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Johnson, Ben  
99-06-15

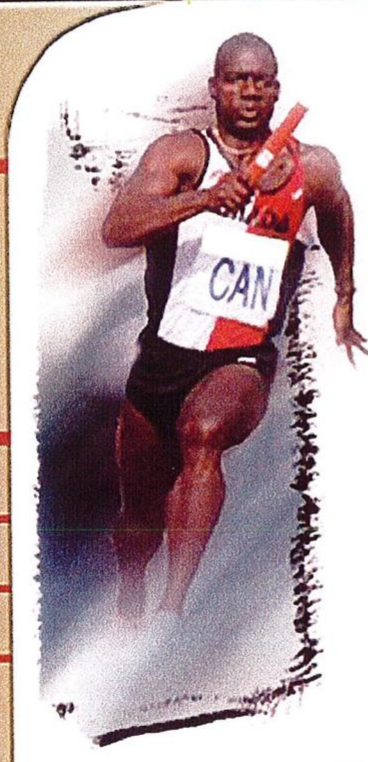
**"He was just too good."**

PseudoGal,  
Fort Lauderdale,  
USA

**The facts**

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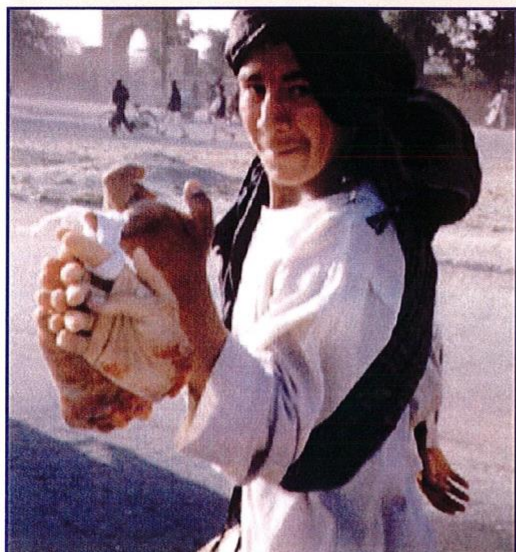


# Running clean

Now that he's off the Canadian sports black list, Ben Johnson says he will overturn his worldwide ban from amateur sport. He'll expose the shady officials who disgraced him. And he'll break the world 100-meter record at the 2000 Sydney Olympics. Believe it. *This story was submitted by Ben Johnson and his agent, Morris Chrobotek.*

**EE** The Olympic bribery scams are like a fraction been going on for years. If you can move an Olympic city out of bribery, it's easy to see that corruption in the governing bodies could destroy

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A young Taliban carries severed hands through the streets of Kabul.

*Photos courtesy Revolutionary Association of the Women of Afghanistan*

### Under God's law

When Afghanistan's communist government fell apart in 1996, Islamic insurgents began fighting over the pieces. The fundamentalist Taliban eventually won control of most of the country, then issued decrees that changed daily life dramatically for Afghans. Women were ordered to leave their jobs, schools, hospitals, and businesses. Public praying five times a day became mandatory. Afghani men were forbidden to shave. The Ministry of Vice and Virtue instituted surprise beard checks and on-the-spot beatings for the overly groomed.

The Taliban's Islamic courts and religious police enforce their particular interpretation of just punishment: public execution by stoning for adultery or murder, and amputation of a hand or a foot for theft. Playing music is a crime. So is owning a video cassette recorder or books published outside Afghanistan.

# Bloody justice in Kabul

*Mark Mason discovers the biggest draw in the capital of Afghanistan is the public amputation of criminals.*

**A**s a young boy I used to spin a globe handed down to me from my older sisters. I would place my finger on it and let it slow to a stop. More often than not, the globe came to rest on the country of Afghanistan. I searched my local library for books on it, but what little I could find was sketchy and incomplete. Afghanistan was a mystery that always beckoned me.

In 1998 I flew to Afghanistan on photographic assignment for several humanitarian aid organizations. After a month of hard work I decided to take in one of the few "cultural events" still allowed by the Taliban government.

On Fridays after the noon prayers, authorities in the capital, Kabul, stage the public stoning of adulterers and hand-chopping of thieves. These punishments take place at the city's soccer stadium, which had been recently restored with United Nations funds.

An hour before show time a crowd had already queued up at the entrance. There were fathers bringing their sons to view their first public hand chopping, religious leaders arriving to see the word of the Koran faithfully carried out and hundreds of vendors who had a grand opportunity to hawk their goods amid the burgeoning crowd.

I tried sitting inconspicuously on a wall across from the stadium entrance. Shouts of "Hello, Mister!" and "Bak-sheesh!" (Afghan

### In the beginning

The Taliban's rise to power was a product of the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan in 1979 and the 10-year war by the Mujahidin to eject them. Retired Mujahidin Brigadier General Mohammad Yousaf has written an excellent account of his role in the conflict, called *Beartrap* (available online at <http://www.afghan-books.com/beartrap>).

**"Soldiers' black turbans flowed like flags of glory."**

slang for begging money) rang out as groping hands probed my pockets. Soon I was surrounded. The crowd grew larger. Then I drew the attention of a Taliban guard who had been keeping the spectators from entering the stadium before the event.

He was typical of many of the Taliban soldiers I had seen. Young—about 18-years old—and wild looking with a long, flowing black turban and fiery, charcoal-lined eyes.

With an AK-47 slung over his shoulder and a small tree branch for swatting general lawbreakers in his hand, this "student of God" approached the melee. Swinging the switch with wild abandon, my savior drove the unruly bunch, holding their behinds, into the crowd. He then approached me. I quickly stuck out my hand and gave him the customary salutation heard throughout the Middle East, "Salaam walakum." Roughly translated, it means "Peace be with you." With a slight smile he responded with "Walakum salaam."

