

Honorable Resistance

We live in an age where increasingly we feel helpless to deal with the onslaught of minutiae barreling at us from all sides. The histrionics surrounding any given issue only adds to the malaise. This is precisely what the powers that be want: an overwhelmed, unresponsive, and distracted populace. For those who choose to stand up, the battles are endless, a war of attrition, yielding, in some cases, ephemeral results . . . two steps up, one step back, requiring sustained and focused resistance. I sought out a person who lives in a community that hasn't fallen prey to the smoke and mirrors. Who has lived a life of fighting back for worthy causes, working close to the ground, surrounded by people of like-minded vision. The community is Livingston, MT. Dan Sullivan lives and works there.

Dan comes to Montana by way of Chicago in 1995. His wife Carole is a world-class chef at Mustang Fresh Food in Livingston. It is one of my favorite places to eat. Dan works in the kitchen and is "head of maintenance." Carole laughed when I asked her about the relationship. They have a wonderful staff working there. Dan usually has some great jazz playing on the speakers at lunch—I'm listening to Bill Evans as I write this. Okay, I love the place. From the many conversations Dan and I have had over the years I felt he was a good, caring person. Dan's horizons spread into areas important to the Yellowstone area: animal rights, land rights, environmental issues. In 2016 Dan e-mailed me a petition to stop the trophy hunting of the Yellowstone grizzly. The petition was going to Montana Governor Steve Bullock. I signed it. Our talks have increasingly become more political.

I asked Dan how he came to his progressive ideals. "They came from my dad," he said. Dan was a kid in the late sixties. His dad, George D. Sullivan Jr., was an attorney in Chicago. George had a commitment to problem solving. He sought out people and solutions, finding out for himself what the potential to mediate was given the circumstance. One of the areas he focused on was civil rights in 67' and 68', which he performed pro bono. Landlords and real estate speculators were taking advantage of blacks in North Lawndale on the West Side of Chicago. "He took a lot of shit for doing it," Dan said. "Dad was a one-man band. Nobody else would have touched any West Side of Chicago issue pro bono in 68' like he did. Dad was the kind of guy who wouldn't think twice about taking on this very thing. He always talked about being the advocate when called upon." George took part in a community outreach program, the Contract Buyers League (CBL). Significantly, Dan told me, "This is the point in my life where I consider my own activism begins." It is a complex story, very much relevant to what is going on today.

The Contract Buyers League was founded in 1968 in response to a racist policy of selling homes to blacks through the use of a contract. If they missed one payment, they could be evicted without recourse by the speculators that initiated the draconian program. It was a scam on both the black and white communities. North Lawndale was predominately white following WWII until real estate speculators

and agents began the business practice of blockbusting. Speculators fanned the flames of fear into the whites. Real estate developers hired blacks to cruise the neighborhoods in ragged cars blasting music and causing overall disruption. In addition, they also hired black women to parade through the neighborhoods pushing baby strollers. The message was clear: blacks would be taking over. It was time to get out. By using these tactics speculators were able to stampede the white homeowners into underselling their homes to the tune of \$10,000. They then turned around to sell the same homes to the blacks at the exorbitant price of \$25,000, effectively eroding the demographics from 87% white in 1950 to 91% black by 1960. They profited mightily because of it. Furthermore, the FHA had ignited this ruse by implementing a federal policy known as redlining, preventing black families from obtaining real mortgages with safeguards. Blacks were simply left hostage to the predatory contract scheme that eventually ruined hundreds of families, leaving a wake of decimated dreams, exacerbating fissures and fractures to a community that are still felt today some sixty years later. This was classic in dividing whites and blacks, blacks and blacks, maximizing fear, elevating prejudice and frustration, creating an omnidirectional anger. The problem was vivid and cried out for confrontation.

The dominos began to fall in 1966 when recently appointed Archdiocese of Chicago Cardinal John Patrick Cody excommunicated Monsignor John J. Egan, who headed the Office of Urban Affairs, "an innovative nationally known body that trained pastors in community organizing," to Presentation Parish in Lawndale on the West Side, effectively "putting him in charge of a declining parish in an impoverished, non-Catholic neighborhood" to silence him. Cardinal Cody's goal was "part of an effort to halt the social activism of Chicago's priests," a movement "to be stopped at all costs." Cody realized too late the dramatic misread he had created. It was a gift fully embraced by the Chicago Catholic's leading liberal Jack Egan. Martin Luther King Jr. had been living in one of Lawndale's tenements to bring national attention to the West Side when Egan arrived. September 1, 1965, King "announced that the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) had chosen Chicago as the focus of his long-anticipated 'Northern campaign.'" Lawndale was fertile ground for Egan to begin his own campaign. The CBL owes a lot to Monsignor John L. Egan. It also owes a lot to a young seminarian, Jack Macnamara, studying to be a Jesuit priest, whom Egan had recruited to carry out community organizing. Jack Macnamara, who, through his wife's side of the family, is a cousin to Dan Sullivan's family.

