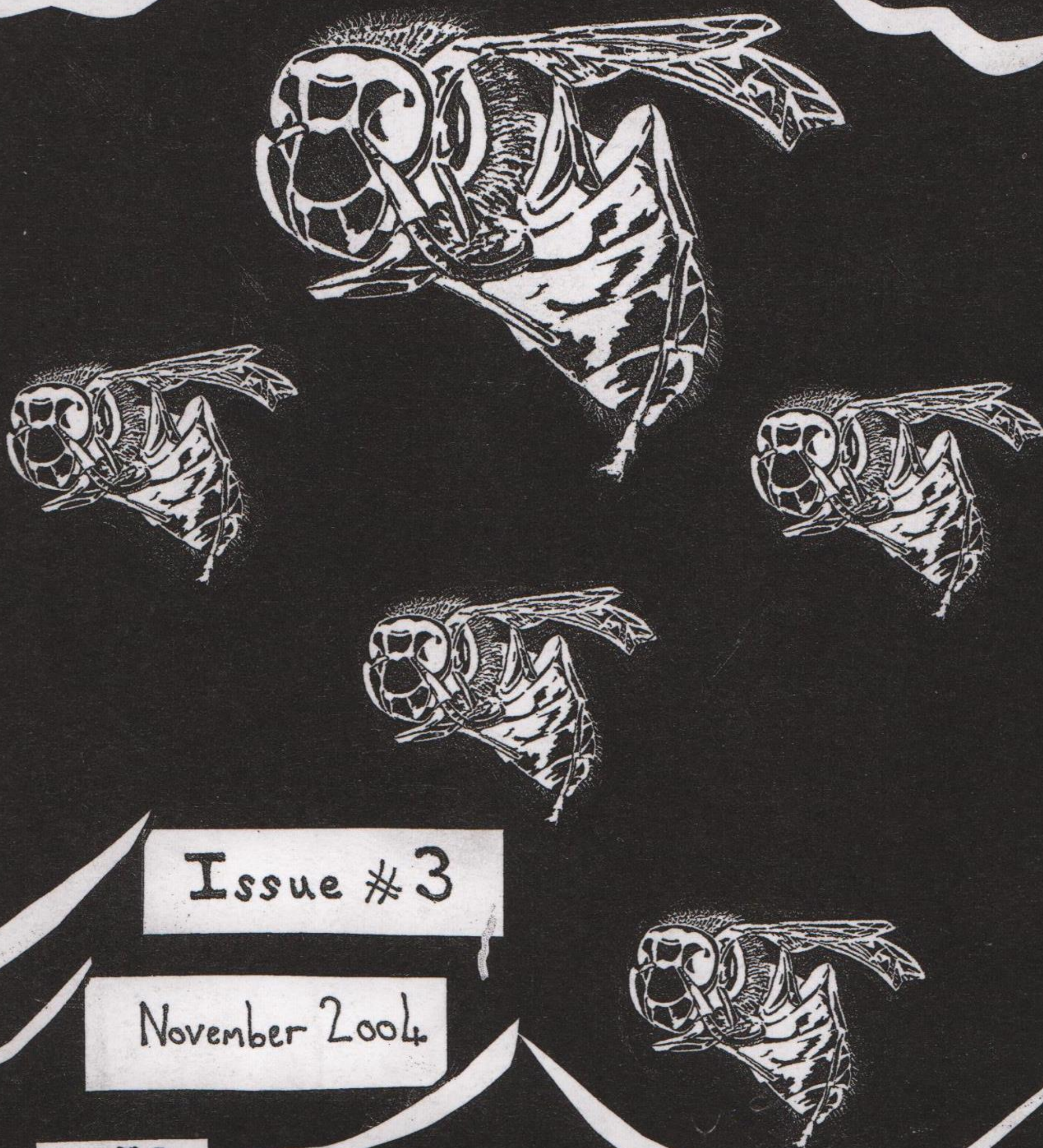


8549 E

# Earth Zine, Running Zine



Issue #3

November 2004

~ 50p



Your long wait for issue 3 is over! You can now revel in the chaotic Surrealism of whatever's going on in my mind. This time, bumpkin hordes, a trapped squirrel, porn and mechanical diggers, plus cops and scared or confused civilians all feature at various times. And there's my personal account of the Countryside Alliance March (against a ban on hunting) at the Labour Conference in Brighton. Before that they were in London, and it was lovely to see the hunters getting so touchy - feely with the riot cops there. It was always going to be very odd when they came to Brighton, but I'm glad there was visible opposition to them (which even the glorious British media picked up on). It wasn't quite like that Clint Eastwood film (where they paint the town red and there's a sign saying "Welcome to Hell" to greet the bad guys), but it still had an impact. The news reports were funny afterwards:- they interviewed this dappy old codger who apparently represented the "Church of Country Sports". I'm not joking, but it could've been a piss-take(?). He was going on about Tony Blair not being able to outlaw a religion. Hmm.

I'm taking a break from shifts at the Cowley Club Cafe, 'cos I was spending too much time there! In the summer I had some good expeditions into the South Downs and Cornwall (while I was there, there was a mini-hurricane which cut out all the power); these were cool. And I sort of started drinking coffee again (but I can quit if I want to. probably). →

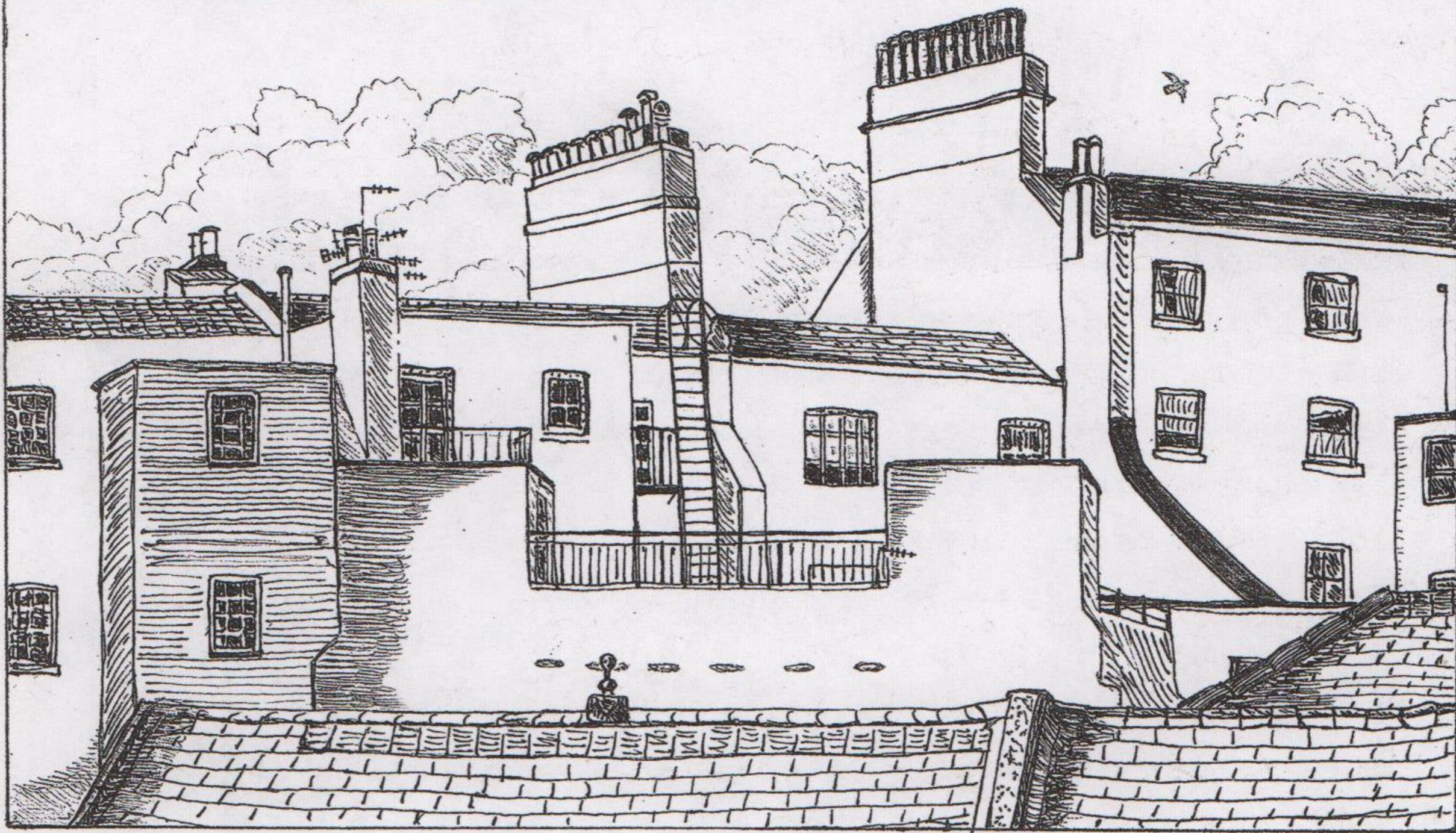


That was the summer, but now it's autumn, which is way better - I like rain and stuff, and it suits my mood swings! So anyway, that's me for now...

At this point I should say something profound and inspiring about challenging authority or fighting for the environment or whatever, but I'm going to go and have a cup of tea instead. Here's the zine, hope you enjoy it,

Joe.

ADDRESS: Earth Zine, Running Zine,  
c/o ABC  
PO Box 74  
BRIGHTON BN1 4ZQ.



↑ View from my window



# SHOREHAM DUSTBOWL

IN AUGUST 2003 I TOOK A JOB NEAR SHOREHAM AIRPORT. THE GIST OF IT WAS THAT SOME LAND WAS TO BE DEVELOPED FOR SOMETHING WORTHWHILE LIKE A GOLF COURSE, AND THE DEVELOPERS HAD A LEGAL OBLIGATION TO ENSURE THAT THE DAMAGE TO WILDLIFE WAS MINIMISED. ANIMALS HAD TO BE MOVED OUT OF HARM'S WAY, AND ANY HABITAT LOST HAD TO BE REPLACED. THEY'D BROUGHT IN PEOPLE TO DO THIS SIDE OF THINGS (BASICALLY MANUAL LABOUR), AND THIS WAS MY WORK.



← MY FIRST DAY'S WORK SAW ME PULLING OUT DOZENS OF WOODEN FENCE POSTS, BY HAND. IT WAS APPARENTLY THE HOTTEST DAY EVER RECORDED IN BRITAIN AND THERE WAS NO SHADE ANYWHERE! ON OTHER DAYS, TASKS INCLUDED PUTTING UP LOTS OF FENCING.



This bit by a bridge was trickier but I did OK and avoided getting wet

THE FENCES WERE TO KEEP REPTILES AND WATER VOLES AWAY FROM THE DEVELOPMENT. NONE OF US HAD DONE WORK LIKE THIS BEFORE, BUT OUR WORK WAS PRAISED! MUCH TIME WAS SPENT CLEARING SCRUB AND REEDS WITH THESE STRIMMERS → WHILE I WAS DOING THIS I WAS AWAY FROM THE DIRT TRACKS - A GOOD THING 'COS THE SITE WAS THE DUSTIEST IN THE WORLD!

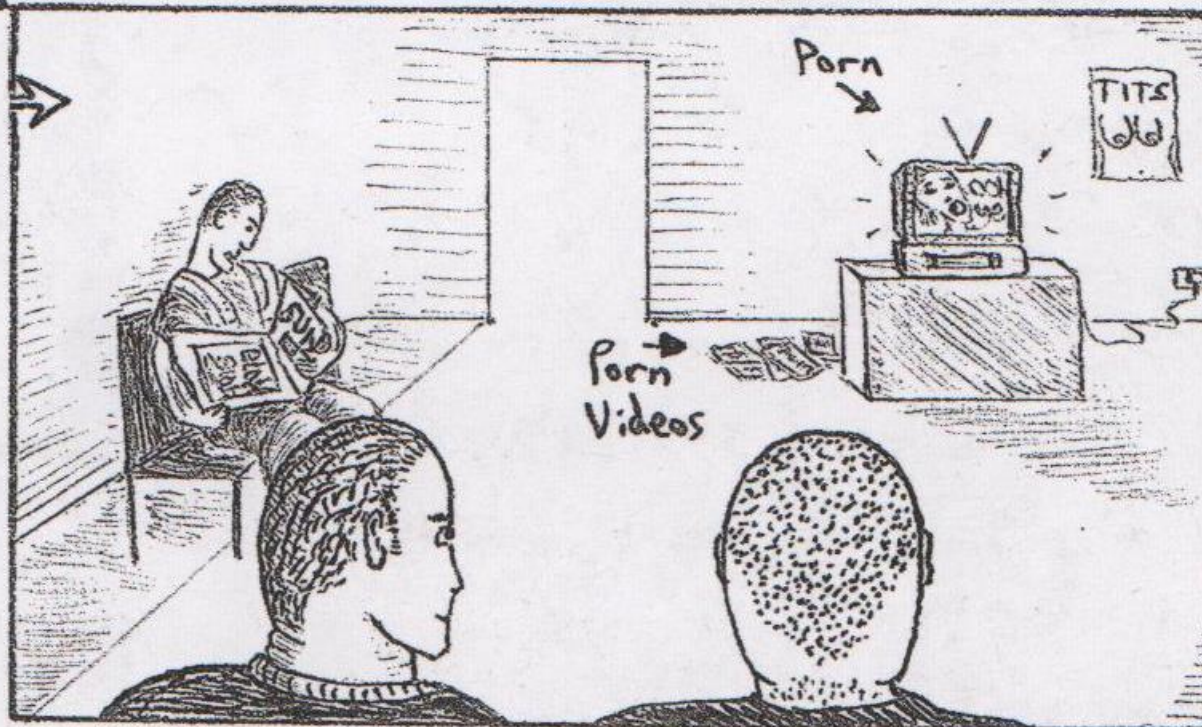




MOST OF THE TIME I WAS LEFT TO MY OWN DEVICES (THIS SUITED ME FINE), BUT ANOTHER BLOKE WORKED WITH ME FOR A FEW DAYS. HE WAS RIDICULOUSLY HAPPY AND OPTIMISTIC. THE BASTARD.



