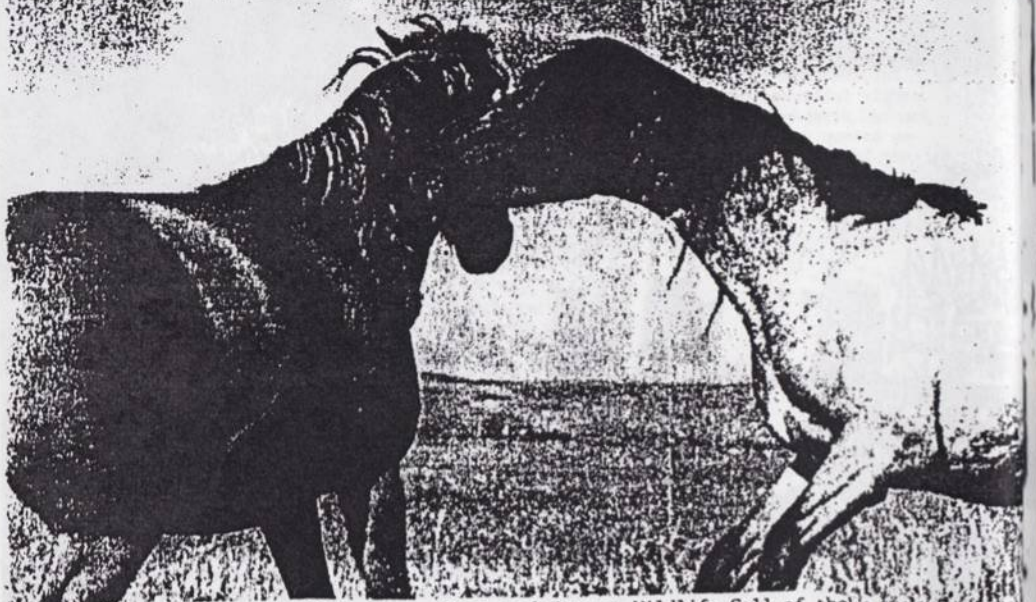


Upon my return to California where I was then living, in nearby Monterey Bay a strange occurance was taking place. A huge pod of rare Blue Whales, the largest animals ever to live on earth, were converging in the Bay where they could be seen breaching out of the water with their young in the calm waters. All the thanks I was to need came that Summer when David and I were sailing once again on a Sea Shepherd ship towards the North Pacific where we would confront Japanese drift netters. On my birthday while sailing off the Queen Charlotte Islands of British Columbia, I was on the bridge once again with Paul when a whale was seen approaching our ship from the Northeast. As the humpback whale came alongside our ship, we gathered on the aftdeck as it began repeatedly through its entire body out of the water swinging its angel-like pectoral above its body before crashing back into the sea.



As our paths passed, and the whale dissappeared tears were pouring down my face as I then knew beyond any doubt, that all the Animal Nations are aware of the sacrifices us five-fingered people make in our quest to reclaim our bond with all life. The path I crossed with that humpback whale was only one of many I would have in my life as I search for the relationship that is quickly slipping from our fingers as we execute unspeakable cruelty to the fellow Nations of Animals which we share earth with. It is a relationship that can only be saved by continued human intervention in the destruction of everything once wild and free, intervention that calls upon us to risk our own lives and freedom for the love of others. But only by doing this can we prove to the Nations of Animals that we are fit to share the Circle of Life with them once again. Our place is waiting all that is neccesary are the actions to rightfully earn it.

Wild horses



On Memorial Day of 1987, the newly formed Western Wildlife Cell of the Animal Liberation Front (ALF) struck an isolated U.S. Government Facility that was almost unknown to most environmentalist and animal rights activists. The Bureau of Land Management Wild Horse and Burro Adoption Center is a holding pen for animals recently removed from the range who shall never again run free on the wide open plains. The ALF cut fences and released over a hundred wild horses back onto the range they had been captured from. In a press release the ALF argued that the wild horse is the political scapegoat for the cattle industry who are unwilling to share the range with any native wildlife that might compete for grazing rights. The ALF further stated that after 400 years in the American West, wild horses had earned a rightful home on the range where they constitute less than 5% of all grazing animals on public lands while domestic livestock occupied 70% of the range.

