

BURN ZONE



Danny Lyon

When Thomas Paine wrote *The Crisis* on the head of a drum, he established the effectiveness of polemic writing in times of political distress. *Burn Zone* is such an attempt though Josephine Ferorelli and Danny Lyon are hardly Thomas Paine. They do not share his bravery, his true radicalism or his writing skills. Nor are they revolutionaries. Both of these writers are middle-class citizens raised in our schools, enjoying the blessings of a more than comfortable life in this, our amazing country. That is the point. Now is the time for the artists, for the arts community and art institutions, for intellectuals, for teachers, for Americans of every ilk—any that have a smidgen of power, any that enjoy the flimsiest of platforms—to speak out. A great big clock is ticking. The hour for action is long since past. It is time to rock and roll.



BURN ZONE

Danny Lyon

The world, the earth we love, the trees, the birds, the fish that
swim beneath the water, our home where all of us were born is dying.
Pray Paris saves us.

The Rio Grande Valley 1970–2015

The Rio Grande Valley of New Mexico 1970–2015

My first view of the Rio Grande Valley was from a car driven by a hippie poet named Peter Rabbit. His real name was Peter Dolthit, and he died last year in Santa Fe. Peter and I had met at the Libra Commune, which had been started by painters and sculptors from the Park Place Gallery in NYC who had migrated to the Colorado mountains in the San Luis Valley. Peter, a friend of the solar scientist Steve Baer, was taking me south to Albuquerque. The road we were on comes into Taos from the north, more or less as the Santa Fe Trail once did. The difference in elevation between Taos and Albuquerque is 3,000 feet, so the road south is constantly dropping, falling rather steeply as the single-lane winding highway leaves town. On the right is a cliff of rock tumbling into the rapids of the upper Rio Grande as the highway moves into Española and the Chama Valley of New Mexico, both flat planes of small farms and apple orchards. This is deservedly one of the great little drives in America. Another 60 miles further south is Albuquerque and the Rio Grande Valley, a wide stretch of fertile land sitting above a fission made by the river over the ages. The Spanish arrived here five centuries ago, riding horses in medieval armor with lances in their hands.

I arrived with some marijuana in my pocket and \$5,000 from a Guggenheim Fellowship, enough to purchase two and a half acres of irrigated valley land. The fields, which soon grew to eight acres, are adjacent to the Santa Ana Pueblo. In 1971, I began to build a house in a place that was what we would now call “off the grid.” Hippies were common in New Mexico then, and so was the idea that any large corporation was pretty much fair game. This included the phone

company (there was only one) and the electric company, still a monopoly here today. By assuring PNM that my new house would be “all electric” (electric heat and multiple electrical appliances), they agreed to install the additional poles needed to reach the building site without charge. Upon receiving the first electric bill, I removed my two electric heaters and took them to the dump.

For the next 25 years the only heat in the passive solar house came from wood-burning stoves. I started, on the first day of laying adobes, to do the corner with my wife Stephanie. After struggling (each brick weighed 35 pounds) and putting down perhaps as many as 50 bricks with the mud that served as the mortar, I determined that this was a hopeless undertaking for two college graduates. The next day I found a couple illegal Mexican workers and put them to work. The plan I had made was on a 5-by-7 inch piece of graph paper. There never was a building permit. I started laying the wood floor myself, at one point using the help of Johnnie and Andrew Sanchez, ages 12 and 14. Andrew looked at me at one point and said, “You don’t even know how to hold a hammer.” With the walls half up, Ezequiel Dominguez, a Chicano radical and a friend of Reies Tijerina who I connected with via my past in the SNCC, told me he had an extra Mexican. “Eddie,” an illegal alien, would build the rest of my house. Once or twice a year I would smuggle him across the border from northern Mexico, usually from a town near Columbus, New Mexico.

I also built a large shed in which I grew marijuana plants. Lots of them. One day Johnnie Sanchez came down as a passenger in a truck driven by a much older “friend.” He said he just wanted



to show his friend my place. That night all the plants were stolen. Within a year of my migration, I had totally transformed myself. This is a tradition in the American West, in which an alien and overwhelming landscape has affected and transformed generations of Native and non-Native Americans. I now wore cowboy boots with shit on them, had become a coyote or smuggler and an organic gardener, not just of marijuana. After a few years, my garden and fields were producing 27 varieties of fruits and vegetables. I had left far behind the kid from Forest Hills High School in Queens (Simon and Garfunkel were my classmates) and the University of Chicago history student (Bernie Sanders was in my class) to become something else. Che Guevara used to talk about “the new man.” Jefferson, who had built Monticello (twice), influenced me to make my own home. Jefferson used slaves. I used Eddie. I felt I had become “the new man.” Now it is 45 years later, and I am an “old man.”

New Mexico is part of the Great American Desert, which is as large as the Sahara and has about as much rainfall—“none,” as I like to say. The Rio Grande Valley is about a mile at its widest, running through a sloped landscape of dirt, rock and mesas. From the air Albuquerque looks like you are landing on some other planet, a vast land of dried-up nothing, and down its center runs a slash of green, and in the very middle of that a ribbon of brown, which is what’s left of the Rio Grande. The house I built is a quarter mile from the river. The green you see is mostly alfalfa fields. Alfalfa is a crop that uses very little water. The rest of the green is cottonwood trees or alamo trees. Albuquerque has the largest stand of native cottonwoods on the planet. My original love of the tree came from

listening to the Lone Ranger as a child in Queens, when my hero would say to his Indian companion, “Tie the horses up in the cottonwoods, Tonto.” That single line probably did more to determine my life than 12 years of school. My house is surrounded by cottonwoods. At first Eddie and I would go to the riverbank and dig up saplings and plant them near the house. These trees are now about a hundred feet high, and one has a girth of almost five feet at its base.

In the 1930s, an irrigation system was built by FDR as a way to move water from the Rio Grande along the higher edges of the valley, and down into the fields. Two ditches encircle my property. One is the Bernalillo Main Canal, which wraps around it on the north and west. To the east another canal bisects my property, meaning we have to cross a bridge to get from one part of the property to another. In 45 years, I have rebuilt the wooden bridge five times. The last time we did it, we bought creosote-soaked 16 by-12 foot timbers that had once been part of a railroad trestle. I like to point at them and say they would survive a nuclear blast. Because Sandia Base is located 20 miles away in Albuquerque (you can see all the buried missile silos when you fly into Albuquerque), the city is considered a second-round nuclear target. The house I built is biodegradable. It is made of dirt. Other than the thin sheath of stucco (cement with color), over time the house will dissolve into a large pile of dirt. The first house took about 12,000 adobe bricks, each weighing 35 pounds.

About six years after reaching New Mexico, I became divorced and then remarried. Stephanie returned back east with our two very small children. Soon Nancy and I followed. Though we

often returned to visit the house and struggled to hold on to the property, we would spend the next 30 years living in New York City and New York State. Then Nancy and I, now grandparents, returned to New Mexico and the Rio Grande Valley. The world we returned to was very different from the world we had left. Change is hard to notice. It creeps up on you. Like standing in a forest and thinking you can watch it grow. You can't. You can watch cucumbers grow. There is a little cucumber in the morning and when you go out to pick it, you can't find it; 24 hours later, the cuke has turned into a football that you throw into the compost heap. Not forests. Not trees. Real change happens very slowly.

Near my house is a highway bridge over the Rio Grande. Every time I cross it, I look down at the river. I used to stand on it and look at the water. In my film *Willie*, Nancy and I filmed Willie Jaramillo as he drank beer and sang songs underneath the bridge. In the film, Willie pulls himself along underneath the bridge, holding onto the girders above his head until he is over the deep water of the river. As he yells, Willie does a cannonball into the current. The water was bank-to-bank. It's not bank-to-bank anymore. Even during run-off, when either snowmelt or massive rains in the north are sending down a huge, mud-colored water flow, the river is not bank-to-bank. The river as I knew it in the early 1970s is gone. It's a third of the size that it used to be.

Photographic contact sheets are like diaries, each entry locked in place by time. One after the other, the tiny pictures are a relentless, correct ordering of a person's life, a record of what they were looking at. I arrived in Llanito, a group of houses north of Bernalillo, in April

1970, 45 years ago. On the contact sheets, you see me go out into a dust storm with my Leica, following a hippie who was walking his dog, leaning forward, trying not to be blown out of the frame. They say people age quickly in New Mexico, victims of the sun and wind. I was a city boy playing with my camera in the desert. I thought the dust storm was charming. I don't think they are charming anymore. Recently I spoke with a woman at the post office who is my age. "I'm from Magdalena," she said. "I grew up there. Every year the wind arrived on April 15 and blew for two weeks. Now it arrives in March and blows all the time." Anytime from March to June, there are days when you pray you were somewhere else. Remember the film about "tornado chasers" where the cow goes sideways across the screen? Along with the wind comes the dirt from myriad places, like the desert and the dry mountain foothills, which have almost no growth covering the ground.

A few years ago when a tractor and bulldozer were leveling our hay fields, I watched as clouds of our topsoil blew off to the benefit of our neighbor's fields. Along with the dust are the pollens from whatever is trying to bloom, including my beloved cottonwoods, sending long lines of people to the emergency room with coughs and worse. Tucson has something called "Valley Fever," some mysterious microbe that is unearthed at construction sites and brings low (as in kills) the elderly, a group that includes me. During the first year Nancy and I moved back to Llanito from New York State and stayed for our first spring in 35 years, I developed an unstoppable cough. I now carry a series of medical protections starting with a daily allergy pill, which I take for six months just so





I can breathe. The summer after I spoke with the woman at the post office, her hometown of Magdalena, an old mining town situated at 6,500 feet, ran completely out of water. The aquifer that supplied the wells that had supported the town for a hundred years ran dry. They brought in water by tanker truck.

