



# THE FOREST ZINE



WWW.WHEN THE TREES NO BLOSSOMS ORG



I'm a firm believer that complaining too much can make you ill, so I wanna talk about something to do with gender that made me smile. Some quite beautiful and amazing people got together to share skills and build and climb and explore in the heart of Rohan Forest.

Different teams of people collectively built in different areas of the forest, teaching each other and learning by doing. Platforms sprung up everywhere, and you could see folk of all genders dangling in the air; being taught and teaching; building and rebuilding; on the ground men cooked and wimmin heaved beams 15metres into the air to make new houses. It was disorganised madness, but I loved it. I learnt how to teach knots without any common language and using ridiculous stories (one of which is hopefully in this zine.)

So by the end of the week everything we'd built was destroyed. Physically. (Except for the ridiculously huge net, they couldn't figure it out).

Cops also hit; gassed and demolished our houses regardless of our gender or race. The scariest critters I saw were wimmin actually, the wrath that could be seen coming from a critter in a tree was a sight to be seen; and I do believe it scares the shit out of a conservative robot cop to see a strong womyn go apeshit.

But you know, this was my favourite time on the Zad.

Because they couldn't destroy what we'd built, we'd built respect and community. We'd learnt so much about ourselves and each other. Shit, cops can barely understand these things let alone destroy them.

So thanks to those critters I got to know in those weeks, you inspired, supported, taught and carried me when I was hurt, and you defy all preconceptions about gender.

## THE STORY SO FAR

So this is how the story goes... Well one of many stories...

The Rohanne forest is a 100 acre stretch of woodland in North West France. It is filled with pine, oak and sweet chestnut trees as well as a range of wildlife including red squirrels, deer and fire salamanders. It is an incredibly beautiful piece of woodland but particularly special in that it is at the centre of a social movement which has splashed across the headlines of every French newspaper, brought endless embarrassment to the prime minister and his corporate cronies, and brought important questions about land rights, the environment and the state to the table of every household in the country.

If you have yet to hear the tale told it begins 40 years ago when someone somewhere in a government office decided it would be a fantastic idea to build a big old airport in the North West. Where exactly? How about on that little spot of green there on the map, where it says Notre-Dame-des-Landes, where there are only a bunch of farmers and countryside folk. Well those farmers and countryside folk weren't best pleased. In fact they were so not pleased that the government backed down and the project disappeared from public view.



Over the years, however, the council continued to buy up homes and land in the area and in the year 2000 announced that the airport project was back on the cards. The local inhabitants formed a union (the ACIPA) and Jean-Marc Ayrault continued to push his pet project as he rose in power to mayor of Nantes and then Prime Minister of France.

In 2009, France held its first 'Camp for Climate Action' on the land. The Camp grabbed national headlines not so much because of the campaign or array of celebrity speakers (including the moustachioed Jose Bove) but more for it's unusual mixture of garden geeks who insisted on planting greens on land due to soon become concrete and gangs of black clad anarchists who famously ransacked the local supermarket. Many found it difficult to get their heads around a social movement that matched a sensitivity towards nature and the land with confrontational anticapitalist politics. It seemed impossible that the gardeners and the gangs were one and the same. But while Jose Bove and the Green party denounced the camp, local farmers invited everyone to stay and occupy the land. The land the government had designated as the 'Zone d'Aménagement Differe' ('Zone for Gradual Evacuation') became the 'Zone A Defendre' ('Zone To Defend').



The forest trees had a few relatives see.. Firstly, distorted distant cousins who hug up close to their luckier live neighbours in the form of houses for squatting critters.

This wood was normally salvaged from some other place where humans decided it wasn't so important anymore. In the end critters valued the living trees way higher than their temporary homes. They'd been there way longer than any of us, so we climbed high in the branches in the hope that the police would just take the houses and not the trees aswell.

Another very close relative to Rohan Forest was it's neighbour the chestnut plantation. "La Chateigne." La Chateigne also got some critter squatters come to stay, but in quite a powerful weekend long huge influx. There had been so much destruction on La Zad; it was really really exciting to see critters building; imagining and creating together. However one thing did strike me, and when I excitedly went to check out the construction, all the people holding tools were men. Loud and deep commanding voices filled the air. I left, I wasn't too interested in forcing my voice over the dominance, my voice that doesn't form French words so easily, my voice which is often interpreted as feminine. I didn't return for weeks, mainly subconsciously, because I didn't agree or trust the foundations from which those structures were built on. Since, I've learnt to love La Chateigne for where it's at now, but the ways it inspires me has nothing to do with its beginnings.

Again; lets retreat, to the calm sounds of big forest.. The occasional calls of a humyn searching for an excited lost dog. The whistle from a floating headtorch you spot in the distance. The owls calling to each other in the darkness. The moon silently lighting your way.

Maybe I wanna mention languages in fact; give this piece a bit of intersectionality. People have treated me like I'm stupid because I haven't mastered fluent French.

In one same meeting about sexism I went to; a womyn stormed out from being so continuously interrupted by a man; and our translation corner was shouted at for slowing down the meeting.

If we didn't bother learning French why are we even there huh? As if speaking a language perfectly is the biggest thing you can bring to a struggle.

The Zad is everywhere. It's certainly situated on a land which has a backstory, with traditions and context.

It's certainly nice to speak the language which means you get to communicate effectively with all the other folk there.

But if you can't so well; you're not a lesser persyn.

And these issues of xenophobia, when mixed up with sexism; get really messy.

Like when that guy won't leave you alone at a party. And you can't explain why he makes you feel uncomfortable. (And get heard) Shit what about the issues of blatant racism and homophobia mixed (even when you do speak fluent French.)