This young soldier, Najib, stood by me the next few minutes, protecting me from a gathering mob of curious children, interested old men and hawkers who smelled American dollars.

Later, two more Talibs approached and asked me to follow them away from the waiting spectators, through the gate and towards the empty stadium. As I trailed behind my escort I wondered if I was the main event.

A seat in a shady section near one of the entrances to the field awaited me. Soon tea and cookies arrived. I sat in awkward silence with my new friends.

Najib escorted an older gentleman wearing a white turban to me. He was a mullah, a respected religious leader known for his expertise on the Koran.

"La ilaha illa Allah, Muhammandun rasul Allah," (There is no God but Allah, Muhammad is the Messenger of Allah) he said, beckoning me to a verse from the Muslim holy book. I did my best to imitate him. Judging from the discouraged look on the mullah's face and the hoots of the Talibs watching from a distance, I fell short of the mark. My lesson continued until I finally recited the line to the mullah's satisfaction.

### The main event

My Talib escorts motioned me to stand up and follow them into the stadium. Moments later a flood of spectators poured into the arena like a human wave, scrambling for the best seats. Within 20 minutes it was a capacity crowd of 35,000 ecstatic Afghans.

**"Tea and cookies arrived. I sat in awkward silence."**

The infield began to fill up with what looked like Taliban VIPs. I spotted several more white-turbaned mullahs along with my teacher. They sat on blankets chatting nonchalantly and drinking tea.

Suddenly, from one of the main tunnels leading into the stadium, the Taliban rank-and-file entered in a fleet of red Toyota pickup trucks. Men jammed the cabs and beds of the trucks as they paraded around the track. The soldiers' black turbans flowed like flags of glory and the spectators cheered and rose to their feet.

A small white car with tinted windows crept in from a tunnel and made its way to the VIP section directly in front of me. The crowd fell silent, the hush sending a strange chill down my spine. "The criminal has arrived," the gentleman beside me whispered.

One of the dignitaries, acting as a master of ceremonies, walked to a microphone and read from the Koran for half an hour. The MC then introduced a Taliban leader who recited yet more passages from the Koran. Another dignitary was introduced and then another. The spectators sat quietly. The speechmaking went on for nearly two hours.

Finally, a handful of soldiers opened the car door and a young man about 20 years old stepped out. He stood still for a moment and then slowly turned in a complete circle as if to take in the scene. He appeared resigned to the punishment.

The armed men escorted him to a spot about 20 yards in front of me. Two men wearing white hoods appeared and motioned for the man to lie on the ground. Then one of the hooded men took the convict's left arm, pulled it perpendicular to his body and knelt on it. The other hooded man tied a tourniquet on his right arm and then knelt on it similarly. One of the soldiers put what appeared to be a blanket over the criminal's face. The MC brought a knife that resembled a large scalpel and passed it to the man holding the right arm.

The crowd fell silent. Slowly, the hooded man hacked through the prisoner's arm where his hand met the wrist. The criminal's legs tensed up, but after a few moments straightened out and then fell back limply to the ground.

As the hooded man continued to cut through the wrist, I heard the most chilling sound. After a moment I realized it was the sound of 35,000 tongues "tsking" the criminal.

The carving took several minutes. Time seemed to stop. I surveyed the crowd. Some men sat with their children and



A crowd awaits a criminal's punishment, Kabul.

**"Slowly, the hooded man hacked through the prisoner's arm."**



### Find out more

Anti-Taliban home page:

[www.afghanweb.com/politics/taliban.html](http://www.afghanweb.com/politics/taliban.html)

Afghanistan Today:

<http://www.afghan-web.com/>

Taliban Online:

<http://www.ummah.net/taliban>

Revolutionary Association of the Women  
of Afghanistan (RAWA):

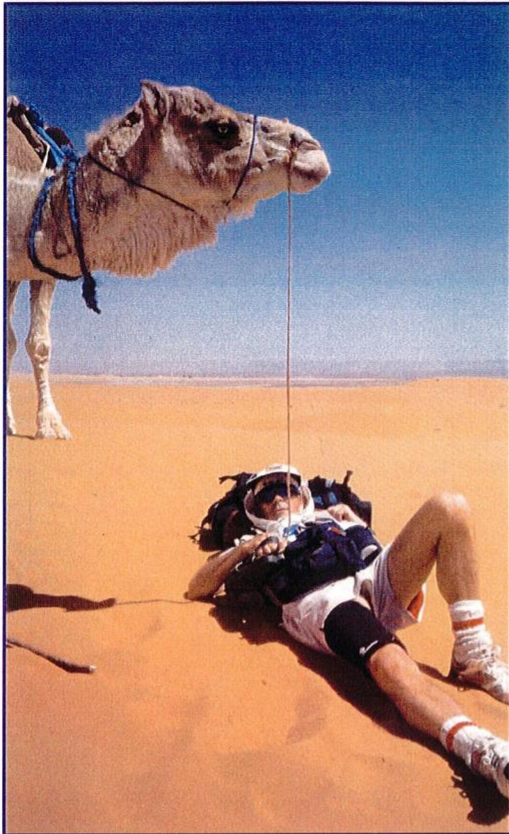
<http://www.rawa.org>

pointed to the scene on the arena floor as a warning of the consequences of thievery. Others had tears welling up in their eyes. A few sat with arms folded across their chests, faces glowing with morose looks of satisfaction.

It seemed surreal. The thought passed through my mind that the whole thing was a farce. Thirty-five thousand people had conspired to fool me into believing that in Afghanistan, thieves still have their hands chopped off. I wanted that to be true.