The ALF raid, the first of its kind to release wild horses, went largely unnoticed and now ten years later the same scandalous truth the ALF seeked to uncover has come to light. Now the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) is being blamed for allowing its own employees to build a monopoly where wild horses by the thousands have been captured from the wild and slaughtered for human and domestic animal consumption. Since its inception 25 years ago, the U.S Governments wild horse program has captured approximately 165,000 wild horses and burros from public lands. A recent investigation by the Associated Press revealed that in recent years as many as 90% of all captured horses were sold to slaughter.

With the demand for American horse meat high in Asia and Europe, slaughterhouses such as Cavel West in Redmond, Oregon pay as much as $700 per wild horse. More than 200 current BLM employees have recently "adopted" over 600 wild horses and burros. Many more are "adopted" by BLM employees' wives, girlfriends, friends and family members. Though it is illegal for federal employees to use public offices for private gain, I guess federal law enforcement is too busy chasing real criminals to prosecute their own, real criminals like me who the Feds spent millions investigating with five federal grand juries for over four years placing me on their "Most Wanted" lists until a task force of four different federal agencies could capture me. The crime that does justify their attention? Revealing the federal governments abuse and exploitation of native wildlife (like wild horses) for private gain.

Getting back to wild horses. In Nevada, Oregon, California, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and Montana just over 40,000 wild horses and burros remain on the range. Besides being sold to slaughter, wild horses are also commonly sold to rodeos where their untamed wild spirit is just what a cowboy needs to prove his manhood. Helicopters are the most common tool used to round up wild horses, which are herded into large traps on the range by cowboys paid about $300 for each horse they capture. A tame horse is often used to lead the wild horses into the trap with a helicopter flying just above their heads. Once inside the trap, cowboys use electric cattle prods to force the wild horses into trailers where they are then transported to "adoption centers" like the one in California that the ALF raided ten years ago.



tagged for slaughter at Cavel West

Thousands of wild horses and burros are also processed through the Palomino Adoption Center in Reno, Nevada where more wild horses roam than any other state. Even though wild horse populations are at the lowest this decade, about 10,000 are still rounded up annually. But lets give credit where credit's due. The U.S. Justice Department in 1996 concluded a four-year inquiry that focused on a former BLM employee, James D. Galloway of Texas who was suspected of selling wild horses he was paid to capture for slaughter. The investigation was dropped citing insufficient evidence, yet an internal memo now reveals that the government had proof of over 1,000 wild horses who were sold to slaughter. A former BLM investigator who lost his job for doing it to well stated that efforts to prosecute Galloway were thwarted by BLM officials who preffered a "don't ask, don't tell" policy towards the abuse. And so, the slaughter continues.



Why are wild horses being removed from the range in the first place? Cattle. In the American West, the cattle industry with its persona of the American Cowboy deeply entrenched in Western history, is a sacred cow to politicians and public lands managers throughout the West. No where else is native wildlife so much persecuted to satisfy the insatiable appetite for grazing lands that the cattle industry demands to prop up its dying industry.

In Idaho, where a herd of 200 wild horses competes with cattle for grazing lands in the Owyhee Mountains, over 900 ranchers crowded public hearings, opposed to a plan to reduce cattle grazing by one-third to allow room for both horses and cattle. On public lands across the West, cattle not wild horses are responsible for causing severe soil erosion and riparian habitat destruction. Yet cattle reign supreme over the land as is also proven by the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Animal Damage Control program which routinely slaughters any and all native wildlife that preys upon the unprotected sheep and cattle on our public lands.

Most wild horses are descendants of Spanish Mustangs that the indigenous peoples of America quickly learned to ride in battle against the Spanish and other European invaders as early as the 1500's. But like the indigenous peoples themselves, wild horses are now finding themselves forced off their homelands and slaughtered. Even during the high conflict of the late 1800's between indigenous peoples and the U.S. Government, wild horses were targeted for eradication. General George Armstrong Custer was well known for the slaughter of a tribal band's horses once they had been defeated as he knew wild horses were a vehicle for native sovereignty.

