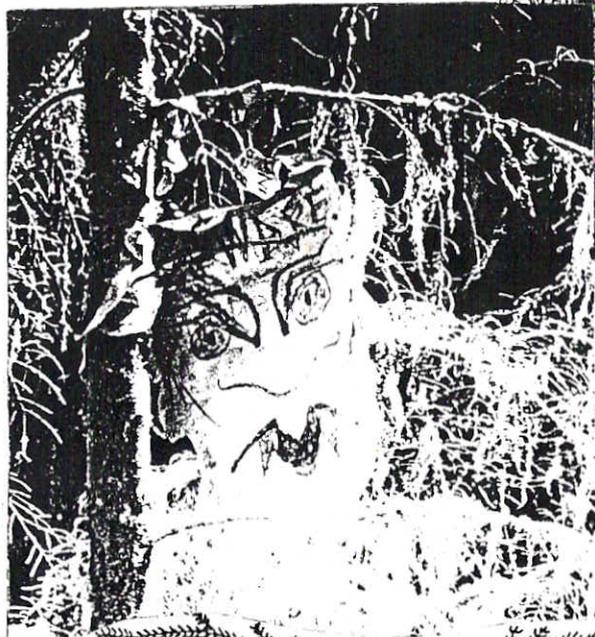
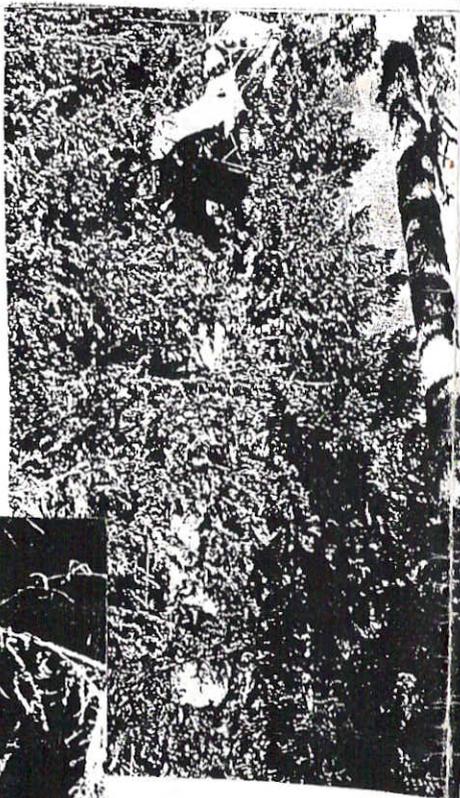


Red Cloud Thunder



CASCADIA FOREST
DEFENDERS
PO BOX 11122
EUGENE, OR
97440
953-5444

TELL EM TO STOP
LOGGING ON PUBLIC
LANDS

SENATOR RON WYDEN 431-0229
REP. PETER DE FAZIO 465-6732
USFS SUPERVISOR DARREL KENOPS
465-6521



RED CLOUD THUNDER AT FALL CREEK

BY WACRY

For the first time in North America, tunnels are being used in a direct action campaign. The tunnels sit six feet underground at Fall Creek, a pocket of old-growth forest in Oregon's Cascadian wilderness. This subterranean lockdown is our latest strategy, but it has a long history as a tool of resistance. Underground was the only place where the Vietnamese found protection from the strafings of American B-52 bombers. The Viet Cong lived and maintained their base camps inside tunnels. They had live music and even performed surgery in them as wartime conditions necessitated. English and Australian forest activists finally caught onto the usefulness of tunnels in their nonviolent struggles.

I've been living here in a 500-year-old Douglas fir for almost three weeks now. I'm 200-feet up in the exquisite and breezy upper canopy where stars shine like the heavens at night and breezes rock me gently all day. Red Cloud Thunder is the name of the seven month-old forest defense campaign at Fall Creek. It's named after the warrior chief of the Oglala Dakota Sioux who repeatedly expelled the US Cavalry from his homelands. Red Cloud did not recognize the authority of the government. Broken treaties and government lies were familiar. Western expansion was responsible for the massacre of his

people and the destruction of the wildlands and game that the tribes were dependent on for survival.

