

July 10,2008

It's Not The Crime, It's The Cover-Up

(I know, I know, long time in between blogs. Not every place I go has internet so posting is going to be sparse this month and the first half of next month as well.)

They say that the biggest crimes come when people try to cover up the lesser crimes they have committed. I see most of what is outrageously wrong out on the rez, as being the product of attempts to 'cover up' original, smaller crimes.

Eddie "Fish" issues a ticket to Poopsie, who is a cop but who has no driver's license (and therefore should never have been allowed to drive, much less drive government vehicles), so Poopsie, in order to prevent himself or any of his Turdling Siblings from ever getting another ticket, murders Eddie Peltier. If ever there was a definition of "overkill" this would be it.

Then, to cover up the murder that he and the turdling siblings committed, he and they, along with the wise guidance of Turdy Momma, drag the battered body around the rez in the back of the Blazer, everyone covered in blood, to the illegal gambling party at Mo Azure's house, thereby letting about another twenty people know that they murdered Eddie Fish. And then they drag in the body, to the home where the sisters were told to bathe him and clean him up. Paying of course, with a couple of six packs of beer. (Who wants a Heineken?) I hear it was cheap beer, so maybe Heineken is a stretch.

Let us review: Traffic ticket to murder; murder to involving dozens of cousins in the cover up; paid in beer. So far, so weird. It gets weirder.

Now, staging the crime scene on the Highway involved putting the freshly washed, now unrecognizable body, dressed in Q'ball's pants (7" too long for Eddie), wearing shoes that did not belong to him, a shirt no one had ever seen him wear (doubtless one of Poopsie's), is being dragged in and out of the back of the other blazer (Weenie Boy and Poopsie had twin blazers. They liked to be 'twinsies'.). They would start to take the body out, and then traffic would come by, so they would have to shove the body back in. The whole time unaware that another 6 people who were in the vicinity were watching. (Oh yeah, be sure when you want to dump a body, you put it at the party spot on the road. That would make it look like he had been partying and got drunk and got run over, but it also leaves open the possibility that chronic partyers would be in the vicinity and witness the whole thing. Not to mention the drunk whose girlfriend threw him out and he was walking in the ditch to avoid being arrested for 'drunk walking' and he ended up seeing the whole thing from less than 6 feet away, behind some shrubs.

Now that the body is on the road, you have to run it over (Who wants to drive my Blazer?) a couple of times. Of course, Jeannie Charbonneau (Work's at the local store so you can visit her there and ask her if she had fun that night) she was screaming her head off and Q Ball was yelling for her to shut up, while Poopsie yells at both of them to 'be quiet!' (Good, that way no one will hear, right?).

Then you have to call the cops to report that you 'found' the body (everyone has already seen you all with the body, pulling it out of the Blazer, arranging it on the road, running it over, so best to try and be the first to 'report' the find). But, it will take time to get the story together, so send Screamy Charbonneau and Weenie Boy 'walking' to the cop shop to file a report. That way they can discuss the best lie to stick to on the way there.

Let's Review: Ticket to murder; murder to witnesses and tampering with evidence and concealing a crime; to staging the scene, filing false police reports (many, as they changed hourly, daily, weekly, monthly..)

And when all of that failed to pass the sniff test and the Chief of Police, Melvin Grey Bear did not buy the 'hit and run' scenario and wrote:"homicide" on the death certificate (Cops get to declare cause of death in Indian country) (which is why Poopsie wanted Grey Bear out, so he could take over... declare a lot of 'accidents' and 'suicides' and cover up a host of family rapes, molests, thefts, embezzlements and a few other murders...).

Problem/No Problem

Now we have a problem. How to get rid of Melvin Grey Bear: No problem.

Beat up a few people who know you did the murder (and were silly enough to try and blackmail you with it) and make them tell a different story. One that puts Melvin Grey Bear into an apparent "conflict of interest" situation. Claiming his son, Loren Grey Bear, was at the party at a house near where the body was found, and was the killer.

Only problem is: Loren has an airtight alibi: He was throwing a party at his folks house (Cat's away, mice play) while the parents were in Montana. 20 or more people could swear to his whereabouts.

No Problem. Take all the witnesses and change them into 'suspects' and then beat them up, threaten them and their families if they don't testify against Loren. Those who would not testify against Loren, ended up as defendants with Loren. Even people that were neither at Loren's party or who knew anything about the murder. It was a crazy quilt of alibi witnesses who stated that this person came home from the party at this time, which would be a double alibi because it

supported the first alibi witness for Loren, etc). Eventually, people who did not like each other and would not have been at the same party, became co-defendants for a murder they had nothing to do with.

None of that could have been accomplished without the help of Spencer Helleckson, a raging drunk FBI Agent, a handful of corrupt BIA Cops; corrupt US ATTORNEYS (Dennis Fisher and Lynn Crooks), and one of the most egregiously racist Federal judges (Paul Benson) ever to don a black robe. I think Benson secretly wanted to wear a white sheet and hood as he sat on the bench, but I guess that would have been 'too' obvious?

Again for the Review: traffic ticket, murder, accomplices and accessories to murder, witnesses to silence, perjured statements and testimony, crooked agents, USAGs, racist judge (things falling together quite nicely).

Oh yeah, now we need the ultimate fall guy: An outsider. Back when the murder was being planned and Sissy Bigtrack became involved in helping plan the murder (she did not know it was going to be murder at first, only found out later), she was told to get her cousin, Richard La Fuente to come out to the rez. She made up some lie about a check for over \$1500 being issued to enrolled members, but that he had to be on the rez to get the money. He lived in Texas at the time. Originally, it was just supposed to be a murder by getting Eddie Fish so drunk, and drugging his beer so that he could not defend himself, and then they would kill him and stage a hit and run, and find a witness later, if they needed one, to identify Richard La Fuente's vehicle at the scene at the time.

It just got so messy with all the blood, the yelling, then the clean up (House could not be cleaned up. They demolished it, including all the cement walkways, 2 days after the murder and rebuilt the 'new' home for Pisster, which I believe she lives in to this day).

In order to make the fall guy thing work, and get Melvin Grey Bear out of the picture, they had to put Richard at the party at the house near the scene of the body dump, with Loren Grey Bear. Melvin was quickly transferred to Idaho so he could not take statements from witnesses that trusted him, nor could he protect his family from that distance.

To Do List

Murder Eddie. CHECK

Clean up and re-dress body. CHECK

Stage Scene. CHECK

Create False Statements. CHECK, CHECK, CHECK, CHECK (Screamy, Poopsie, Weenie Boy and Bruce McKay)

Oh, and get back up liar to confirm original story of the hit and run, Pete Belgarde---OOps. Forgot to tell Pete of the changes in the plan. There he was, showed up at the scene, giving the cocked story about how he was feeding his horses and heard squealing tires, ran out and saw a vehicle that looked (describe Richard La Fuente's El Camino (Ranchero?) here now).

Dutifully, the CHP first on the scene took measurements, photos, and was about to look at the blazer to see if it could have been (since it was the only vehicle on the scene) involved, but was immediately replaced by a rookie who had no experience in accident scene investigations. (Send the guy with 17 years experience back to the station. Rookie takes over from here.

Meanwhile, Belgarde is given the sliced throat signal from Poopsie to 'keep it brief' but he launches into the full previously agreed upon story. But, Rookie had no sense and no way to investigate. It was all an unfortunate accident to him.

Not until Melvin wrote: "Homicide" on the Death Certificate, would they really need that story again.

Back to our list:

Threaten and intimidate all witnesses to the real murder:
CHECKCHECKCHECKCHECKCHECKCHECKCHECKCHECKCHECKCHECK
HECK

Time goes by:

Murder must be investigated.