PEOPLE HAD LUNCH IN THIS HUT → →  
SOME WOULD BE READING THE SUN  
OR THE DAILY MAIL AND HATING  
IMMIGRANTS AND BEING HOMO-  
PHOBIC. THEY WOULD ALWAYS BE  
WATCHING PORN VIDEOS, OF WHICH  
THERE WERE MANY. I MANAGED  
NOT TO REVEAL THAT I WAS A  
VEGAN ANARCHO TYPE, BUT I WAS  
STILL CLEARLY THE ODD ONE OUT.



I HELPED THIS TREE  
SURGEON GUY CLEAR  
OUT LOTS OF BLACKTHORN  
SCRUB. HIS CHAINSAW  
BROKE ONCE, AND WE  
BOTH GOT SCRATCHED  
TO FUCK, BUT I STILL  
ENJOYED THIS WORK.

THE SITE ITSELF WAS PRETTY, ALTHOUGH CONSTANTLY  
OVERFLOWN BY PLANES. I GOT TO SEE LOTS OF  
WILDLIFE, INCLUDING LIZARDS AND A KINGFISHER. AND  
I CAUGHT A FISH WITH MY BARE HANDS! I MOVED IT  
BECAUSE IT HAD BEEN TRAPPED BY EXCAVATION WORK.

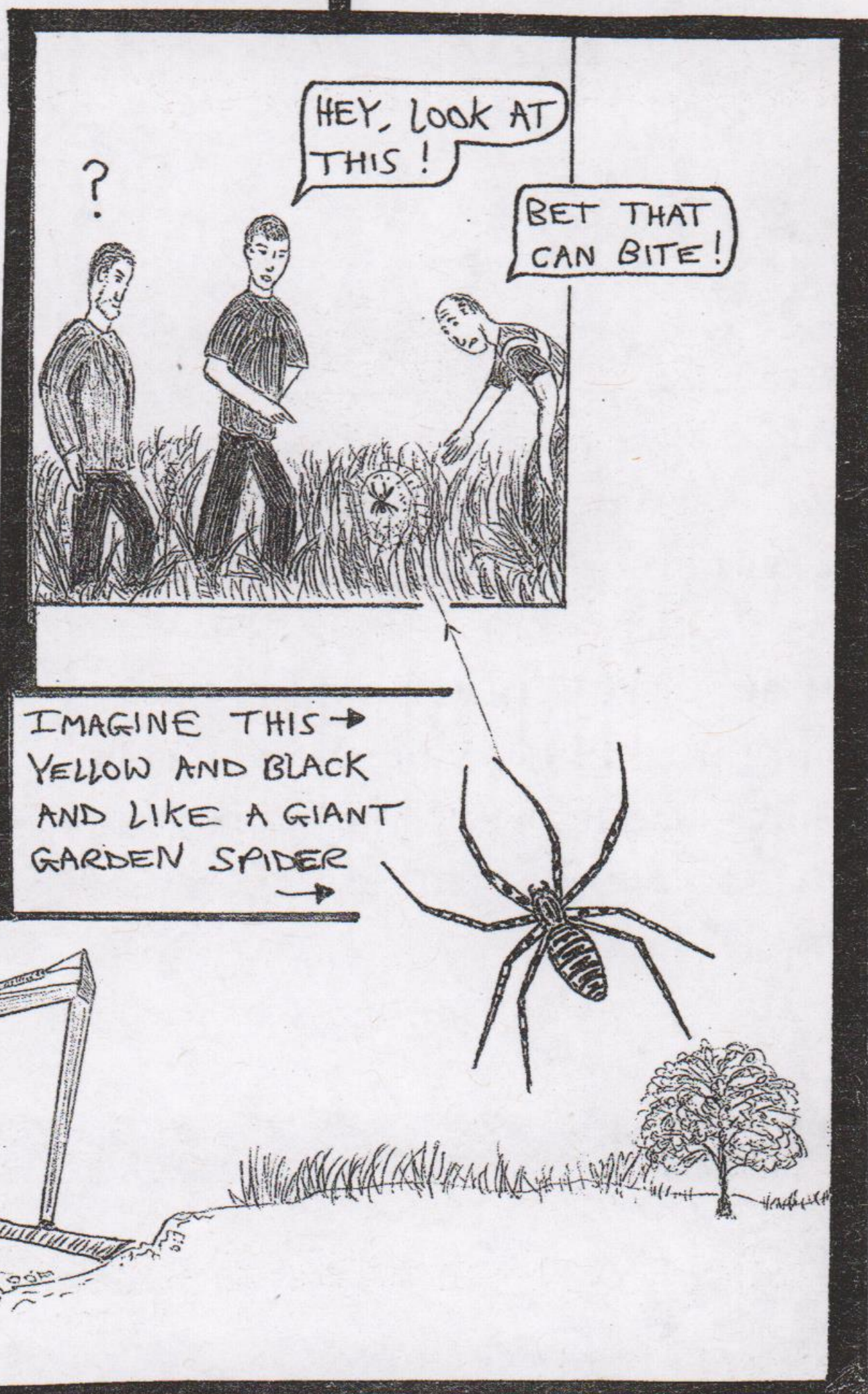


I ALSO MOVED A WASP SPIDER TO SAFETY (BUT USING WORK GLOVES - THEY LOOK LIKE THEY CAN BITE!). EVEN MY EMPLOYER WAS IMPRESSED BY THIS ANIMAL, WHICH LOOKS QUITE DRAMATIC. THESE SPIDERS ARE MORE COMMON ON THE CONTINENT, AND I'D NOT SEEN ONE BEFORE.

MY EMPLOYER COULD BE A GRUMPY BASTARD, BUT HE WAS GENERALLY SOUND, AND WAS COOL ABOUT WORKING HOURS, SOMETIMES LETTING ME GO EARLY. AND I GOT A BONUS FOR STAYING TO THE END OF THE CONTRACT.

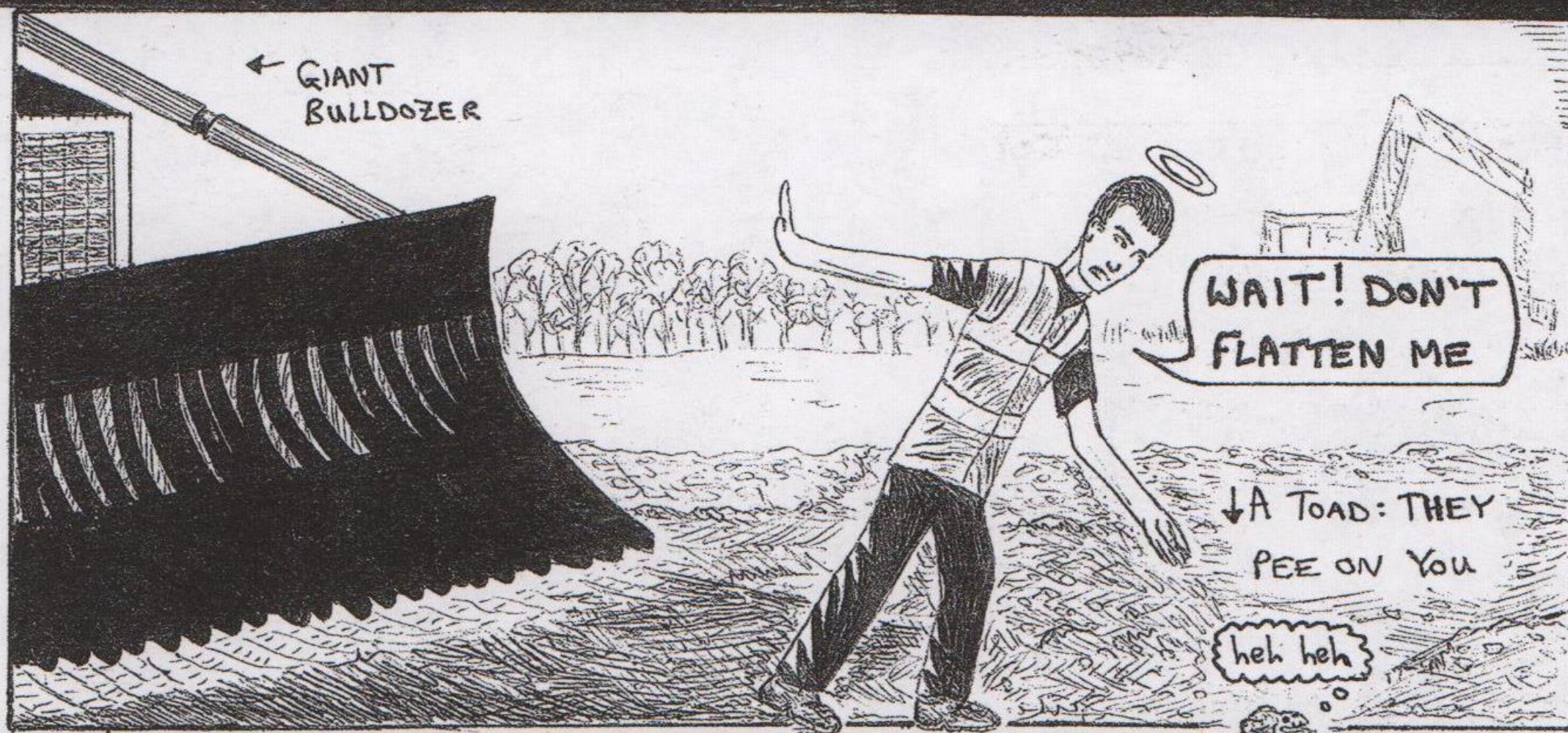
AFTER AN ECOLOGIST GUY HAD MADE SOME MEASUREMENTS AND LOOKED IMPORTANT, A BIG MECHANICAL DIGGER THING CAME TO DIG NEW DITCHES TO REPLACE THOSE LOST TO DEVELOPMENT. THE DRIVERS OF THESE MACHINES SEEMED TO

SPEND THE MOST TIME JUST LOAFING AND READING NEWSPAPERS. I THINK THEY LIKED THEIR JOBS. BUT IT WAS IMPRESSIVE THAT THEY TOOK REAL CARE TO DO THEIR EXCAVATING (OR WHATEVER) WELL, AND THE NEW HABITAT (FOR WATER VOLES) LOOKED GOOD.





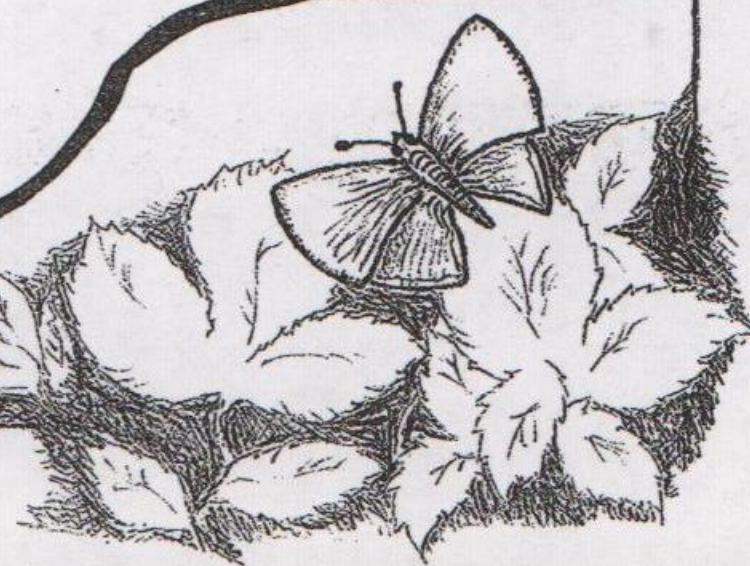
FOR ME THE BEST BIT WAS RESCUING HAPLESS SMALL CREATURES FROM THE PATH OF A BULLDOZER. THE 'DOZER WOULD GO SLOWLY AND CHURN UP THE SOIL, WHILE TWO PEOPLE WOULD CATCH ANY ANIMALS IN ITS PATH AND MOVE THEM TO SAFETY. THESE ANIMALS WERE USUALLY TOADS AND FIELD VOLES.



I ALSO THINK THAT THERE IS SOMETHING VERY SATISFYING ABOUT STOPPING A HUGE 20-TON MACHINE (DRIVEN BY A HUGE MAN) TO MOVE SOME TINY CREATURE TO SAFETY. TO GIVE HIM CREDIT, THE DRIVER SOMETIMES EVEN STOPPED THE BULLDOZER HIMSELF AND CALLED US TO MOVE SOMETHING.



