



Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story

By

Cat West

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The Blog

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Even if you don't live on the Rez, it's your money, YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK. You owe it to yourself to peek in once in awhile and see what you are paying for

February 29, 2008 Dorgan Dummies Up

C.R.E.W. I have updated the SMC LINKS PAGE with that link. Apparently, Dorgan, who has been instrumental in procuring many of these no-bid contracts for SMC, seems blissfully unaware of the scandal, the raid, and the facts surrounding the penalties assessed against SMC for deliberately under weaving the kevlar fabric, which left our soldiers, all of them, without protection, while at the same time, filling the pockets of the corrupt.

Dorgan the Organ has never uttered a word of concern regarding the entire matter. I suspect that he was called the day of the raid and t' was probably he who managed, after hanging up the phone (being told the FBI was hauling out computers and boxes of files), who immediately secured a \$74Million no-bid contract for SMC, to ease their financial woes.

Since C.R.E.W. contacted Dorgan's office, and actually played the undercover tapes for him (so as there would be no doubts, he personally knows the people speaking), and requested he respond.

Well, forcing Dorgan the Organ to go against his pals proves to be a slippery animal. 'Greased Pig' comes to mind. A portion of his response (if you can call it that) is here:

"If the allegations are found to be accurate, the Department of Defense will need to know that, and the consequences will be significant," said Dorgan. "If the investigation determines that the facts do not support the allegations, then it raises other questions about how and why this matter was pursued."

He suggests that this is all news to him and that the allegations (which were proven so I assume we can call them 'facts' now?) are specious. The implied threat is that the people who risked everything to bring this information into the light, should be persecuted?

His support of the most corrupt in the Tribal Council has never wavered, not for one second. Kind of calls into question, or at least it should, his competency or his integrity or both.

If I had a son or daughter, father or mother, sister or brother in Iraq or Afghanistan, I would not want him, nor anyone like him, in a position to cover up, ignore and shovel money into those who commit this most greedy of frauds.

This scandal won't die. Unfortunately, soldiers will.

At some point, Human Life, and the protection of our soldiers, should ping his radar a little louder than his zeal to fatten the corrupt. So far, he has proven to be a man of little or no conscience, willing to stand stupidly in the glaring lights of facts, and declare he, personally, will do nothing.

I ask you: Is this the sort of Politician you want representing North Dakota? Any state?

Perhaps two things need to be done to send him and his pals packing: Elect someone else, and demand an investigation into his ethics, finances and possible criminal negligence and or involvement.

Taking action on that level requires we be willing to pursue, be vigilante, and keep the pressure on every department, agency and member of congress, to make this sort of corruption/incompetence not worth it to any of them. It would also send a loud signal to the others like him, that they too, will face this kind of scrutiny, and outcome.

Ain't Democracy grand?

Phenomenon

We are witness to events taking shape in our Presidential Primaries, that can only be described as a substantial departure from the norm. Whereas people are generally turned off by all things politic and the primaries are considered the most boring, which has allowed savvy politicians to run us over for generations; this time, is anything but dull, boring.

This time, there has been a spark ignited in the heart and soul of the American People. Passion and Substance, Integrity and Intelligence, are driving us all to collect in greater numbers, more alert, aware, and most of all, involved.

At first, this ever-increasing thunder of many was ignored as a 'fluke'. Now, it is being recognized as a 'phenomenon' and it is driving a 'movement' that if sustained, will change the tone and tenor of elections, and the way our government views us and we our government, from this election forward.

That is the "Change" that is most evident. There are blatant attempts to drag the primary process back into the mud, distract from the goals and the issues, and those attempts are suddenly, because we are so much more awake and aware and involved-- falling flat. They are revealing where the last bastions of Big Time Political Maneuvers are garaged, and which politicians are dependent on the tactics of fear and lies to succeed, by who pulls them out and tries to run us over, emotionally, mentally and spiritually, to squash the opposition.

But, despite the heaviness of these political war machines, their age is showing. They are rusting, and lack the power they had over the media and the minds of the voters, falling short of the mark at the same time revealing the truer nature of the candidates that employ them.

More information is out there, and more people are questioning and researching and coming to informed choices because of it. The 'Change' in biggest part, is in US.

One can almost feel the trembling and smell the sweat of the Old Time Politicians who have consistently relied on a disenfranchised public, worn down from mud slinging and lies, dispirited by the process, and heart-broken by the broken promises, too cynical to vote intelligently, and no real choices to choose from.

Those days of despair are vaporizing before our very eyes. Crowds are gathering. People are coming together. People are working together. People are involved. It is happening on a national level and the world is watching.