The hand came off and fell to the ground. The MC picked it up. He held the dismembered appendage up by the right index finger and, as blood dripped from its wrist, he spoke into the microphone. The crowd came alive, cheering and jeering.

The pale, unconscious criminal was thrown into the back of a truck. As the vehicle paraded around the stadium, the stands emptied onto the field. The crowd chased the makeshift ambulance, shouting and screaming one last taunt at the public enemy who had gotten his just reward. His crime: stealing a pack of cigarettes. ●



Jurgen Ankenbrand and friend.  
Photos courtesy Jurgen Ankenbrand

# Sahara surprise

*Jurgen Ankenbrand knew the Moroccan desert would show little mercy during the punishing Marathon des Sables. But he didn't expect to stumble across a runner's body in the sand.*

**I**t was our sixth day of running. We had to cover 76 kilometers [46 miles], the longest segment of the race. The fastest runners would be in camp by late afternoon or early evening. For the slower ones like me, it was going to be a tough day, night and day in the desert.

By afternoon, a fierce wind was driving fine, superheated sand through the air. The temperature was a broiling 120 Fahrenheit [49 Celsius]. My backpack full of food, clothing, emergency flares and first aid supplies weighed heavy on my shoulders, which had ached ever since the second day. To keep from getting infected, I put several layers of medical tape across my back and added a couple of layers of foam rubber to the shoulder straps of my backpack. But as the day wore on, my blisters really started to hurt.

Walking over walnut- to fist-sized rocks was not conducive to well-being. I adjusted my gait, walking on the outside of my shoe soles, my heels, wherever it hurt the least.

As evening approached, I walked alone across the moon-like surface of an ancient lakebed: rocks, no vegetation and dead silence. I finally reached one of the three mini-camps along the route by starlight at about 11 p.m. After dinner I squeezed amongst three other runners on the cluttered floor of an open Berber tent. After five hours rest I was off again.

The fourth stage ended up being a two-day stretch for me. I didn't finish it until Day 7 at 5 p.m.

## Sand storm

By Day 8, I was walking gingerly to avoid hitting the most painful areas of my feet. I struggled over sharp rocks, loose stones and uneven terrain, knowing that after today there would be only one more 18-kilometer trek of agony.

## Desert run

In 1986, French concert promoter Patrick Bauer took a 325-kilometer (200 miles) trek across the Algerian Sahara Desert. The experience left such a lasting impression on him that he started a yearly endurance contest, the Marathon des Sables (Marathon of the Sands). In this ultramarathon, runners must cross 243 kilometers (150 miles) of desert in seven days.

Jurgen Ankenbrand ran his first ultramarathon at 47. Nine years later, in 1996, he flew to Morocco to participate in the 11th annual desert marathon.

**"I walked alone  
across the  
moon-like surface  
of an ancient  
lakebed."**



Alone on the Sahara.

What was I doing in this sunburned hell at age 56, while the average adventurers were in their mid-40s? Simple! Age never seemed an obstacle for me, and after doing the Antarctic marathon the year before, this was just what I needed. I love a challenge, an exotic country, extreme events and a hot desert.

In the early afternoon I was alone, climbing one huge sand dune after another, when the sky darkened and a gale force wind started to blow. A sandstorm was coming. I wrapped myself in a Mylar space blanket, tightly covering my entire body, including my head and backpack and huddled on the ground. Still the sand hit me like thousands of tiny needles. I was scared. What if I was buried by a mountain of sand and suffocated?

Suddenly it was quiet again. I peeled myself out of the Mylar mess. Sand fell into every crevasse of my clothing and body. I felt like I was wrapped in sandpaper. I took all my clothes off and shook the sand out.

However, I now had a much bigger problem — where in hell was I? Sand was everywhere; no yellow markers flagged the route and not a soul was in sight.

I had been stumbling through the dunes for fifteen minutes when I saw an odd shape stretched out in the sand. What the hell could that be?. I wasn't sure I wanted to know. I brushed away the sand and a human body, face down, emerged. Another runner. I shook him a few times.

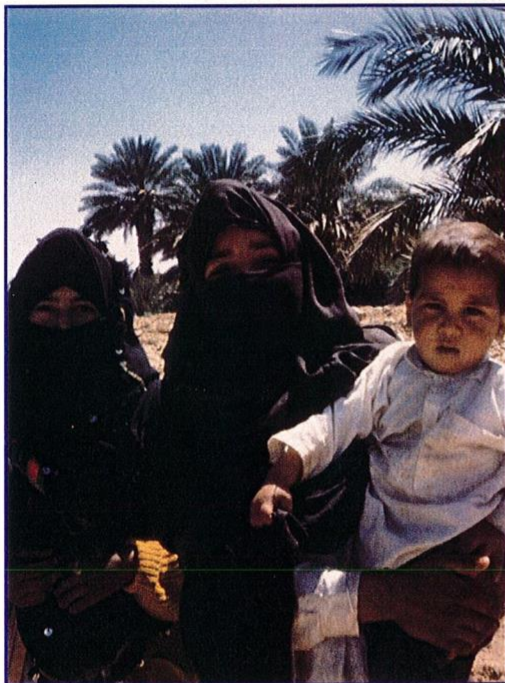
He didn't respond. I thought he was dead so I wasn't sure what to do. I smacked him around to try and wake him up. He moved a little and I could see a bit of his face. It was red like a lobster and blisters were starting to form. He whispered something I couldn't understand.