Then there is the heat. New Mexico has always been hot, and in the summers of my youth, when we could, we took the kids and camped in the mountains. Moving up a couple thousand feet in altitude (Albuquerque is 5,000 feet, Santa Fe is 7,200 feet) drops the temperature by ten degrees. Scientists now say that, since 1970, the average summer temperature in New Mexico has increased 1.8 degrees fahrenheit. I recall one August, while doing a workshop with Chuck Kelton for Jemez and Santa Ana Pueblo kids in my old studio, I decided in the middle of the day to drive into Albuquerque to get some much-needed items at Staples. Having stepped out of my air-conditioned Volvo, I was literally flattened by the heat. I stood against the side of the car plotting how I would make it to the inside of the store without falling down from heatstroke on the boiling blacktop. I decided a dash of 20 feet to the shade of the building was my best first move. Of course at 3 p.m. there was no shade from the building, so I just kind of clung to the wall when I reached it, until I had the strength to quickly move the remaining distance to the entrance and more air conditioning. The truth is that summer in New Mexico now is so hot as to make it impossible to do anything outdoors after 10 a.m. Shade from the trees I planted 40 years ago helps. Last year we added six more.

As I said, our house and land are adjacent to the Santa Ana Pueblo, the native

village across the ditch. Their ancestors were here when Coronado arrived, and Pueblo Indians still control much of the land as you move up the valley—San Felipe, Santo Domingo and then Cochiti. Directly to the west and towering above the villages are the Jemez Mountains. Mesas sit directly above the pueblos on the west side of the valley, dry foothills to the Jemez. Mesa means “table” in Spanish, and these geolithic wonders look like upside down turnips that have had their diminishing tails lopped off by giants. They are composed of basalt, a rock that was in fact a cinder spit out by a volcano. Volcanoes and volcanic plugs, the frozen cores of unexploded volcanoes, cover the desert west of my house. In the Ojito Wilderness, the triangle of land between Route 550, northwest of Bernalillo toward Farmington, and Route 66 west out of Albuquerque, are 50 volcanic plugs.

Once upon a time in the Jemez Mountains, a massive volcano exploded leaving a still-visible crater ten miles across. Inside this crater is a flat, grassy plain, dissected by two small streams. Easily seen from the air, the Valle Grande is a special wonder of nature, a private fishing and game preserve until recently. I used to fish along its edges, and on brave, youthful days hike deep into the forest to fish the upper East Branch, trespassing inside the Valle Grande land. A herd of elk grazes on acres of natural pasture easily seen from Highway 64, which passes by the Valle Grande on its way to Los Alamos. The 2011 Las Conchas Fire began in a campsite near this road. You could see the open flames in the mountains from the town of San Ysidro, and you could see the column of smoke from our house. The Las Conchas Fire would burn all summer, and by the time it burned itself out it had cut a path

through the Jemez that was 10 miles wide and 50 miles long. It not only burned all the trees down to the ground along one side of the Valle Grande, it also caused the evacuation of the town of Los Alamos, birthplace of the atomic bomb. The fire’s smoke went into Santa Fe all summer. That spring I happened to drive north with a friend who had a fishing camp near the Colorado border, and as we drove I kept looking at the smoke and wondering if we would ever drive out of it. We did, about 100 miles from Las Conchas River, where it started, when we crossed into Colorado.

Two years later, I drove my truck into the burn zone left by the Las Conchas Fire, with my Rolleiflex, my boots and my dog, Trip. First I accessed the destruction from the Valle Grande, where the fire had burned right down to Highway 64. Then I tried to access it from the valley side, from Cochiti Pueblo. Dixon’s apple orchard had been there, the fruit trees a hundred years old. In 1978, we took the kids to Dixon’s to buy apples. I remember seeing a box turtle cross the road. I don’t think there are any turtles there any more. It wasn’t the fire that destroyed the orchard. It was the mud and water that came roaring down the arroyo a few weeks later. With zero ground cover to slow or absorb the heavy rainfall, so much water moved down the canyon quickly, destroying everything in its path, including the sides of the canyon. The buildings in its path collapsed and the ancient apple trees were all ripped out at the root. Ash and silt followed. So much ash flowed down into the river that for the next two years, the irrigation water that came down the ditch wasn’t murky or brown, it was black.

Like other photographers, I often

photographed my own children, photographed them playing in the ditch. Once we all got into inner tubes and floated down the canal that ran behind our house. I also irrigated my garden from the ditch, which in the 1970s was not regulated. If you needed water, you opened the headgate and you got water. Recently I had a U.S. agricultural advisor on my land who asked me, “You water your garden from the ditch?” “Sure,” I said. “Because,” she said, “two years ago they pulled a car out of Cochiti Lake that had four dead bodies in it. It had been in there a year.” The agricultural advisor said another land owner upstream from me, closer to the Cochiti reservoir that fed the ditch, opened his headgate, had the water spray all over his arm and chest, and immediately broke out in a rash and went to the hospital.

The Las Conchas Fire was caused by the wind knocking a tree into a power line. It destroyed 224 square miles and became the largest forest fire in the history of the state of New Mexico. It held on to that dubious record for all of one year. The following year, 2012, the Whitewater-Baldy Complex Fire burned 465 square miles in southern New Mexico, or twice as much as the Las Conchas Fire. One began to dread the “fire season.” Then, in 2013, the largest fire in the history of Arizona burned right up to New Mexico’s western border, bringing so much daily smoke into the Rio Grande Valley as to make the air unbreathable. School children were not allowed outside at recess. Elderly people were advised to stay indoors. At age 71, I began to have “asthma like conditions.” Having moved back to New Mexico partly because Nancy thought we would live a better life there, one night I heard her say, over my coughing, “This is a disaster.” On the phone with my brother



Leonard, a physician, I asked what I could do. "Move," he said. My children were born on this land. My grandchildren visit. My best dog Sam is buried in the yard. I'm not going anywhere. Last spring we drove down a new well. The first well I put in, in 1970, was down about 20 feet. There is an aquifer under the valley, and my house is so low you could dig down seven feet, and after the clay, then sand, reach water. The new well is 200 feet deep.

There is something weird about waking in the morning and pouring ashes out of the dog bowls you left outside the night before. Fenton Lake is a large mountain lake easily accessible from Albuquerque. The entire mountain behind Lake Fenton was denuded by fire 15 years ago, and it seems to have scarcely recovered. Aspens are growing but not much else. Fishing in Fenton is like fishing in an outer ring of Dante's Inferno. The Las Conchas Fire was so intense—and burned over some areas in the Jemez that had already been denuded by fire. The Forest Service wonders if these twice-burned areas will ever recover.

"Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country." – William Jennings Bryan

I am a city boy who has spent most of my life in the country. When I purchased valley land 45 years ago, I stepped into a man-altered western landscape. In the early 1970s, a good friend, Richard Brick, the producer of some of Woody Allen's films, visited from Vermont. "You mean you have to water the trees?" he asked. He was incredulous. I thought, "Make hay while the sun shines," an adage

from the musical *Oklahoma*. It now has deep meaning for me. Nancy and I sell hay. When you are a farmer in the western United States, you wake up each day hoping to see a cloud. A dark cloud brings real excitement. But if you have cut hay on the ground, you dread the sight of it, because you can't sell moldy hay. Living a rural life, growing a crop, often makes weather the biggest factor in your life. This is simply not true in a city. In NYC, I ride a bicycle. I travel by climbing into holes in the ground where electric trains move me and hundreds of thousands of other people to within a few blocks of their destination, in a transit system that is over a century old. Not so in New Mexico, where there is, relatively speaking, no public transportation and distances can be vast. In New Mexico, the holes in the ground are made by squirrels and nobody, including me, likes them. In New Mexico, Nancy drives a 100% electric car which we plug in like a toaster overnight. The change in our electric bill is negligible. Once in such a car, you begin to regard gas and oil as filthy, smelly, poisonous products best left in the ground.

We can get along without fossil fuels, but we cannot get along without water. New Mexico has been in a state of drought for "seven years," depending on how you count. The Jicarilla Apache reservation is 7,000 feet high, breathtaking high-desert land that runs right beneath a mountain range in Colorado that is 11,000 feet high. The Jicarillas have a group of small lakes (back east they'd be called ponds) that were stocked with rainbow trout, where as a young man I loved to camp and fish. No more. These lakes are shallow, and with the drought these bodies of water are shadows of themselves. Thick growth lines the shore, making it hard







to get close enough to fish. Along the Rio Grande watershed in northern New Mexico, a series of dams captures water from the Chama and Rio Grande rivers. The most northerly of these lakes, Heron Lake, where we once camped, is too low to fish or boat on. El Vado, just below it, is now shallow with watermarks along the rocks showing the many feet above the present surface where the water used to be. Navajo Lake was created in the early 1960s by damming the San Juan River and two other smaller rivers, where the rivers met in a deep canyon in the northwest corner of the state. Navajo Dam, which releases extremely cold water from the bottom of the lake, created one of the greatest trout fisheries in the Lower Forty Eight, a place where I catch and release massive rainbows on midges that are as small as a freckle. The reservoir created by the dam once went 35 miles deep into Colorado. Since the mid '70s, it has shrunk in size by 10 miles. Elephant Butte, a lake that captures water from the Rio Grande south of Albuquerque, has also shrunk in size, stranding houses and boat ramps far from water's edge. I don't think any of these places will ever return to what I experienced 40 years ago. The seven-year drought is permanent.