Ghost In The Machine

It can happen in Indian Country in the same way, with the same result. It can happen anywhere now that it is happening in view of us all. There is a phenomena called "Ghost in the Machine" which I will summarize for this writing:

'Once something has happened and it is viewed as real it becomes more possible and will continue to happen more readily and smoothly, again and again. Things once not imagined, become imaginable. Things previously thought of as impossible, become possible. From that point, they become known as doable and they begin to manifest as commonly achieved.'

Once you see it happen, it becomes a part of the consciousness that allows it to happen again and again.

There are myriad examples of this, but you can search those out for yourself. It applies to all things physical, mental, emotional, spiritual and Political.

I want you all to watch these primaries and stump speeches on You Tube. Even if you turn the sound down, look at the numbers of people attending, their energy and their involvement. Look at the lines of people who wait for hours in discomfort so that they can get in. Failing to find enough seats, they wait outside to hear the words that resonate exactly what they themselves believe is true and possible and doable.

They are in the process of nurturing the Ghost In Their Machines process that will allow them to do more, believing they can do more and have more of an effect on circumstances that surround them. A sense of control by involvement which is the very thing we need to wither apathy and disinterest; disempower the fear tactics and empower each of us to believe in ourselves as individuals and collectively, as family, community, neighbors and nations, to step out of the grinding darkness, heal and repair; rebuild what is left into a better world for our children.

We now see, know, understand that it is possible. With that, we are obligated to make it happen. Each of us, in our own way, must lift ourselves up, and support those around us who are doing the same.

"Someone is coming," the Prophets told us. They were right. "Someone is here," they told us. We now know that that 'someone' is in each of us. You know where to look to find yourself now.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

March 2, 2008 The Value of Life

Life, to be lived right must be both worth living in and worth dying for

One has to value life. We have to value our life and the lives of others. We have to be willing to give, to struggle and to support others in order for us to build, individually or collectively, a life worth living, as The Creator intended.

So often now, there is a drastic disregard for life, ours or others. Violence becomes the first choice, only response to any discomfort.

We have lost the map of life which would remind us that some day, we may be the one getting

the worst end of a beating. Someday, we may be the weaker one, the older one, the frail one. In order for us to not have that fear in us, we must either change the way we view life and the rights of others, or we must die very young and thus avoid the consequences of a full life.

A full life carries with it lessons learned, true friends, old enemies, misunderstandings, understandings, joys and grief. All become gems, each facet reviewed from a different angle through similar experiences, repeated throughout our life. Life has value. Life is worth living.

Merchants of Death

Those who place no value on life, but only on their own momentary comforts and greed, are merchants of death. Some are murderers outright, lacking in remorse, compassion, and the ability to love and be loved eludes them like smoke in the wind: All around them, none of it in them, unable to have and to hold. They choose fear to cover the stink of their own fear. Some wear suits, and some wear filthy rags. Underneath it, they are all the same and come to the same wretched end when their opportunities for redemption in this life are all spent running away from and denying their evil deeds. Opportunities for Redemption vanish and they are left, until the end of their days, cringing in fear of every sound, smell and touch and the nightmares that remain constant, even in their waking hours.

Some are drug dealers, who see humans as flesh to spoil, money to be made, while destroying someone's child, mother, father, brother, sister. Drug dealers try to explain that they are victims of the demand for the death and violence they peddle to the innocent. They want you to need them, fear them, feel sorry for them all in the same breath.

Some are merely the corrupt who see the opportunity to make materials for what is supposed to save a life, instead as their opportunity to skim a fortune into their own pockets, while those who stand and fight, are unknowingly unprotected.

They watch the numbers on the crawl under the talking heads at CNN, "...the total dead in Iraq/Afghanistan 3,386...3,943..4,569..." The number increases daily by twos, threes and tens. All of them wearing defective armor, lives lost, families ruined, grief running like the Red River at flood stage, staining every town with it's pain. The corrupt reward themselves for being so clever as to play upon the trust and their ability to manipulate the corrupt and the stupid in high places, who give them what they want... I wonder (don't you?) what they get in return? Each death a dollar sign to the merchants of corruption. Life has no value. Only dollars have worth.

Those who suffer maiming injuries, brain damaged beyond return to this world, walking ghosts upon this land, victims of the corrupt who place no value on life, no value on their own souls, long ago sold to the Merchants of Death.

Visible

They shudder now because they are becoming visible to their families, their communities and to the nation for what they are. They always thought that they would be safe because no one would find out what they were doing; and no one would know who they are; and no one would care.

But now they are being revealed, like an onion peeled, each layer of corruption, evil, one covering the other, peeled away... and we can see they are individually each doing their part of this evil dead and altogether they are doing the same evil thing.

People see them, know their names, and are outraged.