Create False party:CHECK

Create False Witnesses:CHECK

Intimidate Alibi Witnesses: CHECK

Crooked FBI Agent: CHECK

Corrupt USAGs (with big flashy egos) CHECKCHECK

Moron Racist Judge: CHECK

Keep the Jury in complete darkness:CHECK

Scare them about Indian Uprisings: CHECK

Make sure there are no Indians on the Jury: CHECK

Intimidate or Bribe any Appeals Judge that would set a new trial: CHECK

Problem/ No Problem:

Several of the Convictions were overturned. No problem. Just as long as Richard La Fuente, and his friend John Lopez (who happened to come along for the ride that fateful summer) remained in prison, no one would ever reopen the case, and no one would ever investigate Poopsie, the Turdclan, or their cronies.

They could create a power base that prevented them from ever being investigated (with one notable exception) for the rapes, murders, incest and more that they live by.

They have become politically powerful, with Senators and Congressmen giving them millions of our taxpayer dollars without audit or follow up. They in turn, keep the powerful in office. Sometimes it is by extortion (special cameras in special places with very young children work wonders to keep people from turning you in).

And since nothing that goes on in Indian Country is ever reported in the mainstream media, not even the substandard body armor that put our soldiers into their graves, or as the walking wounded, not even that is reported so the US Public is never alarmed enough to investigate the breadth and depth of corruption in Indian Country, with our top politicians woven into the fabric like fat cats or trapped bugs, depending on whether they take payoffs or afraid of being exposed or both, the murder of Eddie Peltier, and so many others, remains a permanent stain that darkens the lives of our nation, spreading the consequences of unbridled criminal enterprises (drugs, rape, robbery) seeping out from the borders of the rez, into the homes and lives of every one of us.

CHECKCHECKCHECKCHECKCHECK.

We have all become party to the murder and the cover-up, the false imprisonment of Richard and the others, and the corruption that is ongoing, and even gets our soldiers killed, while no one, but no one, even asks: What is going on out there?

Because, I fear, the people who make the most money from all of this, don't want us to know. And they own a whole lot of media, advertising, and are politically powerful. We applaud what they tell us because they only tell us what makes them look good. It's time all of us started looking deeper into how things work: In our government, in Indian Country and how the same templates of corruption and abuse that have worked so well at keeping Indian People marginalized for over a century, are being applied in our policies towards other countries, and making us look very ugly.

It would appear, more and more, that we are the last to know what it is that is being done in our names, with our tax dollars, in Indian Country and around the globe.

It is time we all woke up. It is time we all learned how to come together. We start by making changes in our own lives, in our family and in our communities. And then we change our nation into the great nation it was meant to be.

CHECK. CHECK. CHECK.

These crimes have been covered up with so many worse crimes for so long, we have become accustomed to playing our part by doing nothing. We think it is too big. Nothing is too big if we come together.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 21, 2008
Critical Thinking

Critical thinking is when the brain actually works to show you what is true and what is bunk in your reality. Many have had the critical thinking part, pretty much beaten out of them in Residential School, and so did not teach the process to their children and grandchildren. The rest of the country just had their critical thinking erased by mass media conglomerates that focus on repeating distractions (Paris Hilton, Britney Spears, stumbling bears, etc.) masquerading as 'news'.

"News" used to be a source of information that related to our lives, our families, our community, our country and our world. Now, 'NEWS' is just distractions and slick marketing of product placement as "stories" with the occasional 'shark attack' in summer, body count from misbegotten wars, weather and sprinkled in to make it look like 'information'.

Critical thinking is when you are told something and you question it: You see obvious contradictions or illogical process and you question it to either clear up any misunderstanding on your part, or satisfactorily conclude it is bunk and disregard the 'information' from that source as 'unreliable', 'false & misleading', 'garbage', 'hogwash' and/or 'deceptions'.

When you conclude 'deception' from your critical thinking process, you become aware of more information that could be concealed (or attempted to be concealed) by those practicing to deceive, mislead, misdirect your 'thinking' and 'attention'. You can then ponder the motive behind it all.

With the 'critical thinking' process engaged, you can, even when you are lied to, perceive not only what is probably true (the opposite of what you are being told), but also the connections involved behind those deceptions.

You can also determine more confidently that the information you are being told is 'reliable', 'truthful', 'probable' and use that information to guide yourself along the path of life you are on, to where you want to be. With critical thinking, you will know which is which, what is what, and it is a lot harder for those who want to mislead you, control you, use and abuse you to get away with it.

For that reason, it is important that we all learn to think, not just accept any lame, half-witted story that is tossed our way by people who are, frankly, not smart enough to figure out who farted in the phone booth.

An early example of 'critical thinking' can be the typical sibling squabble.

"He bit me!" holds up arm with teeth marks clearly from younger brother.

"Nuh-uh!" Guilty brother thinks of lie to cover the obvious evidence against him: "Her arm was passing by my mouth just as it was closing."

A parent with 'critical thinking' would automagically know that the little booger is lying to save his ass. Inasmuch as there appears to be two or more bite marks, the question to Booger Boy is: "So, you 'accidentally' bit your sister how many times before you realized that your mouth was in the vicinity of her arm?"

If that is met with further foot shuffling, denials and wild nonsensical, illogical descriptions of how it happened, the follow-up question should be: "Do you think I am dumb enough to believe that line of crap?"

Wake UP Call

But that process has been dormant in all of us, as a nation, for far too long. It is time to wake up and jump start the brain cells in charge of processing our information (sorting into 'relevant', 'junk' and 'deception' piles), once again, if we are to survive as a family, community, nation, and species.

Stupidity is the quickest route to extinction. We may have too many people and this would be a natural 'thinning out' process, but think about this part: Indians are being made extinct by laws that declare you are not an Indian after you marry into other races two times. No other race is deemed 'invalid' after intermarriage, except for Indians.

Indians are racing to extinction through the collapse of what used to be the strongest family and community alliances and bonds, mostly through the genocidal practices of government which rent the fabric of Indian culture into shreds. This has left successive generations more and more without foundation, and without political will to make the changes that would reverse the damage done. Addictions of alcohol, drugs and gambling are taking what is left of the dignity of Indian people, and killing them off, both slow and swift.

It could be argued that this is true everywhere, and indeed, it is to a very large degree. To those who would argue that I am picking on Indians, ignoring the issues in the greater population, I would say this: "We don't have enough Indians left that we can afford to waste them in this world, in these awful ways. Other races will survive longer, by sheer numbers. But Indians are a vanishing people, and no one will come to save them. No one can. Indians have to save themselves. They have to wake up, stand up, make the changes and do the hardest work. Otherwise, they perish and are no more. Indians do not have the luxury of ignoring the facts that glare out at them from every angry face, and the

younger and younger ages on the grave markers. “

To ignore the warnings, the messengers and the message by attributing it to me picking on Indians is to walk ever more blindly into the abyss. If you see people suffering and dying...if you see children taken by addiction, lives ruined before they've had a chance to really live; if you saw corruption grinding your dignity under the heels of the murderers and rapists, who laugh as they rob you, addict your children; would it make more sense to heed the warnings? Learn how to make the changes that can save you? Your family? Your future? Or would you continue to ignore the sirens, whistles, flashing lights and screams and head into the depths of unnecessary despair, because you chose to read 'offensive' into what you should have recognized as 'true'?

The decisions are yours, but they affect not only you, but your family, parents, children, nieces, nephews, cousins, brothers and sisters. It affects your community and the shape of hope or despair; healing or hurting. Dismiss the messages enough, ignore the warnings enough, and a point is reached where you cannot find the strength to save yourself; cannot find the allies to support you and help you pull out of a death spiral; and wish, too late, you had heeded the warnings, learned the lessons and taken a different path.

Too late you see that you, selfishly, have done damage to those you cared about, when if you had thought about it a little more clearly, evaluated more 'critically', you could have been a part of the healing, repair and rebuilding of your life, and all the lives your life touches and upon which you have an effect and a value, with every breath you take.

Those who want to control you, want you to not see yourself as part of anything bigger than your momentary displeasures. They don't want you to question what they tell you as they lead you into racism, addictions and destruction. They want you to not question, not even care or think you can make a change or have an effect on anything, anyone bigger than yourself.