The conquistadores arrived in the valley of the Rio Grande 500 years ago. Santa Fe was a capitol of New Spain 100 years before the occupants of the Mayflower landed near Plymouth Rock. The Spanish enslaved and interbred with the native Pueblo Indians. My land is a thick layer of deep-red clay, deposited there as silt by the Rio Grande as it jumped its banks for millennia and spread the cottonwood orchard that lines the ditch behind my house. There is not a pebble in this clay. Potsherds are common, evidence of the land's use by the native people

whose descendants are my neighbors. The year of the Las Conchas Fire, two of the people who came to buy our hay were a Zia Indian named Dane and his son. Dane said the Zias always let their cattle loose to graze in the foothills of the Jemez Mountains. "Now they come back skin and bones," he said. "There is nothing for them to eat." Not having rain is so common in Albuquerque that a few summers ago when a downpour started, KANW radio announced, "People are dancing in the streets." Then it rained too much and Albuquerque's downtown was flooded. The paper ran a picture of someone going down Central Avenue, old Route 66, in a canoe. Our house is made of dirt. It would last a single year in the east. When it does rain, and it did rain a great deal this spring, the concentration of water, which they call "microbursts," can be awesome. A single massive black cloud will unload barrels of water on one spot, and you can move 100 yards from there and the ground will be bone dry. It rained so much one morning in Llanito that a "wall of water" came down our 1,100-foot road, covered the brick patio and flowed into the sunken kitchen floor. This year we put a six-inch drain in the patio that drops out to the fields.

Irrigation water is heavily controlled. Ditch riders, employed by the Rio Grande Conservancy District to whom we pay a small tax for water use, wield great power. Lester, the last ditch rider, enjoyed tormenting me. On our day to water, having driven down onto my property to tell me exactly what to do at seven in the morning, he liked to scream, "Lyon! Get the hell up there and open that gate all the way up. Go ahead. Get up there and open up the damned gate. Not a few inches. And have all the fields done by noon." Lester, a real hoot, has retired. But

water rights are not a hoot. New Mexico is running out of water. The rule of the West is that the first person to settle has rights to the water that trumps later arrivals. The Pueblos are allowed to irrigate using water when for everyone else the ditch is turned off. The town of Roswell (population 40,000) has sued the upstream farmers of Alamogordo over the use of water. The farmers were there first. Who do you think is going to win? Humans, who must consume water or die, or the farmers who are growing hay to feed horses? Last year under Lester we were allowed water once every three weeks. Then the ditch was shut down in late summer. What happens when there is no water to irrigate and the ditch is empty? Last year in addition to the alamo trees, which pull carbon from the air and store it in their fast-growing wood, we added an acre of native grasses, for what is called “dry farming.” Mostly we got weeds.

What, then, is to be done?

When Henry David Thoreau was arrested in 1848 for refusing to pay his taxes after the invasion of Mexico by the United States, he established the right and the duty of American citizens and intellectuals to protest. This blatant land grab by the new American government was also protested by first-term congressman Abraham Lincoln, who ridiculed the war cry in his famous “spot resolutions”. John Brown tried to start the Civil War 10 years ahead of when it finally happened. Thoreau, Emerson and many in the Boston area helped finance Brown’s purchase of weapons and recruitment of men. When Brown was quickly defeated and captured, his supporters understandably ran for the hills. It was Thoreau alone who publicly

pointed out that the man was a saint. Everyone else was afraid to. Thoreau meant that Brown was willing to act, even at the cost of his own life, to abolish the cancer of slavery. Our history and the very fabric of American civilization has proven to be on the side of Thoreau and Brown.

In 2014, a small and ragged group of Climate Marchers arrived in Albuquerque, having walked here from Los Angeles. I heard on the radio that they would have a fundraising party. Held in the backyard of a house that held yoga classes, the first thing I noticed when I arrived was that no one—other than the marchers, who looked more or less like hippies—was there, and the fundraising jar was empty. I put five 100 dollar bills into it. And after meeting them again at their campsite in Albuquerque, I joined them again at a rally as they passed through the railyard in Santa Fe. Of the speakers there, the one who impressed me the most was a blonde woman who, as she spoke, cradled and nursed a child. She spoke about how the subject of climate change depressed her—depressed her until the day she became an activist. Of the myriad books I have read on Germany and the rise of Hitler, the best is a two-volume wartime diary of Victor Klemperer, *I Will Bear Witness*. Born Jewish but converted to Protestantism and married to an Aryan, Klemperer was soon fired from his university post, and as he saw all his former colleagues and friends cross the street to avoid seeing him or talking with him when he shopped, he wrote, “Where have all the good Germans gone?” Barely missing a transport to the gas chambers in the chaos of the fire bombing of Dresden, he ripped off his yellow star, found his wife and fled.

Without exception the good Germans—the ones that fought back, Aryan and Jew alike—were political or became political by their acts. Many were Communists. Others were from the Lutheran church, and some were Catholics who acted on their beliefs. My generation, the generation of the 1960s, that in its youth changed America for the next 50 years, did not experience WWII. Our lives have been protected. We were born into the luxury of the 1950s and most of us have enjoyed nothing but luxury ever since. The horror of Vietnam helped radicalize a generation, but the truth is, many that could, including me, avoided the war. We are still experiencing the accomplishments of the civil rights movement. Income parity was reached between black and white Americans in the borough of Brooklyn in the 1990s, an amazing achievement for America. We have elected a black president. Yet now at this happy moment, in this life we enjoy so much, surrounded by our grandchildren, we are experiencing something unimaginable. One reason the Nazis and the SS were able to successfully build and use their gas chambers was that what they were doing was unimaginable. The very monstrosity of what the Nazis were up to was a huge weapon in their hands. When you have a heart attack, it is natural to deny it. When the world is burning, it is natural to deny that also. But the world is burning, and Americans, citizens we know, people we vote for, people we give our money to, people we are too polite to attack, are helping it happen. Great and powerful forces driven primarily by greed are working to prevent us from saving ourselves. In an incredible twist of human logic, they prefer to make money, a lot of money, rather than see the world survive into the future. Who are they? My youngest

grandchild could well live until the year 2110, my oldest grandchild until the year 2100. Don’t these people have grandchildren? People do fight back and some with great success. Occupy Wall Street, which took place one mile from the Whitney Museum, placed on the table a simple fact, now openly discussed, that .01% of our citizens are controlling our lives. Fifty different forms of government, including China, call themselves democracies. Is that what we are? Athens was a city of 60,000 citizens when they invented our form of government. Yet Athens and her empire were among the city-states that fought each other to the death until a much greater outside force—first Alexander of Macedon then Rome, united all the Greeks by ruling over them. If there is any good to come from the threat to planet Earth it is that, for the first time in human history, the scourge of war may cease to exist. A conqueror is at our gates: smoke, wind, flood, drought and fire.

After the Paris climate change conference, it is absolutely clear that the entire world is trying to stop this catastrophe from happening. From governments and scientists spending trillions to create energy from fusion, to the lowly citizen who recycles her garbage. When our youngest child, Rebecca, graduated from the University of Chicago, I picked up a copy of the *Maroon*, the student newspaper, in the darkroom where I developed my first roll of film 55 years ago. In it was a two-page profile of a recent graduate, William Jensen Cottrell. Young William, by then a grad student at Cal Tech, had been sentenced to eight years in prison for vandalizing Hummers. He painted slogans on some and set fire to others. Wiebo Ludwig was the leader of

a Christian community named Trickle Creek in Alberta, Canada. As natural gas sites were dug all around his community, he led months of organizing that failed to stop the drilling that he thought was poisoning the town. Children became ill. Then Wiebo's granddaughter was stillborn. The next morning, he used explosives to destroy two natural gas wells. He said, "If the oil companies run roughshod over your lives, you have to take defensive action against them, whatever is necessary... You can't just let them kill your children." In the 1990s there were hundreds of acts of vandalism against natural gas sites in northern Alberta. Wiebo was diagnosed with cancer in 2011. He built his own coffin and died the next year.

On December 7, 2005, one of the largest arrests of environmental activists in American history began in Portland. Using the code name Operation Backfire, six people were arrested by the FBI for allegedly taking part in a wide variety of crimes, including arson against light trucks, which our government called domestic terrorism. One of them served 10 years in prison. Aren't we arresting the wrong people? Aren't these people heroes?

Young scientists risk their lives to helicopter onto the polar ice cap to measure the amount of damage there, and elected members of the United States Congress openly try to stop the small amount of funding that makes this possible. These people are trying to save us. Aren't the officials trying to stop them the real criminals? Genocide and other war crimes were named as such after the fact. Aren't these people, the corporations they control, their lobbyists, the politicians that do their dirty work,

their spokesmen—are not all of them guilty of crimes against humanity? And if we don't fight back and fight back now, what awaits us? The achievements of the last three centuries, the liberation from the rule of kings, the establishment of the rights of man, the defeat of slavery, the enfranchisement of women, the enfranchisement of African Americans, the liberation of women, of gays, the fight for women's rights here and across the world, the fight against guns—all our beloved freedoms will go out the window. Under pressure from a radical change in the weather, the storms, the droughts, the migrations of people, the struggle over water—how can our democracy, how can any democracy, possibly survive?

This is a question of power. I realized early in my life that my own ability to direct my life and destiny was power, and the more my own life and destiny were in the hands of others, the less power I had. But many people, like journalists, teachers and artists, have another kind of power, the power to influence others. The power of the press is very real and on it is built one of the great foundations of American society.

I also realized when I was young that one of the great dilemmas of modern life was the utter powerlessness of the individual. The catastrophe that faces the planet is a perfect example of that. None of us as individuals is responsible for this. None of us as individuals can stop it or even affect it through our actions. Nor can we stop war or start one, free the prisoners, or disarm our murderous citizenry. We cannot even control the ugliness around us. All we can do, if we have the means, is go somewhere else. The lack of individual power is central to modern life.