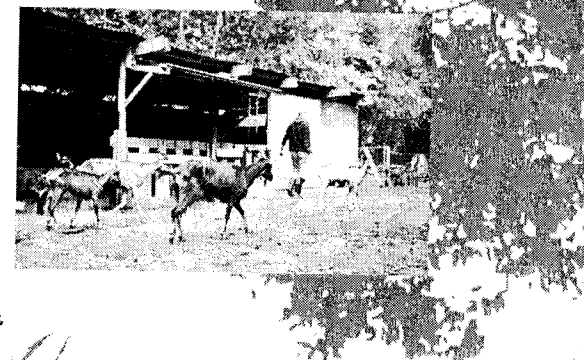
The government is trying to silence our voices of opposition, they fear our difference and feelings of freedom.

Schools silence young people, as though their age makes them lesser people when in fact they're often fearlessly logical and brave.

But we still silence each other, all the time your background, race; or gender; or speech or look or ability might means that your voice is deemed less important.

But back to that calming bit of forest and those critters who're often seen clambering up trees or nibbling on some mushrooms.

# dehors du village e la zad



Slowly but surely folks from similar struggles around France and further afield migrated to the Zone and began to transform it into a vision of an alternative future to the airport and the world it would bring with it. A bakery, communal and personal gardens, bicycle workshops, libraries, beehives, a goatshed, chicken coops, bars, a restaurant, a donation-based market and free supermarket, freeshops, internet café's, an iron forge, and even a theatre began to spring up around the Zone. I won't even begin on the range of structures which provided homes and shelter to ZAD dwellers, but it's maybe worth mentioning that three areas of woodland became inhabited with tree house-dwellers: La Saulce, La Gare and the Rohanne Forest (or Big Forest). In addition to being incredibly picturesque living spaces, treehouses obviously provide an elaborate form of defense against eviction. Especially when buried deep in boggy woodlands.

andez

The small community would swell to hundreds in summertime as the Zone played host to skill-shares and festivals, as well as Europe-wide events such as the Reclaim the Fields gathering and Rhythms of Resistance Samba meet. In the cold cold Brittany winter it would shrink to a handful of hardcore ZADists taking turns to cook each other dinner. There was no real central organisation, with groups organising autonomously amongst themselves, and general meetings twice a week: On Mondays, people would meet at Les Planchettes (a central communal house) to discuss events happening that week and write the ZADnews (the weekly ZAD newspaper). On Thursdays, collectives would take turns to cook and host more in-depth discussions. Zad's own pirate radio station - Radio Klaxon provided more news, discussion and entertainment during the week. But I guess the most important communications were always by word of mouth, or notes hand delivered to your postbox. The most important organising was usually informally between friends.



Until the start of the evictions, the ZAD was largely a very peaceful place. Some on-ZAD actions took place during preliminary works for the airport – archeological drillings and 'ecological' surveys were obstructed by mass sabotage and barricaded roads. Many actions took place off-site in office occupations, demos, paint bomb attacks... One particularly efficient action was to target the toll-roads operated by VINCI, the company in charge of building the airport. By occupying the toll booths and raising the barriers, hundreds of cars could pass through for free causing massive losses in revenue for VINCI. Cars could be leafleted for events and propaganda and would often give generous donations. An action could raise thousands of euros in a few hours!

## History, herstory, mystory and mystery – Thoughts on gender, trees and speaking French fluently.

As tear gas canister flies in Rohan Forest, a man sees 3 people he assumes to be wimmin,  
"What are YOU doing here? You know it's not safe here?"

It's funny, because Rohan forest was one of the places I felt the most safe on the Zad.

I'm genderqueer but normally folk assume I'm a womyn. On the Zad pre-eviction I didn't see so much sexism actually.

We all swam naked in the river, oblivious to the differences in our dangly bits. There was a male socialised group discussing patriarchy and consent.

Maybe memory has added rose tinted glasses, but I don't really mind cos this is my story. (Not hisstory, or herstory; just mystory. Not to be confused with mystery.)

Back to the forest. The place which; when everything got too much; if you walk to the centre of, the Zad is still quiet.

Humyn fighting fades away and you just get to sit under those trees, which look beautiful in all weathers, especially rain. (Again different to everywhere else on the Zad in my opinion.)

When the whispers of evictions first were heard in Rohan; there lived a couple of wimmin and genderqueer folk, in majestic houses in the sky.

Forests often attract interesting critters; and the critters in Rohan were a special bunch. By night they built, and made films and by day they slept; (and talked about how they always started building way too late in the day!)

They spoke all kinds of languages.

... involving our ecological awareness, as well as that which targets our enemy.

At the same time as illuminating the negative side of things with VINCI and state destruction, creative action can show our dreams of a different way of living and by their integrity help people understand that there is another way.

Both because our successive occupations in the Big Forest drew police and destruction into the forest on a huge scale, and because we know that our presence (especially now with so much more humyns) can harm the ecosystem, the old residents of this forest have decided not to construct for the moment, and we also feel like it is best for those who want to build there do so in the area that was occupied before so as not to harm the areas that are still less affected. Personally most of us also found it more productive for ourselves to take the time to prepare materials and share skills to be more prepared for a more effective and ecologically aware occupation.

Society has cursed us with a machine that replicates itself; our insensitivity to nature is caused by this and is easily broken down through interacting with the universe around us, and also examining the negative patterns in our actions that recreate the destructive society.

Break the iron web.

Melt into the trees, drift on the wind. Find your place amongst this nature, understand the ways of the wild pigs, the salamander, the birch and the kestrels, before you run headlong in with your preconceived humyn concepts.

REALITY TUNNEL. Expand it to allow for the animals and plants, trees and rivers.

We are always ready to defend the forest; whether we live there or elsewhere, if their word cannot be trusted and they want to cut it sooner we will be there on mass to stop that.