I am here to tell you that you are important, valuable, needed and necessary to all that will make this life, this world, a better place. I am here to tell you that we have an incredible amount of work to do; individually and together, and we don't have the luxury of wasting time creating ways to ignore each other, dismiss one another, or shirk our obligations to the next generation. That if you do not do your part now, the next person will have even more to do of your work before they can begin their own work.

So much of the work we have to do now, is because people before us did not realize how important it was to do their part before they left it undone. But if we don't do it, pick up our load and the load left behind by those who never stood

up, then we condemn the children to carry our our trash, clean up our messes, and they might find they don't have the strength.

If we think about it, we wake up and realize how much there is to do. Realize that it won't start to get done until we make the changes in ourselves that start to get it done.

Critical Thinking Can Be Fun

They say that smart people can find amusement in attempts by others, to deceive them. What is probably not funny, but is ridiculous enough to laugh at, is how, for so long, supposedly 'smart' people never spotted or called out the glaring stupidity involved. (Go Zen for hours at a time if you ponder "why").

One reader, having read through Pete Belgarde's statements at the time that Eddie's Body was staged on the HWY to look like a hit and run, (Pete Belgarde eager to play his part in the hit-and-run scenario, unaware that Plan A was too full of crap to fly) detailed an illogical story as to where he was, what he was doing when he claimed to have heard what he claimed to have heard (which clearly, he did not hear). Remember, he was more than two miles away; It was 4 AM (he never did get his time frame right), claiming that he was feeding his horses when he heard tires squealing. More than one point of his 'details' rubbed the reader the wrong way. Not just inconsistencies in time, but subtle slips in 'location'.

Now, just like the man who, upon being told his wife (whom he had murdered) was late for an appointment, begins to speak of her in the past tense: "...she was such a good mother..." things like that. Dead giveaways to those adroit enough to question such a seemingly out of place 'slip'.

Remember: the scenario the Turdclan, Helleckson, Fisher and Crooks settled on was that Eddie was murdered around 2:30 AM. (Time of death did not fit the scene as staged. Rigor mortis, what a bitch, eh?) Remember that Eddie was wearing QBall's clothes and shoes, waaay too big for Eddie. But the clothing was never examined?

CHECK: The interior of big shoes found on Eddie's feet not checked for fiber evidence (forensic science)

CHECK: Pants not checked for fiber evidence

CHECK: Eddie's shirt not checked for fiber evidence.

CHECK: Witness was feeding his horses? In the middle of the night?

Things that make you go "HMMM"

Followed by this letter (Obviously the critical thinking was engaged and would not let go of the myriad inconsistencies):

He was "..feeding his horses. He heard squealing tires, so he ran out."

"Ran out?"

Does that mean he had been inside, when he heard squealing tires?

Inside? where inside? Inside his house.?

So he ran "out", when he heard squealing tires?

Does that mean that the horses that he was feeding were inside also?

Where inside? In the T.V. room? In the kitchen? or in the bathroom or in the bedroom?

If he was feeding his horses at the time he heard squealing tires, so he ran out to see the car that was squealing its tires? Then that means that he must of been feeding his horses inside his house?..HMMMM.

To be fair, the Defense also had questions regarding the shifting inconsistencies in Belgarde's and the others' statements. But they were not allowed to ask them at the trial because Judge Benson would not allow a proper defense.

Tough To Kill

Indians are tough to kill. With all that has been rained down upon Indians, the genocide by legislation, the corruption, and a separate Bill of Rights that makes it impossible for Indians to take their government to court or hold them accountable; despite the addictions, the abuses and the hardships, Indians are still with us.

Indians are still struggling to make it better and to raise their children in a way that both educates them in their culture and gives them pride in their heritage, but also gives them opportunities to make their mark in this world. Indians are tough to kill.

The government wants them to just lay back, quietly and not stand up, not be heard, not be allowed to reclaim their lands, and to not be remunerated for the resources (Oil, water, minerals, Uranium, Timber) that have been, and are being, illegally extracted from them, with the aid and assistance of Government, politicians who masquerade as 'Friends of the Indian People'.

You are still here. We are still here. WE still have a chance to change what is

wrong and corrupt about our community and our nation, but we must wake up and use what we have left, to save ourselves.

My thanks to the reader who signs "HmMMMM", for showing me that a key factor in bringing about change, 'critical thinking' is alive and well out there. Maybe a spark, maybe a beacon, but the light is on if you know where to look.

I will try to get a blog out later this week, but time and travel between now and August 1st (next trip) is to places that did not have internet access (or even cell phone reception) last time I was there.

I hope to be able to resume more full-time attention to the blog this summer. Then again, "Life is what happens to you while you're busy making other plans."-- John Lennon.

Stay awake. Keep your mind strong, alert and playful.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 22, 2008
Must Laugh

This came in from a few readers a few times so I think it is time to put some laughs in the postings. Sort of take the edge off.

1. *Save the whales. Collect the whole set.*
2. *A day without sunshine is like . . . night.*
3. *On the other hand, you have different fingers.*
4. *Remember, half the people you know are below average.*
5. *He who laughs last thinks slowest.*
6. *Depression is merely anger without enthusiasm.*
7. *Support bacteria. They're the only culture some people have.*
8. *A clear conscience is usually the sign of a bad memory.*
9. *How many of you believe in psycho kinesis? Raise my hand!*
10. *OK . . . so what's the speed of dark?*
11. *When everything is coming your way, you're in the wrong lane.*
12. *Everyone has a photographic memory. Some just don't have film.*
13. *How much deeper would the ocean be without sponges?*
14. *What happens if you get scared half to death twice?*
15. *I couldn't repair your brakes, so I made your horn louder.*
16. *Why do psychics have to ask you for your name?*
17. *Inside every older person is a younger person wondering what happened.*

18. Just remember---if the world didn't suck, we would all fall off.

19. Light travels faster than sound. That is why some people appear bright until you hear them speak.

20. Life isn't like a box of chocolates. It's more like a jar of jalapeños. What you do today might burn your ass tomorrow.

Must Wonder

This is old news revisited, but with an update. Not unexpected, but just to keep the information continuum going. A while back I blogged that someone was passing around a fraudulent document that looked official, as if it were a genuine police report, but which was false in both content and representation.

That document tried to make it look like Terry Dunn was narking out people, and even falsely accusing people of selling drugs, committing other offenses. The purpose of this document was to get people mad at Terry Dunn. Isolate him from any support. The other agenda was to get people angry enough at him that they would attack him or kill him.

The document looked real because it was written on police stationery, supplied by Poopsie. I suppose he got it from his friend, Donovan Wind-For-Brains.

Well, now we know who is making copies of this fraudulent document and passing it around: Monty Herman. Yup, Pisster's inbred offspring; the one that looks like Q-Ball. He is there, at the copy machine in the SMC plant, running up the copy bill making hundreds of copies, and passing them around.

Gee, what a shock! The son of one (or two) of the murderers of Eddie Peltier, has decided to again lie and frame one of the people they had lied about and framed for the murder of Eddie Peltier.

Terry is not a perfect person, so do not misunderstand. He has a temper and has made his share of mistakes in this world, but he has never murdered anyone. He was one of the men framed for Eddie's Murder.

He is also not afraid of the Turdclan. In fact, he has, in the past, beat the crap out of Poopsie and Weenie Boy. Not sure if he kicked sod out of QBall, but that is probably

coming.

Turd Clan is always embarrassed when people are not afraid of them. Terry went after them after one of them took a long rifle and took shots at him from the bottom of his driveway, bullets just missing his head. Instead of being cowed by this, Terry got mad and stomped one of them.

So, they can't break Terry Dunn. He served time for a murder the Turdlings committed; they have shot at him; and he refuses to be afraid. Time to get other people upset with him so that if they can kill him, suspicion will fall on those who would have 'a grudge' against him?

So, let's start the lies and see how many people we can stir up and get them to turn on Terry. Let's see if we can get Terry murdered and then have all these other people to point the finger at. Let's get the inbred moron progeny of the Turd murderess, Pisster, to print and spread the lies.