But when we act, when we publish, when we break the law we do not agree with, when we act politically, we empower ourselves. This has a profound effect on how we feel about ourselves. However much we are tossed about by circumstances and history, we have saved ourselves because we have done something to change ourselves, and ultimately, to change history. History moves slowly, like a turtle, but it moves nevertheless, steadily and relentlessly. I have lived my life. I have fished in the San Juan and sat by an open fire with my grandchildren. It is your life you are fighting for. Someone who is 20 today will live a long time into the future. You are in a fight for your life.



CLIMATE CRIMINALS

“The Baddies List”

BY JOSEPHINE FERORELLI

Forward to Josephine Ferorelli's Climate Criminals

Danny Lyon

A global movement exists to save the planet and civilization as we and our ancestors have known it. You are either part of it or you are against it. This list of fifty Americans, all actively trying to derail this movement, are the enemies of mankind. They are your and my enemies, and especially the enemies of our children and grandchildren. It is important to know them by their names, and their companies, and know where to find them. These are real people, human beings just like you and I, only unfortunately for all of us they wield disproportionate power in this, an unfair world.

I am a member of AARP and a grandfather multiple times who has lived as perfect a life as can be hoped for in an over-crowded and troubled world. One of my great fortunes was to join the Southern civil rights movement at the age of 20, for once there I became friends with some of the greatest minds of a generation. Needless to say, as a 20-year-old white boy from Queens, I learned a great deal. There were many conflicts within that movement, one of the most profound and successful in American history. But within the movement, as the differences and political, ideological and generational conflicts, fell to the side for a greater good, the movement gained unstoppable momentum. Its victories led to some of the most progressive moves in our history, an advancement of our humanity that affected the entire world. Most of the people that worship today at the foot of the Lincoln monument are foreigners.

I first heard of Josephine Ferorelli when Nancy told me that our youngest child, Rebecca, had joined an online dialogue called Conceivable Future that proposed a

method of protesting and living with the grim reality of climate change by never having children. As Rebecca's father this drove me to a paroxysm of protest. What about the Holocaust? What about hope? If everyone joined that movement, the human race would come to a grinding halt. I recalled James Forman, the great forgotten hero of the civil rights movement—the man who with others virtually created the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee only to have a Black Panther stick a loaded gun into his mouth, tell me in 1963 that it was unfair to bring a black child into this world. Later Forman married an SNCC worker and had two sons, one of whom is a Harvard-trained lawyer and the other is an actor.

It was on one of Rebecca's visits to our farm when I finally met the infamous creator of Conceivable Future, Josephine Ferorelli. Seeing a stately blonde before me, I decided instead to ask Josephine into the privacy of my studio and immediately decided to change the subject. I told her I was writing *Burn Zone*.

"I think we need to list these people who are actually fighting against the millions of people that are struggling to save the planet," I said to Josephine. "We need to embarrass them. Give out their addresses. People who know them should tell them to their face what they think of them, they should shun them, and no cultural institutions should accept their money for anything."

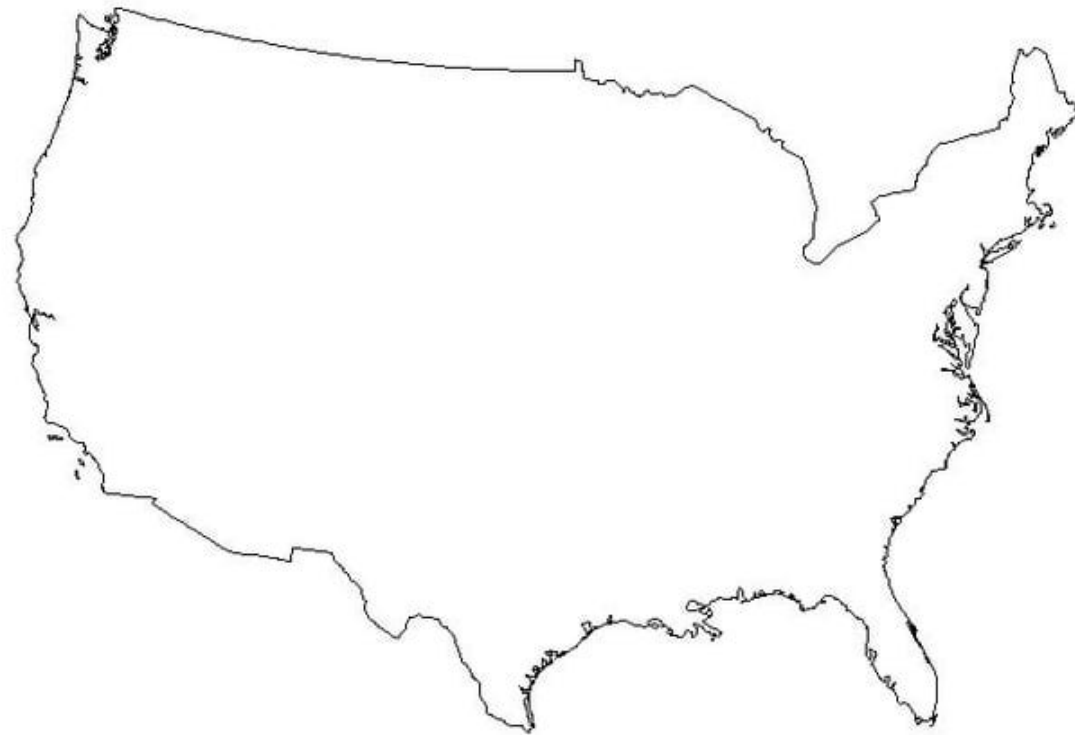
Josephine sat quietly listening.

"I think we should list the addresses and phone numbers of their grandchildren too," I added.

"I won't list their children or their grandchildren," said Josephine. "Why don't we find one for each state? A baddies' list. Fifty Climate Criminals."

And so Josephine and I, who were on opposite sides of an issue we both felt passionately about, came to work together, simply by not discussing what separated us. Then Josephine did something that almost everyone I've asked to help me has not done. She put her ass in a chair and worked and worked to produce the list we now have before us. And I have come to agree with Conceivable Future. If enough young women pledge to not reproduce, perhaps, as the women in Lysistrata stopped war, it will send the message that will bring the world to its senses. The choice is yours. This is the evidence of our freedom. We act. We fight back against the enemies of Earth.

Climate Criminals: 50 States



Alabama

Representative Mike Rogers (Republican, 3rd District) has accepted \$520,326 from a wide variety of fossil fuel companies since his first campaign in 2003. Votes reliably for fossil fuel interests.

@RepMikeRogersAL

324 Cannon House Office Building
Washington, DC 20515
Phone: (202) 225-3261
Fax: (202) 226-8485

1129 Noble St # 104, Anniston, AL 36201
Phone: (256) 236-5655
Fax: (256) 237-9203

701 Avenue A, Suite 300, G.W. Andrews
Federal Building Opelika, AL 36801
Phone: (334) 745-6221
Fax: (334) 742-0109

Alaska

Senator and former commissioner of the Alaska Department of Natural Resources Dan Sullivan denies the scientific consensus of climate change, supports expanded oil drilling, opposes climate action, and has accepted \$463,670 in cumulative fossil fuel donations.

@SenDanSullivan

702 Hart Senate Office Building,
Washington, DC 20510
Phone: 202.224.3004
Fax: (202)-224-6501

510 L Street, Suite 750, Anchorage, AK
99501
Phone: (907) 271-5915
Fax: (907) 258-9305

Arizona

Arizona governor Doug Ducey, a likely ALEC (American Legislative Exchange Council) member and former Coldstone Creamery CEO, denies the scientific consensus of man-made climate change. He opposes EPA oversight, has put a moratorium on new fossil fuel industry regulations, and called for a full review of existing regulations.

@dougducey

1700 West Washington Street, Phoenix,
AZ 85007
Phoenix: (602) 542.4331
Tucson: (520) 628.6580

Arkansas

Senator John Boozman (Republican) has received at least \$264,827 in fossil fuel donations during his tenure and has a consistent pro-fossil fuel voting record.

@JohnBoozman

141 Hart Senate Office Building,
Washington, DC 20510
Phone: (202) 224-4843

1401 W. Capitol Ave., Suite 155,
Little Rock, AR 72201
Phone: (501) 372-7153

California

Catherine Reheis-Boyd is the president of the Western States Petroleum Association, or WSPA (pronounced "whisper"), a powerful lobbying organization that can be found opposing climate legislation in California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Hawaii and Arizona.

@WSPAPrez
@OfficialWSPA
cathy@wspa.org

1415 L Street, Suite 600, Sacramento, CA
95814
Phone: (916) 498-7752
Fax: (916) 444-5745
Cell: (916) 835-0450

Colorado

Senator Cory Gardner (Republican) is a member of the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee. Senator Gardner has received a whopping \$1,456,669 in fossil fuel donations since 2013. The senator supports fossil fuel interests, including a major expansion of fracking in his water-scarce state.

@SenCoryGardner

354 Russell, Senate Office Building,
Washington, DC 20510
Phone: (202) 224-5941
Fax: (202) 224-6524

102 S. Tejon St., Suite 930, Colorado
Springs, CO 80903
Phone: (719) 632-6706,
Fax: (202) 228-7176

Connecticut

Ralph Izzo is the CEO and president of PSE&G Inc., the utility that operates Connecticut's only coal-fire power plant, located in Bridgeport on Long Island Sound. PSE&G is attempting to build a gas facility when the coal plant is decommissioned, against strong local opposition.