And it only takes a few days or weeks to build a hardcore tree occupation, with all the people arriving it's important to reflect on these things, of course many people are just not used to these ideas, we must communicate. The trees here are our family, they are with us in this struggle, it's partly why we defend the land. They too are sentient, and home to much life. Time to question the way we think 23

Like many sites the Big Forest only ever had a handful of permanent residents at any one time. It was not always an easy place to live. It was wet and muddy with difficult access to the main camp, which was buried deep in the forest. But it was stunning. The communal structure was a three storey house built between four trees with a kitchen level, sleeping level and rooftop terrace, built from reclaimed materials brought by bicycle trailer from the local dump. Food was cooked on rocket stoves and tea by Kelly kettle. We kept a mainly straight-edge, vegan kitchen, using food produced on the ZAD supplemented by dumpster diving on a Sunday night. None of us regularly used money.

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La Saulce were the closest neighbours – another treehouse village with a real stone walled house as a communal, an immense bike workshop and lovely inhabitants. Far off on the other side of the ZAD lay La Gare – a network of spectacular treehouses connected by rope bridges hidden deep in swampland and strangely spared from eviction.



l'aéroport

RÉOCCUPATION

So this is what we're fighting for. For those trees that have stood by us in stormy weather bringing us chestnuts and becoming our homes. For our community that will be built, not bought, that we've created through living and toiling together. For the friends we made in French farmhouses with families who've been fighting this since before some of us were born. For the principal, that the fat cats cannot simply concrete over an area that they have never smelled, loved, or walked. Because we've loved it and loved each other fiercer than they could imagine. We've smelled the mushrooms in autumn and loaves fresh from the oven. We've walked those paths through sunny days and muddy ones too. And no. We don't intend to stop anytime soon.

INSIDE

Foodink Keeper - the ecosystem is vast

We will defend the forests and woodland, the beautiful ecosystem of life, right to the end. When we go to occupy a forest, it is to defend it from being cut down by chainsaws. It is not that we are occupying it for our own personal enjoyment of having a beautiful calm place to live. We are also aware that our occupation of the forest will inevitably displace and disturb plant and animal communities. Some of the forests on this zone are so small that the living beings will have nowhere to go if we colonize them with lots of ground structures.

For me, this concept can be framed simply: if our desire to live in a calm forest is for our own personal enjoyment, we are exploiting the forest to get something we desire. Whereas when we occupy to stop imminent destruction, we are there in the interests of the forest for its protection.

It is so humancentric to assume that we can build our homes where we like, regardless of our effect on other living inhabitants who have been living there for a long time and who will find it much harder to find a new environment to live in than us.

Zones which are particularly sensitive to our presence include forests, humid zones, overgrown fields, lakes. The areas which have been less affected by agriculture are the great home of numerous species. The species for who we try to save the zone from destruction and human inutility.

Since the last tree eviction in the FOREST OF ROMANNE, we have known that the government has ordered new environmental impact studies. They also announced that this would mean that during these studies the forests of the zone will not be cut. This could be six months. It could be more. So the oxygen used argument of little time demanding fast choices is no longer valid. We have time to reflect on how to do things, so that we arrive to live more in harmony with the ecosystem.

And deciding to leave the more sensitive zones calm for the moment does not mean that there is nothing for us to do and nowhere to live. There are many more suitable areas for constructing, and plenty of action to take to stop the works. But we need actions that will bring us together and provide a forum.



Am

I think we start to see a future  
rising out of our frustration  
On the coldest day of winter  
D after the sixth eviction

D I saw a line of frosts lay down along tripwire  
Am  
And a pair of squirrels set a policeman's van on fire

Em They want her for her profits  
they will ravage her land and her ground Am  
D But there's no price for Rohanne forest can be found

Sometimes I get this dream  
I think I now know what it means  
D It is the play of mother earth's biggest war Am  
And in the bloodshot sky  
instead of smog to sting our eyes  
D There is ivy over all the power lines Am

Em Because her roots are stronger  
than anything that man could've made  
D And there's no money Am  
for Rohanne forest can be found



I had joined seven comrades up in the last tree house to be evicted Rohanne Forest . It was October 31st. We had a lot of fun up there, may be due to the anxiety and palpable tension we shared. We made jokes, and distributed the equipment which was left. We made a

harness with a sling. We felt strong in being able to do all that in about twenty minutes, up in the tree.

At one point it started to get heated down below, painted plastic men surrounded our tree and violently forced away our supporters on the ground. In ... some time, it'll be our turn ... They approached with a cherry picker and after some hesitation, two torturers and 'mountain rescuer' (!?! ) climbed onto the metal jaw and were hoisted up while the judicial police officers on the ground summoned us down, saying "we will not use force."

Five of us did the turtle position (sitting in a circle, arms and legs intertwined), while three other friends climbed higher to prevent the tree from being cut. It is still there, by the way.

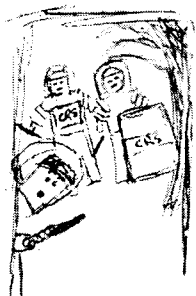
The first torturer rips the tarp with a knife, the other waits behind, the alpine rescuer communicates with the ground. Once he's entered, the guy stops, looks at us, and says "c'est un steack" (literally, "this is a steak" - possibly a police term for the turtle position). And then he goes to work. Head lock (he tried to rip my head off), throttling, fingers twisting ... he also crushed my knee a little. It was a weird moment, where I saw how fear disciplined me. I mean, I was aware of several opportunities to hit him, even hit him hard.

