

Twenty Years of The Radical Environmental Journal

A Not-So-Brief History

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The first time I ever saw an *Earth First! Journal* was the spring of 1989. I had just discovered EF!, and almost every aspect of it enthralled me. I took the newspaper in my hands, examining the black and white pictures and bold headlines proclaiming defiance. At that moment my life and the *Journal's* began the bizarre dance that led to my picking up the pen to write this history of *Earth First!: The Radical Environmental Journal*.

A Bit of History

Although rumors exist that the movement was founded in a brothel somewhere in Mexico, I like to believe it started atop the beautiful little volcano, Mount Pifiacate. I went there once and was amazed that from its crest you could see the Pacific Ocean beyond Baja California Norte. The California Peninsula tears itself away from the North American continent as waves crest and break on sand blown from nearby volcanic peaks. The strength and magnitude of the planet was evident before my eyes. I could feel the planet moving under my feet.

It is not difficult to believe that a place like that could motivate five guys to want to put the Earth first. How easy it would be to climb down the mountain feeling strong and proud and angry and right. Driving home, basking in the afterglow of a nature experience that would boggle even the staunchest of bitter activists, they decided to establish an uncompromising wing of the wilderness preservation movement.

It was March 1980 when that fateful hike took place. That July, soon after the first Round River Rendezvous (RRR) at Wyoming's T-Cross Ranch, two of the hikers, Dave Foreman and Howie Wolke, decided to mail out a short photocopied newsletter poetically named *Nature More* (from Byron's "I love not man the less, but nature more"). On November 1, 1980, the *Earth First Newsletter* appeared. It was originally eight pages photocopied and produced out of Susan Morgan's home in Breckenridge, Colorado. When Susan, a crossover from The Wilderness Society, moved to Seattle, so did the newsletter.

Late in 1981, Pete Dustrud, a journalist and photographer, changed the newsletter to a newspaper after getting a job as a shipping clerk at a Salt Lake City press, making it affordable to have headlines, photographs and all the trimmings of a big-league publication. Readership of the simple *Earth First! Newsletter* (now with an exclamation point!) climbed, and a T-shirt and bumper sticker business was started to support it.

By now, the desert crossing's drunkenly concocted ideas had blossomed into a full-blown movement, and although the basis was anarchistic in nature, a formal structure was needed in order to cash checks and pay bills at the paper. The newsletter was set up to have a single proprietor making it a separate entity within the Earth First! movement.

Monkeywrenching was a frequent topic in the pages of the paper over the next few issues, and in 1983, at the third RRR at Little Granite Creek, Wyoming, Pete resigned as editor. He was afraid of the possible repercussions of publishing a “Dear Ned Ludd” column about spiking roads. A few others left the movement at the same time, foreshadowing arguments to come. What had started as a little newsletter changed into *Earth First!: The Radical Environmental Journal*, and Bart Koehler and Dave Foreman stepped forward as coeditors. Dave also became the sole proprietor.

For the next few years, a changing group of close friends put out “the voice of the movement.” It was published first in Ely, Nevada, and moved to Tucson, Arizona, late in 1984, where it briefly sported the “No Compromise Environmental Journal” masthead before changing back to “The Radical Environmental Journal.” Eventually, John Davis, a young, outspoken college student from the Midwest, was hired as a full-time managing editor. The *Journal* developed a niche of its own in the world of environmental literature. It covered radical environmental activism on its front pages and was based on Dave Foreman’s earlier proclamation that it would provide:

- A forum for internal discussion within the conservation movement about strategy, organization and the like, and to critique of environmental groups than compromise and co-opt
- A forum for discussion of biocentric philosophy, “Deep Ecology,” in a non-technical way for grassroots wilderness activists
- Ambitious, ecological wilderness proposals and discussion of conservation issues from an uncompromising standpoint.

Because the editors relocated so did the paper, to Lewiston, Maine, for two issues in '88 and then to Canton, New York. In January 1989, because of legal concerns, the ownership was transferred out of Foreman’s name, and the publication was turned into a non-profit corporation, Earth First! Journal Inc., owned by four people: John Davis, Kris Sommerville, Nancy Zierenberg and Dale Turner. It had turned into a nearly \$200,000-a-year business.

The Shit Hits the Fan

During the summer of 1989, the cops came down hard on Earth First!. Police, believing the hype about Foreman being the guru and chief of Earth First!, staged a three-pronged attack, attempting to decapitate the movement by removing its leaders, tying up group energy in defensive activities and discrediting the movement in the eyes of the public.