I heard and saw enough to know he was near death and I had a big problem on my hands. I covered him with my space blanket to protect him somewhat from the scorching heat, and left him the last of my water. I told him I had to go for help. I don't know if he heard me, but I had to do something if I wanted to save what was left of him.

### **The Mirage**

After a quarter of an hour of walking, I saw two tiny figures in the distance. Squinting my sandblown, raw eyes, I realized I had two rag-clad ten-to-twelve-year-old Bedouin boys here. Was it a miracle? I don't normally believe in them. I don't speak French, or Berber for that matter, so I took one of the boys by the hand and pulled him in the direction I had left

**“The sand hit me like thousands of tiny needles.”**



In the oasis.

### **Find out more**

Marathon des Sables:

<http://www.sandmarathon.com>

Ultramarathon World:

<http://fox.nstn.ca/~dblaikie>

the fallen runner. When we got there, they shook him. He gave an animal-like grunt. I hoped they knew what to do, because I sure as hell didn't. The boys tried to articulate their plan to me, then they left.

As I waited I wondered if the man beside me was going to live, when help would come and whether I'd get to camp under the time limit, since I was lost. After what seemed like an eternity, a mirage appeared. It grew into a camel with one of the boys riding and the other leading it in my direction. We tried to load the lifeless figure onto the camel but he fell off, again and again. Finally we laid him across the saddle and tied him down. Just as we were ready to go, a jeep and a moped came speeding toward us along the crest of a sand dune, leaving a small dust storm behind.

The race officials took over and loaded the runner into the jeep. They put intravenous drips into both his arms. I told them the story and that I'd lost over two hours. They assured me I would get all the time I needed to make it to camp. I was awfully tempted to just get into the jeep and ride back.

With only one day to go, I had to finish the event. I asked for directions and started walking. Three hours later I hobbled into the aid station and saw the downed runner still sitting in the jeep, IVs in both arms. He was able to talk. His name was James and he was English. He had been overcome by heat and collapsed. He thanked me profusely for saving his life.

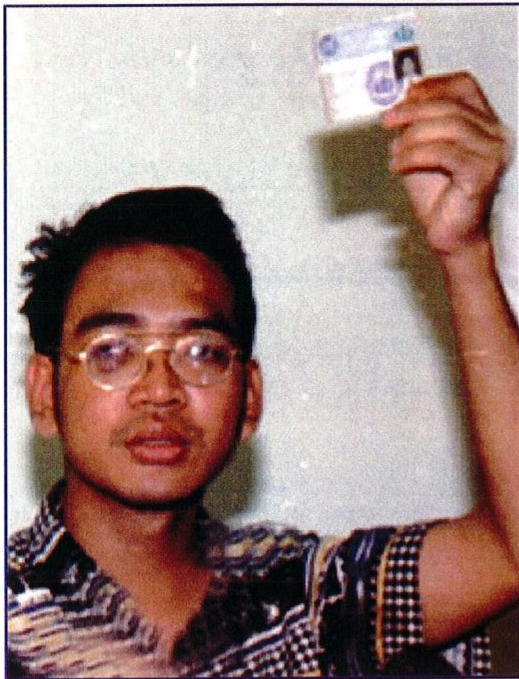
At this point I wanted to quit. I had lost almost three hours. I was exhausted, thirsty as hell, and it was starting to get dark.

The organizers would not hear of it. For every excuse I gave them — too dark, too tired, I would get lost, not enough time left to make the cut-off — they had an answer. I told them to get out of my face and leave me alone. God knows I hated those men at that moment. I wanted so much to stop. They convinced me to go on. They said I could have all the time I needed to finish this stage of the race and that a race official would walk with me while a jeep led the way, so we couldn't get lost in the dark.

Four agonizing hours later I crawled into camp. It was 10 p.m. Twenty-five runners welcomed me like a hero. It brought tears to my eyes.

The next day, 175 of 200 starters made it to the finish line. I was last, but happy to have survived. As for James, I never heard from him again. ●

**Jurgen Ankenbrand continues to run ultramarathons.**



Wiwid Pratiwo shows his student identity card after confessing to fellow students at Jakarta's Trisakti University.

# Spy on a leash

*Wiwid Pratiwo didn't give Indonesia's reform movement much thought until the army made him an informant. He tipped soldiers off about a demonstration where they killed 13 of his friends.*

Transcribed by Kafil Yamin

**M**y name is Wiwid Pratiwo and I am a student of air transportation management at Trisakti University in Jakarta. I am 21 years old. I was an informer for the military.

My fellow students in Trisakti University get excited when talking about the reform movement in Indonesia. They have daily discussions about the political role of the military, President Habibie's credibility, Suharto's cronies and how to move against them.

I have little knowledge about those issues and frankly speaking, I am not really concerned. I am a poor man. My parents lead a very simple life and work hard to make ends meet. My father is a driver in a construction company. My main concern is to finish my studies and get a job.

## Recruited

In August, 1998, I was at a bus stop in Tomang, West Jakarta, waiting for a city bus to take me home when a man came up to me.

"Hi, going home?" he said. "Which direction?" He seemed nice. Soon we were involved in friendly conversation. His name was Budi Laksono. I told him where I lived and about my family. After a while, we parted and I forgot about him.

The next day the man came to see me at my home. I was surprised, but I wasn't suspicious of him. He got very friendly with my parents. I was stunned to see they allowed him to spend the night at our home. The family soon knew Budi Laksono as a military police soldier from the presidential

## Jakarta's Riots

Indonesia was wracked by civil unrest, ethnic violence and economic turmoil since the ouster of President Suharto in May, 1998.

Indonesian university students were at the forefront of protests against the military's involvement in politics. Suharto's appointed successor, B.J. Habibie claimed that massive student protests, if unrestricted, could "lead to the disintegration of the nation."