Their lives are not worth living and they are afraid to die because their lives are not worth dying for. They have failed as Human Beings and there is nowhere for them to go, either alive or dead, that they would want to be.

They grow fatter, sweatier, more frightened and more obvious. Who can miss the stink of a fat and sweaty Merchant of Death? They tend to stand out these days, now that they are known.

My Brother's Keeper?

We Will All Be Treated As We Have Allowed Others To Be Treated.

I said a long time ago that if we as a Nation, failed to right the wrongs in Indian Country and stop the corruption that feeds upon those Good People, that the day would come when we would wake up and realize, to our horror and dismay, that we also, each and all of us, would be touched in some painful way by the evil we allowed to grow in that sacred place that we should have tended better, but did not.

And now, every home has a grieving family or friend. Every home has a soldier they fear they will never see alive or in one piece ever again. Every family ages faster, lives more tense for both the war that never should have been launched, and for the unease that their loved one is probably wearing a vest, helmet or padding that was made not to protect them, but to enrich the corrupt, even as the blood spills on the dust in the Middle East, and another brave soul is lost to us.

Only the cowards will remain in great numbers. For one, they risk nothing of their own personal comfort either here nor at war. And because we have all been cowards for not standing up for people who were being trampled down by our own government, in our own backyard all these many decades, generations. We are all cowards and we do not deserve heroes, nor good people. We will all be left with those who are more like us than not in this world.

We are, after all, our Brother's Keeper in this life. Failing to act in that way, we have become our Brother. We are all Indians now. We have a government that lies to us, breaks its word to us, mistreats us, and steals from us. We die at their neglect and abuse and we are set one against the other. Welcome to the Rez. Get used to it, or change it. "There will be blood,".. there already has been rivers of blood. The fight we ignored is now our own.

Until we learn to value life in its totality. Value our life by what we can do for others. Until we learn to stand up, together, we get more darkness and more grief. We bring it on ourselves.

We get what we give in this world. Sickness and pain could all have been made better had we applied ourselves to healing instead of warring. Had we applied ourselves to vigilance and accountability instead of leaving it up to others who played us into a stupor of cynicism until we lost our way in this world, and a lot of good people were lost to us because of it, so much more would be ours and we could leave so much more to our children.

Until we learn to come together as Brothers and Sisters, Neighbors and Nations to help one another to heal, repair and rebuild; We, as a nation are lost. Sold, we are, by our own apathy, into the hands of the merchants of death.

We could, if we had the will, at this very moment, be bringing them down. We could, at this very moment be commanding Justice to hold them to account for all they have done. But we do nothing. We speak to no one, we write to no one, and when someone does write, speak and stand up, we stand back and wait to see them fall.

Ironically, those that defeat us are weaker than us. We are defeated by our own weaknesses.

The children sense this futility and they self-destruct, faster, younger and harder. We are left with damage, holes in the ground that will be filled by their lifeless bodies, and the tears of self-pity. We plant their young lives like corn and they produce headstones, a bigger crop every year.

Now is the time of our opportunity to come together, take the right choice on the path of life,

and find the strength in ourselves and our numbers to face the struggles and find the path of light, if not for ourselves, for the children who survive us, a sense of value in their lives.

We watch on TV as great numbers of people gather, something awakened in them, long asleep but asleep no more. A sense of being able, willing, and of value, individually and collectively. The way it was meant to be for all of us.

The awakening is coming and the merchants of death and fear want us to turn away and offer a feast of contradictions, cynicism and deceptions, promises they never intend to keep, hoping that in our disappointment and despair we will again fall into that walking sleep, waiting to be more dead, more numb, distracted by stupidity and irrelevance so that they, the corrupt, the merchants of death can continue to gloat and bloat.

The Time of Legends

We, as a nation, are waking up and making choices. We are hearing our own voice added to the thunder of many voices, and we sense a vibration connecting us to this land and to one another that is the awakening. We are beginning to sense our own strength and our own value. Those who would have us shut down that process, still that voice, strangle it in the cradle of it's awakening, use old tricks that no longer work as well, or at all, like they used to work. Our eyes see more and we are not afraid.

Those who follow the path of light will be redeemed and both their lives and their deaths will mean something and be of great value in this world and the next. Some will rise to become legends, representing the work that all of us do who walk The Red Road. No credit is needed, but the stories must be told, and for that, we have need of legends and legends require identity. All legends, properly told, tell the story of many and many more. Legends are never one person, but every person before them, with them and after them. The time of legends is now. Building has begun and I am in awe of what I can see from here.

Invisible

For those who try to shut out the light, there will be only more fear in their blindness, and paranoia that they are not safe in the world they created. Those who continue to spread the blankets of darkness and despair will be without value in life or death and will, at the end of their days, be less than the dirt they are buried in, trapped in the soup of their own fears, awake in their graves, unable to speak the truth that would have set them free in this lifetime. No one will hear them and they will be screaming.