ALTHOUGH NOT ALL THE WORK WAS AS GOOD AS THIS, I LIKED THIS JOB. I GOT TO WORK WITHOUT MUCH HASSLE, OUT OF DOORS AND AT MY OWN PACE. THERE WERE ALWAYS LOTS OF THINGS TO LOOK AT, AND THE WORK HAD CONSERVATION VALUE. AS SUMMER JOBS GO, THAT'S NOT SO BAD!





GETTING BACK

FROM

PORTSMOUTH

(LATE AT NIGHT  
&  
ON A WEEKDAY)



IN AUGUST I SAW A BAND, AND  
IT WAS GOOD, BUT I MISSED  
THE LAST TRAIN BY

23:22

2 MINUTES.

tumbleweed

DAMMIT



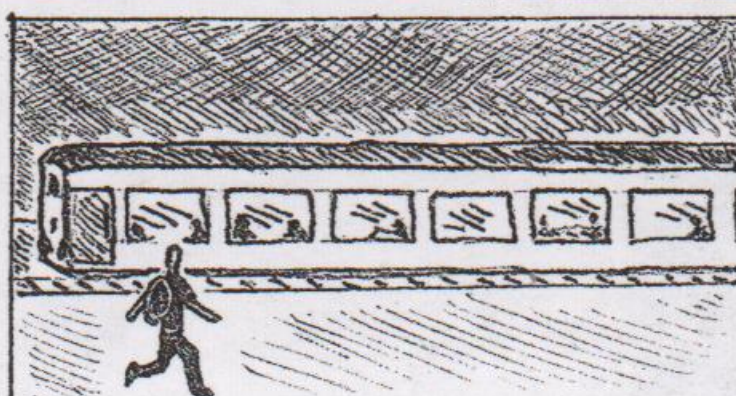
SO I DECIDED TO HITCH BACK  
TO BRIGHTON.

Try to smile without  
looking psychotic



I MUST'VE LOOKED  
RESPECTABLE 'COS..

... AFTER 5 MINUTES I GOT  
A LIFT!



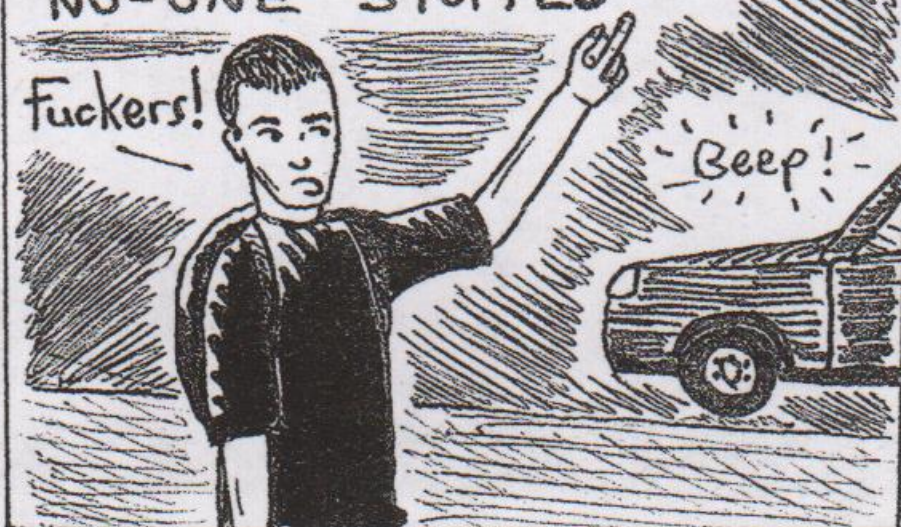
THE DRIVER WAS A  
TRAIN GUARD. HE  
DROVE FAST ENOUGH  
TO CATCH UP WITH

THE TRAIN I'D JUST  
MISSED, SO I GOT  
ON IT. THIS TOOK  
ME SOME OF THE  
WAY, BUT TERMIN-  
ATED SOMEWHERE  
OBSCURE, SO I HAD  
TO HITCH AGAIN...

I WALKED TO THE OUTSKI-  
RTS OF TOWN (DON'T  
REMEMBER ITS NAME)  
AND WAS CONSIDERING  
SLEEPING OUT, AS IT  
WAS A WARM NIGHT. BUT  
I GAVE THE HITCHING  
A GO FOR A WHILE...

BUT I JUST ENDED UP  
GETTING ANNOYED 'COS  
NO-ONE STOPPED

Fuckers!

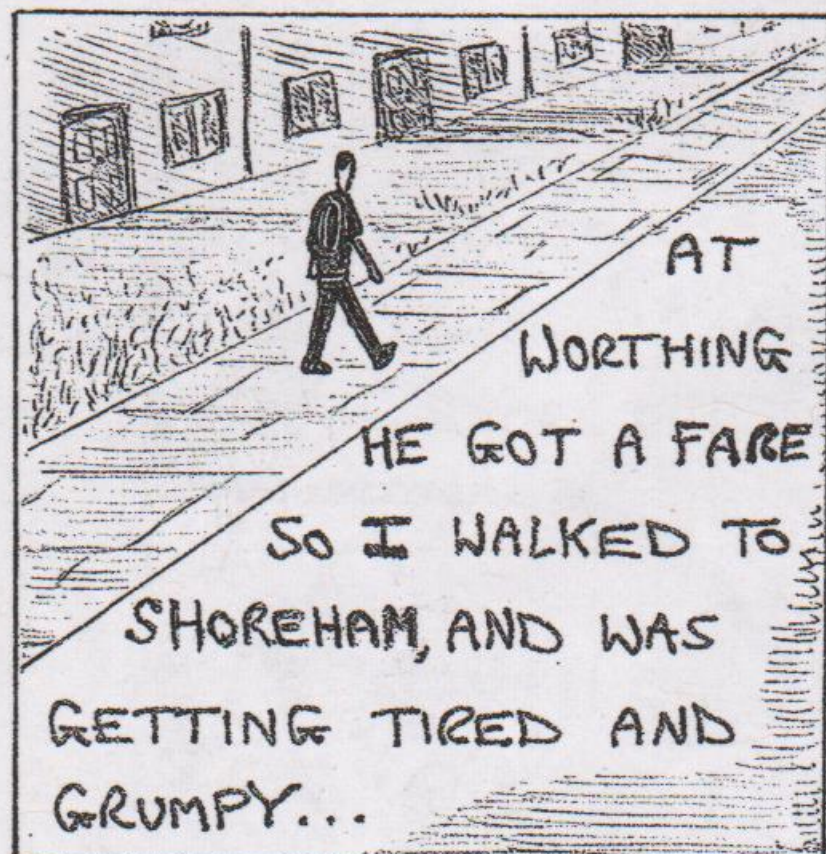


UNTIL...

Sorry, mate  
I'm just  
hitching, I  
don't want  
a taxi



That's OK, I'll  
give you a lift.



AT  
WORTHING

HE GOT A FARE  
SO I WALKED TO  
SHOREHAM, AND WAS  
GETTING TIRED AND  
GRUMPY...

BUT I WAS STILL HITCHING (IT HAD BECOME A  
MATTER OF HONOUR TO GET ALL THE WAY HOME).  
EVENTUALLY A LOCKSMITH GAVE ME A LIFT, IN  
HIS WORK VAN, TO  
BRIGHTON!



He'd been called out  
by someone locked out  
of their house

SO I WAS  
VERY PLEASED  
WITH MY  
HITCHING LUCK!



## CELEBRITY ENCOUNTER

When I was about 9 years old, I was travelling with my family somewhere, and we stopped off at a Welcome Break service station. There, I had the good fortune to encounter the Chuckle Brothers. I was half expecting some sort of furniture removal type hilarity to occur: →



In fact, all that they did was walk out of the toilets looking like grumpy bastards. Oh well.

## THE BUMPKIN WHISPERER

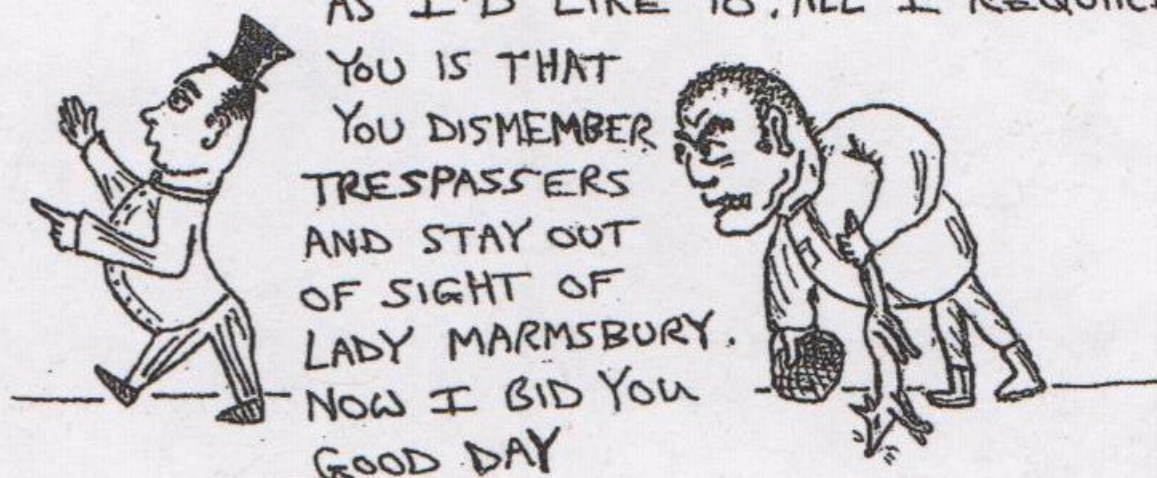
In the old days, taming bumpkins was a cruel affair (Fig. 1): →

The Bumpkin Whisperer changed all that. He (Fig. 2) found that, by pretending to be a posh landowner type, bumpkins would accept him as their leader and fall into line, without the need for force. His methods have since been widely adopted.

FIG. 1



FIG. 2





# SQUIRREL

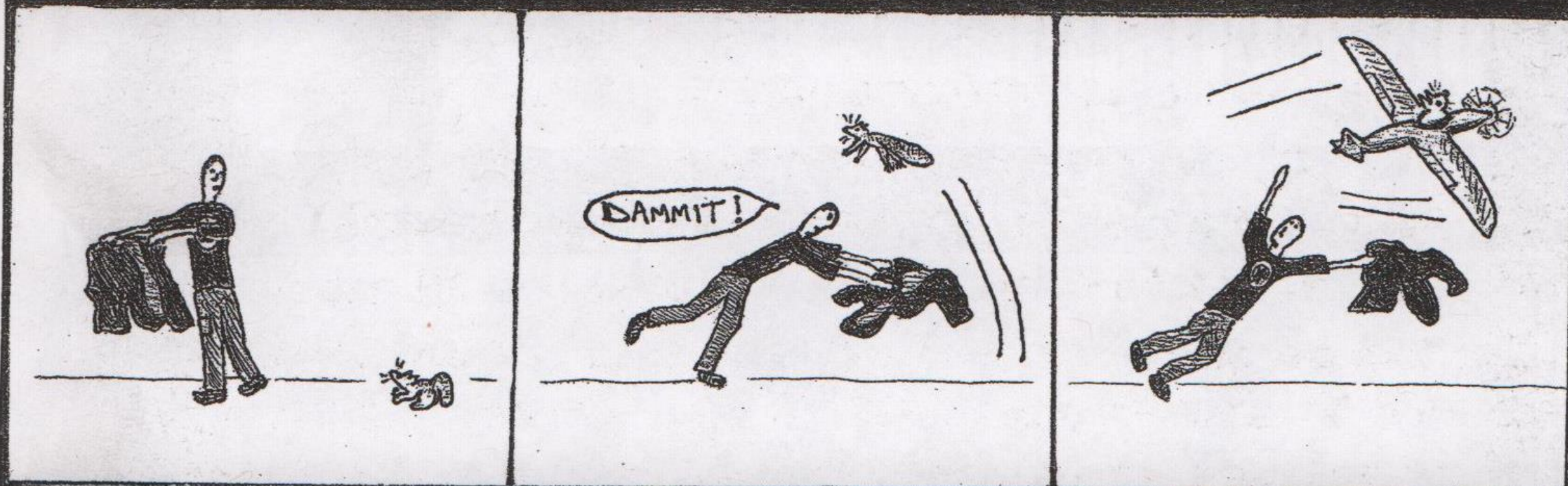
## Situation

NORTH STREET IS RIGHT IN THE CENTRE OF BRIGHTON. ONE DAY, SOME TIME AGO, I WAS JUST WALKING HERE WHEN A SQUIRREL SUDDENLY RAN RIGHT ACROSS THE ROAD, AMONG ALL THE TRAFFIC AND INTO A SHOP RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME. THIS IS ESPECIALLY WEIRD 'COS THERE ARE NO TREES IN THAT AREA. I TURNED INTO THE SHOP (TARGET SHOE SHOP) AND THIS SQUIRREL WAS GOING MENTAL, JUMPING AROUND THE WALLS AND SENDING ALL THESE TRENDY SHOES FLYING, WHILE A SMALL CROWD LOOKED ON. AS I HAPPENED TO BE WEARING MY SABS' T-SHIRT, I DECIDED IT WAS MY DUTY TO TRY AND DEAL WITH THE SITUATION:

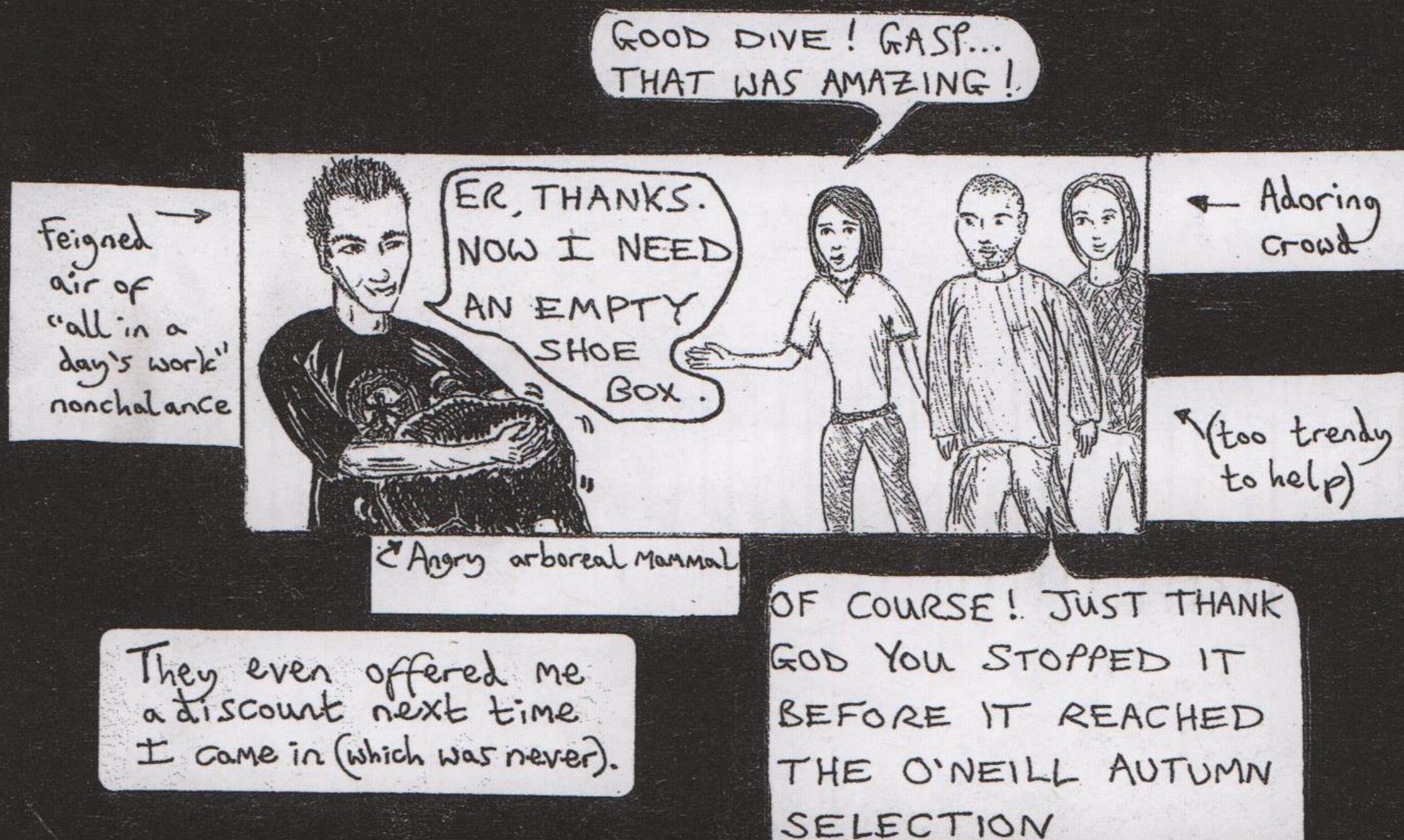




... SO I WENT TO TRY AND CATCH IT USING MY BLACK HOODIE, AND THIS RESULTED IN SOME COMEDY CATCH-THE-WILD-ANIMAL MOMENTS:



BUT EVENTUALLY I DID MANAGE TO CATCH IT, WRAP IT IN MY JACKET AND PUT IT IN A SHOE BOX! THIS ENTERTAINED A SMALL GATHERING OF ONLOOKERS AS WELL:

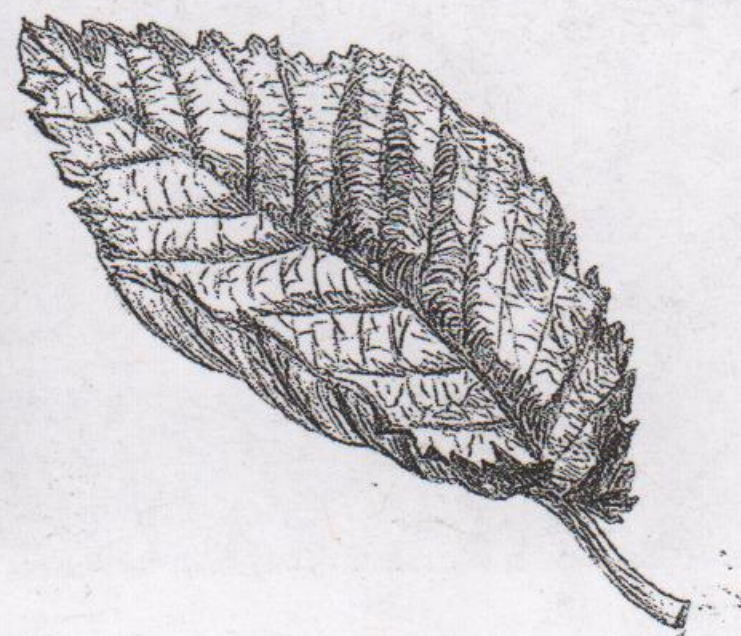
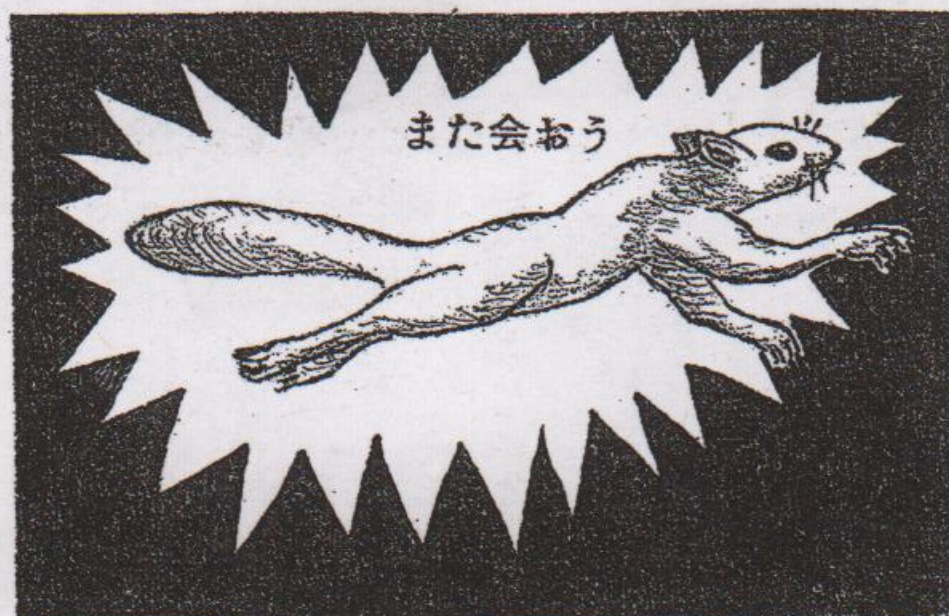




... NOW THE SQUIRREL WAS SAFELY CONTAINED IN THE SHOE BOX, I DECIDED TO TAKE IT TO A WOOD FOR RELEASE, AWAY FROM TOWN AND AWAY FROM TRAFFIC. I HAD TO GET THE BUS THERE, AND I THINK PEOPLE THOUGHT I WAS A BIT ODD. SEATS NEXT TO ME QUICKLY BECAME STRANGELY UNOCCUPIED :



BUT IT WAS ALL FINE IN THE END. WHEN I GOT TO THE WOOD, I OPENED THE SHOE BOX AND, AFTER A FEW SECONDS, THE SQUIRREL LEAPT TO FREEDOM!





# ATTEMPTED BUS TICKET TRANSFER

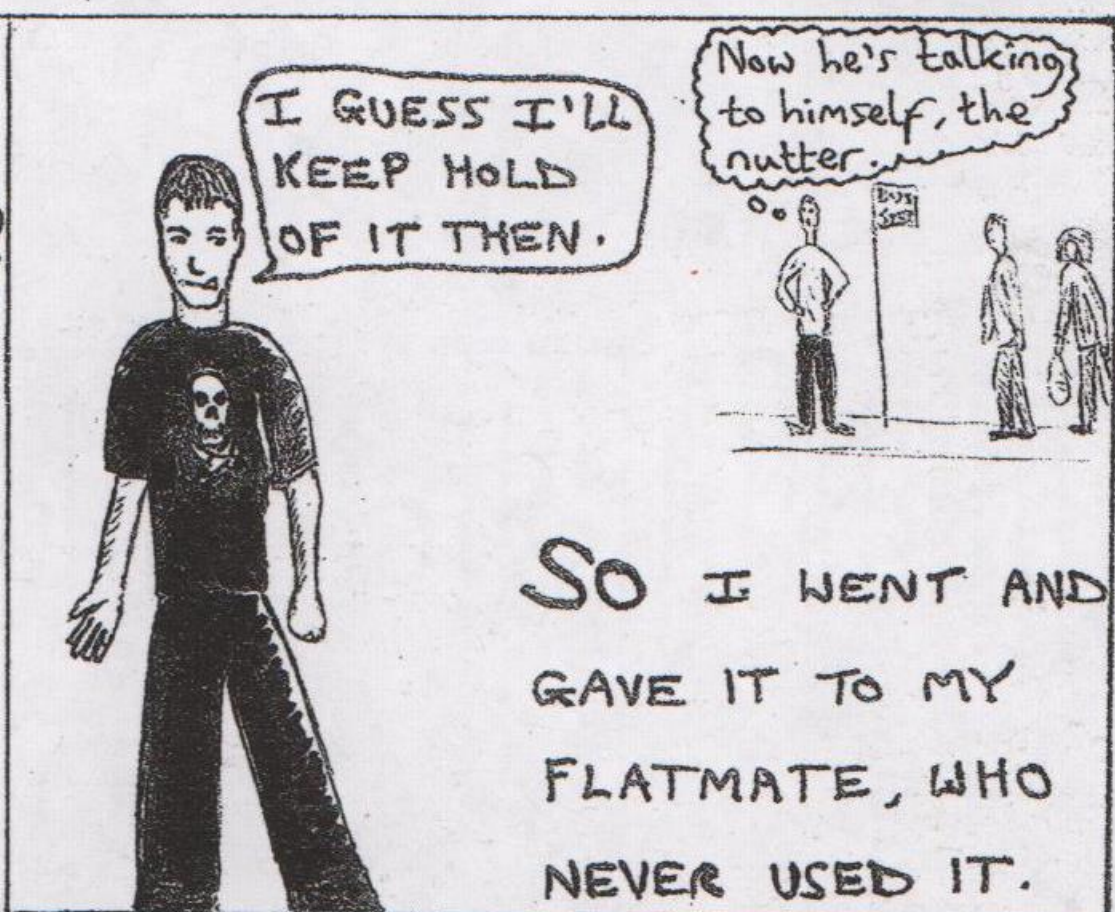
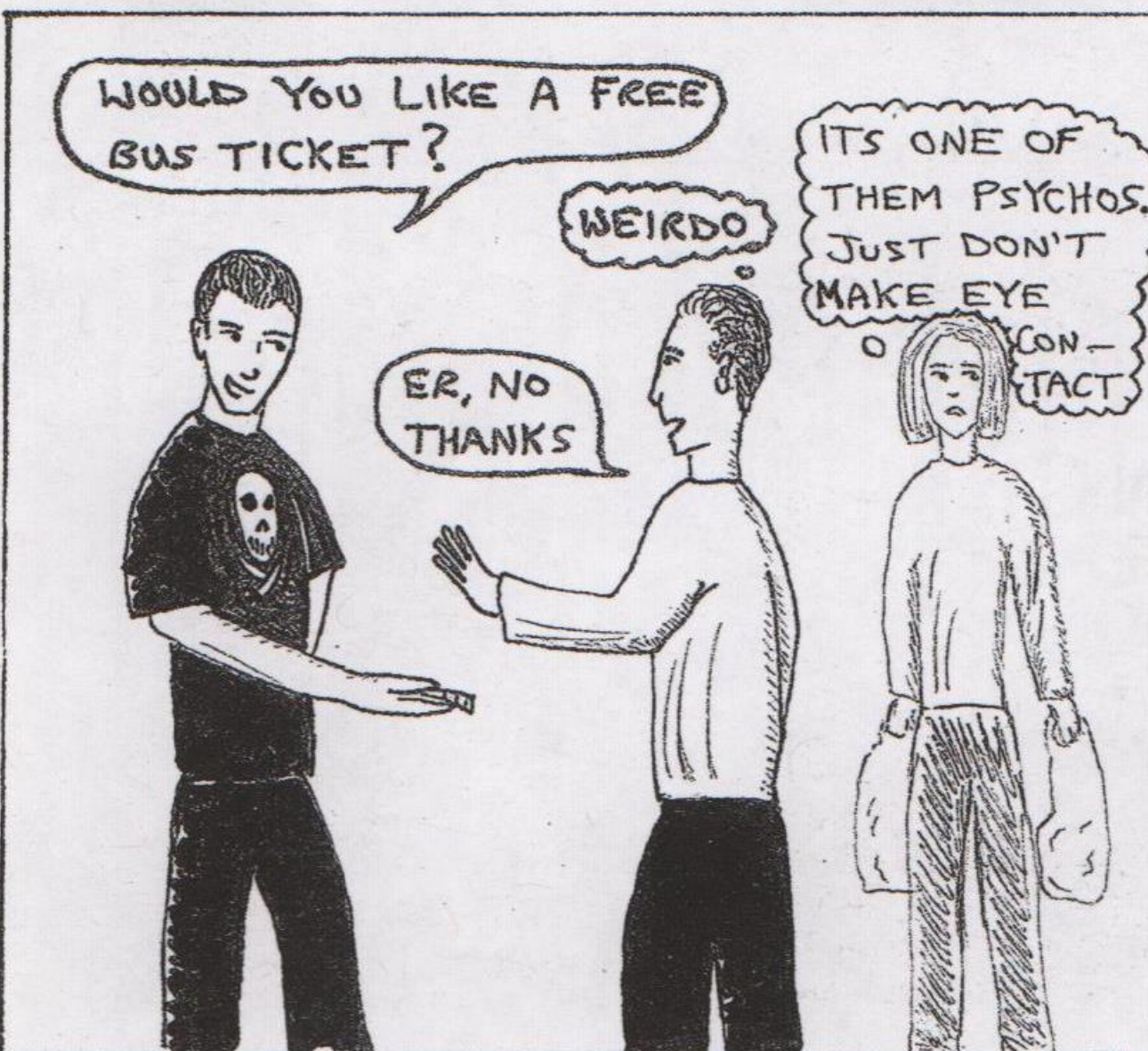


So...