I spoke with Jack Macnamara about his role in the CBL. Jack, now 81 years old, was 30 years old when he was enlisted by Egan, as one of thirty seminarians sent to the West Side to begin the work of community outreach through Operation Saturation. He assigned each student to cover one-block areas, creating thirty mini-parishes. They met every Saturday. For Jack Macnamara, this wasn't enough time to do anything. He requested permission to move to Lawndale the summer of '67. With help from Egan, Jack's Jesuit supervisor, Father Robert F. Harvanek, he rented an apartment, using it as his base of operations. The Presentation Church Community

Project was born. There “he would commit full-time to community organizing.” Jack enlisted other pastors and community organizers to help. Preceding that move he was influenced and trained by Tom Gaudette, a legendary organizer, who in turn was trained by Saul Alinsky. John Egan’s association with Alinsky, including his moral and financial support, was well known. Jack Macnamara mentioned to me another one of Tom Gaudette’s trainee’s, John Bauman. Bauman later formed the Pacific Institute for Community Organization of Oakland, one of the largest and most active organizing networks in the United States today.

Having Tom Gaudette on board to help “Egan’s volunteers get their bearings” was an important step. Gaudette, who was originally invited by Egan to speak at Presentation’s Wednesday night meetings, inspired Jack Macnamara with invaluable instruction on how to organize: listen to people. Pay attention to their concerns and advice. They are the ones living through the turmoil and “know their situation better than anyone.” “Those people had to be involved in the planning and implementation of solving their problems.”

Taking those principles to heart, Jack listened to the story of Ozireia Arbertha, whose husband David was killed in an automobile accident the year before. She described payments she was making on a home purchased through a contract. Jack didn’t immediately understand the ramifications of what she told him, but John Egan, whom he brought his report, did. Egan directed Macnamara and others to get names of the building owners, what they paid, along with other myriad details to form a picture of what exactly was going on. Egan asked John McKnight, “the Midwest director of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights” to “educate the group on the contract sales problem.” It was complicated doing title searches, but Macnamara, with McKnight’s help, “soon mastered” the process. Meetings were then set up at the Presentation church on Wednesday to interact with the community. At one of those meetings, the confluence of the Sullivans comes back into view.

It was a winter night on the West Side of Chicago in 1968 that George Sullivan brought his four sons, George, Jim, Bill, and Dan, who was twelve years old, to a church basement for a meeting to address the deplorable conditions—no heat or hot water—blacks were being handed down by the landlords. The church was packed that night with blacks, “most of these folks were from Mississippi,” Dan said. Dan’s brother Jim told me that when they entered the basement, he and his brothers went to the very back of the church. George, at the front of the church, told everyone he had brought his four sons with him. They all turned to look at the boys. Jim said it was scary. “We were white kids not used to the West Side.” Jack Macnamara told me in a soft chuckle that he could still see the look on the boy’s faces that night. Jack had brought twelve student volunteers from St. Xavier High School in Cincinnati where he taught—there was another student from Chicago that joined them, as well. Jack much later persuaded the powers that be to allow the students to “receive college credit from community organizing.” One of the students was David Quammen. David’s work as a nature, travel, and science writer is well known to those familiar with *Outside Magazine*, where for fifteen years he contributed the articles “Natural

Acts” along with contributions to *National Geographic Magazine*, and other publications. He is author of sixteen books, one of which, his first, is about the CBL entitled, *Walk The Line*. Quammen was to live and work in Chicago one summer with Jack Macnamara in the fight for the CBL while a Yale undergraduate. He lives in Montana and is friends with Dan Sullivan these many years later.