However, their activism helped bring on democratic elections this May. Results won't be finalized until December, but early indications suggest the Indonesian Democratic Party of Struggle, led by Megawati Sukarnoputri, has taken the lead. Her supporters have threatened renewed violence if Habibie clings to power.

**“A war began in my soul.”**



Security forces clash with students in Jakarta.

guard unit. He came to our house often and took me around Jakarta. He took me to his office in Jalan Diponegoro and introduced me to his friends.

Then one day he took me to a military post in Tanah Abang, Central Jakarta. A tall, tough-looking man showed up and sat in front of me. He wore military pants and a T-shirt. I began to feel odd as he questioned me. He offered me a red file.

"There's a form in it for you to sign," he said. I opened it and read the form with dismay. It was a statement that said I was willing to cooperate in order to make the special session of the People's Consultative Assembly [the government of B.J. Habibie] a success. I gave it back to him and refused to sign.

He stared at me while he talked about my parents and my younger sisters. He knew everything about my family, including the workplace of my father and school of my younger sister. He said that my parents, my sisters, all my family members and I would have problems if I refused to cooperate. If you knew how the military treats people or groups they see as problems, you would have no options but to sign the form. So I did.

### **Under fire**

My job was to spy on student activities. I was to provide information on when, where and how students would stage rallies. I was paid 100,000 rupiah [US\$15] for each piece of information. He gave me a pager for communication.

I knew that many of my fellow students were against the special session of government because they had learned that it would only extend President Habibie's rule. Ninety percent of the assembly members were Suharto's cronies and sycophants, who were involved in corruption, collusion and nepotism. They were appointed. It was the only legislative body on earth whose members were cousins, brothers-in-law, sisters, wives and business allies. Some of them were even debt collectors and thugs!

My fellow students also believed that the session would maintain the political role of the military. I was not really concerned with such ideas, but I sympathized with my friends. A war began in my soul between sympathy for their struggle and this unavoidable duty.

The first information I provided was the students' plan to break through the security cordon in front of the parliament building. They would set up their base at Atmajaya University, only one-and-a-half kilometers from parliament.

**“My pager rang with a message saying there would be shooting at 1 p.m.”**

Then came the horrible moment. It was November 13 [1998]. Thousands of students converged in the Atmajaya University compound. The students came from universities in Jakarta and other major cities like Bandung, Jogjakarta, Surabaya and Semarang. Tens of thousands of students took to the streets and came face to face with the security cordon. I joined the rally and was in the front line.

It was noon when my pager rang with a message from the security [forces] saying that there would be shooting at the Atmajaya compound at 1 p.m. Meanwhile, clashes between students and security [forces] broke out. Students began hurling stones. Some students and security officers were injured. Inside parliament, government members were engaged in the concluding session. By the time President Habibie spoke, two students were dead and one security member was injured.

But the shooting did not occur at 1 p.m. My pager rang again at 7:30 p.m. A message told me to leave the compound because the shooting would start. This time, they really meant it. The heavy security cordon of soldiers and police in front of the parliament moved closer to the university compound and started shooting.

I was there. The student crowd turned into stampede. They ran away in all different directions. Some fell down and were tread upon. Some students shouted to soldiers to stop shooting. But the shooting continued, so they ran away as well.

I was stupid. I'd been told to leave the scene, but I hesitated in order to avoid suspicion from my fellow students. A shot hit my left foot but I could still run, and I reached the student base with the others. I lay there for some time, watching a TV airing live coverage of the incident. My heart beat faster. The midnight news said 13 students and one military officer were killed during the incident.

### **Trial**

Two days later, student activists captured me at my campus when I tried to contact Budi Laksono. Several of them stormed toward me, put me in the corner of the room and began to interrogate me. I kept my mouth shut. They did not hurt me because my captors knew me well. But they were angry.

I was taken to Kontras, [the Commission on Missing Persons and Victim of Violence], an NGO campaigning against militarism and violence. I faced a "trial" by the activists. After listening to their emotional words about how they sacrificed for the sake of struggle, I could not stand not

**Find out more**

Indonesia:

<http://www.un.or.id/>

Indonesia Daily News Online:

<http://www.indo-news.com/>

to reveal my undercover role. I told everything. I expressed my regret at having done such a thing. I really meant it. I wanted them to believe that my statement was sincere.

The revelation put me in an even more terrible situation. The threat by the military men to make problems for my family keeps haunting me. I cannot sleep.

Occasionally I cannot stop myself from crying. I cry for my dead friends. Above all, I cry over my foolishness. Now, I have no protection. There is no law providing guarantees for informers like me. I know I will go on with this uncomfortable situation. ●

**Wiwid Pratiwo is now under the protection of KontraS, the Commission on Victims of Violence and Missing Persons.**



Eighteen months in the branches.  
Photo: Eric Slomanson

### Forest standoff

The 200,000-acre Headwaters Forest, near Eureka in northern California, is at the center of a 12-year battle between loggers and environmentalists. At stake is the fate of the largest privately-owned stand of old-growth California redwoods in the U.S.

In 1986, after Charles Hurwitz (chairman of MAXXAM corporation) bought the forest, he announced logging plans. A broad coalition of environmental groups are arrayed against him. A three-way deal reached last year between the California and U.S. governments and Hurwitz, which will see Headwaters' oldest redwoods preserved in a park, hasn't stopped the fighting.