HMM, S'POSE I SHOULD GIVE THIS TO SOMEONE ELSE TO USE. I'LL ASK THESE PEOPLE WAITING HERE...

Average people selected at random →



I drew this in a hurry and now there's a space here 'cos I didn't think it through and I have only myself to blame.



# BUMPKIN BONANZA

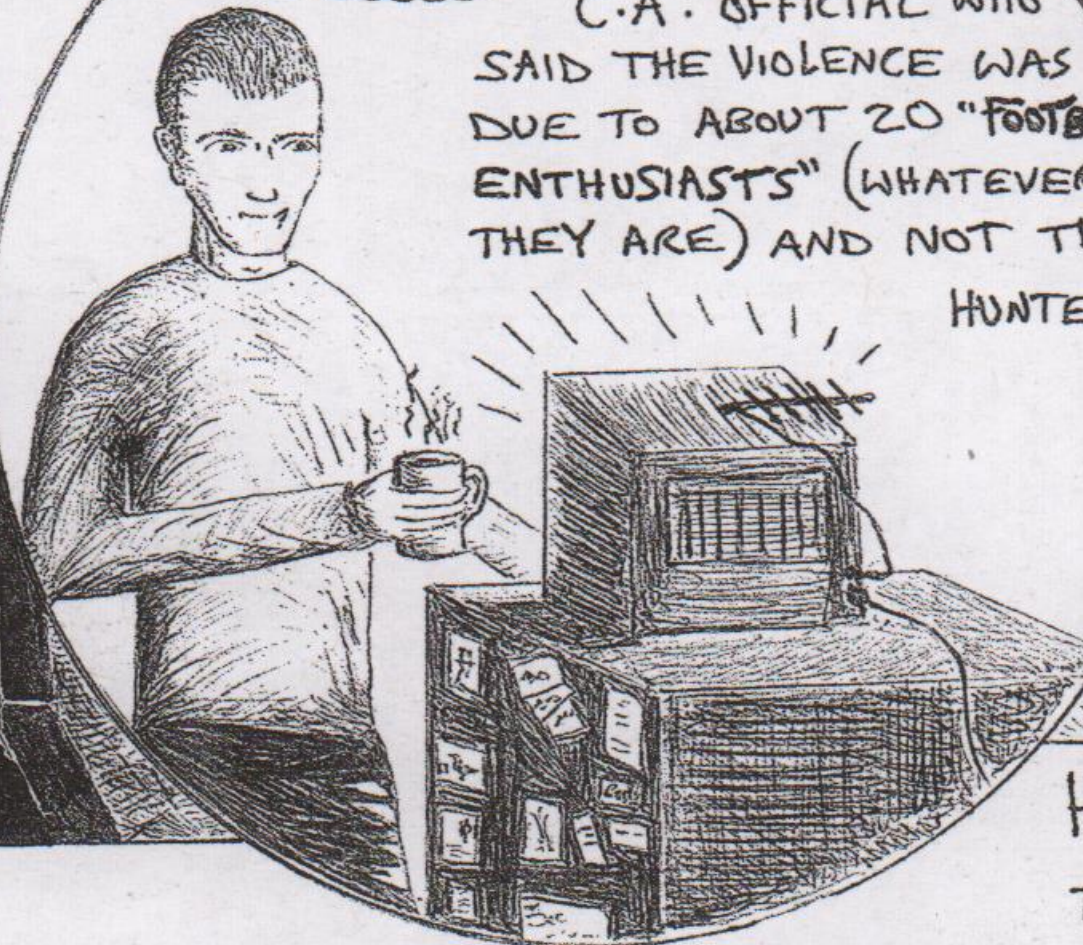
I SAW THE BIG COUNTRYSIDE ALLIANCE DEMO IN LONDON ON TV. IT WAS GREAT!

COPS AND BUMPKINS LAID INTO EACH OTHER WITH REAL ENTHUSIASM:



Oh joy!

THE BEST COMEDY LINE CAME FROM A C.A. OFFICIAL WHO SAID THE VIOLENCE WAS DUE TO ABOUT 20 "FOOTBALL ENTHUSIASTS" (WHATEVER THEY ARE) AND NOT THE HUNTERS!



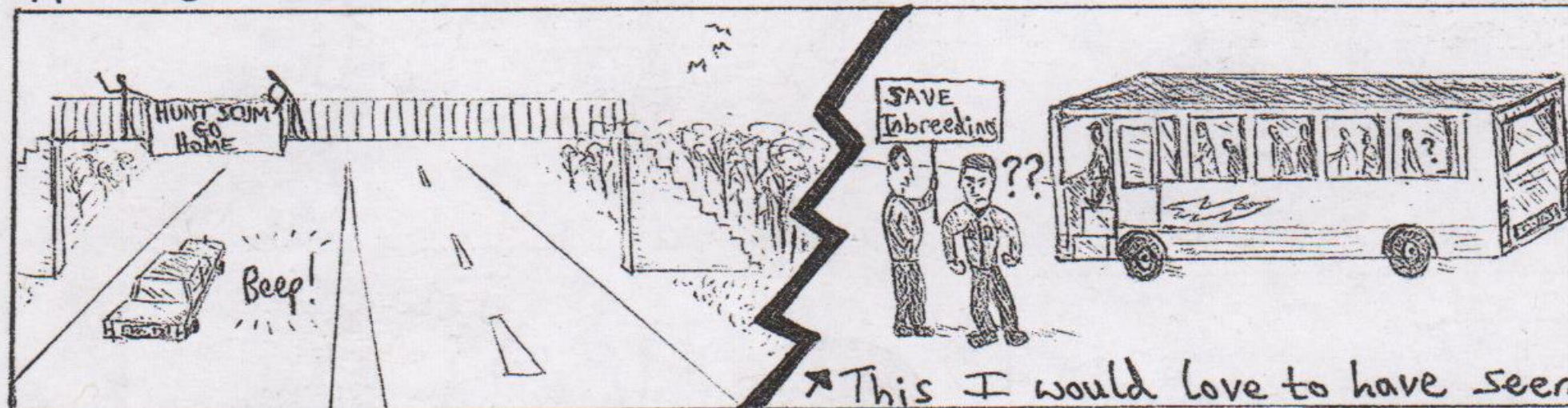
THE NEWS INTERVIEWS ESPECIALLY WERE HILARIOUS:

A policeman hit me. A bloody policeman! All I did was try to walk through 2 lines of riot police



HA HA HA... LIKE, WELCOME TO OUR WORLD!

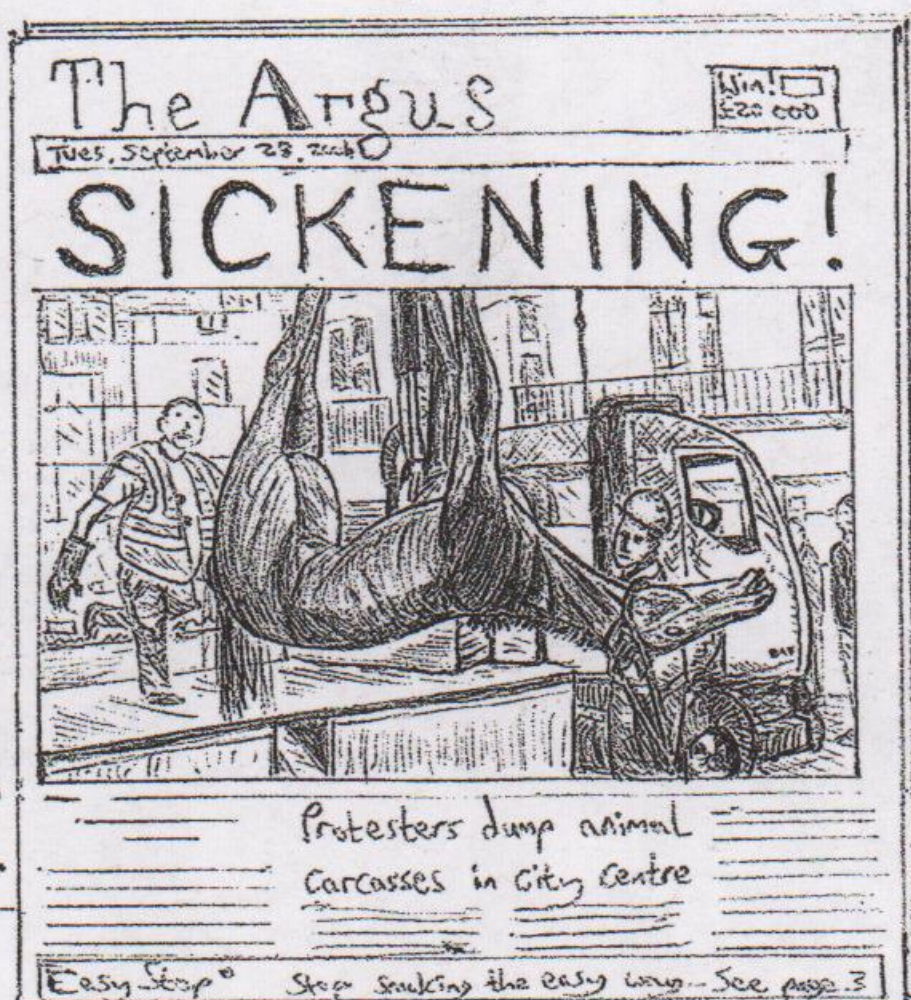
ANYWAY... THE HUNTERS WERE COMING TO BRIGHTON IN LATE SEPTEMBER FOR A DEMO AT THE LABOUR CONFERENCE. A BUNCH OF PEOPLE DECIDED TO WELCOME THEM WITH FRIENDLY BANNERS HUNG ON MOTORWAY BRIDGES. SOME ALLIANCE SIGNS WERE ADJUSTED TO DIRECT COACHES INTO ASDA CAR PARK!



★ This I would love to have seen!