With the pain he caused me, and his calm ... power and the support of the state and the law in his own hands ... I did not dare, maybe just as well. I asked my friends to let me go. Sorry. Chopped up, I resist gently, just trying to stop him. And my head reminds me that

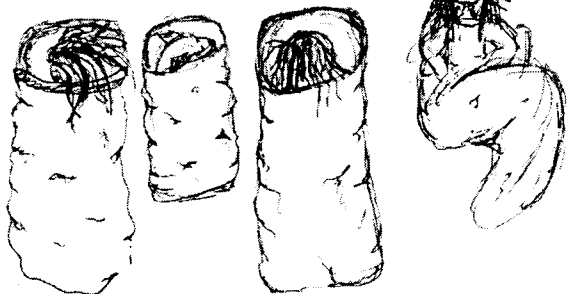
anyway I'm softer than a cherry picker. The steel jaw closes for once literally, in my back. I spend the descent with a knee in the top of my spine. With what right? Where does this all come from?

On the ground it's the robocops who take charge of me. I spent three hours handcuffed to a tree close enough to see my co-descenders trails there in the same state as me, sunken eyes, slaps and twisted tendons all over, steel jaws and a brute's head. Then we're together to try to fuck the shit out of them, put them in the ethical shit, wait til they're afraid of wolves and the dark, that all this breaks out of us.

They get themselves stuck, we wind them up. We live here, we're not going away, or better yet we will settle wherever the state puts its dirty paws, its dangerous appetite, its big eyes. We need to not be so few, which seems to be on the way, and also to stop thinking that it is enough to throw stones. But ok, I have hope. See you soon!



NO YOU CANT  
SLEEP IN OUR  
CUDDLE PUDDLE!



## .NO PRICE FOR ROHANNE FOREST.

Am

My friend she had a dream

D and she told me late last night  
She was sitting in her treehouse

Am and the moon was very bright  
She saw pine trees turned to concrete

D and oaks with plastic leaves  
And she saw a giant watchtower  
Am where they used to live the trees

En

Her puddles shine like diamonds

and her sunlight streams like gold on the ground

D But there's no price for Rohanne Forest can be Am

My friend he had a vision and he told me on a bike

D We were going to Cent Chêne. Am

to get some bread to eat that night  
He saw a giant aeroplane crash land straight into his home

D And heaps of salamander corpses, Am  
they had no place left to go

En

When it rains it comes like pearls

and the birdsong has a silver cloak sound

D But there's no price for Rohanne forest can be found Am

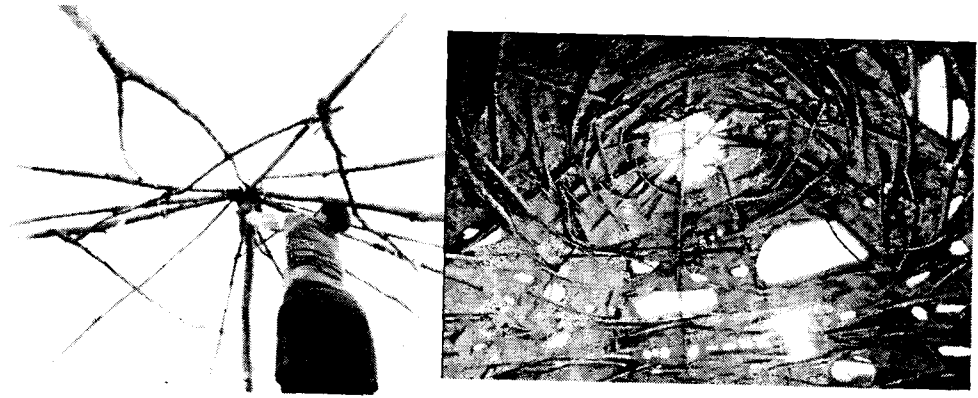
# Yet Another Forest Eviction

## 5th November 2012

about the structures that are being built right now. Living trees are being cut down to build platforms, pieces of trees are being cut out to attach beams which are attached with nails and screws. These are examples of building that can seriously harm a tree. Other platforms are lashed and tied badly with weak string which cannot be trusted. This makes it especially dangerous for humans who working/living on platforms in the future. So we want to ask that these platforms be taken down, and built again in a more respectful (to the forest) and safe way. If you build in a tree you might always damage it a bit; but there are ways of constructing that are less damaging.

**T**he collective that occupied the forest before is still living on the Zad, and we are more than happy to share our knowledge and help when we can. So if you ask around you will definitely find us. But for now please please respect the trees. We ask not to cut living trees to build or put on barricades and to not put metal inside the trees. The trees are so beautiful and important so they deserved to be looked after and deserve our respect.