Okay, so now you know what is going on with that. If you don't like the lies it contains, especially if you are one of the people falsely accused in that bogus document, you now know who to go and talk to! "Hey Monty! Someone here to see you!"

I know, I know. To Turd logic, this lie within a lie to cover for their next murder, was 'brilliant'. I wonder how drunk they were when they concocted the plot on this one? Planning, in case you have not noticed, is not their strong suit. If not for corrupt FBI Agents (Poodles), corrupt US Attorneys and Judges who only want to be paid off, they would never get away with any of it.

Well, they haven't yet gotten away with it. They have managed to frame the innocent, but what they have done stinks all over them and they can't get it off of themselves.

Must wonder, from time to time, how much more stupid they can become before they forget to breathe.

I wonder how nervous Moron Monty is now that his part in this 'brilliant' plan is revealed.

Does he go cry to Mama? Turdmother? Uncle Poopsie? Daddy Uncle? Where does he turn?

And what, exactly is his JOB at SMC? How much are they paying him to not do it? Is he in charge of finding ways to cover up the under-weaving on the kevlar? Falsifying the paperwork? He seems to like falsifying documents. It might be his only talent.

You all know what he looks like, where he works and where he lives. You know where he eats, where he drinks and what copy machine he hangs out at. Ask him.

Casino Scoops

Just so you have an idea as to what is going on with the casino and why it is looking so bad, I have some personnel issues that we will be discussing.

First off, the place is dirty. Wacky Jackie has no qualifications for running the casino, other than she is part of the incestuous Turd-o-Rama Drama that is ongoing and going on (forever) out there. She has no idea as to how to run the buffet, always gets thing wrong, and blames other people. I would not let her run a Laundromat, much less 'the pride of SLN'.

People are not sure if she can get much more hopped up on drugs than she is now. They think she is in end stage denial. her brain, if ever there was one rolling around in that tiny skull of hers, has to be fried by now. (Rattle, rattle) But Poopsie wants all the big money to go to his family, so she continues to screw up everything she touches at the casino."Dead drunk by Noon" is her policy.

Lisa Greywater seems to have a major jealousy issue with Clarice. That also appears to be fueled by her excessive drug use. Even her kids have quit denying it is a problem. One of them just begged her to stop using, 'for a little while' last week. It was an ugly fight. Lisa came to work in an uglier than thou mood, and took it out on Clarice... And everyone else within spitting distance. Lisa can't speak without spitting. It annoys everyone. Napkins are always close at hand.

Clarice is not afraid of being accused of being me. "Cat West is in the building!" She announces when she arrives at work. (Why do I keep calling it, "work"? Everyone knows that it is just the asylum at large when they all show up.)

Now, think about it: Could Clarice ever string together a sentence, much less write a blog? She would WANT to be me, but only in her dreams can she try. Lisa, on the other hand, wishes she could be Clarice. Catch their hiss and spit show, daily, at the smoke shop.

Not sure if this is why Lori Brown is planning on quitting pretty soon. It could also be that she wants the big pay off for quitting. You have seen how they write these amazingly generous contracts that give away hundreds of thousands of dollars like they did for Nicholson. Well, Lori is hinting that it might be worth their while to give her a sugar deal like that, as well. She has certainly heard, seen and been involved in enough to make it worth it for them to either pay her off or just off her. ("Offer?") There

are only two kinds of retirement packages out there Lori, Think about it. Don't push. Just go quietly.

Lisa's boy, Calen Little Wind, has a career selling pot out of Lisa's house. Lisa was appalled at first, but now that she is getting her cut of the sales, and the product, there is peace in the family. Nice to see the boy has a future in rez economics, eh?

After all, it is Lisa's House. She should get a cut, right? She raised him, right?

The McDonald Family Pride

Demus is Clarice's Step-dad, her mom was the late Bernadette McDonald. Thumbs up to Clarice on this one: she took care of her mother when she was dying. Demus, who tries to be in the lead float in the Pity Parade, drags out the death of his late wife, Bernadette, and can often get a few free drinks from bar patrons. However, not from Clarice.

Clarice was not happy about the way her mother was being treated by Demus and the other daughters. Clarice took her mother out of their (Demus's) home and moved her to Devils Lake for the last year of her life.

She kept Demus and their daughters away from her, so her mom could die in peace. (Imagine what that woman took to the grave with her).

Other Family Pride

At a wedding, recently, Tyler Black knocked out Elvis Thumb. A little later, Elvis' boy, Joey, beat the snot out of Tyler. (We will resume the Chronicles of the Oh Oh Bar in our next episode. Elvis, Joey, all tied into that).

Erica Grey Water was trying to act good in the bars that night but every one was making fun of her because she looks like a little bull dog, she is so fat. They made barking sounds instead of her name.

So, here you get a real insight into the thinking processes at large out there, (or the lack thereof):

1. No wedding is complete without a drunken brawl.
2. No drunken brawl goes without retaliation from the losing side
3. Trying to impress people with your good behavior at a bar is useless if people

already know you as a full-time lush (see Thistles page for more on Erica Greywater. Just search out the Big ones...) (Try going to Mass next time. It's what the Turd Ladies do when they want to 'fool God and everyone else'. Never worked for them, but maybe you will have better luck?)

What We Are Seeing

What we are seeing here, in these chronicles of the drugged and the drunkards is a tragedy in slo-mo comedy format. We see people who have lost their way completely, and are more lost than found at this stage.

Integrity and decency don't exist in the work place. Corruption and insanity rule over all. Decent People get nowhere, or whatever decency exists is gradually worn down to suit the mold and the behaviors of those who rode in on evil and corruption, via The Black Road.

This is because everything that happens in Indian Country is hidden from view. People are not born this way, they are made to be this way. They need to have their hopes and dreams beaten out of them. They need to have their integrity weigh them down in the surreal rules of corruption. They need to have their plans laughed at and their opportunities robbed from them over and over again. The whole time, government needs to encourage the worst, and discourage the best in the communities. Social oppression becomes silent genocide. It doesn't just 'happen' because they are Indian. It happens because no one stops it from happening. What you see in these episodes, is what is left of people whose lives have been repeatedly destroyed, by corruption, and by ongoing self-willed ignorance by the rest of the country.

The Good People who struggle to regain what has been stolen from them, and to salvage and restore their heritage and their culture, receive no help, no support, and are mostly invisible until they are used to Poster Child for their tribes, in order to get more money from the government. More money for needed things: Schools, health, housing, and for them to further their education. Once the grants are given, they are relegated, once again, to obscurity, only to be brought out as show ponies when the corrupt need to put a pretty face on their requests for more money.

Promises are made and broken. But you have to believe each time, because to not believe that this time 'they' will do the right thing, is to lose all hope. Dreams and aspirations become a joke, and the joke is on all of us. The money never goes to what it was intended for and claimed for. We get robbed of our tax dollars and we should be angry about that. (We will discuss the Indian Health Services scandals in upcoming

blogs)

Worse, Good People get robbed of any chance of a life with dignity. The only way they can even hope that their children will survive and be able to make a life for themselves is to get them off the rez, and as far from home as they can move them, and as fast as they can. Cultural genocide, self inflicted, for survival.

What We Are NOT Seeing

The insights into the working conditions and characters at the casino, and this was not even the tip of the iceberg, is a comical peek into a rolling tragedy. All these people I am telling you about, once had clean lives, which now they can't even remember. They have mothers, fathers, siblings, children of their own. All affected, wounded by these behaviors and neglect.

This is the darkness they play in now. This is all the next generation has to look forward to. What good can come of us all ignoring the problem because it is too big to be solved quickly? Do we continue to turn our backs and pretend this is not at our door?

If so, we must continue to ignore more and more: If not the loss of children, death of culture, theft of heritage and resources, then perhaps, things more in our own lives: Everyone knows someone who has lost someone to drugs, alcoholism, even if they themselves did not partake. Murders and accidental deaths increase with alcohol and drug abuses.

There is that and then there is this war and the scandal over the kevlar manufactured in Indian Country, deliberately under woven, ... deaths mounting up...Only silence from the mainstream media. Only more money poured in by our government, and the contract redoubled.