On May 30, FBI agents busted EF!ers destroying a powerline tower in the middle of the Arizona desert (see interview on page 18). By the next day, officials had arrested

Peg Millett, Mark Davis, Ilse Asplund and Marc Baker for the crime. They also arrested Dave Foreman, charging him with conspiracy to destroy an energy facility. All four pleaded guilty. Mark Davis got six years; Marc Baker was sentenced to four; and Peg got three. Dave Foreman received probation and fines.

The movement was no longer dependent on its beer-swilling, rednecked founding fathers. Dave's inspirational speeches and the simple idea of putting the Earth first had drawn expanding crowds of hippies, anarchists, animal rights activists and all sorts of riffraff bent on putting the Earth first.

The tight affinity group publishing the *Journal* was unwilling to accept the new, richly diverse movement it had created, and dissent began to appear in the pages of the *Journal*. John Davis lamented that the "No Compromise in Defense of Mother Earth" footer should be replaced with "All Aboard the Woo Woo Choo Choo" in the Samhain 1989, edition because too much ink was being wasted on "sacred sites, ritual and matters of personal growth." Noting that the staff had received very few articles about conservation biology, he complained, "it would be tragic if, as EF!ers grew more ritualistic, the *EF! Journal* drifted away from its focus on wilderness and biodiversity for want of articles on this subject."

The Beginning of the Beginning

By the spring of 1990, Earth First! was in a state of turmoil and many activists felt that the issues worthy of discussion in the pages of the movement's paper were being censored by the editors. Missoula was swarming with police, Redwood Summer was starting and anarchists, hunt sabbers and feminists were joining the movement when the Beltane 1990 edition hit the newsstands. The masthead had changed from "The Radical Environmental Journal" to "In Defense of Wilderness and Biodiversity" because, as Dale Turner said, "calling ourselves radical somehow served to bring out everyone who wanted to disrupt the system, for whatever reason and by whatever means... This paper has always been focused generally on biodiversity and wilderness issues; now we'll say it plain on the front page."

But what really got the rapidly growing movement ticked was an editorial titled "On the True Nature of Earth First!" where

John Davis said, "The young tribe of a few hundred wilderness zealots has been joined by thousands of planet proponents of all persuasions. Inevitably, this has led to tension over style, tactics, the content of the *EF! Journal* and questions about where to defecate at our annual gatherings.

"We've not been a single tribe since we hit the national media. The media have enabled us to disseminate our message but have also cost us our unity...

"Though it is not now essential that we delineate or choose names for our tribes, it is safe to say that we who work for the *EF! Journal* identify closely with the original

tribe. We are called the reluctant radicals... and are from the conservation movement. *Earth First! Journal* can no longer even pretend to be a voice for the movement or a forum for all views in the movement. So we ain't gonna try.

“We will continue to cover news from throughout the EF! movement, but we will focus almost exclusively on wilderness and wildlife matters and actions. Further issues will stress wilderness and biodiversity almost to the exclusion of the debates over style, emphasis and politics that have arisen lately. Of course, *EF! Journal* will continue to welcome diversity of EF! voices, but we wish to avoid filling pages with irresolvable debates over anarchy, flags, immigration, diet or belly dancing.”

As you might expect, belly dancers, *et al.*, were not the quietest bunch. Upon discovering they had been excluded from the pages of the movements' paper, they started a battle that would drastically change the look and feel of Earth First!.

Autonomous and Proud

The 1990 RRR in Montana's Madison Range was tumultuous at best. The *Journal* editorial staff arrived feeling defensive, and the *Journal* meeting was contentious and long, lasting over seven hours. Dana Lyons, movement musician and philosopher, opened the meeting by reading excerpts from a letter written by EF! cofounder Mike Roselle. Basically, the letter said that the single purpose of the *Journal* was to build the EF! movement, that the staff was in a phase of denial if it thought the *Journal* didn't represent the movement and that the *Journal* had been hijacked by a small group of people. Many attending felt the *Journal's* biocentrism-only policy limited movement expansion. The meeting discussed the role of the *Journal* and its ownership. Several concrete suggestions emerged, including rotating the editorship, printing virtually all letters the paper received and broadening the board of directors on a bioregional basis. The overlapping board and staff struck many as a serious conflict of interest.