@PSEGdelivers
@PSEGNews

@PSEGLI
PSE&G, 80 Park Plaza, Newark, NJ 07102
Phone: 973-430-7000

Delaware

The DuPont Corporation has made recent commitments to reduce their emissions, but they have more than a little damage to undo: not only were they ranked as the fourth largest corporate source of air pollution in America in 2010, but they invented chlorofluorocarbons (the refrigerants that ate a hole in the ozone) and helped to sink the Kyoto Protocol, as a member of obstructionist lobby group the Global Climate Coalition. It will be a difficult task to reconcile their environmental aspirations with their global "spew first, discover harmful impacts later" business model. Edward D. Breen is their new CEO and president.

@DuPont_News

1007 North Market Street, Wilmington,
DE 19898
Phone: (302) 774-1000

Florida

Rick Scott, the Republican governor, has a net worth \$220 million. He unofficially banned the phrases "climate change" and "global warming" from use by government officials, and eviscerated Florida environmental protections while receiving more than \$1 million in donations from utility corporations.

@FLGovScott

The Capitol, 400 S. Monroe St.,
Tallahassee, FL 32399-0001
Phone: (850) 488-7146

Georgia

Judith Curry is a professor and the former chair of Georgia Tech School of Earth and Atmospheric Sciences. She is an academic for hire with a consulting business (Climate Forecast Applications Network, or CFAN), focusing on "uncertainty" as a case for inaction on climate. She gave flawed testimony to the Senate Subcommittee on Space, Science and Competitiveness on behalf of Senator Ted Cruz, Republican of Texas.

@curryja
curryja@eas.gatech.edu

ES&T 3156, Georgia Tech, North Avenue,
Atlanta, GA 30332
Phone: (404) 894-3948

Hawaii

Congratulations, Hawaii! Your "100% energy from renewables by 2045" target is the most ambitious in the nation. No one in your leadership deserves to be in this directory. We are sorry for how severe climate impacts will be on your beautiful state.

Idaho

Senator Michael Crapo (Republican) serves on the Subcommittee on Energy, Natural Resources and Infrastructure. Senator Crapo denies the existence of man-made climate change and votes for fossil fuel interests, for the price of \$424,885 in cumulative donations from the fossil fuel industry.

@MikeCrapo

239 Dirksen Senate Office Building,
Washington, DC 20510

Phone: (202) 224-6142
Fax: (202) 228-1375

251 E. Front St., Suite 205, Boise, ID
83702
Phone: (208) 334-1776
Fax: (208) 334-9044

Illinois

Senator Mark Kirk (Republican) has recently rescinded his moderate climate position to begin full-fledged denial: he was pro-Keystone XL pipeline and voted against mercury regulation for coal stations. He advocates coal expansion and has accepted \$483,070 since 2000 in fossil fuel money.

@SenatorKirk
@MarkKirk

524 Hart Senate Office Building,
Washington, DC, 20510

Phone: (202) 224-2854
Fax: (202) 228-4611

230 South Dearborn, Suite 3900,
Chicago, IL 60604
Phone: (312) 886-3506
Fax: (312) 886-2117

Indiana

Governor Mike Pence denies consensus on climate change, and has accepted a career total of \$356,650 from "energy and natural resources" donors (this includes his time in the House as R-IN06). He announced non-compliance with the EPA's Clean Air Act and presides over largely unregulated fracking: over 70,000 wells in Indiana.

@GovPenceIN

communications@mikepence.com
MPENCE@state.n.us

101 W Ohio Street, Suite 1180
Indianapolis, IN 46204
Phone: (317) 569-0709

Iowa

Senators Chuck Grassley (Republican) and Joni Ernst (Republican) both deny the consensus on man-made climate change. Senator Grassley supported the Keystone XL pipeline, and promotes increased red meat and bio-fuel consumption. The senator votes with fossil fuel interests 94% of the time, for the career-long price tag of \$606,755.

@ChuckGrassley

135 Hart Senate Office Building,
Washington, DC 20510
Phone: (202) 224-3744
Fax: (202) 224-6020

721 Federal Building, 210 Walnut Street,
Des Moines, IA 50309
Phone: 515-288-1145
Fax: 515-288-5097

Senator Ernst wants to eliminate the Environmental Protection Agency, and opposes both the Clean Water Act and cap-and-trade proposals.

@joniernst

111 Russell Senate Office Building,
Washington, DC 20510
Phone: (202) 224-3254
Fax: (202) 224-9369

733 Federal Building 210 Walnut Street,
Des Moines, IA 50309
Phone: (515) 284-4574

Fax: (515) 284-4937

Kansas

Pat Roberts (Republican) has accepted \$858,318 from fossil fuel donors during his Senate campaigns and tenure, including \$125,950 from Koch Industries. Senator Roberts supports tar sands expansion, more domestic oil exploration, offshore drilling and the expansion of ethanol.

@SenPatRoberts

109 Hart Senate Office Building,
Washington, DC 20510-1605
Phone: (202) 224-4774
Fax: (202) 224-3514

Frank Carlson Federal Bldg., 444 SE
Quincy, Room 392, Topeka, KS 66683
Phone: (785) 295-2745
Fax: (785) 235-3665

Kentucky

Matt Bevin was elected governor of Kentucky in December 2015. He denies man-made climate change, campaigned on a pro-coal platform, and has pledged to ignore federal climate regulations. The governor also refuses to release his own tax returns.

governor@mail.state.ky.us
@GovMattBevin

700 Capitol Avenue, Suite 100, Frankfort,
KY 40601
Phone: (502) 564-2611

Louisiana

Leo P. Denault is the CEO and board chairman of Entergy Corporation, a major southeastern US fossil fuel-based

utility. Mr. Denault has an annual salary of \$3,758,111, plus \$3,564,463 in stock awards. Denault is a major donor to fossil fuel-friendly campaigns.

@entergy
@entergyLA
@entergyNOLA

639 Loyola Ave., New Orleans, LA 70113
Phone: (800) 968-8243

Maine

Maine's governor Paul LePage is a climate change denier and a vulgarian. Governor LePage opposes wind-power, and advocates weakening the environmental review process for large project proposals. He has vetoed funding for a statewide climate study, and is eager to exploit newly ice-free northern waters for industry expansion.

@Governor_LePage
@MEGovernorNews

Office of the Governor, #1 State House
Station, Augusta, ME 04333-0001
(207) 287-3531
(800) 721-5203

Maryland

House Representative Andy Harris (Republican) has taken \$187,360 in fossil fuel donations since his campaign for office in 2011. Representative Harris is a fracking proponent, and had Gasland director Josh Fox arrested for filming during an Energy Subcommittee hearing in 2012.

@RepresentativeAndyHarrisMD

1533 Longworth HOB, Washington, DC

20515
Phone: (202) 225-5311
Fax: (202) 225-0254

15 East Churchville Road, Suite 102B,
Bel Air, MD 21014
Phone: (410) 588-5670
Fax: (410) 588-5673

Massachusetts

Eric Slifka earned \$6,431,212 last year as the president and CEO of Global Partners LP, a Fortune 500 company that owns gas stations and a network of petroleum storage terminals. The company has made more than \$124,687 in campaign and political donations. Slifka personally donated \$47,687 to political campaigns, notably those of Mitt Romney and Mary Landrieu (D-LA), politicians friendly toward oil-port infrastructure, since 2012.

info@globalp.com

800 South Street, Suite 500, P.O. Box
9161, Waltham, MA 02454-9161
(781) 894-8800
(800) 685-7222

Michigan

Famous for the Flint water outrage, Governor Rick Snyder also jeopardizes Michigan water with an open-door fracking policy. He opposes expanding the state's renewable energy portfolio, and was one of the most funded Michigan politicians by the gas and oil industry from 2000 to 2010.

@onetoughnerd

111 S Capitol Ave, Lansing, MI 48933

P.O. Box 30013 Lansing, MI 48909
Phone: (517) 373-3400
(Constituent Services): (517) 335-7858
Fax: (517) 335-6863

Minnesota

House Representatives Erik Paulsen (R-MN03) and Tom Emmer (R-MN06) both deny the existence of climate change. Representative Paulsen has accepted \$214,200 since 2013 in fossil fuel money, and supports deep sea drilling.

@RepresentativeErikPaulsen

127 Cannon House Office Building,
Washington, DC 20515
Phone: (202) 225-2871
Fax: (202) 225-6351

250 Prairie Center Drive, Suite 230,
Eden Prairie, MN 55344
Phone: (952) 405-8510
Fax: (952) 405-8514

Representative Emmer has accepted \$42,200 in fossil fuel money. He lobbied for the Keystone XL pipeline, and against environmental regulations.

@RepresentativeTomEmmer
@tomemmer

503 Cannon House Office Building,
Washington, DC 20515
Phone: (202) 225-2331
Fax: (202) 225-6475

Senator Ernst wants to eliminate the Environmental Protection Agency, and opposes both the Clean Water Act and cap-and-trade proposals.

@joniernst

111 Russell Senate Office Building,
Washington, DC 20510
Phone: (202) 224-3254
Fax: (202) 224-9369

733 Federal Building, 210 Walnut Street,
Des Moines, IA 50309
Phone: (515) 284-4574
Fax: (515) 284-4937

Mississippi

Senator Roger Wicker has accepted a career total of \$821,442 from the fossil fuel industry thus far. Wicker is pro-coal, denies scientific consensus, and advocates Arctic and deep-water drilling.

@SenatorWicker
@RogerWicker

555 Dirksen Senate Office Building,
Washington, DC 20510
Phone: (202) 224-6253
Fax: (202) 228-0378

U.S. Federal Courthouse, 501 E. Court
Street, Suite 3-500, Jackson, MS 39201
Phone: (601) 965-4644
Fax: (601) 965-4007

Missouri

Glenn L. Kellow is the president and CEO of Peabody Energy Corporation, America's largest coal company. Peabody has the world's tenth largest holding of coal. In April 2016, Peabody filed for US bankruptcy protection.