We had reports that this had actually worked! ←

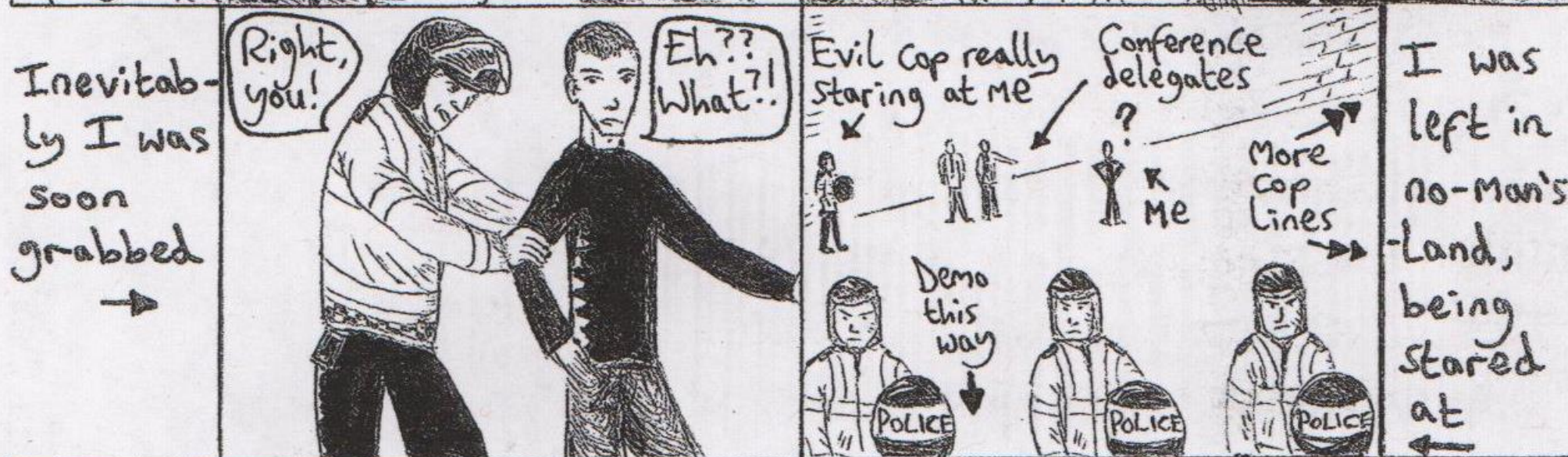
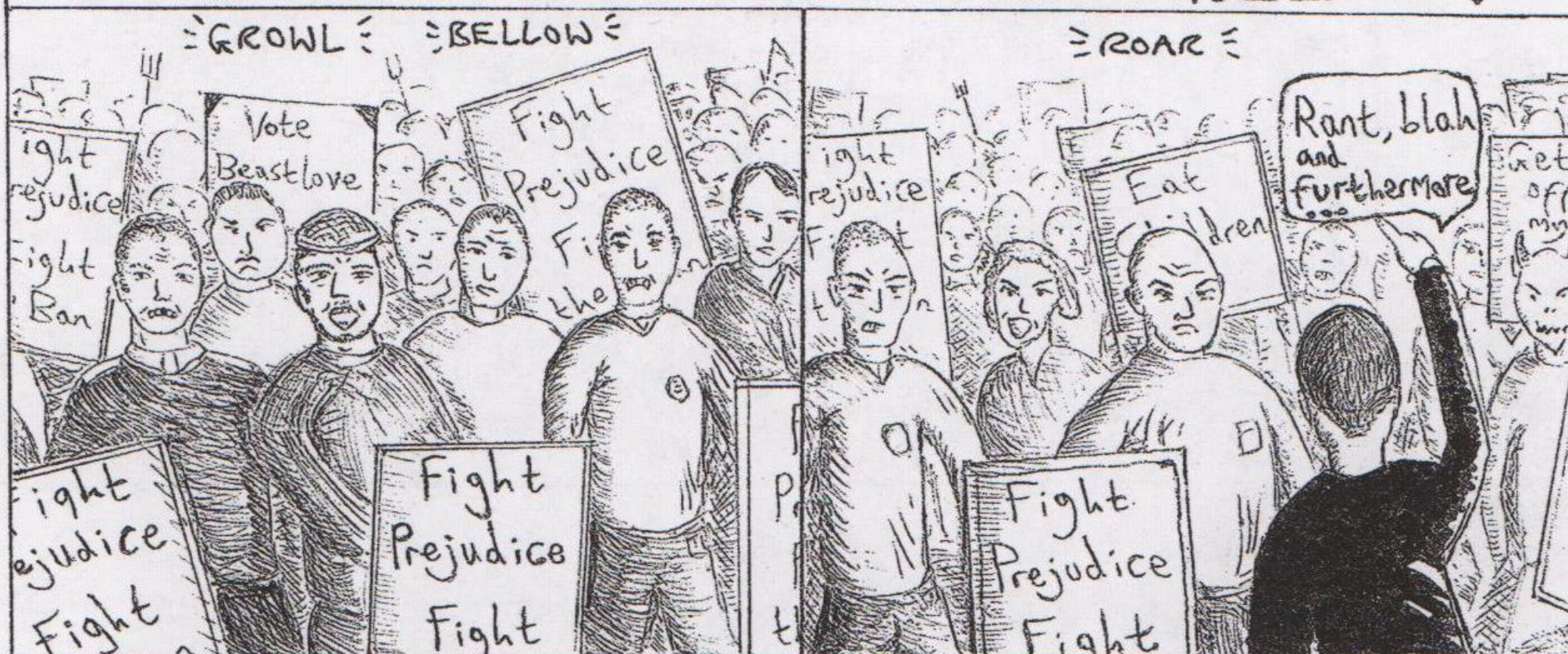
THIS WAS THE ARGUS FRONT PAGE → SOME PRO-HUNTERS HAD DUMPED A DEAD HORSE BY THE STATION AND 3 DEAD CALVES BY A TOWN FOUNTAIN. I'M NO EXPERT, BUT THIS DOESN'T STRIKE ME AS A BRILLIANTLY THOUGHT OUT PIECE OF PROPAGANDA FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW.



((THIS PAGE WAS A GOOD THING TO WAVE AT THE MARCHERS. IF THEY'RE GOING TO KEEP DOING STUFF LIKE THIS, WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TO WORRY ABOUT!)) →



THE ACTUAL HUNT CROWD WAS A FEW THOUSAND, AND THEY'D BROUGHT HOUNDS, LURCHERS AND TERRIERS. THERE WERE SOME SABS AND "ANTIS" ABOUT, MAKING IT UNCOMFORTABLE FOR THE VANGUARD OF THE SCUM. I COULDN'T STOP MYSELF : ↓



I WENT THE LONG WAY ROUND, AVOIDING THE MANY RIOT COPS, AND REJOINED THE CROWD. WHILE I WAS BEING DAFT, OTHERS WERE IN A GOOD POSITION WITH A LARGE BANNER. THEY PLAYED THE BUMPKIN CLASSIC, "DUELLING BANJOS", LOUDLY AND NON-STOP AT THE GROWLING BUMPKINS, AND GENERALLY TOOK THE PISS:

I TRIED TO IMAGINE WHAT THIS WOULD'VE LOOKED LIKE...

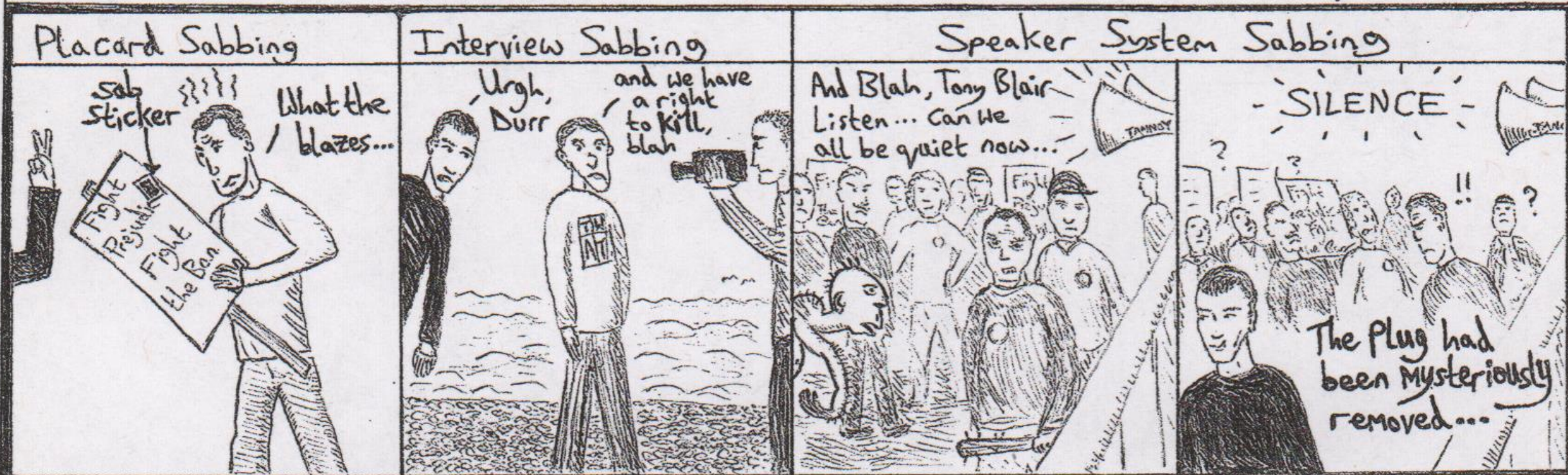


(+ apparently a "large ginger bumpkin launched himself" at their anti-hunt banner but was repelled).

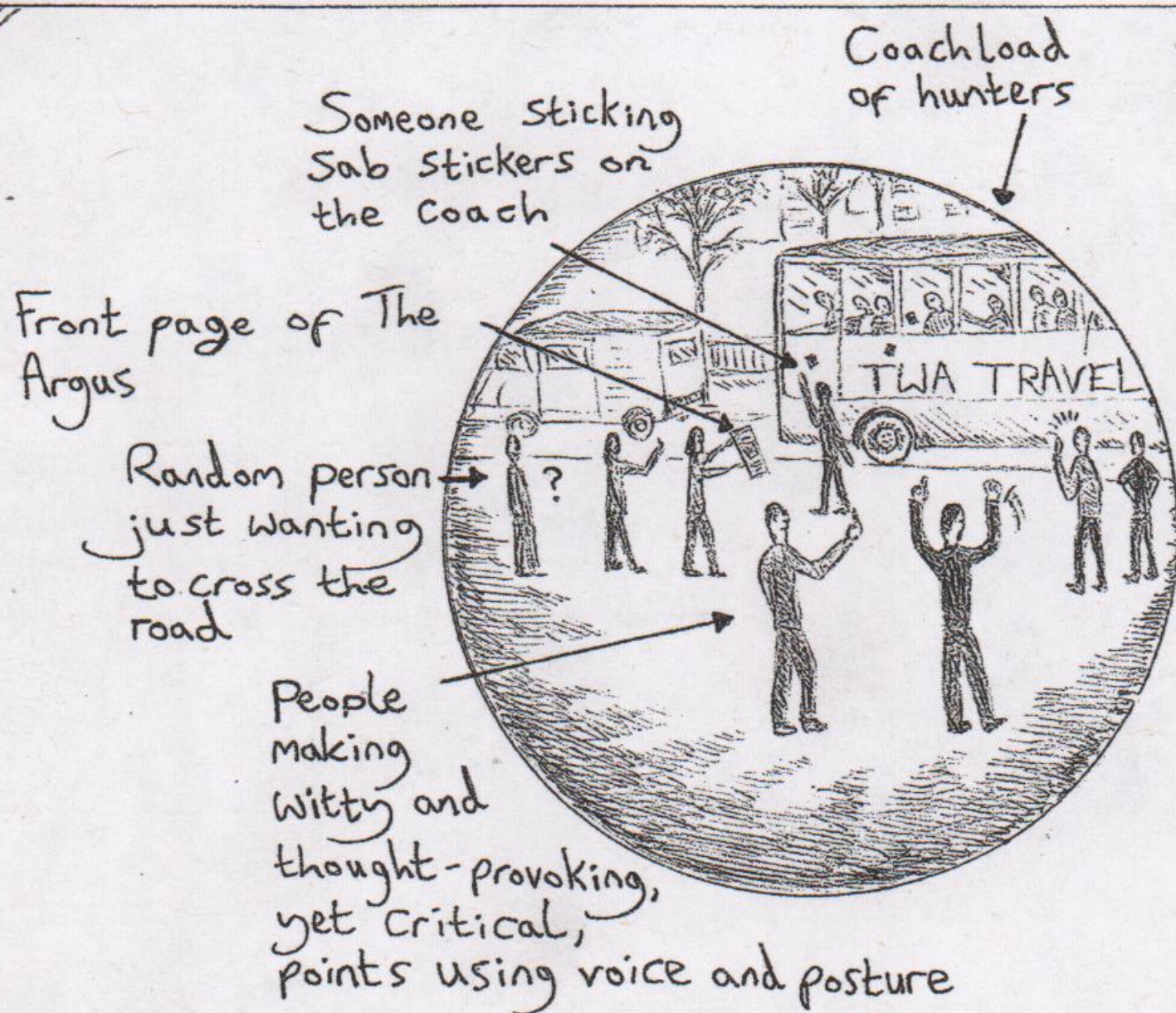




➔ FOR MUCH OF THE TIME, FUN WAS HAD AT THE EXPENSE OF THE HUNTERS AND THEIR MEDIA ALLIES IN SMALL BUT NUMEROUS WAYS, SUCH AS: ↓



WHILE ALL THIS PASSED THE TIME, THE EVENT THAT SEEMED THE FAIREST, MOST JUST AND MOST SATISFYING WAS: SOME BRAVE PEOPLE HAD SOLD A LOAD OF SAB T-SHIRTS TO THE BUMPKINS FOR A TENNER EACH, RAISING £200 FOR THE SABBS!! HOW GOOD IS THAT?! THE THOUGHT OF SOME PRO-HUNT LANDOWNER OR HARE COURSER UNKNOWINGLY WEARING A HUNT SAB T-SHIRT IS JUST EXCELLENT!



↓  
LATER, PEOPLE MET UP TO GIVE A SENDOFF TO THE MANY, MANY COACHLOADS OF HUNT SCUM AS THEY SLOWLY LEFT TOWN. THE VEHICLES LEFT, ALL PLASTERED WITH SAB STICKERS. FINALLY EVERYONE WENT TO THE PUB FOR A WELL-EARNED DRINK!





## CRITTERS

Late October and November is a really good time to see wildlife, mainly birds leaving or arriving in this country, and animals preparing for the approaching winter.

By this time there won't be so many insects around, but there will be **Red Admiral** and **Small Tortoiseshell** butterflies at least hanging on into November (unless it's really cold and wet). **Queen wasps**, **hornets** and **bees** will still be about, feeding up in preparation for their hibernation, after which they will start colonies in the spring (the workers will have died at the end of the summer).

It's a good time to see **Hedgehogs** preparing for hibernation, too. **Badgers** and **Foxes** are also very active, making the most of food supplies while they are plentiful. With this year's young adding to their numbers, such animals can be easier to see at the moment.