# Rumble in the redwoods

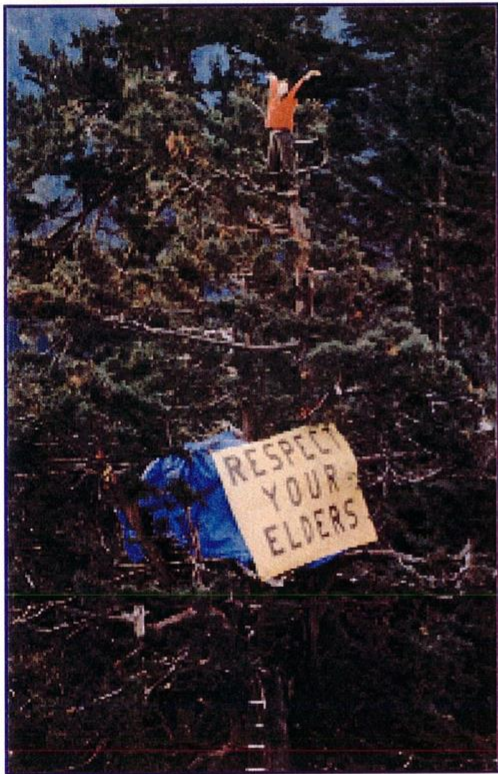
*Julia Butterfly Hill went to California on a "spiritual quest" but stayed for an environmental crusade. Since December, 1997 she has been waging a battle against logging companies from the branches of an ancient redwood she calls Luna.*

**O**n Aug. 18th, 1996, my head collided with a steering wheel, damaging my brain and body, and changing the course of my life forever. It awakened me to the real, true understanding that every single moment of every day is a sacred gift.

A year later I left my home in Fayetteville, Arkansas and headed west, following my spirit. I thought my journey would take me out of the country. But when I entered the majestic cathedral of the redwood forest in Grizzly Creek State Park in California, my spirit knew it had found what it was searching for. I dropped to my knees and began to cry because I was so overwhelmed by the wisdom, energy, and spirituality housed in these holiest of temples.

My wanderings then took me to the incredible Lost Coast of northern California where I spent a month hiking and absorbing the beauty. During one of my trips into Garberville for supplies, I met a volunteer from the Environmental Protection Information Center (EPIC) who told me about the destruction of the Headwaters Forest by logging companies.

**"It is like being isolated in a jail cell."**



Julia atop the 200-foot redwood, Luna.  
Photo: Shaun Walker

### **A new path**

One night, after praying to the universal spirit about the direction my life was meant to take, I decided to do what I could to save these awe-inspiring forests. I went back to Fayetteville and sold everything I owned. I said my good-byes to the closest friends I've ever had and came back out west determined to help.

On reaching Arcata, California I called EPIC to get directions to Action Camp in Stafford [California] only to be told, "Action Camp is closing, we don't need you." At a rally in Eureka a few hours later, I marched, chanted and cried for the fallen ancient trees. Several people asked me what I was going to do. When I told them, their answers were almost all the same: "Action camp is closing; they really can't use you."

A beautiful, kind brother named Shakespeare overheard one of my conversations. He made sure I got to Action Camp. He told me if I was going to get plugged in to what was happening, that was the best place for me to start. Over the next three days I wandered around the camp trying to meet the right people. Sometimes I was completely shunned. The effectiveness and safety of activists often depends on small groups of trusted individuals who plan out the actions they're going to take on behalf of the forests. They turn people away who want to help.

Then I met a man named Almond who was enlisting people to treesit in the Stafford giant, Luna. I volunteered, excited to at last be doing something.

Two days later, I hiked to the top of Stafford Ridge and climbed the 1,000-year-old redwood tree. I spent the next six days in her branches, learning to treesit.

When Luna came under attack by logging companies in early December 1997, Almond, Luna's bottomliner [a person who acts as the "glue" of a treesit, coordinating people in the trees, food and media access], and I both decided to "hold down the fort" and treesit for a while. Two weeks turned into three and after that I thought, "I'm so close to a month, I might as well stay."

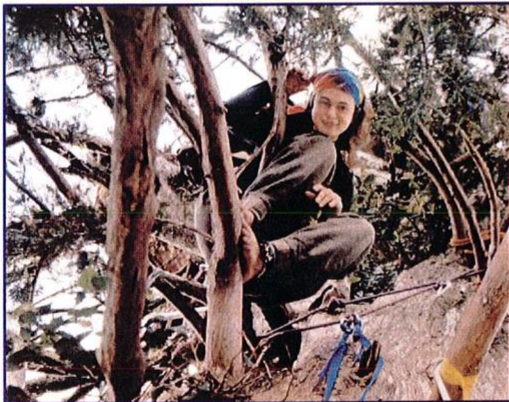
### **Life in the branches**

I have now been "living and loving" on Luna for 18 months. It is not easy to be in the woods 24 hours a day, seven days a week, but I have gotten to the point where it is my life.

We are constantly in rain clouds up here. This is a rainforest. It's wet and cold. The platform isn't sealed. You have to keep



**“Luna and I have become one in a way I never thought possible.”**



Julia: “Luna is our beacon of hope and truth.”  
Photo: Shaun Walker

food in buckets or the chipmunks, deer mice and northern flying squirrels will eat it. My waste gets lowered down in buckets. I do push-ups and sit-ups, and climb Luna. It is like being isolated in a jail cell. But it’s not as hard as it used to be.

Dealing with the media is one of the biggest sacrifices I have had to make. I am on the cell phone constantly. I do eight to 10 interviews a day. They ebb and flow like the wind.

I had no intention or desire to climb up to this platform to talk about me or to talk to the world about how I deal with my waste. It’s nobody’s damn business. My desire was to get the word out about what’s happening here. It’s not important how I eat or how I survive. But I began to understand that it was going to take my being willing to talk about these things to help people connect with me because they can’t always connect with the forest — which is why our forests are being destroyed. I plan on coming down when my service on the ground is more effective than my service in the trees.