That evening at Presentation, George Sullivan told everyone, “I’m doing this for you, and I’m doing it for them,” pointing to the boys at the back of the church, their backs pressed against the wall. Dan told me he also said, “If something happens to me, one of my sons will take my place.” It was not idle talk on George’s part. His brother, Judge Harold Sullivan had brought George and other progressive lawyers to help out the CBL. George, according to Jim Sullivan, helped file motions and briefs to the state and federal courts. The original request for lawyers—a total of forty—came from a conversation with Jack Macnamara to John O’Connor, a banker and owner of a Chicago trucking company firm, who also happened to be Judge Harold Sullivan’s brother-in-law. O’Connor covered initial expenses for the CBL. The Sullivans were well represented, at least initially. Later, another Sullivan—Tom Sullivan from the prestigious law firm of Jenner and Block, not related to George or Harold—was brought in to take over. Dan wrote me in an e-mail, “Even as a kid I could tell that Dad was reluctant to turn it over to Tom’s firm” . . . and remembered his dad “being pretty disappointed in the outcome.” The results of two cases brought before the courts ended in failure. The West Side case went to court in November 1975, the South Side case in 1979. Both lost in court and subsequent appeals were rejected in 1983. In a silver lining, a second set of lawsuits went to the Illinois Supreme Court allowing, “that the nature of contracts could be raised as a defense in an eviction case . . .” Chicago has always been a rough place with even rougher justice. This was a powder keg ready to explode.

The tactics used by the landlords were age old in the art of intimidation. Jack had been beaten up a couple of times by goons sent to deliver the message to lay out. As it would turn out, the contract sellers were not the only ones promoting violence. There were those in the black community who deeply resented the Catholic Church, and more pointedly, white people, coming into their neighborhoods. The organizers were met with physical violence and intimidation on many sides. Eventually, John Egan and Saul Alinsky advocated dropping out of the fight. “Egan was skeptical about using contract sales as an organizing focus.” Alinsky had said to Macnamara, “If I were you I would leave it alone.” He mentioned a friend of his who had “died trying.” They were more concerned about going up against Mayor Daley’s machine than anything else. The decks were stacked. Jack’s resolve remained intact and immovable, however. At one point he made the decision to make the ultimate sacrifice, death, if need be, along with dropping out of his pursuit to become a Jesuit priest. He never gave up on his commitment to help. I’ve read a couple of accounts that are at odds with one another as to who came up with the idea of having the families go on strike with regard to paying the landlords. One account has the suggestion of a “permanent strike,” coming from Jack Macnamara, while another account has it more a spontaneous idea coming from a woman who had been on the

picket line all day. The tactic was called the “big hold out.” What is not in question is the number of people from the black community whose voices were essential to fight for justice: Ruth Wells, Henrietta Banks, Clyde Ross, among many. Jack Macnamara had been arm in arm with these folks. Jack shared with me that out of the thousands of families that had been subjected to the harsh contracts, four hundred and fifty families successfully renegotiated their loans.

(For further and in-depth reading of the CBL, I strongly recommend a book Jack Macnamara suggested to me, *Family Properties: Race, Real Estate, And The Exploitation Of Black America*, by Beryl Satter. A good portion of my information and quotes on the CBL came out of this book.)

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Another area of concern for George was the pollution in Chicago. “My dad readily grasped what the air pollution from the smokestacks was doing to the atmosphere and he felt compelled to do something about it,” Dan said. “There was not even an EPA back then.” Dan added “He knew there would be a time when this problem needs to be addressed really seriously.” To that end he started developing and building smokestack scrubbers. The air pollution wasn’t the only problem. His dad grew up on Lake Michigan where now “you couldn’t drink the water.” Dan added, “You still can’t.” It was a challenge for Dan to sort it all out as a young person. “Our family was involved in getting a handle on what could be done, what should be done, and what can be done.” And it was a considerable family: nine children.

George was able to see it through the prism of the legal side, giving him perhaps a more realistic view of how and if to proceed. Dan said, “It helped him winnow down what could be done initially starting with, ‘Well, let’s stop the crap coming out of the smokestacks.’”

And though his dad’s actions were what inspired Dan then and later, there was hardly a universal appreciation. The remarks from some were cutting and demeaning. There were those who thought he was “wasting his time.” Some suggested that his dad “go make some money, you have nine kids, chase some ambulances.” He was having none of that. “He called it the 800-foot-tall marshmallow,” Dan said, “that when you punch it and it retracts.” He was about following his passion despite those who advised he back down. George knew what was important not just to himself but also to his family and his community. The tenacity of his dad’s spirit in the face of doubt and questions was hardly about just the drive to do something positive; it was about forming a commitment to core beliefs and acting upon them in a realistic fashion. That spirit resonated with his family. Dan’s three older brothers, George, Jim, and Bill were getting the message loud and clear. “They were pretty observant guys,” said Dan. “They trusted their dad’s judgment.” All three were later intimately involved in the 1st Earth Day, April 22, 1970.