**T**hank you.

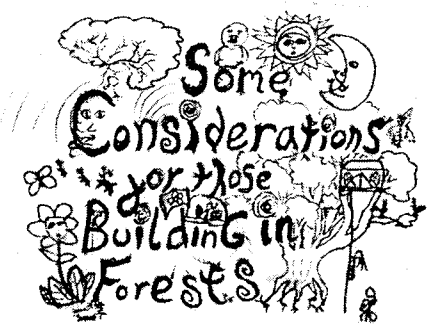
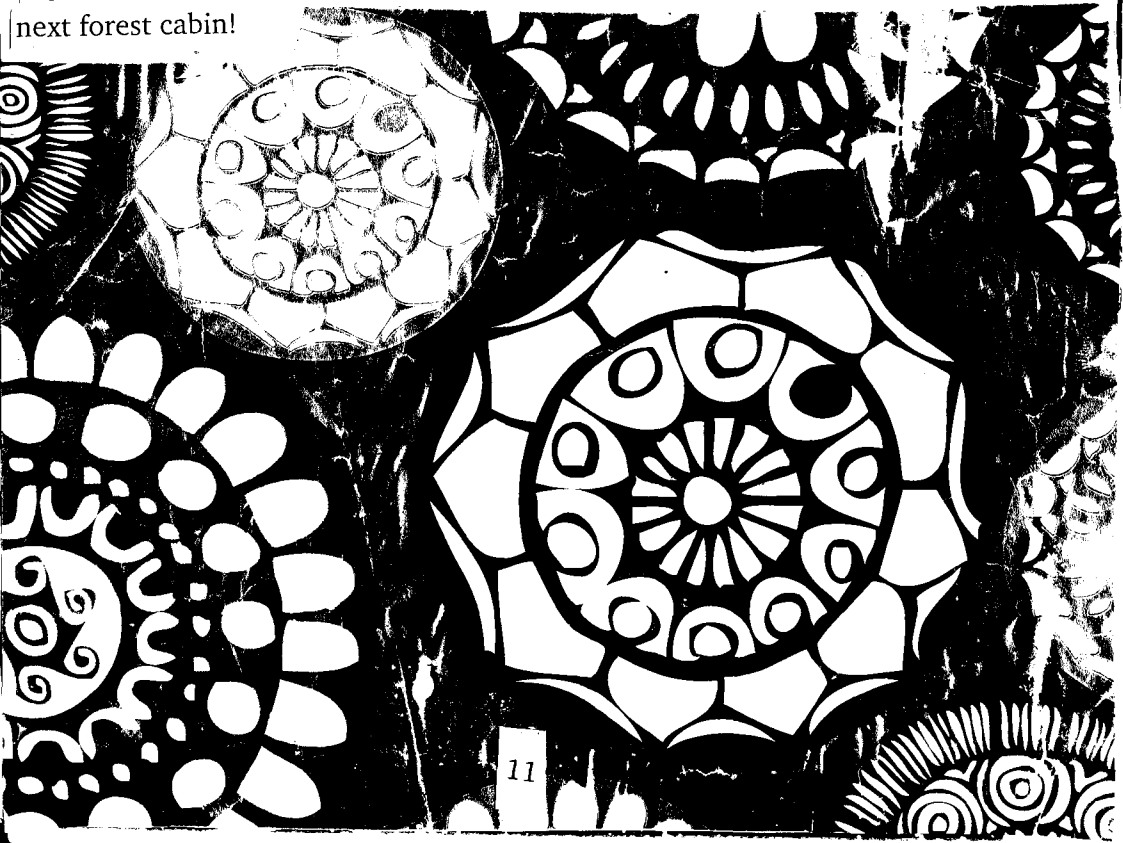


We live in the Rohanne Forest. Over the last two years the many people who lived and passed by here built seven high tree houses and a beautiful three storey collective house. On Thursday 19<sup>th</sup> October the police came with bulldozers and destroyed and removed the house. Starting the next day, and with lots of motivated helpers, we built a new kitchen six metres up in the trees, and a new communal sleeping area a bit higher. On Tuesday 30<sup>th</sup> October and Wednesday 31<sup>st</sup> October they returned with bulldozers and cherry pickers to destroy the two newly finished cabins, plus all of the seven high tree houses. During the weekend we built a quick temporary shelter on the ground with palettes and tarps so we could sleep there while we rebuilt tree houses. It was basically a few mattresses on palettes, with beams lashed in the trees and covered with tarps. Early in the morning on Monday 5<sup>th</sup> November around twenty vans of police blocked the roads around the Rohanne Forest. They entered on foot, and at half eight in the morning six sleeping people were surrounded by about thirty cops with shields, full riot gear and loud walkie-talkies, and shouted at to take what they could carry and get out of the forest. The cops started taking the shelter apart and cutting the tarps into small pieces while we were still inside, and after forcing us outside and pushing us to the ground they slashed the mattresses and pulled everything apart, including cutting the polyprop into little tiny bits so it couldn't be used again. If I didn't know better I'd say we're really starting to piss them off. They tipped a first aid kit out onto the wet muddy forest ground and stamped on it, and did the same with a box of muesli and the whole contents of the bike panniers. They destroyed the two bikes despite our hand on heart promise from the head of operations, Lazee, who works in Nantes, that we could keep our bikes and they wouldn't be touched. They pushed us, threatened us and forced us out of the forest. They tried to march us through a huge puddle near the entrance which we know to be knee-deep, but we suggested they instead follow us along the path which they did.

All the male bodied people were searched by the cops, and one had an identity card

The three female bodied people were asked to wait for a female cop to search them. And wait. And wait. And wait. Hundred of policemen but, it seems that there are not so many female cops around and after about an hour they just asked for our names and places of birth. When they had no joy extracting personal information there was a small cop huddle, after which they came and told us we could just go. Why? We were told they're sick of us, and that they didn't want to waste time in the police station, again, if we weren't going to give our names, again.

It was a pretty unpleasant way to wake up, all told, and it is getting slightly tedious having our houses destroyed every week. Having had some time to reflect though, I can't help but see a funny side to all this. When we asked why we were being taken the police told us it was illegal to free camp in the forest. So around two hundred riot police surrounded the forest and spent almost an entire day just to take down a few beams and tarps put up in a weekend. We might have had enough of them but scouring through every inch of it just to find six free campers. Twenty vans full of highly equipped cops it's clear that we are annoying the shit out of them. To the next forest cabin!



For over two years, the Forest of Rohanne has been occupied by some people who formed a collective. This collective has been evicted four times in the last two months. The tree houses and ground structures have been destroyed every time. After the last eviction we received news that a new environmental study of the forest is due to start, and it will take about 6 months to complete this study. This means that the forest will not be cut down for at least six months. This gives us time to organize ourselves again, and also time to have a break - being evicted four times takes a lot of energy.