@peabodyenergy

Peabody Plaza, 701 Market St., St. Louis,
MO 63101-1826
Phone: (314) 342-3400

Montana

Senator Steve Daines accepted \$751,172 in fossil fuel donations in less than three years. Senator Daines supports the expansion of coal and oil projects.

@SteveDaines

320 Hart Senate Office Building,
Washington, D.C. 20510
Phone: (202) 224-2651

30 West 14th Street, Ste. 206, Helena, MT
59601
Phone: (406) 443-3189

Nebraska

Pete Ricketts, the Governor of Nebraska, founded the Platte Institute, a state think tank which produced pro-fossil fuel and anti-renewable recommendations. Governor Ricketts is a climate change denier, pro-pipeline, pro-coal, and has purposefully obstructed the Nebraska clean energy plan.

@GovRicketts

Office of the Governor, P.O. Box 94848,
Lincoln, NE 68509-4848
Phone: 402-471-2244
Fax: 402-471-6031

Nevada

Brian Sandoval, Nevada's governor, won't acknowledge climate change. Though Nevada is the US's driest state, currently in its third year of drought, governor Sandoval authorized fracking, and has jeopardized the local solar industry by ending net-metering.

@BrianSandoval
governor@govmail.state.nv.us

State Capitol Building, 101 N. Carson
Street, Carson City, NV 89701
Phone: (775) 684-5670
Fax: (775) 684-5683

Grant Sawyer State Office Bldg, 555 E.
Washington Ave, Suite 5100, Las Vegas,
NV 89101
Phone: (702) 486-2500
Fax: (702) 486-2505

New Hampshire

Representative Frank Guinta (Republican) accepted \$118,392 from fossil fuel corporations since campaigning for his 2011 term. He denies man-made climate change, voted against the EPA's Clean Air Act and renewables research, and is in favor of offshore drilling.

@RepresentativeFrankGuinta

326 Cannon House Office Building
Washington, DC 20515

Phone: (202) 225-5456
Fax: (202) 225-5822

33 Lowell Street, Manchester, NH 03101

Phone: (603) 641-9536
Fax: (603) 641-9561

New Jersey

William Happer is the Cyrus Fogg Brackett Professor of Physics (emeritus) at Princeton University. Professor Happer is an academic for hire, paid by Peabody Energy and others to spread and legitimize lies about climate change. Happer is also on the board of directors of the CO2 Coalition, a 501(c)3 lobbying group that extols the virtues of atmospheric carbon dioxide.

@Co2Coalition
happer@princeton.edu

258 Jadwin Hall, Princeton University,
Princeton, NJ, 08544
Phone: (609) 258-4382

New Mexico

Governor Susana Martinez has received more than \$1 million in campaign donations from big oil and big agriculture. As governor she advocates “all-of-the-above” for NM energy, and upon entering office Martinez gutted the Environmental Improvement Board staff to avoid upholding climate mitigation standards. In 2015 her administration was rocked by scandal, as her secretary of state Diana Duran pleaded guilty to charges of embezzlement and resigned.

@Gov_Martinez
gov@gov.state.nm.us

Office of the Governor, 490 Old Santa Fe Trail, Room 400, Santa Fe, NM 87501
Phone: (505) 476-2200

New York

The Koch brothers, Charles and David, are CEO and board chairman and executive vice president, respectively, of Koch Industries, Inc. Almost mythic in their climate obstructionism, the Kochs are involved in just about every aspect of every fossil fuel, as well as beef, fertilizer, lumber, disposable dishes, and other environmental-nightmare products, through their many-faceted multinational corporation. They fund, through official and unofficial channels, a world of anti-environmental, anti-

regulatory legislators and legislation. *Dark Money*, a recent book by *New Yorker* writer Jane Mayer, reveals that part of the Kochs inherited wealth came from their father Fred’s building of a major oil refinery for Nazi Germany in the 1930s.

@Koch_Industries
info@kochind.com

David Koch maintains a home at 740 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10021

Koch Industries, Inc., P.O. Box 2256,
Wichita, KS 67201-2256

North Carolina

There is an intimate relationship between North Carolina’s governor, Pat McCrory, and Duke Energy, the large, coal-heavy utility corporation, whose CEO is Lynn Good.

Governor McCrory was an employee of Duke Energy for 28 years. He received more than \$1 million in donations from Duke. Governor McCrory is a climate change denier, and advocates offshore drilling as part of an “all-of-the-above” energy policy.

@PatMcCroryNC
@GovOfficeNC
@Team_McCrory

Office of the Governor, 20301 Mail Service Center, Raleigh, NC 27699-0301
Phone: (919) 814-2000

Lynn Good’s corporation, Duke Energy, operates 16 coal power plants in the southeast. Duke Energy spilled tens of thousands of tons of coal ash into the Dan River near Eden, NC in 2014.

From 2008 to 2010, Duke spent more money lobbying politicians, including Governor McCrory, than the corporation paid in income taxes.

@DukeEnergy

550 South Tryon Street, Charlotte, NC 28202

Duke Energy Investor Relations, P.O. Box 1005, Charlotte, NC 28201-1005
Phone: (704) 594-6200

North Dakota

The recent oil boom in North Dakota has led to some major representation for fossil fuel interests in it’s state government. Almost \$2 million in fossil fuel donations has flowed into the hands of senators John Hoeven and Heidi Heitkamp, and to Representative Kevin Cramer in the past five years.

Senator Hoeven (Republican) has received \$752,094 since his 2011 campaign for office. He denies man-made climate change and supports aggressive development of all domestic fossil fuels, including pipeline expansion. Hoeven advocates an end to federal oversight of oil and gas operations.

@SenJohnHoeven

338 Russell Senate Office Bldg.
Washington DC, 20510
Phone: (202) 224-2551
Fax: (202) 224-7999

US Federal Building, 220 East Rosser Avenue, Room 312 Bismarck, ND 58501
Phone: (701) 250-4618
Fax: (701) 250-4484

Senator Heitkamp (Republican) has received \$331,874 since her campaign for office in 2013. She acknowledges the existence of climate change, yet still advocates coal, oil, biofuel, and gas exploration, development and dependence.

@SenatorHeitkamp
@Heidi4ND

SH-110 Hart Senate Office Building,
Washington, DC 20510
Phone: (202) 224-2043
Fax: (202) 224-7776

228 US Federal Building, 220 East Rosser Avenue Bismarck, ND 58501
Phone: (701) 258-4648
Fax: (701) 258-1254

Representative Cramer (Republican) accepted \$616,600 since his campaign for 2013 office. He denies climate change. Kevin opposes BLM methane regulations, advocates fossil fuel development on public lands, and is, naturally, a big fracking enthusiast.

@RepresentativeKevinCramer,
@kevincramer

1032 Longworth House Office Building
Washington, DC 20515
Phone: (202) 225-2611
Fax: (202) 226-0893

220 East Rosser Avenue, 328 US Federal Building Bismarck, ND 58501
Phone: (701) 224-0355
Fax: (701) 224-0431

Ohio

David R. Hill is the president of the

Ohio Oil and Gas Association, a trade association with “more than 3,100 members involved in every aspect of the exploration, production and development of crude oil and natural gas resources within the state of Ohio.”

@ooga_hq
david@davidrhillinc.com

88 E Broad Street, Suite 1400, Columbus, OH 43215
Phone: (740) 685-5168
Fax: (614) 824-4329

Oklahoma

Harold G. Hamm is the CEO and chairman of the board of Continental Resources Inc., and the chairman of the Domestic Energy Producers Alliance. Continental Resources is in the top 10 domestic oil producers, working primarily in the Bakken Oil Fields of North Dakota. His company also has substantial fracking projects in Oklahoma. Oklahoma has experienced 2,500 earthquakes related to fracking in the past five years. Hamm was named 2015 Wildcatter of the Year by the Western Energy Alliance.

Continental Resources, Inc., 20 N. Broadway, Oklahoma City, OK 73102
Phone: (405) 234-9000
Toll Free: (800) 256-8955
Fax: (405) 234-9253

Oregon

Brian P. Friedman is the president and Richard B. Handler is the CEO of Leucadia National Corporation. That is the company behind the proposal for OregonLNG, to build an export terminal to be located in Warrenton, Oregon, at

the mouth of the Columbia River, and to build a natural gas connector pipeline to bring Canadian natural gas from an existing pipeline in Washington state to the terminal site.

info@oregonlng.com

Leucadia Principal Executive Office, 520 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022
Phone: (212) 460-1900

Oregon LNG, 5 N. Hwy. 101, #500, Warrenton, OR 97146
Phone: (503) 298-4969

Pennsylvania

Frank Clemente is an Emeritus Professor of Sociology at Penn State. Professor Clemente is an academic for hire who has been paid by Peabody Energy and others to spread and legitimize misinformation on climate change.

@Energy_Facts
fac226@psu.edu

Rhode Island

Gregory L. Ebel, the CEO of Texas-based Spectra Energy, is one of several out-of-staters doing harm in Rhode Island. Ebel has received \$16 million in compensation over five years for spreading pipelines across US and Canada. Spectra is proposing a fracked-gas compressor station in Burrillville, Rhode Island, despite intense local opposition.

@SpectraEnergy

5400 Westheimer Court, Houston, TX 77056-5310

Phone: (713) 627-5400

Michael Polsky, a Chicagoan, is CEO and president of Invenergy LLC. Invenergy is greenwashing “clean energy” to include 3,159 megawatts of fracked gas projects across the United States. The corporation is seeking new gas capacity, including a proposed \$700 million fracked-gas power plant in Burrillville, RI, also despite local opposition.