What loss will be great enough for us to say: "No More"? We have watched as ever greater losses in Indian Country became the 'norm'. We shook our heads in bewilderment as we counted the thefts, the robberies, the rapes and murders, and the children dying in greater numbers, fewer years... and now we are on the same path. Going deeper into the same abyss. Still funny? Or is it becoming a 'familiar' norm to us and we just don't recognize that what was "them" has now become "us"?

Our loved one is next. Will WE care then? Or will we, by that time, have become so habituated to our own denial that we continue to shut down the obvious (glaring) facts of our own self-willed ignorance and unwillingness to hold our leaders accountable for the damage they do deliberately and by neglect?

The SMC Scandal, without even looking too closely, spells the deaths of so many of our men and women. Soldiers who never knew until too late (if they knew at all) the betrayal of trust to them, so that corruption could continue to thrive in Indian Country.

Our policies towards other countries is not predicated upon their decency to their own people. Rather upon the willingness of their power structures to abuse anyone that would stand in the way of powerful people who increase their wealth at an obscene acceleration, at the cost of the environment, the culture, the lives of Good People whose voices are not heard and whose votes are irrelevant in the machine of corruption. Corruption creates the greatest imbalance in wealth, and our government's policies towards other nations cares only for the profit to be had.

Corruption that will yield up the resources and the wealth of nations unto the control of a powerful few. What do you think is driving the tragedy in Sudan? What took so long for us to hear the cries from Darfur? Same policies and practices; different continents. It's a pattern repeated over and over again, and it started here, in Indian Country, and here is where it must stop if we are to save ourselves.

It started with our government's policies towards Indian Nations, right here, in our own backyard. If we are to turn it around for our country and the rest of the world, we must begin, in earnest, in Indian Country. Good People on the inside and from the outside, need to come together. There is no other way.

Meanwhile, I know we are all laughing at the staggering stupidity we know about in the shadows of Indian Country. Just not sure it is because it is so awkwardly funny, or if it is because we are uncomfortable in that growing awareness that this is our doing. Comical tragedy continues to continue.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 23, 2008
Laughing, Thinking, Laughing

Now this is funny. About 45 days ago, a woman was pulled over for speeding in Devils Lake. Of course, they ran her plate and it came back to "Cat West". OMG! So all the scanners lit up like the fourth of July and Christmas all rolled into one; I hear it even made the evening news! (Why????)

So, as things go out there, rumors flew that it was ME. Apparently, there can only be one Cat West in the US, the World, the Universe... and people don't realize how common a name that really is. (Trust me, it is very common). She was issued a ticket and sent on her way.

But the next morning, and for most of the next day, the talk around the rez stretched from "They finally got that Cat West," to "They finally caught and arrested Cat West. She was snooping around Devils Lake and they caught her." (What? No SWAT Team?).

Arrested me? For What? What crime? How bass ackwards are y'all that you think Law Enforcement is going to arrest me for blogging? Telling the Truth, in the real world, is not a crime. The image of me being hunted down (whup-whup-whup: Helicopter sound effects), like some fugitive is comical. I feel sorry for the poor woman who got the ticket, being famous for about 48 hours, must have been embarrassing.

Now, if y'all had any practice at 'critical thinking' you would have easily dismissed the rumors as bogus.

If I had been snooping around in Devils Lake or Oberon, or the Rez, New Town, Jamestown, yadda, yadda, yadda, I would rent a car. I would not drive my own car. I would not fly into your area, buy and register a car in my own name. I would Rent one. I would use a different name.

Meanwhile, the fantasy fiction of me being 'finally chased down (rooruh-rooruh: Sirens) and arrested' "Step away from the v-hickle! Turn around and sit your fat ass on the curb..." might have momentarily given false hope to Opposition, namely Carl Walking Ego (New Name: Talking Eagle) and the rest of them. But of course, the idea that I would be that close (and for how long? Who did she talk to? What did she find???) would immediately wind up the panic key in all of them.

Well, fun while it lasted.

I take this opportunity to remind all of you who think you know who I am or really must know, to tell you that Popsie has a whole collection of photos of me from

when Chuckles the clown and his wife, Wide Mary, took me to the casino, for the express purpose of letting Poop and the rest of them get a good look at me. They didn't think I was much of a threat at the time.

I remember hearing Popsie snort that I could not be The One he had been warned about. "She can't do anything!" I just don't look like anything anyone would be afraid of. All his Black Road Medicine man could do was scream. But Popsie was right: I am harmless. It's just that since I got onto this thing, things have not gone right for that bunch out there. Can't explain it. Probably just a coincidence. It has nothing to do with me. If you think about it, you realize that is true. Nothing to do with me.

I think, for awhile, they were getting really scared of me. That fear was totally misplaced, as they found out later. It was not me they had to be afraid of. It never was. It was you. It always was. It still is.

Fat Man on The Hot Seat

Carl Talking Eagle Is measured for a Jumpsuit

You know, Carl, you had a lot of opportunities to change things for the better over the years. Instead, you chose to rob the people, to lie, and fill your pockets with cash; stash a fortune in the coffee cans buried in your back yard; but it was never enough.

Your greed got bigger and bigger. You and Mark Lufkins used tribal money to buy hookers by the dozens in those resort towns and locally, gender optional parties, all great fun. You bought a bar for yourself, apartments and resorts in Las Vegas and other places; but it was not enough.

You robbed the children, the elderly, the sick and turned your back on the people you left impoverished, while you raided the money room like it was a piggy bank, and you were the biggest piggy of them all.

And then you and your cohorts dreamed up the perfect money laundering scheme with Ronin Wireless. Whereas your Golden Eagle Wireless (\$4 Million) was small potatoes as far as theft and embezzlement, fraud and worse went; Your Nature's Way scam netted a paltry \$12 Million, your other scams, big and bad as they were in their day; paled in comparison to the Ronin scam.

And you just could not keep your greasy paws off of the Tribe's money. It was too easy.

Until lately. I hear that now you are not showing up for work because you want to spend as much time as you can with your 'beloved' grandchildren before you go

to Federal Court this week. Or is it next week?

Gee, what can that possibly mean? You willing to sell your soul for a few dollars? Now you want to throw your cohorts under the bus (Make that a freight train) to get a reduced sentence for yourself?

You could have possibly saved yourself some of this grief had you spoken to that group of guys that was asking you questions (based on the information Mark Lufkins gave them). You might have seen that as a warning; writing on the wall, so-to-speak, and packed your bags (Josie still your bag? Curtis Black? Which? Both?). You could have gotten out of town. But you were too greedy and you stuck around.

And then the warrants came down. The investigation turned your pants brown. (Somebody shoot the poet!). You agreed to talk with the Investigators, but you misunderstood who they were and where they were from.

I love that the wife answers the phone, and the agents tell her who they are and ask to speak to you, and she threatens to call the FBI (Who have been in your employ for decades, apparently) to shut them up, and she gets this from the other end of the line: "Lady, who do you think you are talking to?"

And, so you met with the investigators. You offered them money. Lots of money. To make it 'go away'. Always worked in the past. But not this time. Bribery is just another offense.

Which brings us to that Court date. Federal Court Date. Sounds to me like you plan to cop a plea for a reduced sentence. In trade for a lighter load, you give up all you know about Ronin, and everyone in it; including NLO, Zit Puppet, all your "partners". . . But that is not the end of the story you now have to tell, is it? Not by a long shot.

You have to reveal, and I understand you already handed over your notes detailing which agents you paid off and when and for how much...So now all those people will be mad at you. Bobo the Dancing Poodle is really nervous these days. Nowhere to go to cover his tracks, I wonder whom he will sell out to save himself?

You think Carl McKay is not m-m-mad and s-s-s-s-sc-sc-scared? Poopsie? I see your buddy on Ronin abruptly quit his job and has moved out of the Federal jurisdiction, taking with him, all he could. He was obviously, the smarter of the bunch.