Through decades of forest occupations, knowledge of simple ways of building structures in trees without hurting the trees too much has been collected and shared. Normally we learn and teach together slowly, making sure to make structures safe, and talking about how best to protect the forest from being cut; and meanwhile protect it from negative impacts of us living there. But in times of evictions, speed and enthusiasm make it hard to find time to have these discussions about sustainability and respect for the forest, especially as we're not currently sleeping there.

So we want to ask to the visitors and people who build in the forest to consider this.

We're writing this text because we are worried. We're worried

# The Oak That Fell

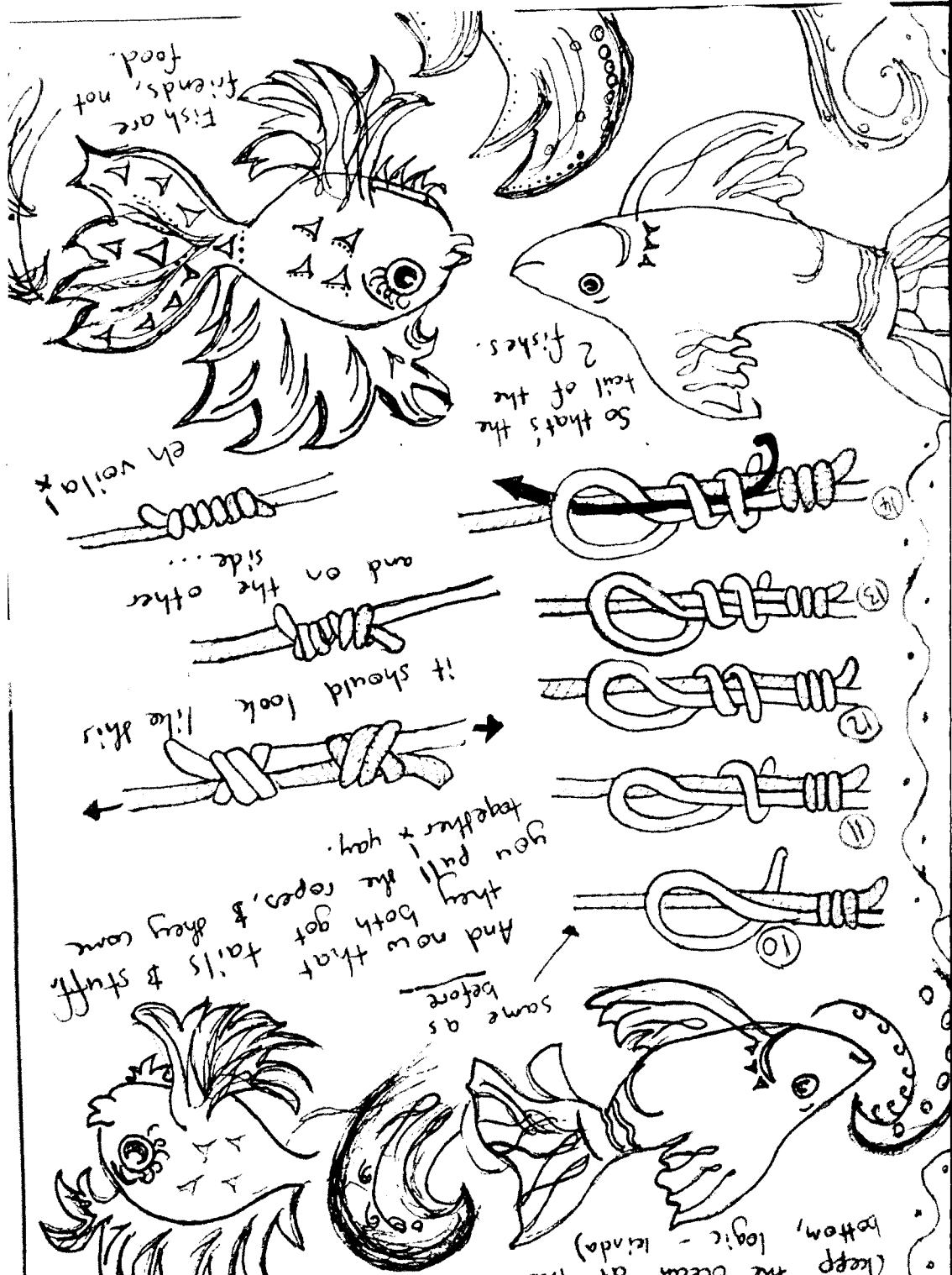
These words for murder, 'kill', or 'fall', are to cloak your guilt - disguise the smell of your genocide - your rotten insides eating away at the core of the earth, where from birth, you were fucking it up.

When a tree falls in the wood, why can't you hear it? The mass corruption and destruction why don't you fear it?

'Cos that tree didn't fall - you felled it - 'cos there was a price tag on that tree, that for we transacts money, but for you - your eyes are shadowed, by the sky overcast - not by branches of oak but by fumes, and smoke, from your 'chawmaw that broke, on the rope that was holding my friends!

Together we stood, and together we fall, and you better believe that includes us all, including every oak that you spoke about using, as a pawn in your game - where no-one wins, only loses.

And I wish you had the strength to see -



(keep the ocean at the bottom, logic - kinda)

But it's not about you (... or me)  
 'Cos every time you make us cry, you know  
 we'll laugh again,  
 & every structure you knock down,  
 we can just build again.