Today, only islands of old-growth habitat remain in the area surrounding Fall Creek. We are fighting for these remaining patches of low-elevation old

growth. The driving force behind our insurrection is fighting to keep Cascadia alive and to hold it as a place of resis-

tance against the insanity of the Forest Service and industrial forestry. "They should be called the timber baron service," states an activist, know as [REDACTED]

"I'm sick of Orwellian government double speak. If you want to serve the forest, leave it alone! You cannot put yourself above God and try to do better than nature by trying to manage nature." [REDACTED] sat in an ancient Douglas fir affectionately

named Fanghorn during a particularly intense siege where he realized it did not want him to be angry with the feds. "The tree wanted me to project love not anger—kind of like Gandhi but... with a mohawk," he says with a laugh.

My personal experience in Fanghorn is that the coursing energy of the wise, old tree seemingly infuses and amplifies what its inhabitants already feel. It was like sticking your finger in a light socket. "Bring it on! We are ready to rock!" I roared at the tiny little feds 200-feet below who glared in frustration at the distant bodies raging in a tree far above them.

"You defend profit and wealth! We defend this land from your devastation!" growls a young woman named [REDACTED]

"You will never win! You are a small man with a gun who has no authority over me!" declares a young man named [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Red Cloud Thunder indeed. His warriors fought



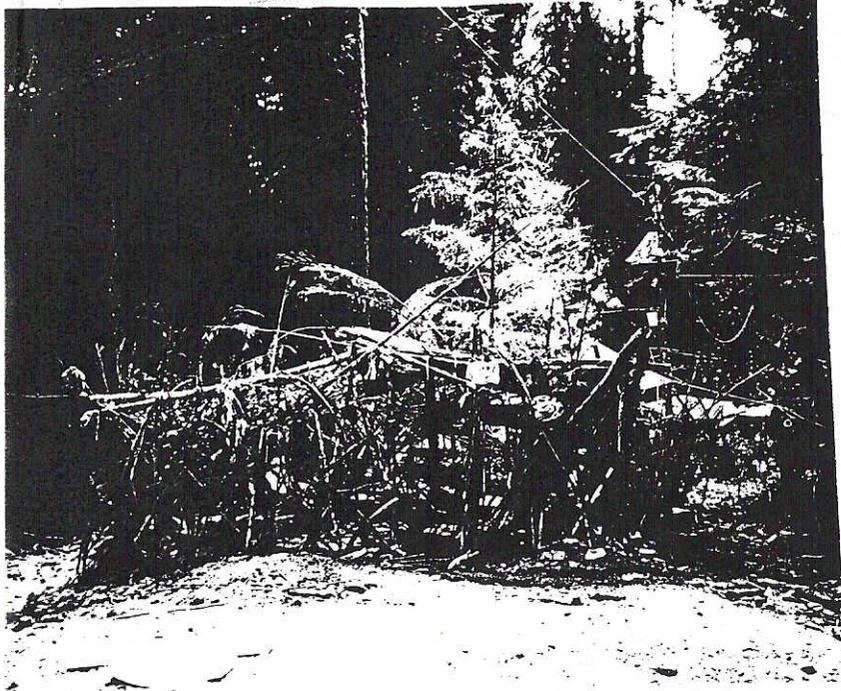
CALL 503-953-5444
for ride share info.

**THEY WON'T
KEEP US OUT
OF OUR NATIONAL FORESTS. THEY WON'T KILL THIS
LIVING EARTH. WE STAND WITH OUR RELATIVES WHO
ARE IN DANGER- THE GRANDMOTHER TREES, RED
TREE VOLE, PILEATED WOODPECKER, SPOTTED OWL,
RED SHOULDERED HAWK, CLEAN AIR AND WATER.**

**SAVE THE WILD
SAVE OURSELVES**

Through the eyes of the hawk
 Lookin' down on the rock You can see far, see near
 See true, see clear See what's really happenin' here
 What's really happenin' here? Red tail hawk in the top
 of the tree What do you see? Tell me, what do you see?
 Do you have a message for me? Do you have a message for me?
 When you look over the land do you see The heavy hand of
 humanity gone crazy? Humanity stark-raving crazy Redtail Hawk
 in the top of the tree This is my prayer for thee: May you
 always be free May we always be free.

lyrics reprinted with permission. THANK YOU, Joules Graves



WHAT HELPS A TREE SITTER:
 ROPE (POLY-PRO 3/8 IN) • CLIMBING GEAR.
 PICKS • FOOD & SUSTENANCE • HERBS.
 READING MATERIAL • MEDIA ARTWORK.
 BANNERS • FREE COPIES • RAIN GEAR.
 WINTER GEAR (WOOL BLANKETS).
 VISITS • MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
 SUPPORT IN TOWN • BINOCULARS.
 VIDEO CAMS/EQUIPT. PRESSURE ON
 AUTHORITIES • PRAYERS.