In the Nez Perce Country of what is now Washington State, the day is still remembered when hundreds of Nez Perce ponies were slaughtered by military forces intent on forcing the Nez Perce onto reservations. But the wild horses, and the indigenous peoples survive. On the Blackfeet Indian Reservation in Montana tribal members have established an organization called the Blackfeet Buffalo Horse Coalition which has begun to replenish the tribe's lost horse herds with Spanish Mustangs purchased from horse breeders. And as the horses return, so does the peoples interest in their horse culture of the past which is fueling young tribal members interest in their lands and culture.

When I was on the run, I lived for a time in the Dakotas where a friend of mine maintained a herd of wild horses that were direct descendants of the horses that Sitting Bull, the Ihnkpapa Lakota leader, rode in battle against Custer. Some days I would walk the prairie only to be suprised by the sound of thundering hooves as over 100 wild horses came bolting across the range. Snorting and stamping their hooves, the horses would stare at me incredulously, wondering who this trespasser was on their lands. Their wildness and untamed spirit emanated from them like an electric light, these were the animals who belonged on the range, not the soil destroying and water polluting beef-machines we've bred cows to be.

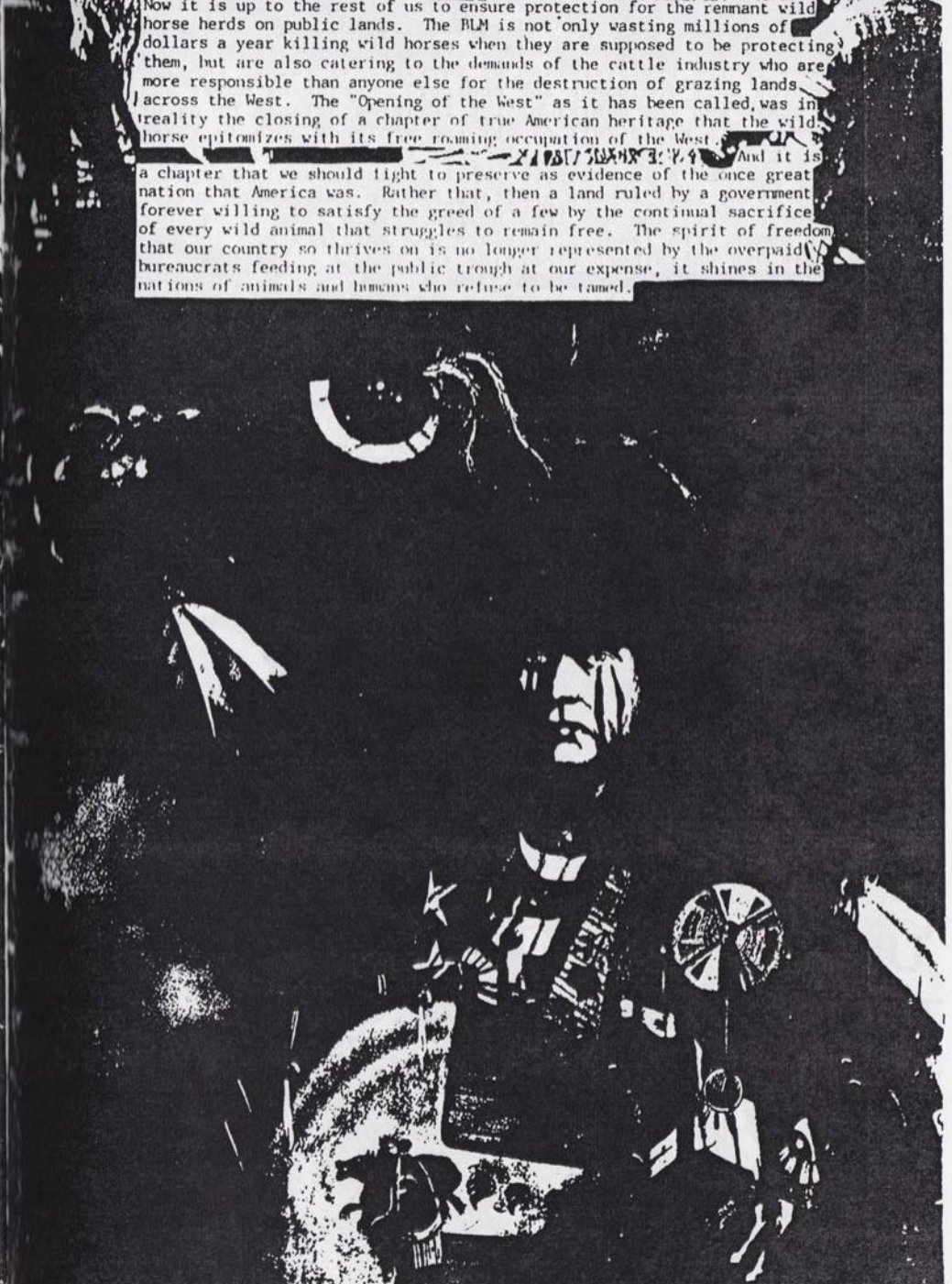
But the battles over the wild west are far from over. On one side we have domestic livestock interests with their powerful political lobby who would tame the land with the same fervor that their ancestors exercised against the indigenous human populations, and on the other side lies the still beating heart of Wild America whose soldiers remain the wild ones, the horses, wolves, bison, cougars and jaguars that are struggling to maintain their grasp on America's last undeveloped natural places which remain our only formula for survival should we ever realize that one must live with the earth rather than against her.