Luna and I have become one in a way I never would’ve thought possible. We have stood together and survived loggers and the desperate sadness of watching the forest’s giant elders smash into the ground. It’s like watching your family being murdered.

### **Under siege**

We have been placed under siege by Pacific Lumber security. They cordoned Luna off with ropes for 10 days in an effort to cut off my supplies and starve me down. They blew airhorns through the night to cause sleep deprivation. Floodlights shone up into the tree and around it because they were trying to keep me from pulling off any kind of resupply, even at night.

On Day 8 of the siege we pulled off a resupply anyway, thanks to 20 wonderful, committed, loving, joyous, caring people who risked arrest that day in order to help. A lot of them had bags in their hands, but only a couple people had bags with supplies. We used a series of codes so I would know when to lower the rope and when to pull it up because I couldn’t see what was going on on the ground.

The security stayed on for two more days then the winter storms got so bad that they just left. We survived some of the worst recorded storms in California history — some of the



People like myself do this work because we understand that it's vital to the very survival of our species. It's all connected and it's all-important. Every species has its own right to survival.

With the love, unity and support of some incredible individuals, many of whom I've never even seen, our occupation of this hillside is now closing in on more than 550 days of open defiance. Luna and I, with the amazing efforts of this wonderful support team, stand together in defiance of the destructive practices of corporate greed and paid-off politicians.

Luna is our beacon of hope and truth. In all her majestic glory, she has become our platform to the world. From her branches we are making people aware that the destruction of the environment is a direct reflection of the destruction of our lives! ●

**Julia Butterfly Hill is still living in a platform atop Luna.**

### Find out more

Headwaters Forest Site:

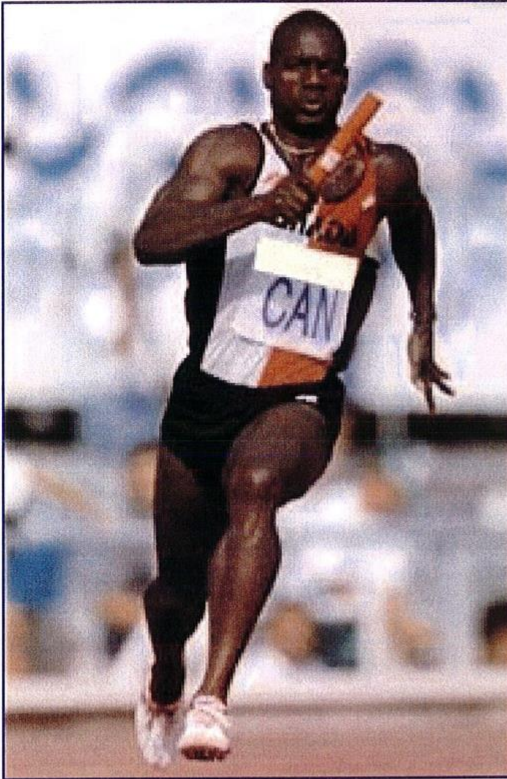
<http://www.enviroweb.org/headwaters/>

Pacific Lumber Company:

<http://www.palco.com/hforest.htm>

The Luna Tree home page:

<http://www.lunatree.org>



Photos courtesy Ben Johnson International.

### For the record

Ben Johnson was the fastest man alive. He ran 9.83 seconds at the 100-meter at the 1987 World Championships in Rome, then clocked a record-smashing 9.79 seconds to take gold at the 1988 Olympics in Seoul. Then he failed his first dope test, and was banned from competitive sprinting for two years.

At a 1993 tournament, doctors found excessive amounts of testosterone in his system and he was banned for life by Canadian amateur sports authorities and the International Amateur Athletic Federation.

Johnson never stopped training or fighting for the right to run again. This April, a Canadian adjudicator ruled that Johnson was the victim of procedural errors in the handling of his lifetime ban. Athletics Canada now supports Johnson's appeal to the IAAF.

# Running clean

*Now that he's off the Canadian sports black list, Ben Johnson says he will overturn his worldwide ban from amateur sport. He'll expose the shady officials who disgraced him. And he'll break the world 100-meter record at the 2000 Sydney Olympics. Believe it.*

Submitted by Ben Johnson and his agent, Morris Chrobotek

**T**he Olympic bribery scams are like a fraction of what's been going on for years. If you can move an Olympic city out of bribery, it's easy to see that corruption in the governing bodies could destroy an athlete like me. No injury can hurt more than what Athletics Canada, the International Amateur Athletics Federation [IAAF], the International Olympic Committee [IOC] and the media did to me.

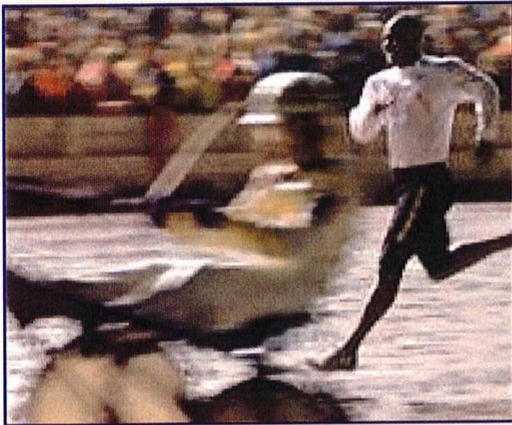
I'm tired of talking about this nonsense. It's all a joke, all this testing. They know that drugs are used most of the time and athletes know the timing of tests very well. Doctors inject athletes with all sorts of drugs. Do you think athletes truly know what they are injected with? Even if my doctor told me he was injecting me with a legal substance, would I really know? I'm not a lab technician. I'm not a doctor. I'm only an athlete who trains and depends on the advice of my coach and doctor.