I know a girl who's pretty handy with a saw,  
 and your passions, they just fall, but we're the  
 best climbers of them all,

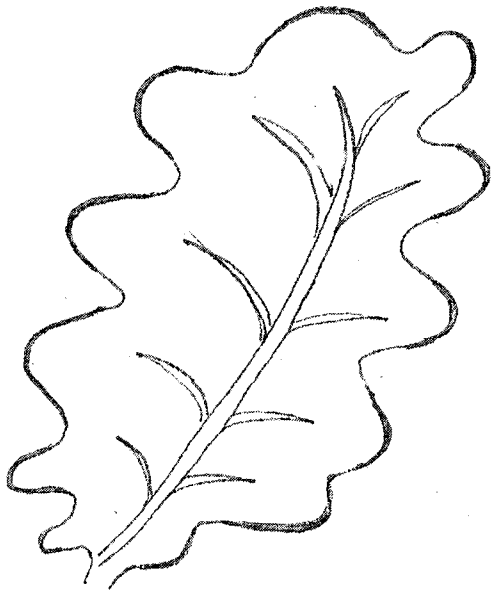
& we've got this cat, his name's John -  
 you might have dogs on a lead but the  
 creatures here are free - but they chose to  
 stick around 'cos we're the best cuddle  
 puddle in the land &..

you may have money, but we've got hope,  
 and you can cut our fucking rope  
 but you can't cut  
 what's holding us  
 together.

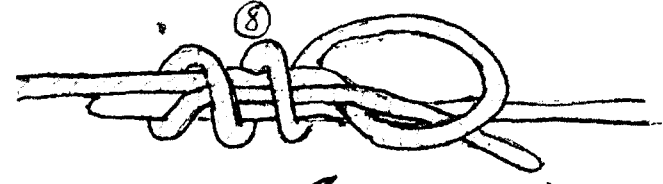
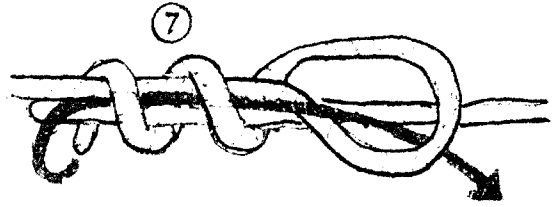
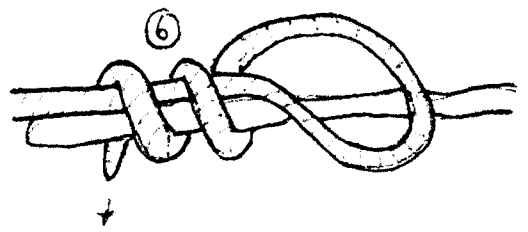
You only know how  
 to destroy

But if you  
 take a break..

You just  
 watch  
 us  
 create.

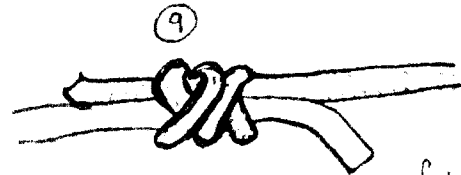


so when it looks like  
 this...



..ll her  
 ight! & you  
 ould have  
 e whole fish!  
 If a triple  
 fisherman...

should  
 look a bit like  
 this...



So, yer fish is kinda  
 unhappy, lonely even, so  
 we can make them a  
 friend! Turn your rope around,  
 pull the loose end through, and  
 start from the beginning. At first  
 they're not friends (taut jealousy) &  
 they swim in opposite directions..  
 So we make a head and tail like  
 before..

Then you're gonna  
 pull the end  
 through the body  
 & head like so...

(it doesn't  
 hurt..)

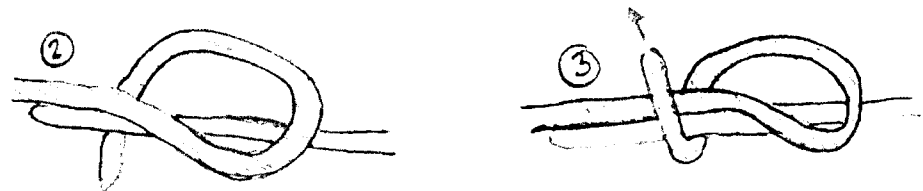


Okay getcha 2 ends ready...

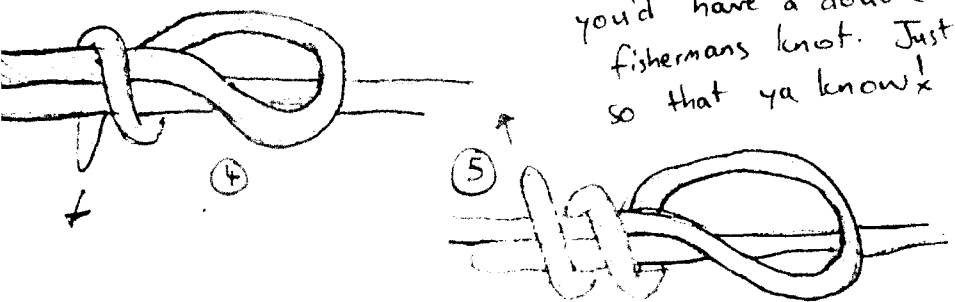
So there's this fish.. \*make a fish shape\*  
Swimming with it's head in  
the ocean. That's kinda  
important



But the fish has got no tail  
That's cool we can make 'em a tail...