The group established a Journal Advisory Committee (JAC), and most people left the gathering feeling positive about the new, more open attitude of the paper. Immediately following the RRR, the Lughnasadh 1990 edition contained the first indication that the staff had become truly disillusioned: “It may be that *Earth First! Journal* will evolve into two *Journals*, or perhaps one plus some unemployed erstwhile staff members celebrating their newfound freedom... Time will tell.”

A Bitter Goodbye

Mabon 1990 was the edition of resignation. John Davis started the editorial firmly: “At the end of this year I will resign my position as editor to pursue a life of indolence, sloth and debauchery. I also may start a new group, to link conservation activists with conservation biologists and promote Big Wilderness.

A few words on this issue are due. At the RRR this summer, some critics called for a more open policy towards letters and argumentative essays. In this issue we have incorporated that suggestion, and it has left very little space for wildlife and wilderness.”

Kris Sommerville added, “I have not been convinced to stay. The basic philosophical disagreement within the EF! movement (biocentrism, i.e., wilderness vs. anthropocentrism, i.e., social issues) and the latest incendiary brawl over content and staff of the *Journal* have pushed me over the edge. I hereby renounce my position as business manager of *EF!J* and my standing as a member of the board of directors for Earth First! Journal Inc., effective no later than the end of the year.”

Dale Turner weighed in with a simple goodbye. “With a mixture of regret and relief, I too offer my resignation, effective at the year’s end.”

Dave Foreman and Nancy Morton’s infamous “Good Luck Darlin’. It’s Been Great” piece ran, and merchandise manager Nancy Zierenberg’s angry critique of the “split” finished off the goodbyes with flare. “I started this letter several weeks ago. I felt the need to just say ‘no!’ then, and fight to keep the *Journal* as I know it, alive and well. After giving it plenty of thought, thinking about the amount of time and effort it will take to reconstruct a new *Journal* team that I would want to work with, and the effort to set up a whole new corporation or working outline, I decided that I was not up for it.”

The Boulder Activist Conference

I got a call in fall 1990 asking if I would be willing to travel to Boulder, Colorado, for an emergency meeting about the movement. Rumors ran wild that Earth First! was over.

By then, a new radical, eco-anarcho tabloid, and Dave was going to terminate the *Journal*. *Live Wild or Die* was thriving, publishing many of the articles, letters and snippets that the *Journal* refused. It was shocking proof that there was censorship taking place at the *Journal*.

Eighty of us gathered on the University of Colorado campus to discuss our goals and the continuation of the *Journal*. Dale Turner was the only retiring staff member to join us at the meetings.

The gathering opened on a light note when an honorary member of the Revolutionary Ecoterrorist Pie Brigade filled two pie shells with whipping cream and placed them in the center of the circle as an inducement to keep people from talking too much.

Nowadays, almost every gathering has a get-together to mull over “what is Earth First!?” but this was my first. It was an awesome array of freaks and geeks arguing long and hard about beliefs and life and love. Homophobia, racism, sexism, classism and other “isms” were staunchly disavowed, as was the exclusion of anyone from the movement. The movement was moving, and we were there to discuss it. The long and honest

talk led us to agree on a few basic principals: The Earth must be first; biocentrism, biodiversity and wildness are central themes; No compromise in defense of Earth; and action need be taken. We could not consensus on a fifth principle: nonviolence.

We loudly reminded ourselves that anyone who speaks in the name of EF! speaks only for themselves. The movement has no leaders or a spokesperson. We decided we were still a strong movement, and we would carry on no compromise defense of Mother Earth without the beer-swilling rednecks. The *Earth First! Journal* would continue on our terms.

Three groups came forward with proposals to produce the *EF!J*: Wild Rockies EF!, Colorado EF! and the Big River Action Group. Each gave a presentation on format, structure and the purpose of the *Journal*, as well as their qualifications. Wild Rockies, using crowd pleasing charts and graphs and proposing a revolving editorial collective walked away with the overwhelming responsibility of producing the *new EF!J*.

Movin' to Missoula

The visionary and over-educated Wild

Rockies crew stepped up to produce the paper with an inconsistent style that would drive the movement positively crazy over the next two and one-half years.