horse meat for shipment to Europe



Now it is up to the rest of us to ensure protection for the remnant wild horse herds on public lands. The BLM is not only wasting millions of dollars a year killing wild horses when they are supposed to be protecting them, but are also catering to the demands of the cattle industry who are more responsible than anyone else for the destruction of grazing lands across the West. The "Opening of the West" as it has been called, was in treality the closing of a chapter of true American heritage that the wild horse epitomizes with its free roaming occupation of the West. And it is a chapter that we should fight to preserve as evidence of the once great nation that America was. Rather that, then a land ruled by a government forever willing to satisfy the greed of a few by the continual sacrifice of every wild animal that struggles to remain free. The spirit of freedom that our country so thrives on is no longer represented by the overpaid bureaucrats feeding at the public trough at our expense, it shines in the nations of animals and humans who refuse to be tamed.



HAG RAG REVIEW

Whether you fight for the liberation of humans or animals, the defense of earth and indigenous cultures, one thing remains clear, the root cause of many of our oppressors actions is the proliferation of patriarchal values that reinforce male dominance and control. Stripping power away from women and the denial of the feminine balance of nature has created a world full of war and violence both in the domestic household and workplace as well as in the wilderness and vivisector's laboratory. What is temporarily forgotten is the power that female entities had in indigenous cultures the world over, and how they helped create life in balance where women were leaders, healers and warriors and the Goddess was worshipped alongside the Gods.

In today's society that tries to dominate us, the war that has been waged against feminine power and women since man first discovered it, is manifested in female objectification, physical violence and continual disempowerment through the simplest norm's of a society that teaches that women are inferior to men. Attributes of the feminine such as love, female nourishment, empathy and understanding are seen as emotinal weaknesses to be repressed or controlled.

Breaking free from the suffocation of male domination, there arises women from many cultures who are rediscovering the power of their ancestors and fighting back against centuries of repression. And even among other liberation struggles we are called on to recognize our own contributions to the oppression of women and incorporate their liberation into that of the greater struggle.





And what better way to help achieve this than with the new women's 'zine "Hag Rag" that allows women in our movement a valuable voice and forum to address issues that are easy for us as men to overlook or dismiss. "Hag Rag" is the first ecologically-balanced, non-class structured, anti-sexist and women's defense orientated 'zine I've ever seen. "Hag Rag" has an ever-changing editorial collective comprised solely of women who often are not given printed space to address issues that are important to all of us in the environmental, animal and social justice movement's. As a man battling with twenty years of institutionalized sexism bestowed on almost every male child since birth, I was enlightened by the "Hag Rag's" coverage of issues women in our movement have perceived that I might never have been aware of without its valuable contribution.

Every woman in struggle against injustice should share "Hag Rag" to discover a unique medium for communication that doesn't exist elsewhere. And every man could stand to learn alot by listening to the voices of our sisters that have been silenced for too long. "Hag Rag" also is chock full of original poetry, artwork, recipes and how-to's that you won't find anywhere else. There's also a powerful women's perspective on many issues that we are all already opposed to, but have yet to understand their greater significance and representation in the patriarchal conquest that devours wilderness, women, wildlife, domestic animals and indigenous peoples' traditional culture and values.