The [governing bodies] had to show the world that they were doing something to clean up the sport. So they picked a Canadian, because Canada doesn't spend all the money on the Olympics that the US does. But most of the runners were on something in those days!

**Conspiracy theory**

Johnson's belief that U.S. athletic bodies cover up incidents of doping by U.S. athletes is reflected in a story by his nemesis, Carl Lewis, at

[www.firstlab.com/drugupdate19.html](http://www.firstlab.com/drugupdate19.html).



In 1998 Johnson ran a charity race in Canada against two horses and a sports car. The horses won.

**“The Americans know how to protect their athletes. Look how they protected Carl Lewis.”**

If I could do it all over again, I wouldn't have run 9.79 [seconds in Seoul] and I would have been an American. The Americans know how to protect their athletes. Look how they protected Carl Lewis in 1983, 1987 and 1988. Every time Carl competed he was protected.

There were a lot of allegations about Carl Lewis. But we all knew they didn't want to stop Lewis because the NBC network [which had the broadcast rights to the '88 games] said "If you expose any American athletes with positive tests, we're leaving." It's all political.

It's all about money and power. After all, Canada doesn't have the same clout as the Germans, the Americans and the Russians. Talking about the Russians, do you believe that there wasn't one positive test in Russia? Not one. In Seoul, they said I was the only 100-meter sprinter who tested positive. What a joke!

Professor Arnold Beckett [1988 IOC medical commissioner] said to me that the whole system is a farce and a joke, that the IAAF and IOC are the most corrupt organizations in the world. They have control and no one can criticize them. They are above the law.

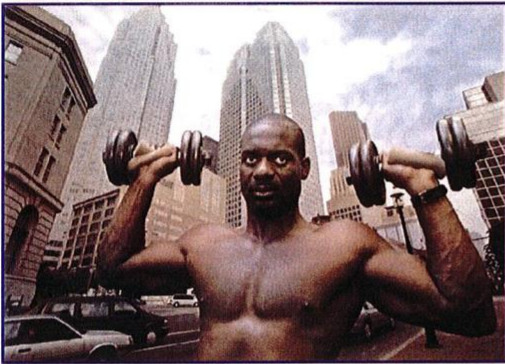
**Double standard**

Look at the East German swimming team. They admitted using drugs while they broke all kinds of records. The doctors and coaches also admitted that they injected the swimmers with drugs — why are they allowed to keep their records and medals?

If Mr. Samaranch [IOC president] allows the East Germans to keep the records, why will they not give me my 9.83 back? My record of 9.83 in Rome in 1987 was run clean, and they took it away from me. Why are they doing this to me? Why is there one law for Ben Johnson and another for everyone else?

Dick Pound [IOC vice-president] testified the IAAF was not serious about doping control at the 1983 or 1987 World Championships. I was tested in Rome in 1987 when I broke the record of 9.83 and I came out clean. Why did they take my record away from me? I thought the tests [before the competition] were accurate. I used some medicine for injuries the way most athletes use them, but only for recovery from training. Why did they take my record away? I would like my record back.

**“I’m going to break the record, clean.”**



Johnson: still training.

### **Find out more**

Ben Johnson International:

<http://www.benjohnson979.com/menu.htm>

Carl Lewis on athlete doping:

<http://www.firstlab.com/drugupdate19.html>

Athletics Canada:

[http://www.canoe.ca/AthcanNews/apr19\\_ben.html](http://www.canoe.ca/AthcanNews/apr19_ben.html)

International Amateur Athletic Federation:

<http://www.iaaf.org/>

Track and Field News:

<http://www.trackandfieldnews.com>

At the 1992 Barcelona Olympics I was sabotaged by our own Canadian organization. Dr. Andrew Pipe [chairman of the Canadian Centre for Ethics in Sport] kept me up until 2:30 a.m. just hours before the race. I had to give about six urine samples. All the other athletes like [Canadian sprinter] Bruny Surin, were able to leave around 4:00 or 5:00 in the afternoon and I was held back. The temperature was about 120 degrees. I was totally dehydrated. I was afraid Dr. Pipe would disqualify me before I could compete. He had all the power and control. It took me two years to train for this event and Dr. Pipe took it away from me. [Johnson finished last in his semi-final heat.]

They were not successful when they tried to ban me for life in 1992, so they had to try again in 1993. Then, proper procedure wasn't followed, and my lawyers were refused from presenting my case. I was clean. I don't know why I tested positive, but I was denied a fair hearing to end my ban.

### **The comeback**

I'm training right now and hoping to come back and run again freely. The people support me. It's only a handful of people stopping me from running.

I was never given the right to a hearing and due process the way all other athletes have been. My agent has vowed to continue this fight so that all the people who attempted to destroy me will pay.

I may be getting older, but muscles have memory. I just need to train shorter and smarter. I brought myself up to 70 or 80 percent last summer, and was able to run a 10.28 without a problem in Toronto. I know I can run and compete against the big guys without a problem: Maurice Greene, [who took the official 100-metre world record when he ran 9.79 in Athens, Greece on June 16.] Ato Boldon and, I hope, Donovan Bailey.

I've been clean since '88. I want to prove to the world that I can beat those guys clean. I hope they are clean like me and tested in the same way I'm tested. I hope everyone is able to compete clean, and then we'll see who's the fastest in the world.

We'll go all the way to the top. I'm going to break the record, clean. I'm going to the 2000 Olympics in Australia, that's where I'm going for my record ●