So, with the house of cards about to cave in, what do you think your life is worth

right now? Well, that depends on how you look at it. Your friends want you dead, and some of them are listed as your beneficiary so your life would be worth a lot to them, but not in a way that will make you feel good about it.

As far as your value as a crony, an ally, a partner in crime, you are not worth much right now. I doubt that you can get a phone call returned all of this month. You are poison.

Everything you have, even what you have hidden, is being sniffed out by investigators and they will take it all. If you ever get out of prison, you will be naked and homeless. Nothing is left. Your children do not get to keep any of it. All Gone.

Now, with things looking this dim, you are contemplating suicide, perhaps? Well, that would be an even bigger wrong turn and I think you know why. The Devil Himself is waiting to put you on your knees in Hell. All those people you robbed, all those lives you ruined, all come due upon your arrival on the other side of this life.

Are you in a big hurry to pay that one? I don't think so. If you think that the consequences of being caught at what you have done here are 'uncomfortable', imagine if you can, with that booze-soaked brain of yours, something far worse and from which there is no escape.

Take what is coming to you, here and now. Do all you can between now and the day you die (of natural causes) to redeem yourself. Redeem yourself by telling the truth, and do what you can to begin to set things right. That is the only chance you have to escape a far worse forever.

Oh, and Carl Talking Eagle, don't you wonder why it was YOU they came after first? Have you figured that out yet? Or are you still guessing?

Was it Carl McKay? Chuckles the Clown? Poopsie? NLO? Other 'Partners'? Or some combination of all of the above? Even when you are 'rich' with the money you had robbed from your people, even when you were full of groceries while others went hungry... even then, no one wanted to be you. Even less so now, as they watch you sweat like the pig you are.

You know this is just the beginning, don't you? The only satisfaction you have is knowing what you have told them and knowing who they are going after next.

Enjoy your time with the Grand kids... before your Hot Date in Federal Court.

You see? No one needs to be afraid of me. I have done nothing here. I am just

the messenger. These 'bad guys' do it to themselves. Can't blame me for any of this trouble. I didn't make them steal, murder, rape and worse. Just the messenger.

Nothing to be afraid of here. I'm harmless.

You know where to find me. (And they know where to find you!)

~Cat

July 24, 2008
She-nanigans

Now, the Old Bidy of O'Town did not write to me, but she was thinking about me and worried that I would blog some of the events that have been happening in that tiny rundown town, named for a planet that circles Uranus.

I have been neglecting O'Town and the clowns that run the place, almost my entire summer. Traveling here, there and everywhere, not finding time, or internet connection (or both/neither) to catch y'all up on the goings on out there. Info has been coming in, and I do take notes, so let's do our best to get it all caught up. Oh, and the next time Old Bidy tells someone she hopes I don't get ahold of some of this and blog it, rest assured, your deepest darkest fears will be realized.

Let's start with one of our favorites: Karen, Petesky's favorite bed monkey. Remember how I told you that she never had cancer? How she only took all that money from those fund-raisers for personal entertainment? Many of you thought I was being cruel to the little sicko. After all, she had fought and beat cancer before (with the help of fundraisers).

Well, she must be doing her own drugs these days, because she slipped up, and was bragging, in an open doorway, of a home, loud enough for all to hear: "And I never had cancer!" It just came blurring out of her. She was bragging about how she had fooled everyone.

And then she looked around, realized how many people had heard it, sniffed and went on as if she had said or done nothing wrong. BTW, it is a felony to raise money under fraudulent tactics.

Seems Like she Is Coming Apart

And, around voting time, she was a 'volunteer' at the polling place. I guess she thought she would be the only one. And, with Obama running for office, there were more peeps show up than expected. Karen had been trying to get her sister, Cheryl Logan and her Hunky bunky, Petesky, onto the School Board. That is the one place that that cloudy group had never been able to take over and raid the resources of, and they were itching to get their hands on those funds and steer things (especially contracts) to their buds.

Karen would jump up every time a drunk would stagger in to the voting place and since a lot of them are hard of hearing, she could be heard telling them who to vote for, how to spell their names (Pete and Cheryl). And then she would return to her seat and act as if everything was fine. Like no one would hear? Those ballots were illegal, and she was told that she had been caught.

Things went from bad to methy for her after that. One of her frequent flyers, Willy Boy from Ft. Totten came in looking for her and it was not to vote. He was mad. He wanted his drugs and he wanted them now!

She tried to pretend that it was not her that he was looking for: "I can tell you where Joey is," she offered. Joey Thumb is another meth dealer, so it was obvious she knew what Willy had shown up for. Willy was not about to be redirected. Nor put off.

He was mad, sweaty and bug-eyed, jonesing for his fix. "They told me I could find you here, " he said. "You promised! I want it right now!" So, she did the only thing she could: Stepped outside with him and there, where everyone could see her, sold him meth.

So used to being able to get away with anything, lying, drug dealing, murder, but now, feeling the heat of people watching, but still unable to not reveal her true self, Karen is coming apart at the 'seems'.

Seems like people see her for what she is and what she is doing and trying to do. People waking up and not buying the lies, especially the really stupid lies, any longer. Not for a minute. Ooops.

Now, evening comes and Karen is in a knot over not being able to secure the two seats on the Board of Education that she had promised her Bed Monkey and her sister she would deliver to them.

She approaches one of the quieter members of the Board, someone she thinks will be flattered when she bats her eyes and makes a small (Mincey fingers) teensy weensy request to have a "recount". Now, not sure if she is afraid that the ballots she tried to put in there were there and would, because voter fraud is a felony and there were too many witnesses, get her into hot water... OR, she thought she could, with her feminine wiles and smiles, (bat-bat), persuade him to 'assist her in getting a few more ballots in that might have 'fallen on the floor... and she picked them up... and she forgot she had them... and it would not be fair for them to not be counted, so could we put them in now?' Of course, I am just guessing. I am sure she can explain it much better than I can. Ask her.

Apparently, the wiles and smiles stunk like an old walleye in the midday sun. She only managed to get, yet one more person convinced that she is, what I have been telling you she is for a long time now.

And then there was the graffiti: After the vote, someone scrawled in big orange letters on the steel storage tanks at the end of town, and on the personal property

of some of the land owners out there:

"Pete Hager is a murderer, Karen had no cancer, Oberon is a meth bar"

Well, it is true. But people don't like their property all messed up like that. Some people prefer to have their place look clean. So, they went out and painted over it. I'm sure it will pop up elsewhere. Hard to keep the truth down these days. Sometimes, it just blurts out of Karen. Did that handwriting look like hers? Would not surprise me.

She feels the irresistible urge to just spout off these days. As if one of the ghosts is possessing her and making her reveal herself. Probably should stay out of that graveyard, Karen. Spooks got ya and they aren't finished with you yet. If not spooks, then it's just the drugs having worn a flat spot on her brain. It happens, y'know.

I think the graffiti was just advertising for the Oh Oh Bar. Now you all know where to go to buy your meth.

Oh Oh Bar, Strikes Again

You have all read about the two couples that were so drunk they rolled their vehicle in the ditch after leaving the Oh Oh Bar. Two women died.

"Oberon, N.D. (AP) The Highway Patrol has identified two women killed in a Friday night pickup rollover in Benson County.

... 38-year-old Rhonda Linehan of Heath, Texas and 43-year-old Becky Ryan of Suwanee, Georgia, were pronounced dead at the scene of the crash, which happened about 6:30 p.m."

Now, this couple, the Linehans, were out of towners that had purchased a piece of property just outside of O'Town. They were rather wealthy and for the most part, did not socialize much with the local locos. But they loved to drink. They would fly their friends in and entertain themselves that way. All in good fun.

However, the day of this fatal accident, that bright red truck was parked, from early on in the day until a little after 6:15, in front of the Oh Oh Bar! They were so drunk in there, that they were seen outside, dancing in the street. It's a small town and things like that are winked and shrugged at.

But like they say: *"It's all good fun until somebody rolls their truck and dies."*

Were they over-served? Absolutely! The drunker they are, the more money they

spend! And who can imagine a fun-loving couple like the Linehans and their out of town friends, spending all day in a run-down bar and only having one beer???