All those lives they ruined and all that agony and grief they brought to others will be with them as their pain and suffering, for eternity. Such is the way of the Black Road.

Peace

For those who take the path of light, the obstacles will be defined more clearly as will the means to overcome them. For those who take the Path of Light there will be Peace at the end of the journey.

Things are changing. Pick the right path now and stay on it. Many will be lost because they were too afraid to let go of their greed and their connections to evil. Just let them go for we cannot help them if they will not help themselves.

The Red Road starts with Redemption. Start walking. Start talking. Start standing up for something you can believe in and know is true.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

March 6, 2008 Self Protection

I ran across an interesting explanation for a concept of how people 'self-protect' with different degrees of denial, especially where the information they want to NOT have to deal with is too traumatizing (individually or collectively) or too painful (personally/collectively).

They used as an example, the 9/11 event after which some ridiculous 'explanations' were offered up that made no sense. One being that the rubble pile was 'so hot that the workers could only work on it for a couple of hours before the steel in their steel-toed work boots melted.'

People, en masse, being traumatized, had latched onto just about any information coming in from 'officials' as both truthful and 'logical' when it was not always (and in some cases, not 'ever') logical or truthful. But it became part of the 'collective memory', because the mind is softened up, shields of questioning which would normally take place in our minds, too rattled to function.

If we stop and think about a statement such as the steel in the shoes melting, it becomes ridiculous! For it to be that hot, the leather would have been burned off and the workers cooked! You cannot 'melt steel' inside of a leather 'cooker'.

The explanation for the psychological process that trips us up runs thusly:

Immediately after an event like this, humans need answers. As soon as they're given an answer, they latch onto it and don't want to look back. To look back could be to relive the most horrible moments in someone's life. How many would want to do that? So, they may blindly keep repeating this answer over and over again. ... in a way a lot of this seems self-induced by human nature.

It is a form of psychological 'self protection' which actually leaves us more vulnerable to deceptions because we sacrifice and in fact feel 'not entitled' to question anyone that is offering up something for us to grasp onto, in a time of horror. Moreover, things that don't make sense, or are missing, fade away and rarely show up again. People listening to the officials talking about the metal melting in the work boots, did not question how impossible this was. It was fed into the Nation's psyche, desperate for something to feed the rattled minds. No one asked: "How is that possible?" They accept garbage, gibberish, as gospel.

A Murderer Walks Among Us

After Eddie "Fish" Peltier was so brutally bludgeoned, and stomped to death, disfigured beyond recognition, and his corpse dragged over to Mo Azure's place where the Turdmother was doing some illegal gambling, her Turdlings covered in Eddie's Blood, the overall impact was horrific.

People could have been told that "Eddie ate too much ice cream" at that point and people would not have questioned it. People remembered seeing him like that. People remembered hearing the screams as he was being murdered. People remember the screams of Jeannie Charbonneau out by the highway as she and the boys were laying out his body (now all bathed up and changed into clean clothes), and her shrieking again as his dead body was run over by the Blazer to make the "hit and run" scenario more 'believable'.

Windows were shut to close out the noise in the early morning hours. Demus put his finger to his lips in the room next to where Eddie Fish was being stomped, to warn Eddie's brother, "say nothing," and "do nothing." (Nothing you can do). So later, to discourage him from telling the truth, he was intimidated and shamed into lying. And it has eaten him alive all these years.

People who were lurking in the spot near where the Turdlings and Jeannie were staging the highway scene, watched in horror, told themselves, "it must be just a bad dream."

Meanwhile, Eddie's nephew found the blood soaked rock outside of Celeste Herman's House (Pisster), along with Eddie's bracelet. A bloody beer can found closer to the door... all dutifully delivered to James Yankton (Poopsie) even though he was her brother, and known for his corruption. In that rattled state, and sudden grief, they thought that even Poopsie would be so horrified that he would do this one thing right. Little knowing or suspecting that he was one of the murderers.

People who did suspect and did speak up, were the minority where the majority ran for mental covers. Everyone feared a murderer or murderers walked in their midst. No one knew who it was, and no one wanted to believe it was someone they were afraid of.

Later, when the hit and run did not fly, and fall guys had to be found, and the 11 who eventually stood trial, framed in the most ridiculous of cases ever to hit even Indian Country, they thought it was so ridiculous; that people would see instantly how nothing made sense, and they would be cleared.

Little did they know that the shape of the world had changed under their own feet and that what was a lie, a ridiculous lie, would be easily held as 'true' because of the impact, still resounding in the community, over the most brutal of murders anyone had seen. The over-riding sense of "someone has to pay" being played out in minds yearning to feel safe again.