@InvenergyLLC
mpolsky@invenergylc.com

One South Wacker Drive Suite 1900, Chicago, IL 60606
Phone: (312) 224-1400
Fax: (312) 224-1444

John Pettigrew is the incoming chief executive of National Grid, the British corporation proposing a liquefied natural gas (LNG) liquefaction system at a plant in Southside Providence, RI. National Grid has invented “community groups” to falsely imply local support.

@nationalgridus
@Grid_Media
@NationalGridIR

1-3 Strand, London, Greater London WC2N 5EH, UK
Phone: +44 20 7004 3000

40 Sylvan Rd, Waltham, MA 02451
Phone: (508) 389-2000

South Carolina

All seven of South Carolina’s House Representatives are on the fossil fuel payroll, and these four deny climate change exists: Joe Wilson, Jeff Duncan,

Trey Gowdy and Mick Mulvaney.

Representative Wilson (Republican) has accepted a cumulative \$218,306 from the fuel industries. Wilson is in favor of offshore drilling, pipelines, and domestic oil production, and is against the Environmental Protection Agency and existing coal standards.

@RepresentativeJoeWilson

2229 Rayburn House Office Building, Washington, DC 20515
Phone: (202) 225-2452
Fax: (202) 225-2455

1700 Sunset Blvd (US 378), Suite 1 West Columbia, SC 29169
Phone: (803) 939-0041
Fax: (803) 939-0078

Representative Duncan (Republican) has accepted \$166,650 from the fuel industries since campaigning for his 2011 seat in Congress. Duncan is the author of “Energy eXploration and Production to Achieve National Demand (EXPAND) Act, H.R. 3895,” and is beloved by the Heritage Foundation.

@RepresentativeJeffDuncan

106 Cannon HOB Washington, DC 20515
Phone: (202) 225-5301
Fax: (202) 225-3216

303 West Beltline Blvd Anderson, SC 29625
Phone: (864) 224-7401
Fax: (864) 225-7049

Representative Gowdy (Republican) has accepted \$106,250 since campaigning for his 2011 term. Gowdy voted to expedite permits for Gulf Coast drilling

after the BP disaster, and voted against the EPA's coal ash regulation.

@TGowdySC

1404 Longworth HOB, Washington, DC 20515
Phone: (202) 225-6030
Fax: (202) 226-1177

104 South Main Street, Suite 801, Greenville, SC 29601
Phone: (864) 241-0175
Fax: (864) 241-0982

Representative Mulvaney (Republican) has accepted \$126,650 since campaigning for his 2011 seat in Congress. Predictably, Mulvaney votes for fossil fuel interests and against regulation.

@RepresentativeMickMulvaney

2419 Rayburn HOB, Washington, DC 20515
Phone: (202) 225-5501
Fax: (202) 225-0464

110 Railroad Avenue, Gaffney, SC 29340
Phone: (864) 206-6004
Fax: (864) 206-6005

It should be noted that South Carolina's lone Democratic Representative Jim Clyburn has received the highest career total of fossil fuel contributions. Clyburn has taken a cumulative \$555,950 since 1999, including \$92,250 from Duke Energy. He may accept the science, but he clearly has conflicting interests.

@clyburn

242 Cannon House Office Building, Washington, DC 20515

Phone: (202)225-3315
Fax: (202)225-2313

1225 Lady Street, Suite 200, Columbia, SC 29201
Phone: (803)799-1100
Fax: (803)799-9060

South Dakota

Adam M. Martin is the executive director of the South Dakota Oil and Gas Association. Founded in 2012, SDOGA represents petroleum interests. The work of SDOGA is concentrated on maintaining a positive business climate for the industry.

@SDoilandgas,
@SDOilBuyerGuide
info@sdoil.org

PO Box 155, Sturgis, SD 57785
Phone: (605) 644-6355

Tennessee

Marsha Blackburn and John (Jimmy) J. Duncan are the two House Representatives from Tennessee who deny climate change.

Representative Marsha Blackburn (Republican-7th District) has accepted \$489,226 in fossil fuel money since campaigning for her 2003-4 term. Blackburn calls climate change a hoax, opposes the Environmental Protection Agency, any renewables research, and all environmental regulation or protection. Blackburn is pro-coal.

@MarshaBlackburn

2266 Rayburn Building, Washington, D.C. 20515

Phone: (202) 225-2811
Fax: (202) 225-3004

128 North 2nd Street, Suite 202, Clarksville, TN 37040
Phone: (931) 503-0391
Fax: (931) 503-0393

Representative Jimmy Duncan (Republican-2nd District) has accepted \$205,250 in fossil fuel money since 1999. He says, "Our economy could and should be booming today and would be, were it not for government regulators and environmental radicals."

@RepresentativeJohnDuncanJr

2207 Rayburn HOB, Washington, DC 20515
Phone: (202) 225-5435
Fax: (202) 225-6440

800 Market Street, Suite 110, Knoxville, TN 37902
Phone: (865) 523-3772
Fax: (865) 544-0728

Texas

Texas is a special place for fossil fuel interests. ExxonMobil, Phillips 66, Valero, Conoco Phillips, Energy Transfer Equity, Enterprise Products Partners L.P., Plains GP Holdings, Tesoro, Halliburton, National Oilwell Varco, Baker Hughes Inc., Spectra, Marathon Oil, Anadarko, Kinder Morgan and others are headquartered in Texas. (The CEOs of all these corporations deserve to hear from the people they are harming.) It should surprise no one that the recently elected governor Greg Abbott is a climate change denier with at least \$500,000 in campaign contributions from oil and gas

producers.

@GovAbbott

Office of the Governor, P.O. Box 12428, Austin, TX 78711
Phone: (512) 463-2000

Utah

The governor of Utah, Gary Herbert, denies the scientific consensus on climate change, advocates fracking and fossil fuel exploitation on public land, and opposes all EPA regulation.

@GovHerbert

350 North State Street, Suite 200, Salt Lake City, UT 84114-2220
Phone: (801) 538-1000,
Toll Free: (800)705-2464

Senator Orrin Hatch (Republican) also deserves special mention: Senator Hatch has accepted a total of \$879,000 from the fossil fuel industry, denies climate change, and has voted against greenhouse gas regulation. Hatch voted against Gina McCarthy's appointment as administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, against mercury regulation for coal-fire power plants, and so on, for his whole, long political career.

@SenOrrinHatch

104 Hart Office Building, Washington, DC 20510
Phone: (202) 224-5251
Fax: (202) 224-6331

8402 Federal Building, 125 South State Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84138
Phone: (801) 524-4380

Fax: (801) 524-4379

Vermont

Rob Roper is the president of the Ethan Allen Institute, a climate denial and market deregulation think tank based in Vermont.

@yes_VY
rob@ethanallen.com

P.O.Box 543, Montpelier, VT 05601
Phone: (802) 999-8145
Office: (802) 695-1448
Fax: (802) 695-1436

Virginia

Jack N. Gerard is the president and CEO of the American Petroleum Institute (API), the largest organization in the United States petroleum lobby. He is a Virginia resident.

@API_News
gerardj@api.org

API 1220 L Street NW, Washington, DC 20005-4070

Phone: (202) 682-8500
Fax: (202) 682-8110

Washington

Doug Ericksen is a state senator (Republican-42nd District) and the chairman of Washington's Senate Energy, Environment and Telecommunications Committee. Ericksen is a climate skeptic and an obstructionist, actively opposing

Governor Jay Inslee's efforts to meet or improve the state's emissions standards.

@Doug_Ericksen

PO Box 748, Ferndale, WA 98248

7028 Dahlberg Rd, Ferndale, WA 98248
Phone: (360) 920-3276

West Virginia

Senator Shelley Moore-Capito is a climate change denier who has accepted a stunning career total of \$1,714,147 in fossil fuel industry donations. She is pro-coal, pro-fracking, and pro-pipelines. She is against the EPA. Senator Capito is a co-founder of the Congressional Coal Caucus.

@SenCapito

172 Russell Senate Office Building,
Washington, DC 20510
Phone: (202) 224-6472

500 Virginia Street East, Suite 950,
Charleston, WV 25301
Phone: (304) 347-5372

Wisconsin

Senator Ron Johnson (Republican) is a climate change denier. He has accepted \$203,828 from fossil fuel corporations, including \$27,400 from Koch Industries. He opposes the EPA, cap-and-trade, and government regulation.

@SenRonJohnson

328 Hart Senate Office Building,
Washington, DC 20510
Phone: (202) 224-5323
Fax: (202) 228-6965

517 East Wisconsin Avenue, Suite 408,
Milwaukee, WI 53202
Phone: (414) 276-7282
Fax: (414) 276-7284

Wyoming

Colin Marshall is the president and CEO of Cloud Peak Energy, the 29th largest global holding of coal. Cloud Peak is a driving force behind new mining and coal export proposals in the Pacific Northwest. Marshall's Cloud peak Energy supplies approximately 4% of United States coal energy.

@CloudPeakJobs

505 South Gillette Ave (82716), PO Box 3009, Gillette, WY 82717
Phone: (307) 687-6000

Against the Wickedness of Wasted Time

Josephine Ferorelli

“You’re a climate activist. OK, so where is the climate movement?” This was nearly the first thing Danny Lyon said to me the day I met him. My friend Rebecca, Danny’s daughter, had invited me and my partner Chris to visit her family outside of Bernalillo, New Mexico, and her dad wanted to have a climate summit.

This question drove me nuts: the past 10 years of my life have been increasingly devoted to writing, researching, protesting, and, lately, organizing in the climate movement. I know it to be large, growing, and skillful. The movement is in every corner of the country and the globe, but our mantra has long had to be “connect the dots.” Connect the dots between individual weather disruptions to show a larger picture of change. Connect the dots between grassroots efforts to share strategies, hard-earned skills and much-needed resources. Connect the dots between the multitude of shell companies, revenue streams and project proposals this industry has generated to keep doing destructive business in plain sight of the people it’s harming. It may have been hard to see us.