But, immediately after the accident, there goes Karen and Petesky again, going-door-to-door, telling people that the accident was a terrible thing, and that the couple and their friends had not been in the bar very long and had only had ONE BEER!

If that sounds familiar, it's because you have heard it before. Several times before. Remember when Azure's car rolled after leaving the bar in the early morning? All those people killed. And Karen and Petesky going door-to-door, early that morning, right after the rollover, telling people that they were not in the bar, but that they were young college students who were on their way back to college?

A lot of coffee went through noses on that one. They do this with a straight face. Same story every time: Essentially: "We had nothing to do with this and you can know that is true because we are telling you."

Like the little kid with crumbs all over his face, a cookie in his hands and a broken cookie jar at his feet, looking into the eyes of his mother and saying: "Nuh uh! I didn't do it!"

Clearly, their guilty consciences are all frothed up, bubbling out from their lids, scrambling to clear themselves before anyone even begins to connect the dots.

Be there first, with the dumbest lie you can think of and you win?

The problem here is that the people who were killed, were people who were cared about. Not like all the other deaths where the only people who care about them are confounded by the system where the rules are stacked against them. These people have people that care about them, and what happened to them. They might not be able to shut this one up. No sweeping under the rug. Just the door-to-door lies for sale. Don't know if anyone in Florida or Texas are buying. My bet is that they won't.

Side Effects

As the sirens sped down the rural roads; police, ambulance and fire trucks, another guilty conscience redlined and tached off the dial: Joey Thumb, another meth dealer out there in O'Town, thought they were after him.

He was driving with his girlfriends and their little girl. He ripped over off the road and started taking drugs and other stuff out of his Pick Up Truck and transferring

it to the trunk of a small car, and then he got into his and sped off, sans gf and baby girl.

He and she are not supposed to be together because of the assault charges he has on him for beating on her. She, however, needs him for her drugs. But, if they are caught together, it breaches Joey's probation and he goes to prison. She loses her child to the State for putting her in danger (again, and again, and again...).

So, while they lay dying in the ditch, those who over served them were out covering their asses, door-to-door; Joey Thumb and girlfriend were dumping contraband and leaving dust clouds in opposite directions; emergency personnel were doing all they could, and nothing could be done.

Short Takes

- O'Town has not been quiet even though I have not had the time to report on the goings on, so I will summarize here:
- Chris Barr, a dealer from Fargo, had a blow out with Karen at the bar. I guess he is tired of being ripped off? Tired of her excuses? Does she feel safe?
- A Week ago, (or so), on a Friday night, Greg Demaris and his son got into a fight at the Oh Oh Bar. Greg got his head split open by a shovel. Karen was claiming that someone was chasing her with a shovel at the same time. (You need a shovel if you are going to believe anything she tells you).
- However, Greg's car was found up by Oberon School, with all the windows broken out (by a shovel, perhaps?) and him still inside, bleeding from the head wounds. Karen was seen up there, with a shovel, but she claimed that someone was chasing her with it. She was not hurt. (Oh thank goodness!) Gee, do you suppose that juuust maybe, Karen possibly might have, could have, ... Nahhh! She already claimed (door-to-door?) that someone was chasing her with the shovel.
- Critical thinking would lead one to ask her 'who was it?' as obviously, since she had the shovel, she must have taken it away from them, so she must have seen them, right? Or were they also wearing a scary mask, and long robes to hide their clothing and their voice was disguised, and and and and...

- The Oh Oh Bar has had some improvements made to it since last we discussed the goings on in that black, tarry hole. Karen herself, amazingly strong for a woman who had only recently recovered from fake cancer for the second or third time, built a wall behind the bar so that no one can see in to the back room.
- That same back room where the "special" Bingo games are held and drugs are sold, money is exchanged, where things happen that you don't know about, nor would you want to know. In that back room, now are held "Ultimate fights". These fights are illegal and there is no medical safeguard available.
- So lay your money down. If you are lucky, someone will be beat to death right before your eyes. You might even be able to help drag the body out to another location so that it won't be found near the bar and Karen and Petesky won't have to go door-to-door, their mouths full of stinking lies.
- You can find Indians passed out drunk in that bar, just about anytime of the night or day, non-Indians too, and these people are so dangerously pickled by the time they are removed from the bar, and turned loose to drive home, on the same roads used by everyone else. Good luck y'all.
- Petesky gets his medical help in Rugby these days. He was seen limping into the clinic there a month ago. (Was a shovel involved?)
- Chuck Trottier has fallen out off the good list and onto the poop pile with Carl Talking Eagle. Carl wants to float Chuckles off the rez, strip him of his tax exempt status, get him out of the picture.

Federal Marshals

Just so you know, it was Federal Marshals who swept onto the rez with 8 warrants in hand to arrest the most egregious of the rapists last month. The Badgers seemed to not know where the guys who were named on the warrants were. A lot of shrugging, shuffling, muffled coughing as the Marshals drove around, and spotted them, out in the open (not hiding). Lemon Longie, Gaelen Robertson, and Greg Greene (Any relation to Mary?) as well as 5 others, popped like overdue zits that afternoon.

Those guys are still in jail. So you see, it can be done. It could have been done a long time ago. How can you look in the mirror, knowing that those rapes to those children happened because you did nothing?

For those of you who don't know: Galelen Robertson has pretty much been raping at will. Charges always dropped because the Badgers don't investigate. Shelly, with tribal funds, pays for his attorneys, and throws his bail. It's been a real joke. Gaelen and his friend, Greg Greene, looking for a real challenge, tied up an 8 year old girl and repeatedly raped her. That child was Shelly's niece. Still, she doesn't care. Her denial is baked in Tribal funds, served to free him time and time again. A little something to think about the next election, or before.

And while you are at it, why don't you ask her why he is not fired from his job at the rec department? Why is he still getting a paycheck? Sound right to you?

The FBI seemed unable to do anything because they were waiting on the Badgers, who never investigate anything. You'd think that the obvious facts that the badgers have never investigated one rape, one molestation, one burglary, despite the fact that these crimes run ten fold in Indian Country, might have been a clue to the mighty mighty FB-ity, that sitting around, drinking coffee, occasionally harassing and intimidating someone that is trying to get a crime investigated, is pretty much what their life will be. If there is any real work to be done, it will have to be the US Marshals that come in and get it done.

FBI is just for show. Not a real dog, but an over-groomed, pampered, hollow in the cajones (neutered) Poodles.

I know this is becoming an embarrassment to other FBI Agents. I know they get mad at what I say. But they also know, those that care to or dare to look at what is really going on there, in the shadow lands of Indian Country, that I am right. Their anger comes from their embarrassment of sharing a badge with people like Helleckson, Steve Wilson, and Bobo the Dancing Poodle.

Now, the really scary part for those who care or dare, is that this has been going on for decades. It is no accident, not a coinkydink, but by design. Now, when you look at who all benefits by all of this corruption, and you don't have to look very far, like a stone to the gut, the realization sets in.

So boys and girls, what are you going to do about it? Ignore it? Hope it goes away? Or wait for the day when some other agency, perhaps the US MARSHALS Office, or some other task force, moves in to clean up the mess that is growing by the day, and just hope you are well-retired by the time that all hits the proverbial fan?

You want to have pride in what you do, real pride in what you have done? Then, your work is just beginning my friend and who ya gonna trust?

It's getting harder and harder to keep a lid on the scandals that burst out from the

seams out there. The SMC scandal, so closely tied to the deaths of our soldiers in Iraq, could bubble up, worse than ever, at any moment.

Bloggers have gone after it, one NY Times reporter went after it and was then promptly 'laid off' after the story went to print, senators, congressmen, all being pushed to investigate. It's not going away. It will show up, Clown faces and all. At which time, the question will be: "Why didn't you do something?"

Perhaps it will be the family member who dies because of faulty armor that puts the sharp knife of grief to the core of your being and you agonize over what you coulda, shoulda, woulda... can you live with that?