AS WE HEAD INTO WINTER RAIN & WARM GEAR ARE GRATELY NEEDED
 & APPRECIATED

like hell and maintained a
 no compromise position
 just as we do at Fall Creek.

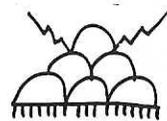
When the feds come in to remove us,
 we tell them to get the fuck out of the
 forest. How fucking dare they try to
 take away our collective refuge and
 treasure!

The feds came in early one morn-
 ing and we managed to keep them at
 bay all day. The evening sky turned
 orange-red. The thunder growled in
 the distance. These showdowns with
 federal agents inspire an astonishing
 confidence in us. The feds retreated
 after failing to get us down from our
 road blockade. They could not get to
 the trees either. It feels good not to be
 afraid. Warrior comrades made of an-
 archy and fearless beauty stood to-
 gether, flames leaping from our eyes.
 We were not made for the slave chains
 of capitalist servitude any more than a
 huge old tree was made for a saw mill.
 We are as innocent and alive as the
 forest creatures we protect. We take our
 authority from the trees not the gov-
 ernment.

The Earth does wonders for one's self
 esteem. Instead of feeling like an insig-
 nificant parasite in a celluloid garbage
 culture, we begin to see our arms and
 legs as roots and branches and our
 bodies as water, blood, life and air. We
 begin to see how we emerged from the
 elements that surround us and realize
 that to the Earth we will return. I'm
 staying up here in the canopy as the
 love blows warmly through the trees.
 This forest is gentle and accommo-
 dates the blackened depths of our dark-
 ened dreams as well as the screaming
 heights of our joy and hope. Being
 cradled in this wilderness, amongst
 these brave wild people, we can begin
 to believe that freedom is ours to
 claim. Freedom is not an abstract el-
 ement. It is the burning in your gut,
 spilling out. The revolution is bub-
 bling and erupting everywhere,
 spreading across this land from New
 York City on westward. Fall Creek is

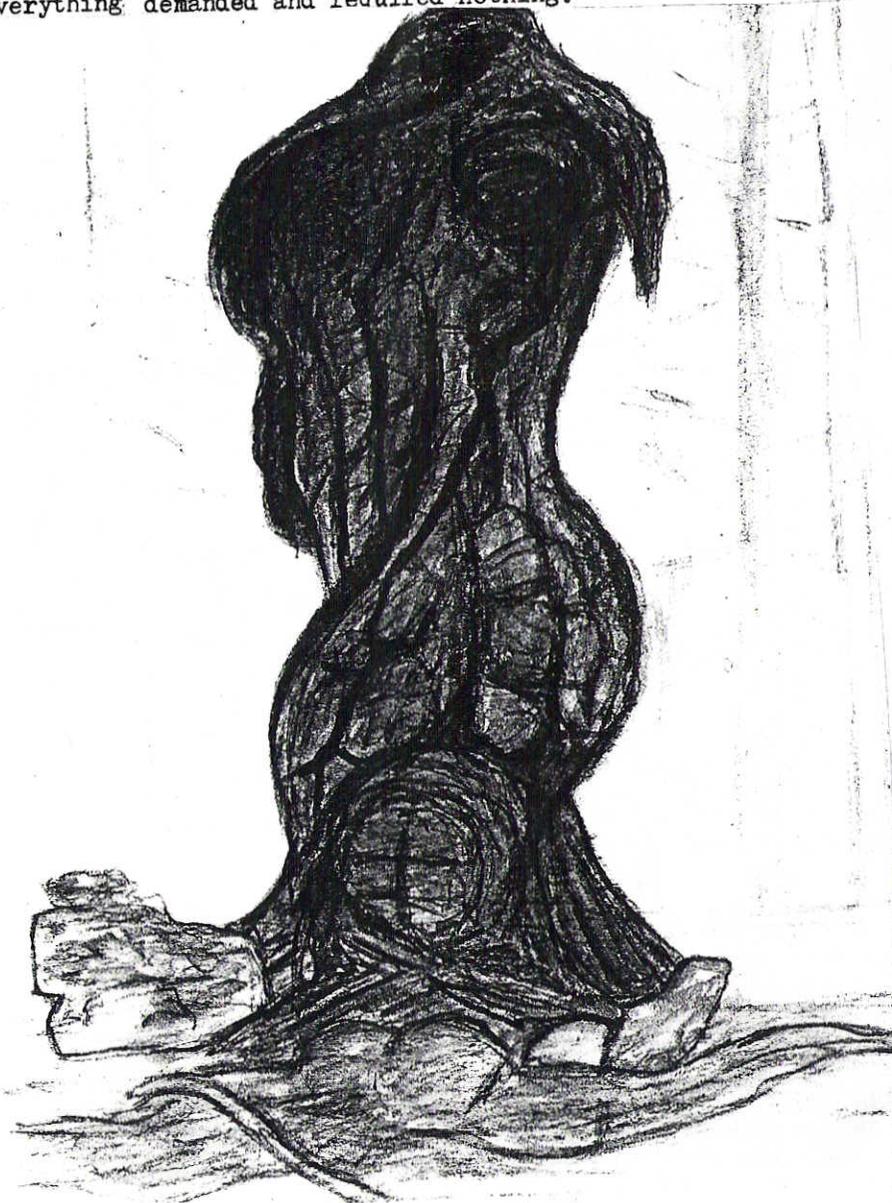
just one radiant and vivid example of
 it for this tree sitter.