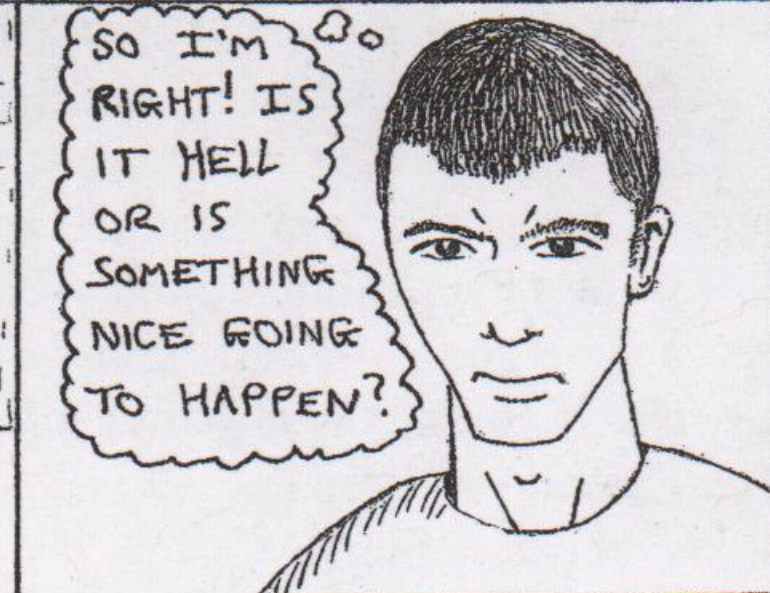
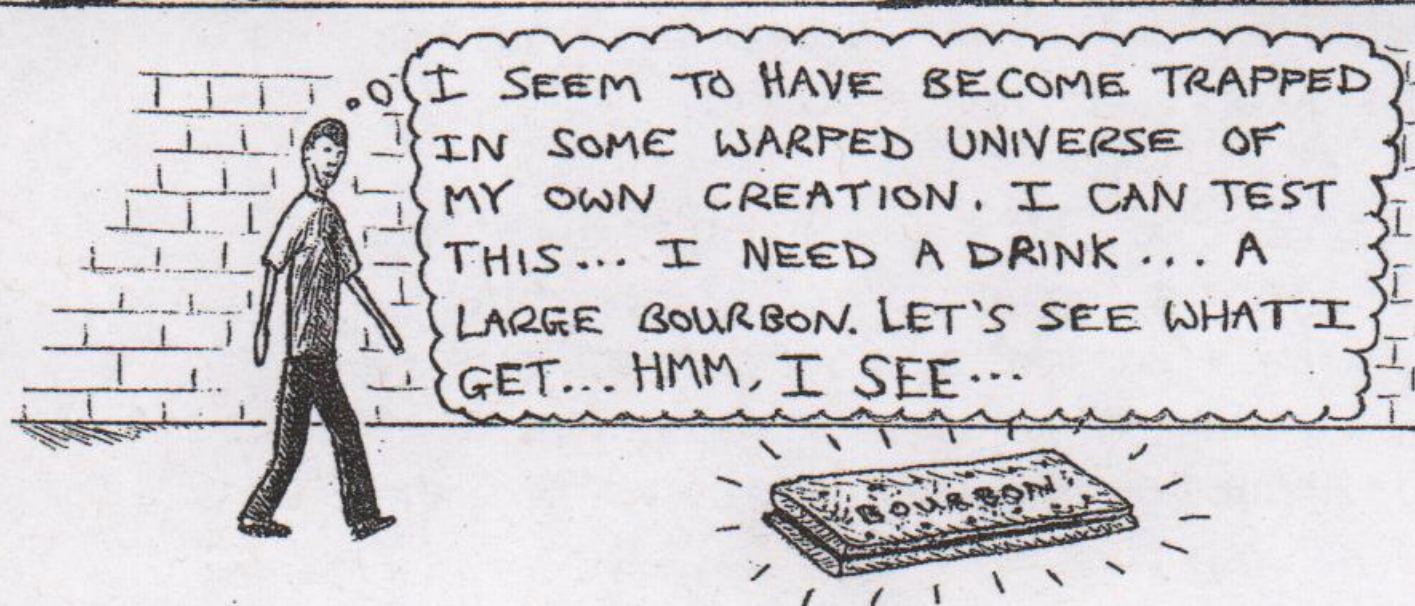
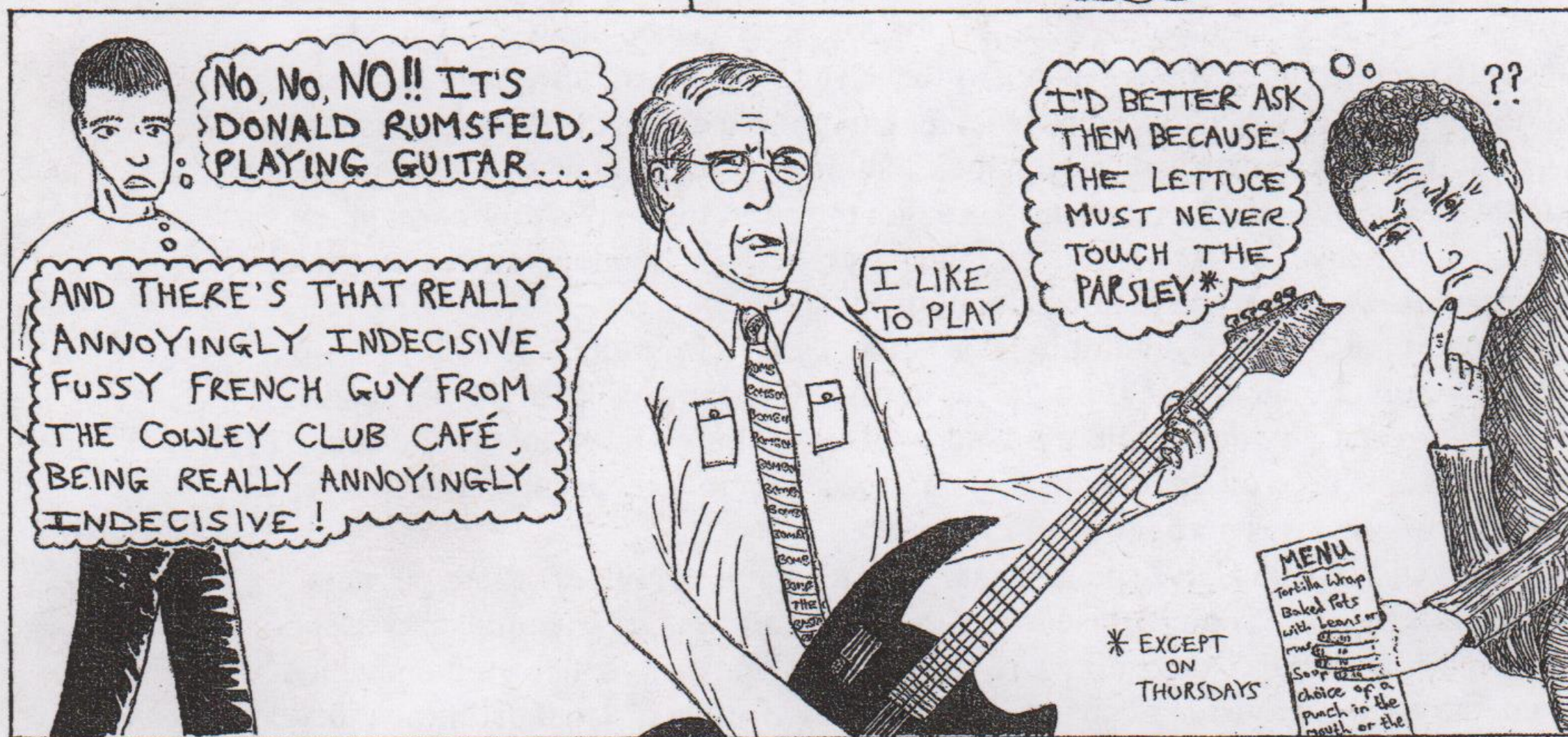
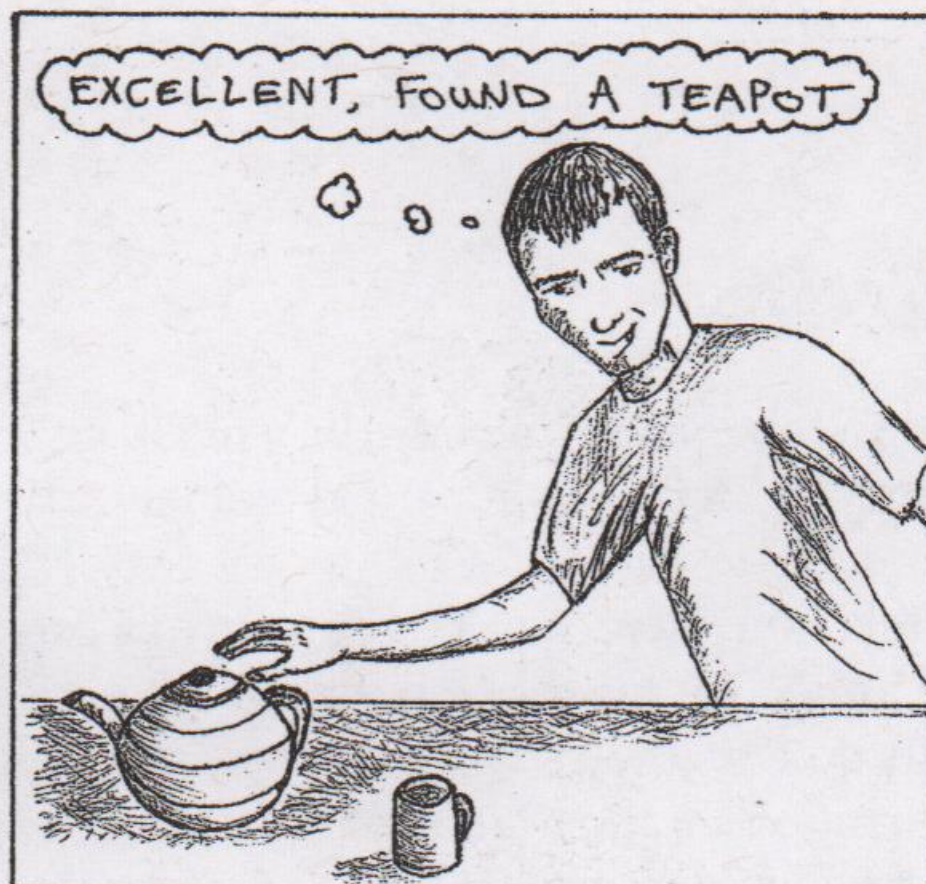
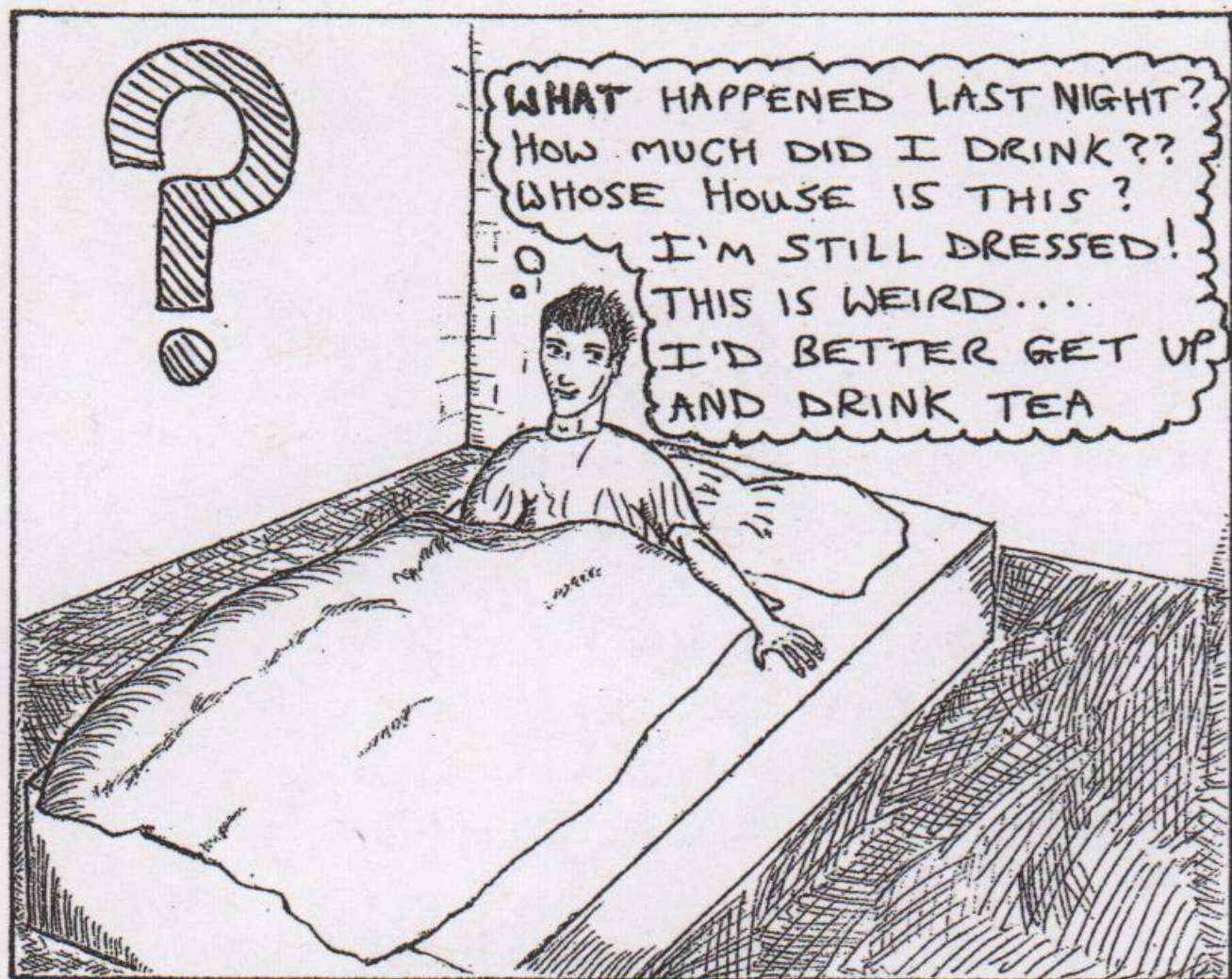
Bird migration is impressive at this time of year. From Scandinavia many thousands of thrushes (**Blackbirds**, **Fieldfares** and **Redwings**) pour in to escape the big freeze in northern Europe. These can all be heard calling, throughout much of the country, as they migrate at night. They are joined by large numbers of tiny **Goldcrests**, while during the day it's possible to see **Skylarks**, **Chaffinches**, **Bramblings** and **Starlings** all on the move in big numbers. All of this lot are easier to catch up with if you hear their contact calls, and if you are aware of these you realise just how great the extent of all this activity is. Sometimes bad weather can ground a lot of these migrants on the coast, and they can be everywhere you look, but more often they just get on with their journeys. You don't need to be somewhere like the coast to see this migration going on (but it is easier if you are), and even inland in cities like London you can watch all these migrants as they fly to their destinations.