Horror Accumulates

They sacrificed on the altar of their horror and their fears, the innocent. It 'felt safer' to them, on one level, and like a lie on another level. The inner conflict raged and tore at the spirit of the people of Spirit Lake. The innocent were shunned, spat at, unwelcome in their own community, by their own people.

Now, even though everyone knows they were and are innocent, the outrage of what was done to them, so ugly, no one wants to relive it, so they ignore that. Unable to recognize that the innocent born today, pay the price of that sacrifice. Nothing heals in denial. It only festers. The spirit of the people in Spirit lake, festers with the outrage and the sickness of murder and lies. Suicides, addictions, a price to be paid as the Universe seeks balance and nature abhors a void. The emptiness of the spirit will be filled with whatever there is around, and so much of that is darkness. What were you expecting? ("LOOK! Up in the Sky! It's a bird! It's an Airplane! It's... nobody)(collective groan).

Meanwhile: Back at the Corrupt Courtroom

That the men accused to conspiring and mobbing and murdering Eddie, really did not know one another and in some cases, were feuding and would never 'hang out' together, was ignored. That there was not a drop of blood on the clothes or highway where Eddie's body was found, never came up. That his clothes were clean and even the bottoms of the shoes he was wearing, scrubbed clean, no dirt and no mud; never arose as a logical question should.

Had those items reared their question mark heads, I am sure that Judge Benson would have hammered them down like 'Whack-A-Mole' as he did any attempt of the Defense to question the integrity of the one and only Poopsie, a man with a history of brutality, and who held a jealousy and an anger towards Eddie that everyone was aware of.

The photos of Eddie's body, after 'autopsy' performed NOT by a doctor, but by a funeral director' as well as the description of the wounds, easily traumatized the jurors, not a Native American in the pool, who held Indians as a mystery, and racism was never questioned.

That the pure impossibility of the scenario presented by the Prosecution was never questioned, is due in part to the traumatizing of the overall psyche by those who had never seen or been a party to such horrific psyche scalding, and in equal part, to the bias of the Judge and the unethical behaviors of Lynn Crooks and Dennis Fisher, and Judge Benson.

"They have badges, Authority, Education. They study law. They protect the People. He is a judge. They are more important. They would not lie to us. They are trying to protect us. We must believe them. We will be safe if we believe them. We will be in danger if we question them." Such is the mind play at work, the Coyote within that tricks us into tricking ourselves into believing what we know is not true. Tricks us into not asking those things that would reveal the truth.

To this day, people so traumatized by what they heard and witnessed that they keep their silence. Others, brave enough to step up and speak up and what they say speaks the truth of what happened and who did it that night, dismissed. (How dare they bring us back to that horror!)

Worst of all, that the murderer wore a badge, impaled the entire community on a spike of denial that few are willing to remove from their guts, to this day. Tell me about those nightmares. Tell me about those addictions. Tell me about the spirits so sickened by this that the children are left abandoned in place by parents scarred by their parents scalding.

We must not allow this self-imposed denial to continue. We must rise up, stand up and remove the spike from the middle of our beings and do what we know is right. We must speak up and say what we know is right.

We must not shrink away from anyone that stands up and speaks up. We must not shrink away from anyone that lies and threatens and intimidates. The body is temporary; the soul eternal. What we allow in our lifetime, to rule us, beat us down, will follow us into the next world.

Allow me to go Biblical for a moment:

Luke Chapter 12

"2: There is nothing concealed that will not be disclosed, or hidden that will not be made known.

3: What you have said in the dark will be heard in the daylight, and what you have whispered in the ear in the inner rooms will be proclaimed from the roofs."-Jesus

(Remember that, Turdymomma, when you face the Day of Judgment and all that you are and all that you have done stinketh around you like a swamp of filth)

Eventually

Eventually, the Wheel turns and all is revealed. Already turning, as you can see, and revealing much about the murder and about each and everyone of us who stands against those who did this vile thing; and much about those who wallow in their own urine, obsequious to the evil that surrounds them.

That which you leave undone, your children must clean up. What they are unable to clean up, their children must clean up. Eventually, it gets cleaned up. Those who clean up after their many generations will not think well of those who left the mess to the babies because they were too cowardly to do what they knew was right. They chose instead, to do what they knew was wrong.

Most of you have left this to your children to clean up. Your children are killing themselves. Clean up what is yours to clean up, and give the children a chance to be clean in this world, unburdened by your fears and selfishness.

SMC and The Denial Effect

Returning to the way our minds want to accept any explanation of things too horrible or too evil for us to want to look at: After it was proven that the SMC Administrators were deliberately under weaving the armor material for our soldiers, the government gave them double the contract in order to allow them to replace the equipment that they fraudulently produced under critical minimum! They got paid, essentially triple or more, for putting the lives and limbs of

soldiers out there, unprotected!