All of which society see's as entities and avenues for power that must be controlled in their age-old war to destroy the source that might save us all. "Hag Rag" is beyond a doubt one of the most valuable and needed printed forums in the underground press. Subscribe for your sister, mother, aunt, friend, wife or lover and yourself.

Send $2/ per issue to: HAG RAG P.O. Box 183, Harmony, ME 04942

The sun dips behind the Baboquivari Mountains, tonite is the new moon, and another day has ended at FCI Tucson. I've spent the last few weeks having a blast putting together SH #2, I could really get into this 'zine thing. Its something I enjoy more than even the best interview I've done for the corporate media. In this issue of SH I hope you find stories that will give you a taste of the world through my eyes, and heart. A world I see from the inside looking out, be it from double fences topped with razor-wire, or from the rich memories that come back to me the longer I'm locked up.

There's no real theme here, just me exploring or pursuing chapters in my short life or issues close to my heart. Some that enrage me, and others that give me the hope to survive. Some of you may think its a dichotomy to tell tales of non-violent action to save animalkind on one page, while on another reporting on indigenous peoples armed struggle. For myself, there is no contradiction. Armed struggle against an oppressor who has killed millions of your people since their arrival on this continent is self-defense and nothing more.

What is beyond acceptance is that we in the United States of America sit passively by as our government sanctions the type of totalitarian regimes that force indigenous people into taking up arms in the first place. We allow this. With every vote for the darling senators of the arms industry, and with every dollar we contribute to multinational corporations such as the oil industry. So until we cut the strings of America's puppet governments, let me quote Malcolm X when he said, "I am non-violent with people who are non-violent, but I will defend myself against all others." I need not wrestle with the question of ever taking up arms personally, the U.S. government has made that decision for me already. As a convicted felon I am prohibited forever from my constitutional right to bear arms.

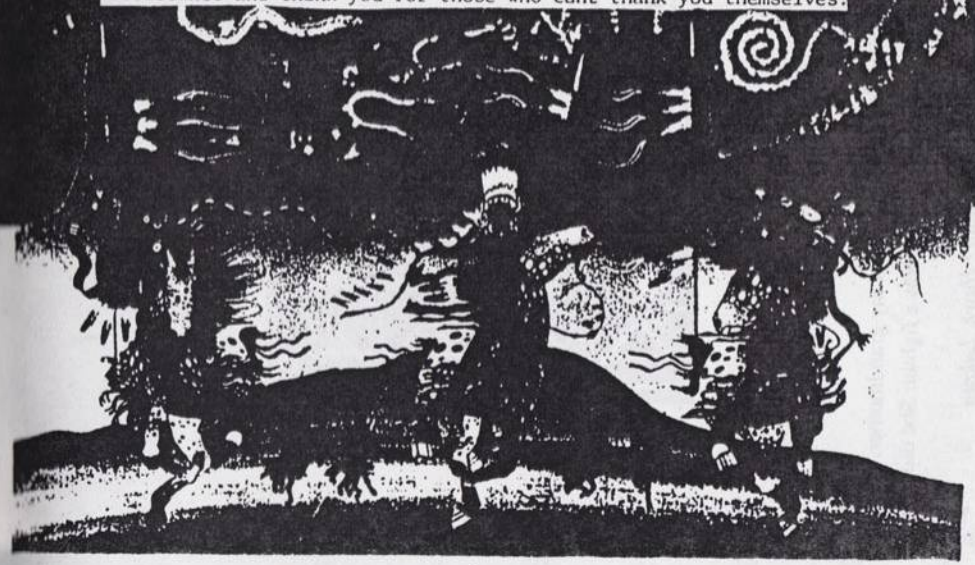
Prison sucks, and so does the stripping of one's liberties. But prison is only one small blythe in an otherwise beautiful desert as is any oppresive government in an otherwise beautiful life. Around me lie the lightly snowcapped Santa Rita Mountains, the Rincons and Catalinas, and the Baboquivari's to the east where a jaguar was seen last summer. The real word still exists. But for now its 4pm stand up counts, controlled movements and F-14 fighter jets flying overhead back to Davis Montham Air Force Base, a constant reminder to me that my homeland is an occupied territory.