For more information, contact the
 Cascadia Forest Defenders at POB 11122,
 Eugene, OR 97440; (541) 343-7305.



PROTECT
 THE
 ENCHANTED
 FOREST

On June 10, 1868, Chief Red Cloud sent a message to the government peace commission that read, "We are on the mountains looking down on the soldiers and forts. When we see the soldiers moving away and the forts abandoned, we will come down and talk." The Dakotas then burned the abandoned army posts to the ground before going to Fort Laramie. This was the first time in the history of the U.S. Government that a peace treaty was negotiated that conceded everything demanded and required nothing.



The wind runs through the ancient trees and stirs the underbrush which floats around me like a phantom. Flying pieces of time gone by spiral about my head whispering in my ears.

Across from me sits the Venus di Milo, Red Cloud Thunder's affectionate name for a living stump. My first encounter with the Venus I barely noticed her, so overwhelmed I was with the grandmother trees and wildlife. Since then though, it has been her that haunted my dreams; gnarled, twisted, but alive. Tonight I lay beside her, listening, both of us deep in thought, sap covered.

The noise of whispers through the silence is louder than anyone can imagine and I sit up in my sleeping bag and stare into the indigo night. The stars stare back, millions of years old and each of them completely unconcerned with my small existence.

As a child, someone once told me that when the wind sounds as it does tonight it is the sound of the earth talking stories to its creatures. I think about this, about my ancestors. Some of the trees out here are so old that they could have told our ancestors stories about their grandparents. I know that my ancestors' spirits are probably hiding in the trees, peering out from behind ferns and Oregon grape, but they won't manifest, not tonight. Maybe they too are to caught up in the earth stories.

I sat for a while and listened to the wind song. There is a restlessness to the sound, a sadness and a strength. Freeing myself from my sleeping bag, I pulled on my shoes. I had decided to walk up to base camp to see what everyone else thought of this crazy opera that was whistling about us.

Trance-like, I stumbled up to camp over fallen logs, moss and 700 year old roots. For the second time that night I began to ponder just how small my twenty-something years of existence were to this world. Lost in my thoughts it was only when I got to camp that I realized that it was completely silent. In the morning no one had heard it. No one.

Since then I have heard similar tales. One girl who had awoke everyone in camp to see if someone had been singing, but of course no one had and no one had heard the songs.

It is not always full of songs and winds at the Venus. One morning I awoke to complete silence, a small chipmunk sitting on my pack staring back at me. The Venus looks different in silence. Another camper told me a story about this silence. He woke up to the same silence, incredible and looked at the Venus.

"Hear that?" she said to him. "YOU're going to hear that a lot."