So horrible is this war in Iraq that we are numbing to it. Numbers of dead soldiers increase daily, and we eat that with our dinner after work. Horrors of a war fought on lies, and soldiers returning over and over again, while the President takes a vacation every five minutes or so.

So horrible on top of that to think of our government covering up the fact that soldiers died because of this that an asinine, impossible statement of assurance is offered, "We have determined that no soldiers were wounded or killed because of this (inferior armor)" and the public heaves a sigh of relief "Wow, that was close! Glad nobody got hurt or killed!"

Typically, the ridiculousness of that statement, on the face of the facts, glaring the dangers and the most likely case in every case "failure to protect", is washed away. We latch onto that statement that comforts us so we don't have to think about what we are allowing to happen to our soldiers. Our Indians.

Think about it. Even if you don't want to, think about it. Especially if you don't want to think about it!

Ongoing

If you are a cop, like say, Terry Morgan, and you have had a bad day because one of your babies' mama's took you to court for child support; you can always take it out on say, a helpless drunk after you handcuff him and you don't have to worry that he can defend himself.

This past weekend, for instance:

The Badgers were called to go and pick up Wayne Buckles because he was drunk and not listing to his mother (Maxine Buckles).

Badger Terry Morgan and Badger Laverne Little wind (aka Bundy) when to Maxine's home to get Wayne.

They hand-cuffed Wayne and were taking him out of the house, when Terry pushed Wayne down to the pavement. Wayne was unconscious and lost a shoe.

At this time 2 of Wayne's nephew's and his Mother Maxine saw what Terry had done. So did Wayne's Sister, Shannon Buckles who was watching from her back door and saw what Terry Morgan had done. Shannon asked Terry why he did that, and Shannon said Terry would not say anything, so Shannon asked Badger Laverne Little Wind why Terry did that and told Badger Little Wind "you seen what happened."

This kind of abuse is common. People are numbed to it. They expect it. When someone stands up to it, they are alone. The community doesn't understand that what is done to one person, that is abusive, regardless of who that person is, will eventually come to their door and be just as intimidating to them someday. Not sure where this complaint of brutality will go. Probably nowhere. Terry Morgan, who likes 'em young, is a cop. He is also a member of the Turdclan and his mother, is the Tribal Chairwoman, Naked Lawn Ornament.

Turdclan are untouchable. The people in power can do what they want. They have Dorgan the Organ, a Senator that gets letters and emails from people who are complaining about the abuses on the rez, and he just laughs at them and blows them off, ignoring the abuses. He even ignores the corruption and the fraud that took place in the SMC plant that puts our soldiers lives in grave danger. He pretends to not see that which would make him uncomfortable for he is far too comfortable with the corruption on the rez and those who are evil to the core and in power.

How far will a complaint about a cop that beats up a hand-cuffed drunk? Where would you look to fix this if you were living on the rez? The options narrow down to none, with one stop at being laughed at, another at being ridiculed and the third at being ignored. Sometimes a fourth stop, where you are threatened or your home and property are seized and you are given less than an hour to clear out of your own home. Then, after that, you can expect from Dorgan the Organ and the rest of them--- nothing.

Look no further than her corrupt son, the Secretary-Treasurer for the tribe. Multiple charges and guilty pleas to drunk driving, giving false statements to police, drunk driving, suspended license, open container, drugs, drunk (again). Yet, he is untouchable. His brother is Terry Morgan. Half-brother/ half-man. Mommy was a bit of a slut, hence the name: Naked Lawn Ornament.

Check out the [Documents](#) page for more details.

Well, this is a really LONG blog. Give you something to chew on the next while. I will be without internet connection most of the time in the next two weeks so there will be no blogging. Emails will be answered when I can find a connection.

Figure it will be mid-April before we can get back on track.

Ahhhh! Springtime in the Southwest!

You know where to find me! (well, not really)

~Cat

March 7, 2008

Violence as First Option

I posted the almost non-event of Badgers in the previous post, (Terry Morgan pushing down Wayne, who was drunk and hand-cuffed at the time) to exemplify that at almost every level on the rez, violence is the solution first sought. Unhappy? Hit someone. Had a bad day? kick someone. Think someone said something about you? Get a gun, throw rocks, burn 'em out, etc. Remember: Eddie Peltier was stomped to death by his 'friends' who were mad about a traffic ticket he issued (and they deserved) months earlier. Violence, so it seems, is the first and only solution to everything from annoyance to assault.