The road to being involved in Earth Day began with summer jobs. George would give them tasks to work on. It was good training ground for all of them. One of the jobs took place though, not in the warmer climes of summer, but in the brutal winter conditions frequent to Chicago. International Harvester had a huge building that had been an old aircraft engine factory during World War II. The boys were testing truck engines up on the roof in 12-degree weather. Dan said it was “slightly tortuous.” Dan had spent time in Montana during the summers. He said he had dreams of summertime Montana while up on those chilly roofs in Chicago. They were installing pollution control mechanisms they had learned from EPA testing. They were doing it because the EPA was not enforcing any of the rules. I suggested upon hearing this that we are, once again, right back to square zero, that the seesaw back and forth with the environment and government is a continual battle. Dan agreed. The names change but the fight doesn’t. He noted that the present lineup has teeth.

Going up against the government—federal, state, or local—is a time-honored tradition, a necessary though frustratingly slow process. I asked Dan, who has spent a fair amount of time in Montana’s state capital of Helena—which he described as particularly bad—how he dealt with that frustration and how it affected his progressive spirit and ideals. He likened the experience of going before the political entities to the stonewalling of the Nixon era. “They are not polite in saying goodbye or good luck,” he lamented on the reception he received. “The atmosphere is one of a club, a good ol’ boys network, where issues and the laws meant to protect us are judged by how it affects those in power personally and their constituents, leaving any other concerns off to the sidelines.” The lack of respect or patience for those who differ with their agenda is palatable. “You have to take the gloves off, stand up en masse,” he says passionately. “No, no sir’, as my grandfather, who was an Illinois farm boy used to say, ‘No sir’! You’re doing a tremendous disservice to the environment which sustains all of us, and the land which we can’t live without. It’s happening again,” Dan says, “trial balloon stuff to see how far they can get.”

Dan feels the defense of the environment is getting more complicated these days. The word, protestor, carries with it the connotation of someone who is not patriotic, not unlike the Vietnam era. The appropriateness of protests is always in question. Kneeling down during the national anthem is a prime example. The countering disingenuous attitude is one of “Well, it’s not that they are protesting, it’s that they should protest somewhere else.” Yet another means of deflecting and delaying any position that doesn’t reflect their own. “People underestimate how observant people are,” Dan says. “You might not want to know what’s going on but the information is there.” Bringing up the very point I often refer to, one of inquisitiveness. Are you or aren’t you?

Our discussion turns to what constitutes public land and whose interests mandate the definition. Dan’s point of view is that public lands belong to us. He doesn’t believe the Secretary of Interior has the right to compromise those public lands by selling them to the lowest bidder. “Here in Montana it’s directly in our face,” he says.

“It’s a full-time job looking the other way,” he goes on to strongly state “with all the b.s. going on with private jets used at the taxpayer’s expense, and all the power grabs, what is needed is truthful, honest information to make decisions. People know they’re being sold a bill of goods.” Again, some people are observant. But to what end? Truth and honesty are being trampled under several layers of deceit and posturing unlike anything we’ve seen in our lifetime. The attack and undermining of our values is used to insulate the worst offenders, to promote division, to bury any discourse by wrapping it in a toxic blanket of perverse psychology and cynicism. Dan, in the face of all the broken glass, refuses to back down.

When I asked if he’s a concerned citizen, an activist, or both, he says, “It’s every citizen’s obligation and duty, as my old friend Ed Abbey would say, ‘to be a critic of the society you live in, and if you don’t, then you’re leaving yourself open to being abused by society.’” I also asked what his goals were and what tools he used to bring them to fruition. “With regard to goals you need to pick your fights kind of like my dad did, but the fights are so vast now and they reach into so many other areas.” Dan has evolved to focusing on the wild places and the wild things that are in them.