It might be the family of a friend, searching for the answers that find them in places you can't keep quiet, that comes to you and wants to know...why.

Can you live with all of that? Can you retire in comfort on that stone pillow? Can you find peace?

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 29, 2008
Good For Evil

Now that the Pow Wow is over, let's get back to work.

Until I got a really up close look at the FBI, I thought, like most people, that it was a near 'immaculate' agency. Composed of the best of the best. There to serve our country by hunting down criminals, and bringing them to justice. I would not have thought twice about the integrity of any FBI Agent. I would assume, 'squeaky clean' by default.

I was brought up on stories of men who were heroically pure in their pursuits of criminals. "Elliot Ness" each and every one of them. Agents of truth and Justice. They were the stuff of legends, dreams and TV Serials.

Hundreds of scandals later, the agency is still a split personality: The show FBI, for public propaganda, and the underbelly, where scandals breed like flies. FBI Agents who have sold their souls to become party to the corruption and the killing, cover-ups and worse. Some have been compromised by their own weaknesses: Drugs, Booze, sexual deviancy, money, money and more money.

The badge and the power give them access to two doors: Good and Evil. They are weak and they choose evil. People see only what the agency wants them to see. What was broken inside, from the outset, remains broken to this day.

Don't you wonder about some of the mysteries? Why was that USAG in New York Murdered? What was he working on? Why suddenly were there these rumors floating about making it sound as if he was leading a double life?

The insinuations were of a sexual liaison. Titillating. But why was his computer stolen? Who broke into his office and destroyed all his files? Why did that mystery fade so quickly? (Britney, Paris Hilton, drunken celebs and bouncing bear stories flooded the news cycles and we forgot.)

We forget what we are not told repeatedly. We are told "junk information" or "spam news" repeatedly, to erase our minds and to stop us from questioning what is going on.

Young minds are conditioned to be 'reactive' rather than 'inquisitive' by the flood of video games. We addict the young to junk reflexive processes so they never learn how to question anything they are fed as 'information', from any authority. They never learn coping skills and rely on addictions, which destroy them.

This is how it is so easy to kill a USAG and smear his reputation, with no

lingering after effects such as questions. This is how it was so easy to fire 9 USAGs who were working on criminal cases that led to high places, all but one of them on cases that were about the crime and corruption in Indian Country. Abruptly fired.

Still, any information on that is hard to come by, but CNN can show you where some vacuous celeb barfed, or was arrested for being stupid, and the ever adorable bear stories; bears in trees and on trampolines... as if any of that is news. When you see those kinds of stories, know that your mind is being erased.

There are important stories out there, but the watch dog of democracy has become a lap dog to special interests and stories that affect billions of our tax dollars, and the corruption it breeds and feeds in Indian Country, is something that for some reason, these powerful corporations, don't want you to think about.

They don't want you to think about the soldiers being injured and dying because the armor they were issued was defectively manufactured so that some rich people in Indian Country could skim thousands of dollars a day into their own pockets, and laugh at the blood spilled in the sand over there.

That when the FBI acted on tips by brave people within the company, and found proof of the skimming, that the investigation was worthless because the Senators and their cronies pushed for and got, that same company triple the original contract to replace the defective materials they originally ruined! The new contract covered the pittance of fines issued to SMC. SMC's Carl McKay was allowed to slander those who turned him and his cronies in, with impunity. Anyone care? Would you care if you knew?

Which brings me back to the dead USAG.

He must have been after some very powerful people. But we will never know. His demise will never be solved, because very powerful people control what gets investigated and what gets smeared.

They had to kill him to stop him. It was right around the time of the Jack Abramoff Investigation (Another Indian Country Scandal, in case you lost track of the billions that go missing there that year alone). I wonder what he knew? I wonder what he was after? The smearing of his reputation was done to insure that no one looked any deeper. I wonder if anyone has?

The Justice Department was supposed to be used for good in this great country. But it has been misused, and those idealistic types within the agency, have also been misused, and badly over these many decades. It has been the mask

behind which many evils thrive in secret and with immunity.

We don't want to know. We want to keep our illusions.

So, when we take stock of our despair and naively ask 'why' all seems to be going so wrong in so many places, we are not really looking for answers, or we would easily find them and be able to begin the work of repairing and rebuilding this nation, side-by-side.

We would see that so much that is wrong began when we allowed because we did not know, did not understand and were misled and deceived about what was really being done to Indian People, Indian Lands and who was becoming wealthy and powerful at the expense of Indian People and the price we have all paid and continue to pay to this day. We would see that and we would have to make some fundamental changes in our attitudes and our convictions, and begin to fix, at the core, what is wrong with this nation and make it better for all of us.

We would see all of that and have to do all of that. But we are easily distracted, and we want to look away. We can't bear to see the truth because it is our doing. We prefer and we are accommodated in our denial, by the illusions of Justice which we think is for our good, but which is in fact slaved to evil.

We satisfy ourselves, as a nation, by dividing ourselves from one another, "us" and "them", and trust not them nor they us.

Our youth are fed junk mind candy and trained to be reactive, consumers, unable to form a critical question, even to save themselves, much less anyone that comes after. Drugs are too easy to come by, and children too eager to try them, wasting lives, like used Kleenex, dropped here and there, not particularly valuable.

We do nothing? And we wonder why it only gets worse? Gee.

The winds carry a wicked high screaming laughter from all four directions and we say it is just the wind. Nothing to pay any mind.

Turdmother sashays through the casino, sucking on her teeth, smiling like a snake can smile; her eyes set on a victim for affection, too drunk to protect himself. Barking spiders escaping her skirts as she passes through the slot canyons of the tribe's ruination, hissing.

She senses a shifting in the energy. Power fading. People used to be afraid to laugh at her, now they can't help it. Masked with coughing, like a storm, she senses a shift.

She pretends the end is not near. Eddie's ghost is close enough to trip her.

All that is wrong and evil in Indian Country and is supported by the weak morals of Special Agents who cover up her family's murders, rapes, molestations, embezzlement and drug dealings, which leak out from under the borders of the rez, affecting lives near and far, as far as Iraq and Afghanistan, where blood soaks into the sands, politicians and power brokers moved by unseen hands.

Turdmother and her festering offspring epitomize all of this. Easy to see if you only care to look. You cannot mistake that hissing, or that smell of rotting democracy for anything other than what it is: Unfinished business, ours to do, in Indian Country.

Are we so different from one another in this nation, in this world, that we think we are immune from what we allow to happen to others? Can we not see that it is happening to all of us? Ours to undo, repair, rebuild. Maybe we are waking up. Maybe that is what scares the corrupt and makes them more desperate lately.

There is a change out there, in here, all over. The Good is starting to rise up and resist the powerful and hold them accountable. What used to be easy, has now become more difficult. People who were unable to defend themselves have learned to come together. Unstoppable.

Shifting

Even the FBI has begun to change course.

It's still more corrupt than not, but there is a movement, a stirring within, a quiet dismantling of the dark structures and a letting in of the light. It will take a very long time, and the agency may collapse on itself, the internal war boil over, before that day comes.

Other agencies, not so easily corrupted, better led and stronger willed, like a pry bar, undoing the structures of corruption, one weak link at a time. (They are all weak. They all will sell out their 'friends' to save themselves).

Maybe Indians are not so easy to kill after all? Maybe the fact that they are still here, despite the corruption, the murders, the wrongful convictions, despite their lands being stolen, treaties broken, every one. Despite the residential schools, the genocide ongoing, the suicides and the addictions; despite all that has been taken from them, Indians are still here. Look around, they are everywhere. Even in our own bloodlines we find, Indians. We find ourselves. Not so different now.

Maybe we still have a chance to find our way to the Red Road, build a True democracy, one that respects the rights of ALL people. Maybe we can, if we wake up now, do this together and save ourselves.

Meanwhile, the casino is the hunting grounds for the mother of all evil in Indian Country. Don't linger too long to try your luck, and don't drink that alcohol or you might wake up to the sound of starlings, barking spiders, in the embrace of a smiling snake, who wants another kiss.

You know where to find me.

~Cat