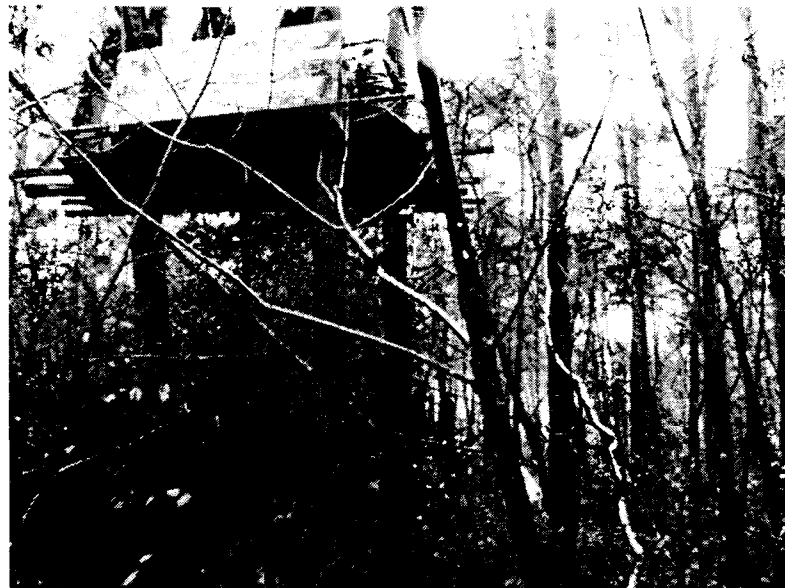


Wrap the end of the rope around both ropes  
2\* times...



\* If you only did it once  
you'd have a double  
fishermans knot. Just  
so that ya know!

The Rohanne Forest  
(this is far from over...)



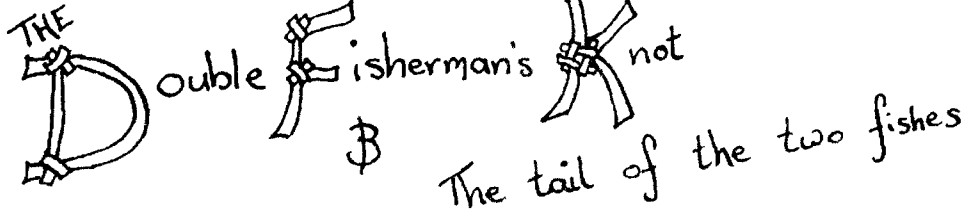
The Rohanne Forest, in the centre of the ZAD. People lived there fairly peacefully for around two years, in a big communal house and scattered treehouses. The police came and destroyed the house what seems like a long long time ago, on the 18th October 2012. A new communal was built high up in the trees. The cops came back with climbers and destroyed all the treehouses including the communal on the 30th and 31st October. Another new communal was built. They came back on the 5th November and destroyed that one too. Then things started to get interesting.

We needed help, and we made a call out for people to come and help us reoccupy the week following the reoccupation demo on the 17th and the response was almost overwhelming. An incredible collective energy buzzed in the forest, and the group mainly occupying the forest quadrupled in number at least. Whether building defenses, building platforms, teaching knots, learning to climb, cooking, building on the ground, chopping firewood, carrying materials, sorting climbing materials or just having a tea... there were always huge numbers of wonderful people filling the forest with a whole new life.

By Thursday not only were there many new platforms, a beautiful ground cabin, a high net and numerous walkways, but also a new shared confidence that there is energy and desire to defend not just this forest but the whole ZAD. That so many people put their energy and skills into building despite the high risks I find deeply inspiring.

In the morning of Friday 23rd November the police came to evict the forest for the fifth time, but for the first time they were unsuccessful. It is hard to say exactly how many people came to stand up to their knees in mud all day in front of the bulldozers to block the passage, but certainly more people than had ever been in the forest before. Hundreds of people, from close by and far afield, stood firm in front of the machines, singing and laughing at the grim lines of cops. Just before nightfall the machines turned around and left, without having touched the houses.

Of course the story doesn't end there. The next day, Saturday 24th November the police swarmed the forest from the early morning, sending seemingly endless lines of over-equipped, helmeted military cops into the once peaceful forest. This time the machines and climbers entered and destroyed every cabin, treehouse, platform and structure that had been built, and took every plank, every pot and pan away with them. Just as in the



This is a 'lil visual explanation of the double fisherman's knot...

I like learning stuff through stories so I thought I'd share this one I made up. So I kinda found the DOUBLE / TWO thing satisfying... But it actually turns out I'm teaching you the TRIPLE fishermans. It's cool 'cos it's a little bit stronger, but it takes up a bit more rope, which you might not have.

So this is used to tie two bits of rope together. It holds up really well under weight, which is why people like to use it to make their prussik loop.

The bad thing about this knot is that after you've put weight on it, it's basically impossible to undo again.

Normally I find learning from zines really confusing, so I put in loads of steps. The best way of learning is from friends but if all ya got is a computer, check out [animatedknots.com](http://animatedknots.com)





other evictions they were violent, aggressive and extremely dangerous. Their machines crashed into trees where people were high up in the branches, and once again they seemed unconcerned for our safety or even their own. However this eviction had one significant and glowing difference from all the others so far.

As well as there being more people high up in the trees and on the walkways, the number of supporters on the ground was vast, and constant. Despite some of the worst cases of police violence since the evictions started, despite concussion grenades every few minutes, despite a permanent and thick cloud of tear gas, despite numerous police charges to try and get people out of the forest.... hundreds and hundreds of protesters united together and stayed in the muddy forest. Hundreds of people were still singing, and a samba band still playing, when well after dark the police finally started to back out of the forest. As they slunk away the cowards took the liberty of showering the forest once again with so much tear gas that it would truly

stun me to ever see a salamander there again.



I don't know exactly what the next stage is but whether or not we rebuild is not in question. After hundreds of people showed themselves willing, strong enough and passionate enough to survive two days of tear gas, grenades, violence and police charges on top of the usual mud rain and cold, it would be an insult to give up now. Let's rebuild and let's keep going until it becomes clear enough that it's just not worth sending the climbing team every week to destroy our cabins. This is already ridiculous. Littering the forest with over two hundred tear gas canisters, injuring at least twenty people, putting people's lives in danger in the trees, countless concussion grenades.... just to destroy cabins we can rebuild in less than a week. We won't be pushed out like this.

This is far from over.