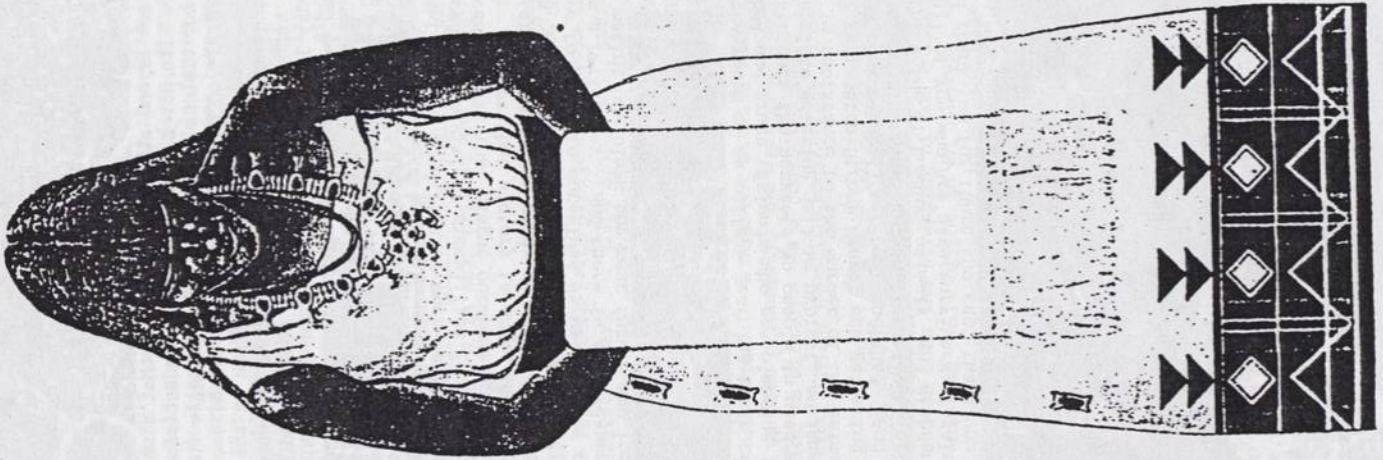
When I was on the run, I remember a dear brother-friend telling me, "I think you'll be alright, your a survivor." As we discussed what might happen when the law finally caught up with me. I looked at him wondering if this was bad, or good. Many people see no light beyond the era of darkness we seem to be approaching with the last wilderness being destroyed, animals marching solemnly towards the brink extinction, prisons as a growth industry and death by gunsh soon to be seen as a "natural" cause of youth fatalities.

It is hard to look beyond all that, but to me that's what survival is all about. Its not a battle where we are satisfactorly approaching our visions of utopia, its a struggle where we simply concentrate on enduring the suffering and sacrifice of our generation. And its a struggle where pie in the sky victory is not as important as what we accomplish in the here and now. How we treat eachother, how we help one another and how we prove in our everyday life that we are allegiant to earth, her children and her animal people.

Its not about talking a good line as much as living a good life. One where everyday is a victory exemplified in our own liberation from the forces of evil that plague our homelands, our one planet earth. Whether that victory is shown in supporting a friend in crisis, an elder in need, an animal in distress or a forest on the chopping block, victory must be ours in everyday life if we are to prove to ourselves as well as our oppressors that there is a better way. And there is good reason to be a survivor, no matter how bleak the near future may lock.

My hope lies in the youth of my village learning their culture and shunning alcohol and drugs, friends who are planting spring gardens to distribute the harvests to people in need and in brave young warriors entering jail in protest, on immediate hunger strike in resistance to the murder of the animal world. In the face of repression Strong Hearts are gathering to show the dark forces that we shall not be vanquished. And we bravely stand protection over the gentle souls who cry to us for help, in the voice of humans, animals and other natural beings. For all of you who are also survivors, I salute your resistance and thank you for those who cant thank you themselves.





When I'm dead and gone, I want to leave something. I want my granddaughter to be sitting someday talking like I talk about my grandmother. That's the kind of legacy I want to leave. I want my great-granddaughters, great-grandsons, too, to say, "My great grandma was a fighter. She did this and she did that to protect the land, to protect the culture, to protect the language, to maintain what we have left."

—Madonna Thunder Hawk, Lakota