“Montana is a good place for a birds-eye view of Yellowstone and the greater Yellowstone,” he says. “I love the people who fall in love with this place. They might be what saves it,” he reflects. That said, what gives clarity to issues are those who are, by virtue of living in the area, witness to what’s at stake . . . the day in and day out problems that can be overwhelming. Dan has tried to set smaller goals to combat the fatigue and disappointment of the roadblocks he’s encountered. Two years ago he joined the Park County Environmental Council (PCEC). Their mission involves a host of intersecting issues: Protection and Conservation of the Yellowstone River and its tributaries; Preservation of Wilderness and Wildlife (including the Yellowstone grizzly bears that are near and dear to Dan’s heart); Resilient Communities that interface with the aforementioned. “They are phenomenal . . . the headway they’ve made,” Dan says. The PCEC was started twenty-five years ago. One of its founders is photographer Tom Murphy, one of the premier nature photographers in the world.

Dan mentions the Emigrant Mine, just one of the many concerns facing the PCEC. Their focus is with the Canadian mining company, Lucky Minerals, Inc. whose interests are in pursuit of gold. The legal maneuvers are ever present, a three-dimensional chess game involving public and private lands, wildlife habitats and corridors, business interests that often supersede the notion of being good stewards to the land for short term gain with long term consequences. One of the tactics Lucky Minerals has employed is withdrawing its application to perform exploratory drilling on public lands, which took place in 2015; however, they still retain public land claims that they can re-institute at any time. By withdrawing their application they opened a back door channel to move forward “sidestepping the public process” with “less public scrutiny,” essentially trying to hide in the shadows. I recently took part in a small but powerful documentary, *Last Call*. I was asked to narrate, provide a musical theme, which I then performed along with the narration. It is about saving

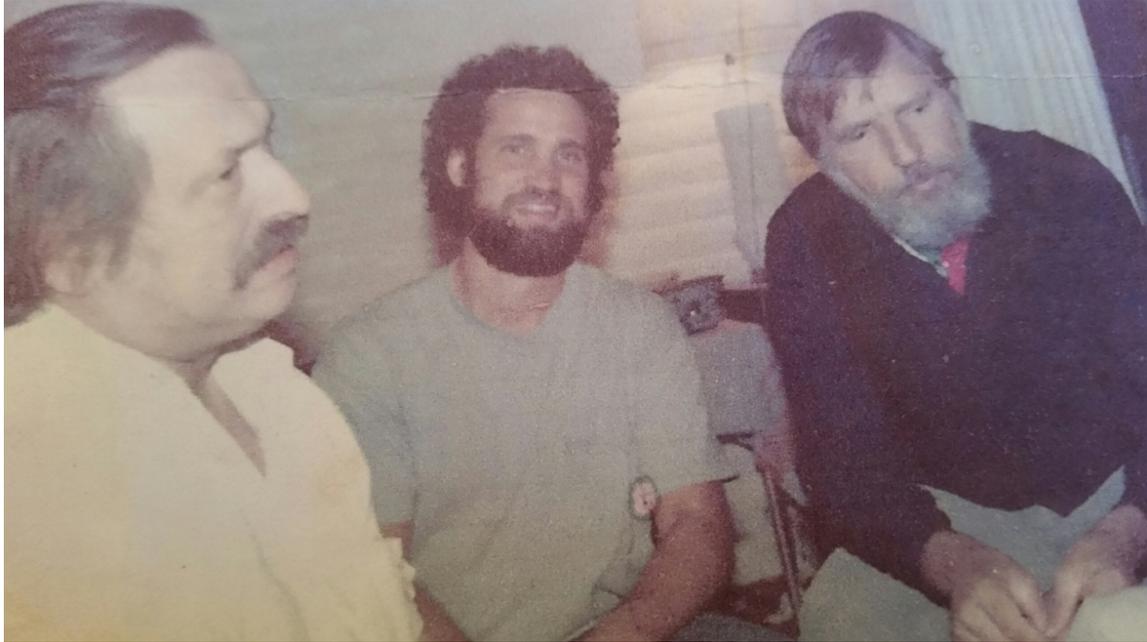
the Yellowstone River from mining interests mentioned above. It is also a story about the Anderson family, who I know and love. The community of the greater Yellowstone is also well represented. Please take a moment to view it.



Also visit the website for the PCEC for more information. (envirocouncil.org).

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The weather was in the single digits—it had been in the 40's touching into the 50's days before. The weather forecast had predicted lots of snow, which never came through, but this morning we had about two inches or more, the soft fluffy variety—two inches of snow in Montana is nothing. That said, the roads were icy, and the approaching vehicles on Highway 89 were kicking up massive plumes of sparkling snow making it difficult if not impossible to see as they went by. Thankfully traffic was light, it was daytime, and I knew the two-lane highway leading to Chico Hot Springs where we were to have lunch. Dan was driving down from Livingston, I was coming from thirty-eight miles south of there. We almost canceled but thought we'd just drive slowly and keep the appointment. I had waited a long time for this get-together.