It was winter of 1991, and I was posing as a University of Montana student to please my parents, but was spending much more of my life on the road as an activist. I had cheered loudly at the Activist Conference when the movement chose us to host the paper, and I was

excited about volunteering. I remember feeling panicked but elated as the editorial staff arrived in Missoula with one little computer, some merchandise and a bunch of back issues reluctantly relinquished by the former staff. The *ex-Journalistas* had up-and-quit in one big tantrum, refusing to relinquish the subscription list.

Carla Neasel, Tim Bechtold, Bill Bob Haskins, Gaby Barrett and David Varmint immediately buckled down and produced one hoppin' paper out of the tiny living room of the Hickory House, the EF! crash pad in Missoula. The masthead returned to "The Radical Environmental Journal," and the front page was engulfed in stories about the Persian Gulf War. The pages were chock full of irreverent humor, unpatriotic graphics and hunt sabotage articles. I remember giggling about Dave and his hunting buddies reading some of the articles that issue.

The editors statement on page two defined the new status of the paper: "We cannot continue to claim that the paper is simply an independent voice within the Earth First! movement; if it were so, it would yet be a voice so loud that others could scarcely hear. We are committed to giving voice to all parts of radical environmentalism, as we affirm the value of all parts of the natural world. We will attempt to give a place for the whole movement to speak to and for itself. While the values of the wild are at the heart of our project, this paper will not be primarily about wilderness and biodiversity. It will

be about *defending* wilderness and biodiversity. When the powerlines fail, we will stop printing the paper. It should no longer be necessary. Until then, we will do all we can to give this movement a way to make itself stronger and bring us towards rebalancing.”

The paper could afford an office after a few months and moved downtown to a seedy little hole-in-the-wall above a fried-pork-belching Chinese restaurant on one of the few busy streets in Missoula. It was a rather hellish place to contain the entire *Earth First! Journal* operation. This included Bill’s photo lab, merchandise, T-shirt printing tables and supplies, computers, back issues and all the lowbaggers who came with the paper. Some of them, usually short-termers, lived there as well. When Allison Slater came onto the staff, she was smart enough to ride her bike to the woods to sleep.

Revolving Editors

A few other individuals stepped in to oversee the paper: Bill, Tim, Carla and the steady Mary Lou. Soon came Erik, James and Allison. Each issue they ensured that the paper made it to the printer. Everyone involved had equal editorial input and received equal pay. The staff rotated. Often there was no one who had worked, (or even read) the previous issue.

According to the proposal for the paper from the 1990 RRR, anyone could come and be an editor on the paper. The only qualifications were that you be an Earth First!er who was reasonably aware of the local and national controversies surrounding wilderness destruction, was aware of the role EF! plays in halting the destruction and in expanding the wilderness, demonstrably dedicated to direct action, and was basically literate.

The format, content, style and feel of the paper varied, a lot, as editors came and went. There was no continuity and no accountability, but there was bitter, creative beauty. Some editorial crews understood computers, others did not. It was difficult to tell who belonged in the office and who did not. I remember when Jake Jagoff and Mike Roselle returned from a hard night of drinking passed an unfamiliar young man in the hallway of the overcrowded office. They said howdy and went off to sleep, giggling about the new worthless hippie in the office. The next morning they discovered that the guy was robbing the office and had walked, full-pocketed, right past them.

More than most would like to admit, the *Journal* mirrored our movement at the time. Arguments raged in the paper. Tree spiking, animal rights, cow killing and banner hanging were chewed up and spit out, unfettered and unconstrained by “oldguard” baggage. It was a time of tremendous growth in which everyone in the movement was forced to participate. Northern California activists became angered over the brash, drunken monkeywrenching attitudes

conveyed by the Wild Rockies camp, and in turn, by the paper. Ecotopia EF! made every effort to rescind all support for the paper.

In a 1992 article about the *Journal*, the staff conveyed the feeling of confusion: “Will the *Journal* survive? And in what form? Will the editorial collective structure be retained or will it be replaced by a permanent staff? Will a guiding philosophy (party line) be established for the movement and the *Journal*, and if so by whom? How will continuity of such philosophy be implemented and maintained without creating a Sierra Club bureaucratic rigidity?”

“Does the freedom thus gained give each editorial collective the untrammelled right to publish whatever it pleases? In short, there are obvious limitations to the topics that should appear in the *Journal*.” They answered themselves: “While we do not need to become obsessed with the finer distinctions, we need to articulate a statement of mission. But this editorial collective decided that it was not up to us, or any collective, to articulate a statement of mission.”