In addition to this, masses of wildfowl and waders arrive from the north and east of Europe, including **wild swans** from the far north and **Lapwings** from the north and east, which migrate by day. If there is cold weather in this country later in the year, Lapwings can be seen on the move yet again, escaping from the harsh conditions (if the ground freezes, it is hard for them to feed).

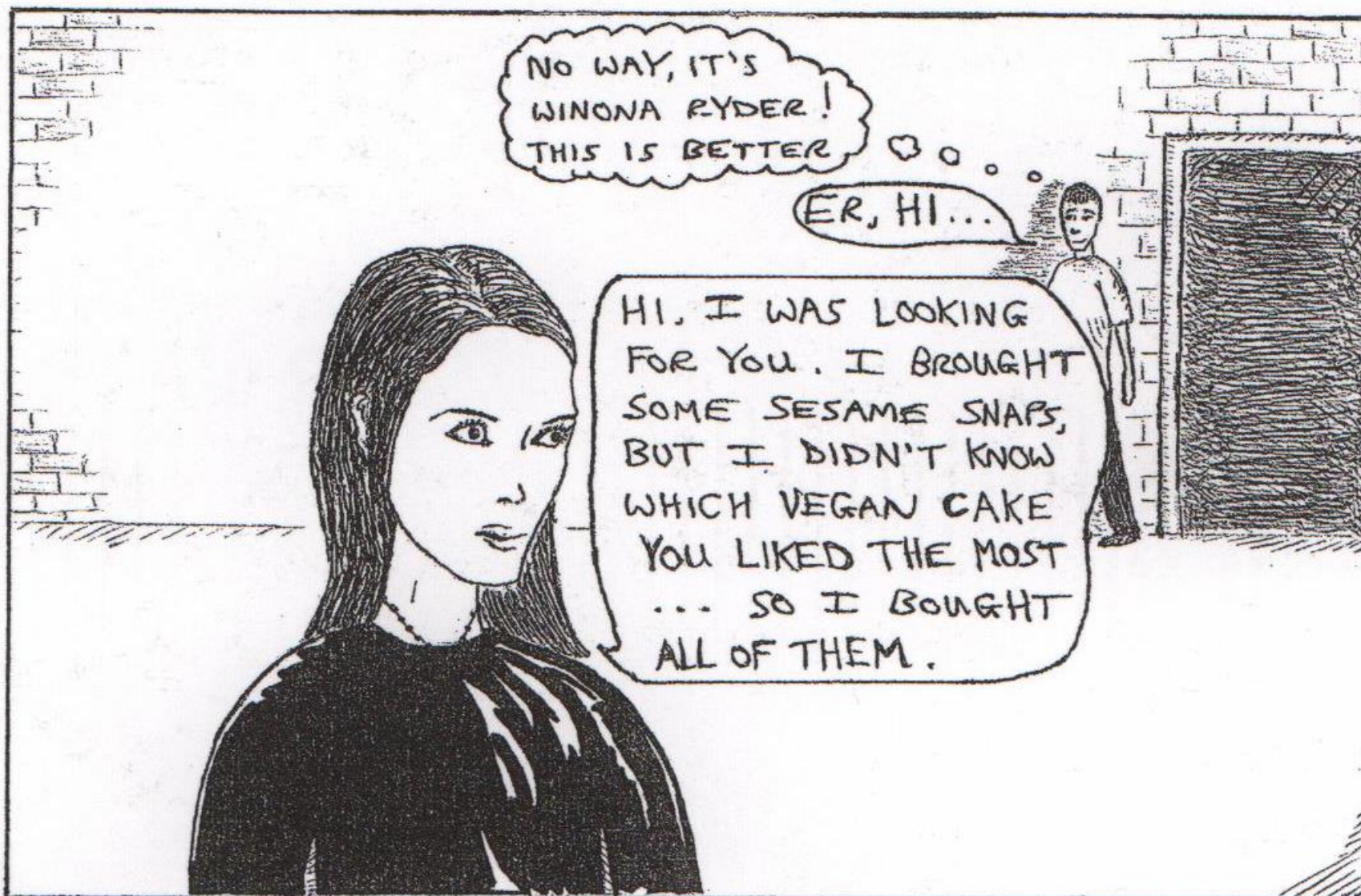
The exodus of birds that have spent the summer here still continues, although most will have left by now. Some **House Martins** and **Swallows**, for example, may still be around into November. Others do weird things; **Blackcaps** are small warblers which are generally summer visitors leaving Britain by mid October, but at that time others turn up from central Europe to spend the winter here. Even **Robins** in winter may not be the same individuals that spent the summer here, for similar reasons.

So there's a lot going on at this time and lots to see. This page is intended to indicate some of what's happening around you that you may be unaware of. These natural processes were going on long before cities and roads took over and they still continue despite this. If you are aware of what's happening, it serves as a reminder that nature is still all around and has not yet been obliterated despite mankind's best efforts, and I find this fact reassuring.

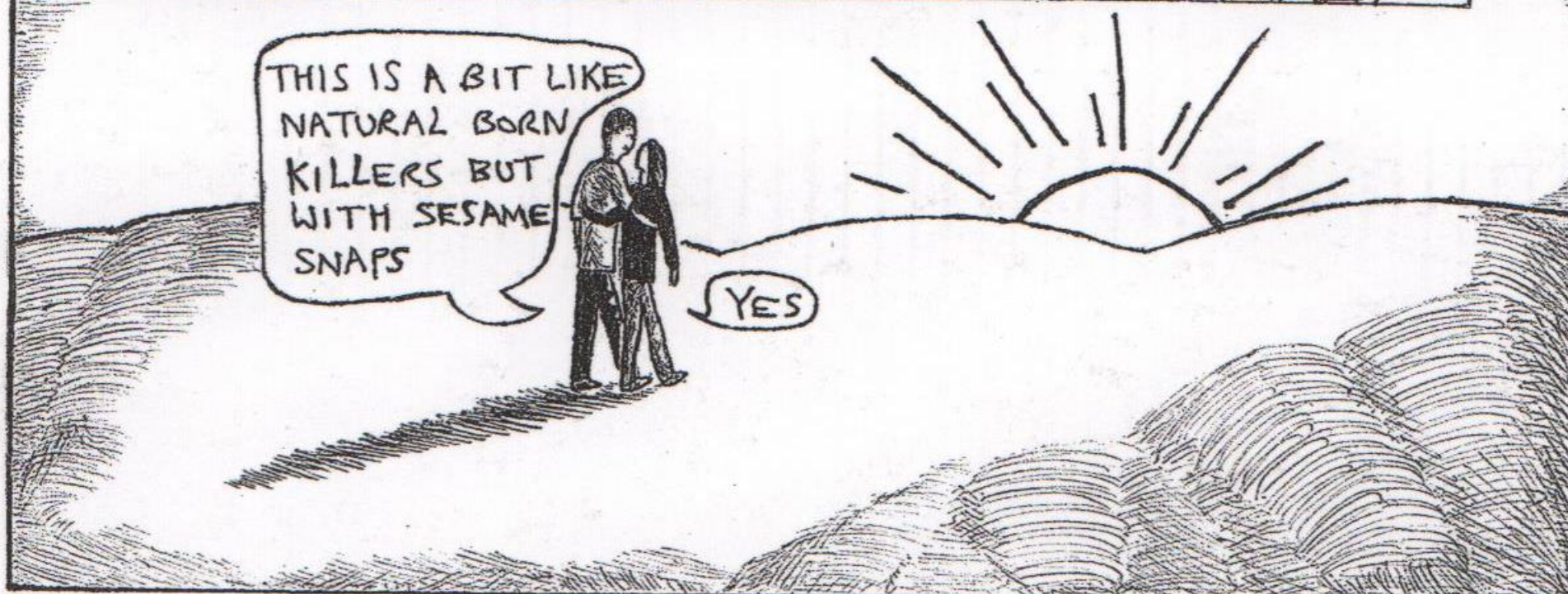
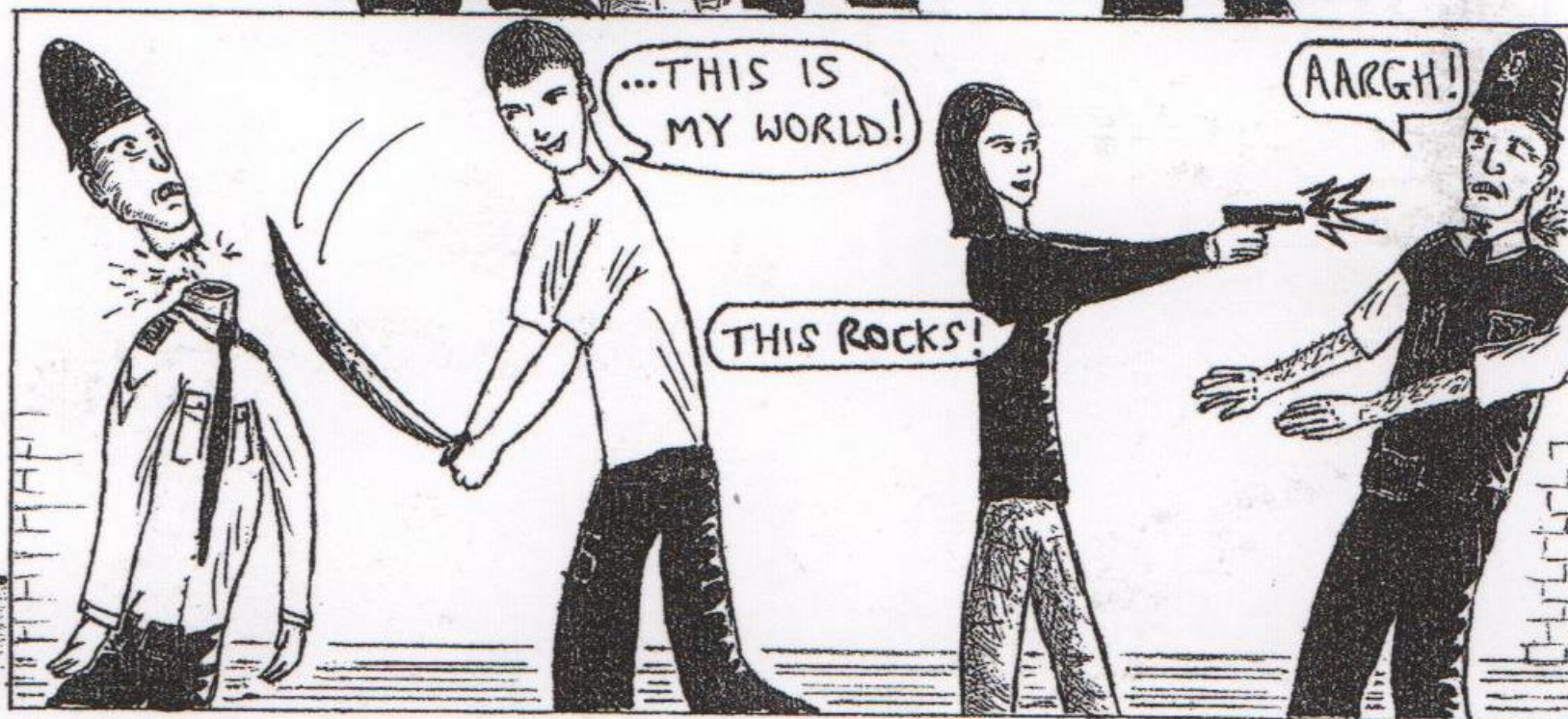








**BUT THEN:**





40-23  
Hornet