In October 2017, Dan had texted me a photo of himself with Jim Harrison and Edward Abbey at Doug Peacock's in Tucson, circa 1986. I was floored. The story I was writing on Dan opened up immensely. I knew it would be awhile before we could get together, but I will fully admit to being at once blindsided and impressed with the company he was keeping. It wasn't until February of 2018 that we were finally able to meet. When Dan entered the Poolside Grille at Chico Hot Springs, we took one look at each other and started laughing. We had basically risked our lives to continue an ongoing conversation on the essay I was writing. I want to start with Dan meeting Doug Peacock. The relationship between Dan and Doug is pivotal on many levels, as you will see.

In 1977 Dan and his brother George were working trail maintenance in Glacier National Park. They were working for basically no money but having the time of their lives. They found themselves in the West Glacier Bar where they met Doug Peacock. Doug was the fire lookout for the park. They hit it off. Three or four oilcan Aussie beers (Fosters) later, it was time to get back to work. They drove Doug back to the trailhead. The Government packers had told them about Doug before they met him. They said he liked to sleep on the ground. He was a character to them. Well, so were Dan and George, a.k.a. Fish Heads and Rice Crew. Others have long since adopted that name, but Dan and George were the originals—they're still listed in Glacier on one of the blackboards some forty years later.

Doug Peacock was a Green Beret, who served for two tours of duty in Vietnam as a Special Forces medic in the sixties. He was awarded the Soldier's Medal, the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry, and the Bronze Star. While in Vietnam, Doug had set up hospital camps that took care of as many people as he could. His care went well

beyond the military. He was there to help villagers affected by the war, as well. Doug had to beg, borrow, and steal medications for his triage units to cover the villagers, as he didn't have the supplies needed beyond the soldiers he had under his wing.

March 16, 1968 was Doug's last day in the field in Vietnam. The helicopter he was in was taking ground fire while flying over what was My Lai, while the massacre was taking place. He knew the terrain well. He didn't realize what he was witness to until a year later when he saw the death and devastation from that day chronicled in *Life* magazine. Doug's life was upside down when he came back to the states. His experience in Vietnam left him in very bad shape mentally. Wrecked, was one word I saw on his website. Dan mentioned to me a story about Doug's bouts with PTSS. In Montana, a neighbor had shot and killed his dog. He was deeply hurt by this. He never found the dog's body. "He had wanted to give him a proper burial. It just tore him up," Dan said. The wall had been hit and shattered beyond repair. Doug was to find himself, taking refuge, in the wilderness, starting first in Yellowstone and later at Glacier.

Two events were to shape the trajectory of his life: his first encounter with grizzly bears took place. It was an inauspicious start. Doug was sitting in a hot spring, a rivulet, where the confluence of hot and cold water flow, when across the meadow two grizzly bears were coming across towards him. He had spent too much time in the hot spring, stood up too quickly and momentarily passed out, hitting his head on a rock. As the bears continued their approach, he staggered out of the water naked and bleeding and climbed a small tree. Dan told me he was about four feet off the ground. The grizzlies looked at him as if to say, what are you trying to do? They then turned and went their way without any further investigation. This took place either in Yellowstone or the Wind River Range, near Jackson Hole, preceding Doug's time at Glacier National Park, where he continued observing grizzlies at close range, but without fear. It was the beginning of a forty-plus year quest to help, defend, and become a fierce advocate for them; he credits the bears with "giving him back his soul." Doug was to write *Grizzly Years: In Search of the American Wilderness*. Dan Sullivan saw his first grizzly at Glacier, searing his soul and heart as well. The separate but shared experience of the grizzlies bonded Sullivan and Peacock for life.

Second, Doug met Edward Abbey, author and naturalist. Abbey in his novel *The Monkey Wrench Gang* modeled one of his characters, George Washington Hayduke, after Doug. Both men had an inclination to being solitary and yet, were drawn to each other, as those who truly understand the need for solitude, the vastness of the stars, the hum of the earth, and who relish the camaraderie, the sharing of stories, both real and imagined.