Now I am hearing from other people that Wayne and his whole family were drunk at the time and Wayne had been beating on his mom. That is NOT the point. It's a given that he was drunk. I have no doubt that he does not drink alone. Most alcoholism on the rez (and just about everywhere else in the world) is an ongoing legacy handed from family to child.

Violence and addiction is common. What I am talking about is that those who are supposed to be in charge of bringing or restoring 'order' cannot be allowed to so quickly resort to violence, worsening a situation, when simpler, safer methods and means are in use in other departments and could easily be used in this case and cases like it.

I am told that Terry shoved Wayne down because Wayne was spitting. Yes, drunks do not behave like little gentlemen. What do you expect? However, shoving him to the ground, is unnecessary and just shows that badgers are entitled to be violent towards people.

Why do the Badgers not use other, more simple methods and means? Ever hear of "spit nets"? Every department has access to them. They are cheap, less than \$2 each when bought in bulk. It is a mesh hood that fits over the head of the combative prisoner, and allows them to see where they are and walking, and to breathe unobstructed, but prevents them from spitting on anyone except themselves. They even have nets that are reinforced in the front to prevent biting.

Putting them on is faster and easier than putting on a condom. (We'll discuss birth control in another forum. Not that some out there are interested enough to prevent unwanted pregnancies in their underage girlfriends.) (Sorry, I digress).

Time To ReThink

Addiction and alcoholism is killing Indians. Politics, corrupt politics especially, are preventing people from getting the help they need. Worse, using the information rendered in confidentiality against those who are desperate for help. Hence, more addictions, more alcoholism.

More leads to more: Neglect, abandonment, fear, violence, theft, death and destruction, abuse and disease.

Time to rethink how we approach every problem. Using violence against violence is like fighting fire with fire--burning down the very house and home we are trying to save.

We have to stop and think and use our minds more constructively and effectively. Violence just perpetuates the spiral of confusion and destruction.

Every aspect of life on the rez needs to be looked at and people have to come together to make it better.

For one, TRAIN your police in methods, techniques and ETHICS.

Dump the corrupt on your tribal councils. Look at how long Zit Puppet has been a disgrace to the tribe in places outside the rez. Inside, he is protected by the corruption, but outside, he makes you all look like what he is.

Violence first is a sign of total surrender. When you see that a community relies on violence, expects violence, you see only more darkness and death.

The children watch this and see this and hear about this. They grow up seeing more, hearing more and experiencing more violence in their own lives.

The Police are supposed to be people you can respect. The Badgers have no self-respect and they certainly do not respect the community. The community, in return, sneers at them and considers them lower than low.

Look at Mike Tollefson. He has lived directly across from Kalum Yankton for years! Ever see him make a move on him? Think he doesn't know that Kalum is a full time meth head and drug dealer? Thief and woman beater? If so, that would make him the dumbest man on the rez! Either he is looking the other way or he is too stupid to be a cop. Either way, he should be anything but a cop.

Donovan Wind got an in person visit from Kalum one night. Kalum walked right up to Wind-for-Brains bed while he and his wife were asleep and held a conversation with him, asking if he (WFB) was angry at him for anything. WFB assured Kalum that all was well.

Those are Tribal Police????

No wonder there are no spit nets! No wonder there is no training! That would be waaay out of status quo for the rez.

But don't you all, even for just a minute, think you deserve something better? Or are you satisfied with the level of violence in your community and the Badgers inability and unwillingness to deal with it, professionally, or at all?

Sometimes I think that someone should just throw a net over the lot of them. Sometimes, when

I am exasperated with the level of stupidity, I resort to cartoon panels in my head to show the step-by-step in a more sane world.

Okay, my ride is here and I have to go for now. I will try to find 'hot spots' to relay my blog and emails for the next two weeks, but it all depends.

I do absolutely, appreciate it when someone writes in with additional info on any posting and with clarifications. So, you know who you are and thanks!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

March 24, 2008

Xeriscape

Yeah, leave it to me to send you to the dictionary my first entry in weeks! Touring the Southwest has been interesting. You don't need a lot to get by and to find beauty, but you do need a plan and to do the work. It shows.

Some yards look beautiful, despite the dryness, lack of abundant water. Others just look parched and desolate, foreboding and forbidding; abandoned and left to rot in the sun.

Different tribes, different people, and too often, the same issues of corruption and nepotism enabled by government apathy towards the plight of Indian People, but willing to funnel money in and out to suit their own needs.

Xeriscape (I'll save you a trip to the bookshelf) is a way of landscaping that requires little or no irrigation. I have seen plenty of that around here. Some do well, some give up. I look at how government tries to flood money into Indian Country, and ignores the fact that the people are in economic drought. A man-made (government styled) economic drought.