Climate change is a crisis on an inhuman scale: it’s easier to look right through it than it is to look everywhere, talk to everyone and still be unable to comprehend its enormity. Every climate activist can tell you that our work is largely in presenting human-size struggles and stories with which to engage: a coal export terminal, a fracking well, a piece of legislation, a species of mollusk. The list goes on, to the end of the world.

The people who profit from the sale of fossil fuels have played a really cunning game, and we have lost more than 20

years of possibility as a result. As we approach dangerous environmental tipping points, a phrase my friend Eiren Caffall wrote in a song comes to mind: “the wickedness of wasted time.” The alliance of corporate executives, their legal teams and the politicians they finance has pushed the line so far back from progress that liberals now congratulate themselves simply for acknowledging the existence of this threat to our lives. Occasionally the thought passes through my mind that if we can’t save ourselves, then we don’t deserve it, but this thought is a product of that 20 year campaign of wickedness: we are not all equally guilty. Many people on earth have emitted barely more than their breath. Yes, we American individualists have consumed much more than our share of resources, but even we do not have our hands on the big levers. We don’t have hired legislators defending our right to poison the world which has nourished us.

Danny wanted a list of the worst of the worst, a climate *j’accuse*. We had a great, lively conversation, though he didn’t want to hear anything about my organization, Conceivable Future. If he’d asked, I would have told him this: we demand an end to US fossil fuel subsidies. We get people together in homes and community spaces across the country to talk about the threats climate change poses to our generation’s reproductive freedoms, and to build collective power out of what’s been a private struggle until now. We also gather testimonies on our website, and use them to communicate the human stakes of the crisis.

I had two aims in making this list. First, I wanted to make a useful resource for activists, or soon-to-be activists, that

paints the big picture of how fossil fuel influence is working against human prospects, no matter what state you live in. Here are places to hold creative public protests, here are Twitter accounts to barrage with truth-telling, here are numbers you can call to report a climate emergency. I plan to use it in my own organizing, and I plan to expand it online. Second, I wanted to say that we've gotten as far as we can in the climate movement while accommodating a fantasy that things can stay the same. Change is here, the bells are ringing. Every minute we waste is a lost life, a lost freedom, a lost species.

This weird politeness, the difference between what we know to be true and what is said out loud, is simply a product of the money the fossil fuel industry spends. We pretend that climate denial is just wrong-thinking, a difference of opinion, but the legislators who deny climate change are all being paid to do so. All of the information in the list I created is publicly available. I relied heavily on Oil Change International's Dirty Energy Money database, and Organizing for Action's Call Out Climate Deniers directory, as well as gubernatorial campaign donation reports, where available; Greenpeace's reports of their recent academics-for-hire sting; and legislators' and corporations' websites. That is to say, this wickedness is not a secret. If we stop pretending that climate change denial is an honest mistake, then we can also tell our liberal legislators that simply acknowledging the crisis is no longer sufficient. We can see who among them is on the fossil fuel payroll as well.

I've been calling this list the "Baddies List," and I think that does a fine job of presenting the inadequacy of language

in the face of this calamity. Danny's right that the people in this list are trying to derail the movement, but they're just the tip of the iceberg. If this crew quit and went home, others would assume their roles defending old, bad ideas with a calcified fear of change. It matters less who they are as individuals than who we are. In my Conceivable Future work, I've spent a lot of time mulling over the tension between individual private lives and big, powerful forces. How does our movement become large enough, and powerful enough, to change our course in what little time we have? On the days I believe it to be possible, I think the path looks like this: be rude and be loving. Look everywhere, talk to everyone, get together. Shout what we know, then learn more, and shout again. We will never have better odds than we do right now.

Josephine Ferorelli co-founded and co-directs Conceivable Future (conceivablefuture.org), a climate and reproductive justice organization. She writes about dharma, grief, and the climate crisis at grandgather.com. She lives in Chicago.

“Kill the Koch Brothers” A Grade School Play



I was seated in the front row of the theater at the Lab School of the University of Chicago anxiously awaiting the start of the Thanksgiving play when I was horrified to see printed on the cover of the program the title *Kill the Koch Brothers* by Ava Lyon, my 10-year-old granddaughter.

“Stop the play!” I shouted, leaping from my seat. The chorus, a line of nine year-olds, stared down at me from the stage.

“You cannot do this!” I yelled.

“Why not?” answered a child, the shortest in the line.

“Why not? Why not?” echoed the chorus. I must say they looked pretty cute standing there chanting.

“Because it is incendiary,” I answered.

“It’s a satire,” answered Mrs. Weinberg, the drama teacher. Her head stuck out from behind a curtain.

“Like Jonathan Swift,” she threw in.

“It’s a comedy,” added one of the nine year olds.

“Swift? Really? For children? I had no idea. Is it violent?”

“You mean like Hamlet?” answered Mrs. Weinberg.

“It is non-violent,” said the same short nine year old girl from the chorus.

“Non-violent! Non-violent!” chanted the chorus in an almost threatening way.

Someone in the back yelled, “Shut up!”

“Shut up! Shut up!” echoed the chorus

“Well, I think you are all way out of line,” I said as I sat back down, and the play began.

A teenager in a wheelchair rolled himself from left to right across the stage, a large sign hanging from the side of his chair reading “Act One,” as everyone behind me applauded. Then, I watched with pride as the children’s chorus created a space and out stepped young Ava, walking with great dignity to the very edge of the stage. Across her black T-shirt were the words, printed in block letters, “I will live to be 100.”

“The earth is dying,” said Ava, the first words of the play.

“Greed!” said the nine year old.

“Greed! Greed! Greed!” chanted the chorus.

“We will all choke to death,” said Ava.

Then she coughed three times and said, “Democracy will collapse.”

“Greed, greed, greed,” said the chorus.

“There is no greater cause than to save the planet, to save Mother Earth, our home.”

“Democracy will collapse,” repeated the small child. “We will all choke to death.”

“Death,” repeated the chorus.

Off in the background I could hear singing, very quiet at first. They were singing “The Battle Hymn of the

Republic.”

“In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea.”

Then the chorus took it up with all the children singing together, including Ava. I had no idea she could sing.

“He died to make men holy,
“He died to make men free...”

It was then that I realized that some of the people behind me had begun to cry...

I won’t bore you with the details of the second and third act, but I must say it was a very impressive performance for children so young. But as I walked home through Hyde Park on that drizzly November night, I could not help but feel nervous, very nervous, about the play.

A non-violent play with a violent, incendiary title, and a title using the names of real people, written by my granddaughter. I was filled with pride but also filled with fear. Could 10-year-old Ava be held responsible for threatening a person? Or were they a corporation? But legally corporations were real people, so I suppose I was just nitpicking. That’s the difference between a senior citizen, with so much to lose, and these bright young kids, thoughtless but brave. They were right about greed, though.

Greed was endangering the future of human life on the planet. It was beyond comprehension. Nothing like this had ever happened. Civilization, which for a University of Chicago student, began 2,500 years ago in Athens, could end because of ours.

Who are the Koch brothers, anyway?

Perhaps they live on the part where life will survive. Don’t they have grandchildren? Are we really all going to choke to death, or is it only the young ones, like Ava’s cousin Ozzy, born last year and who, with the advances in medicine might well live for 100 years?

By the time I reached home, after the long walk through the mist of a Chicago winter night, I was determined to find out. Google certainly would know.

Kill the Koch Brothers could not possibly be original, I thought. There were so many hate groups on American radio, there must be myriad chat groups out there, conversations conducted by lunatics and extremists, who had already written these words, and commented on them every day.

But what if by typing those words “kill the Koch brothers” into my search engine I set off some alarm? Got put onto a list? You have to be extremely careful what you write in your email nowadays. The government has copies of everything, just like George Orwell said they would in *1984*, a book I am proud to say was required reading at the university in 1960. My arms were out, and my hands were poised just above the keys when I noticed they were shaking.

Was I actually afraid to type something into my computer, a research question, inside my own home? I gulped and did it. I typed “kill the Koch brothers” into Google. I expected an avalanche of sites, a long list of misfits who used these terrible words, but the only thing that came up, and it came up many times, was the fact that the Koch brothers had successfully killed a documentary film that had been made about them before it could be

broadcast on PBS. It said, “Koch Brothers Kill Film.”

Maybe I should tell Ava to change the title of her play to that. It’s more democratic: *Koch Brothers Kill Film*, a play in three acts by Ava Lyon.

Acknowledgements

Many people have contributed to *Burn Zone*. Nancy Lyon has always been my editor and made great contributions to this work. I would like to thank Matt Harvey for his hard work in realizing the production of this publication. I salute my co-conspirator Josephine Ferorelli, of *Conceivable Future* for her hard work and research, and I thank our youngest daughter Rebecca Lyon for bringing Josephine into our lives, and our oldest, Gabrielle Lyon, for helping with the Criminals list. Kim Stringfellow, the teacher, photographer and activist, suggested I write about my experiences in New Mexico and she offered to give me an entire issue of *ARID* to publish this work. I want to thank Tara Walsh who manages my website dektol.wordpress.com where we first posted “Kill the Koch Brothers”, after which the *ABQ Free Press* had the courage to put it on their front page. When none of us were struck by drones we decided to go forward with *Burn Zone*. I need to thank Ed Fallon who organized the climate marchers that crossed the country and slept at the Santa Ana Pueblo a mile from my house. It is young Sean Glenn who is pictured here twice walking across America. Finally, I want to thank the late Julian Bond, who said to me during our last conversation that despite my literary sense of humor, it was wrong to kill anybody. How right he is, and how great a man he was.

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OF WASTED TIME

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