In my talks with Dan, I kept coming back to the photo of him with Jim Harrison and Ed Abbey at Doug's. Dan met Ed Abbey in 1979, Jim a year or so later, 1980 or 1981. What was their relationship with each other? How did he fit in with them? "Jim Harrison wrote the review in the *New York Times* for Ed Abbey's *The Monkey Wrench Gang*. Jim had written *A Good Day to Die*. It came out shortly before Abbey's

book. This was in 1975." Dan hadn't met either one of them yet. He said, "It was so odd that both of these guys who were superheroes to me had the same wavelength. The angle they chose was the destruction of the wilderness to an unsightly, unnecessary dam only serving a very small, narrow band of the society where the wilderness was accepted of everyone else at all times," Dan said. "The Glenn Canyon Dam, from Abbey's book, was the vast drowning of a beautiful river." Dan continues in a flow of words not unlike the river itself, "Doug is in the middle of it all and tells me about these guys and then I meet them shortly thereafter, and then I find out how close they were, and I thought, well, obviously there's something that I'm supposed to be learning from these characters, as difficult as they might be." Dan says through laughter, "In person, Jim could be very, very hard, and he could also be inordinately funny and wonderful and brilliant. Ed, not so much, he was really pretty easy, he was ready to head out the same day talking about going some place for a walk in the desert. You'd leave the same day you were talking about it. You weren't going to do it in a month or a day or a week, you were just going to go that very day. C'mon, let's go!" Abbey's name for himself around Dan was Big Bruddah, even though he was old enough to be Dan's dad. Dan went on to say, "Then out in the desert, it was quiet time, he would go there by himself; in fact the last time I was walking with him in the desert was the place where he's buried now, around 1988. He died in 89."

Edward Abbey died March 14, 1989, age 62. Doug Peacock and Jack Loeffler, along with Abbey's father-in-law and brother-in-law, Tom Cartwright and Steve Prescott, put Abbey's body into a sleeping bag with dry ice and drove off into the desert, the Cabeza Prieta wilderness of southern Arizona, to bury him in a spot no one would ever find. The man who wrote *Desert Solitaire* gave instructions regarding his last words to be shared as No Comment. They were also carved on a rock near his gravesite.

Dan told me it was Bill Eastlake who introduced Doug Peacock to Ed Abbey around 1970. Doug's fingers were so numb and cold after riding his motorcycle down from Tucson to Bisbee, Arizona, that Ed, upon that first gathering, offered to roll a cigarette for him, sealing a lasting friendship. Bill Eastlake, a journalist in Vietnam very early on, wrote *The Bamboo Bed*, attracted many writers to his home. Bisbee is a short drive from the Mexican border. Jack Kerouac visited Eastlake on the way to Mexico for what became his book *On The Road*.

Bisbee is home of the Copper Queen Mine. On July 12, 1917, the miners, mostly German and Mexican immigrants, went on strike, encouraged by a radical organization, Industrial Workers of the World, to unionize for better wages and safety measures. The mine owners took exception to that notion and took matters into their own hands implementing what was known as The Deportation. Sheriff Harry Wheeler deputized a posse of some 2,000 to round up by gunpoint the 1,200 or more strikers, forcing them into boxcars and shipping them off essentially to nowhere in the middle of the desert where they were left to die. Their echoes and ghosts haunt the region. The powerful over the powerless, inflicting violence with

the aim of eradicating voices and lives and the cultures that define dreams, aspirations, connection with the earth, with families, with all living things. The powerful, when hell bent on issuing silence through taking away dialogue of any kind, create the resistance they are so afraid of, thus increasing their violence. It is an ongoing crisis of fear and rejection of reason played out in many venues.

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Dan described what is driving a wedge between public lands, monuments and sacred grounds, using the grizzly bear as a Trojan horse. He pointed me to an article in the *New York Times* that used this analogy. There is a tug-of-war surrounding the fate of the Yellowstone grizzlies that has been going on for many years. They were removed in 2017 from the endangered species list by Secretary of the Interior, Ryan Zinke, after 42 years of protection.

Doug Peacock wrote a letter to President Obama a few years ago bringing to his attention Save the Yellowstone Grizzly. Jim Messina, Obama's chief of staff, also lives in Montana, personally handed the letter to Obama. Doug said it was the "most significant wildlife issue of our time. Grizzlies are endemic to the larger argument of preserving the ecology, being mindful of the implications of a delicate balance within nature and the foundations to the collective survival of us all." The letter was signed by prominent biologists and Greater Yellowstone ecosystem residents: E.O. Wilson, Jane Goodall, George Schaller, Michael Soule, Jeff Bridges, Yvon Chouinard, Harrison Ford, Michael Finley, Carl Hiaasen, Michael Keaton, Tom McGuane, N. Scott Momaday, Terry Tempest Williams, and Ted Turner.