We must pull together to clean up this mess. We cannot ignore the plight of our neighbor without setting ourselves up to suffer the same fate, or worse, when it is our turn.

As long as we remain divided, neighbor against neighbor, tribe against tribe, race against race, the drought will continue to bleed us all dry, and refuge in the storms to come, will not be available to any of us.

We have to clean up our own mess, and help our neighbors to clean up theirs, and deal with what is left after the light of truth exposes to shame of corruption and the devastation of apathy; to repair and rebuild to make this a better life for the children and their children.

Or, we can remain divided, whimpering and whining, but doing nothing to change ourselves, nor our situation, allowing the children we brought into this world, and their children, to be swallowed by the darkness.

What we do, we must do for others as well as for ourselves or we are all lost.

The corrupt must be weeded out of this barren, rubble, trash strewn landscape, and we must, like vigilant gardeners, continue to monitor our own handiwork to be sure we have not allowed it nor those who benefited from this ugliness, to return to any seat of power or influence. Weeding is forever. Worth it.

Power to Change

Regardless of how corrupt they are and how long they have gotten away with their crimes, the power to oust them, hold them accountable, resides with us. It always has.

They must, regardless of how they do business, at least pretend to be doing it right. In this case, they have, in their arrogance, issued 1099 forms to members of the tribe, thus giving evidence of their crimes. This is an opportunity for each of us to use what they have sent in the mail, to reveal to agencies of government, their corruption and crimes.

The 1099s were illegal. They were sent late, amended and resent even later, and sent illegally to begin with, to people who never should have received them.

There is still time for those of you who have not sent me a copy of your 1099s to do so. I am compiling a report to send to the IRS regarding these 1099s and the corrupt operation that issued them.

If you want things to change, have courage and show courage. Email me a copy of your 1099 form. Preferably in a .pdf format, but .jpg, .jpeg, or .gif or .png format is also workable for me from this end.

I need them all to be with me no later than April 21st, 2008 (this year, for those who do not have a calendar handy), for them to be included in my report. The more I have, the more the report must be reviewed by the agencies I am sending it to.

Your names will NOT appear in the blog so don't worry about that.

We have everything we need to make this crime against us all, visible to the agencies that we can then hold accountable for doing or not doing their job.

The Most Powerful Tool

Voting is key to power. I know that the elections in Indian Country are often rigged and voters not allowed to be counted, but do not let that stop you from demanding access and full use of your rights.

Vote in every Tribal Election, show up at EVERY Tribal Council Meeting, demand the minutes be posted and protest inaccuracies and demand corrections be applied.

You can also vote in the State and Federal Elections. Get rid of Dorgan the Organ and any other incumbent who has been deaf and dumb to your pleas for help, all the while shipping millions of dollars into the pockets and schemes of your corrupt 'leaders'.

You see how scared the crooks are when you all show up at meetings. You must continue to do your part to force them to answer to you. If you quit, you make it too easy for them to just keep on bleeding you dry. Don't make it easy on them.

Landscape

One of the settings on my camera is 'landscape'. It is for taking wide angle shots, that go far into the distance. If you look at Indian Country in that kind of way, you see that there is much hope, much beauty and much promise in the distance as well as in the present, closest to us.

Focus on those things and work towards those things. Take in the wider aspect of what we do or neglect to do and see how it affects the present, close to us, and the future, to where we are all going and where the children of our children will live.

Everyday, every hour, someone dies. We lose all they had to offer, but we can keep all that they gave us. Our time is limited here and what we leave undone is left for others to do.

A lot has been left undone. Spiritually speaking, our yards are full of derelict, rusting vehicles, that could have taken us more and better places had we taken care, maintained and used

them properly. Neglect rots in all directions.

We can also see that our spiritual yards have a lot of trash that needs to be cleaned up by each of us. Self-pity litters the view, and drags us down.

All this will crowd the landscape of the future, contaminate the view of our children and their ability to see beyond problems into resolutions and resourcefulness.

We need to clean up in our own selves first, and our own yards and homes, and then onto our communities, helping our neighbors do the same.

Symbolic

Make a sign to yourself, your family and your community, and a statement to the corrupt that have been stealing your life's water for decades and generations, that you are awake, aware, and changing in ways they cannot stop: Clean your house, your yard, and show that you have self-respect.

Once you show you have self-respect, and that you respect others who also have self-respect, there will be a strengthening and a bonding that will carry forward into other aspects of your life, and the world around you.

Everything we do is symbolic. Everything we do radiates outward from each of us in that moment, into the world around us. We have control over that, always. Make it something worth knowing and having by doing.

Stop waiting for things to get so bad that something will have to change. Something always changes: It gets worse. There is no bottom, there is only worse and worse. Start now to change the direction of your future into someplace that you want to be when you get there.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

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