The 1992 RRR produced a solution, a compromise between the Wild Rockies and Northcoast EF!: Hire a single editor, someone accountable, who could be called on the phone and bitched at; a single person to stand at the head of the table and call the shots. The group chose a person on Northern California’s team to moderate those radical Wild Rockies editors—Mike Roselle. He had been an editor, writer and artist in the paper, as well as a movement co-founder, and thus made him just the activist the movement was looking for.

Mike Steps In It

This as it turned out simply was not a good idea. Soon after taking his place at the top of the heap, Mike began to rule. As one might expect, the masses responded poorly. No one listened to Roselle, who was more often than not referred to as the Editor in Absentia. At one point he asked Don Smith, a Colorado activist, to step in to fill his big shoes. The movement responded very negatively, and in May 1993 both Mike and Don resigned from the pages of the *Journal*: “As editor and long-term staffers for the *Earth First! Journal*, we have consistently supported an editorial policy that we believe would bring improvements to the paper, improvements we consider necessary if the *Journal* is to expand its readership and continue publication. These guidelines, however, have not had adequate support from many involved directly and indirectly with the *Journal*. Consequently we are not able to do our jobs and have chosen to resign.”

Many branches of the movement agreed with Mike, believing that their guidelines were not being followed either, that the Wild Rockies had hijacked the movement’s paper and that it was high time for another move.

As word spread that the paper was on a crash course, long-time Earth First!ers responded, calling an impromptu meeting at Karen Wood’s wedding. People agreed to go to Missoula to figure out a solution to the single-editor snafu. The next meeting was convened in Missoula, and everyone on staff, as well as others interested in the

paper, were invited. It was at this little get-together that it became clear the rift in the paper could very well turn into a rift in the movement once again.

The Guidecircles

Tahoma and Wild Cat were hoping for a solution when they decided to attend the meeting in Missoula. They listened attentively and took copious notes, wracking their brains for a solution that would satisfy the individual attitudes of the movement. But not until the long drive back West did some answers finally materialize. Responding to criticism about unfair hierarchies and manipulative individuals, the two created a set of “guidecircles” that would eventually satisfy the movement’s concerns. They began by calling them guidecircles rather than guidelines because they felt the movement should “oppose the metaphor of lines, that in our opinion reflect narrow, linear thinking and serve to divide us; we endorse the metaphor circles which are inclusive, embracing entities that serve to unite us. Instead of a negative statement about what the *Journal* will not print, we favor a positive vision statement of what the *Journal* will publish.”

The discussion section of the guidecircles starts with: “Many people, ourselves included, feel a singular ‘editor’ position on the *Journal*, a person working above or beyond the consensus of the other members of the staff, is contrary to the egalitarian ideals we hold dear. For most of us, this idea is not even a matter of debate: opposing elitism and hierarchy in all forms is a matter of moral principle.”

The guidecircles proposed, for the first time, the affinity-group editorship model. “We propose that the *Earth First! Journal* be published by an affinity group of EF! activists who will work collectively using the consensus process as the *Journal* editorial staff. Each and every staff person will be responsible for making editorial decisions concerning the *EF!J*, and each staff person will be accountable for the quality of their editorial work. All editors will review all submissions.”

The structure contained both the continuity of the old days and the fluidity of the Wild Rockies years. “We propose that the *Journal* affinity group be comprised of four long-term editors who will commit themselves to work on the *Journal* for a full year, a pool of shortterm editors who will work for one or two issues only, and two non-editorial members of the affinity group who will work on office management and fundraising for a full year.”

Confident that the guidecircles would provide a working solution to the woes of the movement, Tahoma and Wild Cat began the thankless job of convincing all involved of the validity of the proposal. Visits to California and Montana strengthened the proposal, while the Missoula crowd continued to grow bitter over the movement’s lack of understanding.

Some editorial collectives would go to protests together; some would go as far as getting arrested together. Pictured here is a collective from Eugene after they were arrested for protesting the cutting of 48 historic trees in the downtown area.

Burnout Blows Up

The Missoula collective withered under the enormous responsibility of being accountable and yet somehow wild. Authority did not sit well. The nearby Cove/Mallard campaign was sapping energy and activists away from Missoula, and most everyone in the Wild Rockies was tired of being told what to do. So it was decided to politely relinquish the paper. Well, not really.