In the petition Dan originally sent me, there was a quote from the writer/columnist Carl Hiaasen: "You save the bear, you save the place."

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On Monday, September 24th, I received a text from Dan on the court case: "Bill, Judge just restored ESA (Endangered Species Act) status to Yellowstone Grizz! Tom Miner grizz safe for now!" I told him my wife Polly and I had been up the Tom Miner Basin the week before with friends to see the grizzlies. It was truly exciting news. I got in touch with Dan the next day to interview him:

How long have you been waiting for this?

"Most recently it's been eleven years since the last attempt by Fish and Wildlife Service to subvert the law, more or less the Judge said in his order." He said, "'What do you think you're doing . . . who do you think you are, really.' Forty-two years since I saw my first grizzly bear back in Glacier Park. I knew immediately what was coming their way . . . the political influence which might either save them or destroy them." He went on to say that things could still go wrong. And indeed they did, less than twenty-four hours later. Dan had told me it was possible that Congresswoman

Cheney, yes, Dick Cheney's daughter, could attach a rider to a Must Sign bill, which is in fact what she attempted. And although her attempt failed today, it doesn't preclude her trying it again and again until it finds a home in another bill.

Events continue to bounce around like a pinball. September 27, 2018 the good news came out that on Monday, September 24th, U.S. District Judge Dana L. Christensen in Missoula, Montana, reversed the delisting of the grizzly bear. On Doug Peacock's website (dougpeacock.net) the headline was:

**Victory for the grizzly bear!
Grizzlies back on the Endangered Species List,
Trophy hunt stopped!**

"This is the best news for grizzlies in decades. A great victory and stand for what's left of wild America and public lands."

-Doug Peacock, founder of Save the Yellowstone Grizzly

Dan sent me an article on the Patagonia website written by Todd Wilkinson, September 27, 2018:

"The [U.S. Fish and Wildlife] Service failed to make a reasoned decision . . . when it delisted the Greater Yellowstone grizzly, the judge wrote.

. . . America's leading scientists know that fragmented, geographically isolated populations of species are more vulnerable to collapse than larger, interconnected "meta-populations" covering wide areas."

The time for celebration needs to be enjoyed. But the battle will no doubt continue, like all other battles being fought on many fronts, one of which remains is housing. Black families in many cities are not much better off than the families described earlier.

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The acidic smoke from the embers of racism and ignorance affect us at every turn. North Lawndale is still one of Chicago's poorest neighborhoods with one out of every five homes abandoned. Greed and subjugation never tire; those forces can only be tamped down, not extinguished. The cumulative erosion infects the corporeal body through a series of attendant, virulent hosts: misogyny, the belittlement of our connection to our environment, to climate change, while deriding our compassion for other human beings, animals and nature, sewing havoc on all fronts, from a distortion of the very tenets of truth, to denying that truth even exists, the degradation of science, a dizzying array of noise and chaos drowning out reason and hope. And all of this and more giving oxygen to those that thrive on creating hatred and division.

Dan Sullivan is a reminder and an inspiration to who we really are; how essential it is to be active in voice and deed, to be attuned and aligned in trusting our core

values, of not allowing the wheels of destructive attitudes and situations to shake our sense of responsibility and to never lose sight of reason and hope. Dissent and resistance are honorable, and, in the truest sense of the word, patriotic. We simply cannot give up or give in.

~

I spoke to Dan about his feelings on the upcoming election:

The referendums don't come very often. There is always the potential for voter apathy. It's down to the basics. It's crucially important this time . . . the level of madness is deafening. One of the only ways we can bring it down is by voting. Vote to protect all that's threatened: air, water, land: the Essentials. The essential things that sustain us are at risk. And the people who are dismissing that are the people who need to go away. Consolidate our efforts this time around by voting. We have to err on the side of safety for our families, for something as critical as climate change . . . there's no platform with the other guys.

Bill Payne September 2018, Montana.

I would like to thank Dan Sullivan for his friendship, for his family story and circle of friends, and for his showing me the true meaning of honorable resistance.

Jack Macnamara for his graciousness in providing me invaluable guidance and insight into the Contract Buyers League and his involvement in that history.

And, as always, my heartfelt thanks to my friend and editor Gary Bays, whose talents with the nuance of language have made my work far better than it would ever be without his considerable input and knowledge.