

As a place that doesn't exist (but did) Turtle Island is the type of no place usually referred to as myth. Perhaps this is true, perhaps Turtle Island is merely the fantastic story of a people who have since disappeared, or it is the story I'd prefer to tell about the place I live.

If I live in Turtle Island and not The United States of America, I can differentiate between my life and the life violently imposed upon me. I might be powerless to do much about it but it somehow feels important to assert that I would if I could, not an end-of-the-movie inspirational assertion about how We Are Powerful Together, but a personal declaration that I am on the side of a myth vs Manifest Destiny, that I believe in something-like-struggle if not the particulars of a specific fight, that I walk on the back of turtles and not on a spinning globe that'll be discarded as soon as the powerful are ready to leave.

from the introduction



Aragorn! is the ringmaster at LBC. Ardent Press is one of the rings. The lions and tigers are on the prowl. The bears are softly sleeping. The flying trapeze is overhead and on fire. We have no reason to believe this will go on and yet it does. We publish dangerous anarchic things and hope that you are still watching. We do this for you.

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THE FIGHT FOR TURTLE ISLAND

ARAGORN!