Actually, Wild Rockies EF! went crazy. Anger seethed and it was decided, over more than one bottle of whiskey, that the paper was evil and must be banished from the bioregion. Plans to rent a Ryder truck, drive to the rendezvous, and give the damn paper back to the bossy movement that deserved it began in earnest. Loyal *Journal* staff began to fear they would need to lock down to the office computers just to keep the insanely brash from stepping off the deep end. Luckily calm heads prevailed and the publication safely stayed behind in the office while we all went to the RRR.

We Shall Gather on the Mountain

I don't think anyone knew what to expect when we all got together for the *Earth First! Journal* meeting at that fateful RRR. Montana folk were afraid that California's woo — woo faction would seize control of the movement paper. I imagine the Ecotopians were worried that the paper would continue being Wild Rockie's vomitous gift to the movement.

It was a lovely day, high up the side of Mount Graham. We gathered in the meadow and began the heated discussion about the paper. People cried; I don't remember anyone laughing. The guide circles were presented and everyone agreed that maybe we, the movement, could work things out. Most everyone had already seen copies of the proposal, so little work was needed to cinch up the deal. It was understood that the guidecircles would work in any community, but with the proposal came a suggestion by the authors to move the paper to Eugene, Oregon, a sort of middle ground. Not only is Eugene geographically located near both Northern California and Montana, but Eugene was also a town of activists dedicated to direct action. Austin, Texas, presented a less-lobbied counterproposal, and the debates about a move continued.

Two people had already expressed interest in becoming long-term editors in Eugene: John Green, a long-time EF! activist, and Jim Flynn, an editor during the Missoula years and a hater of computers. It was agreed that they would make fine editors, but, what about the other two individuals needed to create a solid staff? We decided to wait till the next day to make any final decisions so people could contemplate their commitments and time constraints. We went to bed hopeful that good editors would step forward and that we could move on to the other issues at hand.

The next day a few brave souls stepped forward. I was awed by the guts it took for them to stand in front of that huge group and explain why we should choose them

to represent the movement's wishes, dreams and beliefs. Two were chosen, Kimberly Dawn and Craig Beneville, both from California, changed their futures, and ours, by agreeing to become long-termers on the soon-to-become-stable *Earth First! Journal*.

On the Long and Happy Trail

I bet you already figured out that the paper moved to Eugene. It's been here for over seven years. Jim Flynn worked five of those years as an editor, having overcome his dislike of technology, and has returned to work here as a gofer, a position original Missoula editor Tim Bechtold deemed unnecessary.

Many amazing editors have brought vitality and variety to the pages of the *Journal* throughout the Eugene years. People with different philosophies and understandings of the movement, bringing in energy and thoughts that need pondering. Every six weeks a new activist or two joins us long-termers to produce another *Journal*. Every six weeks new ideas and focuses are infused into the pages of the paper, helping to maintain it as the voice of the movement rather than the voice of the long-termers. Some collectives battle constantly and never seem to bond into a strong group while others become very close. In 1997, the entire editorial collective was arrested together trying to stop the cutting of 48 beautiful and historic, downtown trees.

Of course, there have been controversies: Ted Kaczynski, Vail, David Chain, the media, etc., but these days they merely help to define our movement rather than restrict its growth. We have turned into a hugely diverse group made up of individuals ranging from extreme to mainstream. We are completely undefinable, but the *Earth First! Journal* helps us understand ourselves. Over time the guidecircles have needed only minor changes. They continue to steer the editorial process, creating solutions to the challenges of communication, continuity, accountability and security without compromising key values that define us individually and collectively as activists in the Earth First! movement.

In March, 2001, the production of the paper will be passed back to Tucson, Arizona. The new collective will continue to use the guidecircles while adding a more Southwest flair and sensitivity indigenous cultures' to the paper.

I wait to see what the paper will become, trusting the movement and the paper that rises from it, knowing that it will always reflect who we are—our beliefs, loves and differences and that it will continue to be *Earth First!: The Radical Environmental Journal*.

Kris Maenz is a long-term editor on the Journal who spends her time in Eugene pining to return to the snow and bad air of Missoula. She is not looking forward to getting a real job when the paper leaves town.

The Ted K Archive

Kris Maenz
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A Not-So-Brief History
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Earth First! Samhain, 21.1, Nov-Dec, 2000.
<archive.org/details/earth_first_2000/page/n227/mode/2up>

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