

**July 5, 2011**  
**Symbols: None So Blind**

To understand the world, the Universe, or one's own life, one must first grasp as much as they can, of an understanding of the symbols that relate to it all, and reveal it all.

"None so blind as those who will not see." ~ Gregory Y. Titelman

Everything in our world is revealed through symbols and symbolism in events. Everything. Our alphabets, throughout the world, are merely symbols that stand for letters that stand for sounds. Or they are symbols for words or idioms, depending on how complex the alphabet is.

Every mark you make is a symbol of something. Our language is nothing more than sounds that stand for symbols; symbols that stand for 'meaning' in our minds.

That is the one series of symbols that everyone can grasp.

When you think a thought, you think in symbols. You do not spell it out, and you do not 'spell it out'. It becomes its own complete shape in your mind. A total, contained collection of smaller symbols that all connect to make a complete thought. Or fragments that make an incomplete thought.

Corporations, Governments, Religions, all 'market' to us using symbols that signify their 'product', 'belief' or status/class.

Symbols are powerful because they talk directly to the very core of us. And we respond on levels of awareness or subconscious, and connect to what we are seeing or experiencing, and it all becomes part of who we are.

We in turn, are symbolically representing ourselves to others. People see us, and they get a collective 'opinion' or 'assumption' about us, based on our appearance, our voice, our language or our color, our hair, or what someone else said about us...

We are swimming, flying, diving in and out of symbols from the minute we are born.

Events are symbolic as well.

When the two young children were so viciously murdered, I heard from reporters who had never contacted me before, wanting to 'talk to people out there' about it.

They wanted me to arrange for someone close to this to pour out their heart and relive the anguish of this collection of horrors, each a symbol branded into the personal and collective existence of everyone in the tribe and those who merely heard about it.

I knew the story would be condensed into three or four paragraphs. It would boil down to "Look how Indians murder their children."

I agreed to do this ONLY IF the reporter, when the logical question arose from his or her readers, "How could this happen?" related the series of government corruption failures that made this inevitable. Apparently, not interested. Reporters faded away.

Did any reporters from any of the media show up on the rez and ask to talk to anyone? No. Why not? Because Indians are considered 'strange' symbols and they don't know 'how to talk to them'.

"Them"??? "THEM???" As if Indians are in no way like any other people. Like there is no common Human Being thread upon which a conversation can be started?

Culturally, due to the mixed, untrue fiction of Corporate supported Governments, Indians remain as 'foreign' to the media as would a pilot of a freshly landed UFO.

They won't talk to Indians. They will attend a presser given by leaders who get up and spout anything from true to pure BS, and will never ask a question, even if the information coming at them has the smell of Cow Paddy Bingo. They will then assume that all Indians are exactly like their 'leaders'.

So, with Carl Walking Eagle and Justin Yankton being arrested for scamming the Fuel Program, they assume all Indians are thieves, corrupt, and they don't bother adding any 'new symbols' to their already completed, inaccurate, conflicting, nonsensical image of who or what "Indians" are.

New Symbols for Indians, especially if they have in common the same sense of Right and Wrong, outrage and compassion, humor and dreams as do most Human Beings, would crowd out and displace the ready-made symbols of Penny Fiction, "Custer was a hero", and whatever else was branded into the collective psyche of our nation from bad movies, black & white TV, incomplete, lopsided school books...

All those poorly fit-together symbols might, if someone actually talked to you or you or YOU, like a person, all those symbols might fall down, like a bad move on a Jinga tower.

Rather than risk it, media backs away. The story would only lead to questions. Questions that might get answered. Answers that will lead to more questions... Better not to 'rock the boat'.

### **In House**

The spirituality of Indian Peoples sustained them through good times and brutal times. Mythology contained the symbols that directed us to understand the Universe, our World and Our Place in it as a People, and our place in relationship to other people. (You notice I capitalize words I want to put emphasis on? That is reinforcing a symbol, adding strength to it).

The Spirituality for Indian People was not just for Indian People. It was for The People. It was a way to live in harmony and healing with the land and the elements in our lives.

Because it is connected to THIS Land, to Turtle Island, is is very, very powerful. Those who understand it, know that it can heal or it can harm, depending on if it is being respected or exploited.

Suffering comes, and suffering gets worse when we allow those who exploit this Powerful Spiritual Connection, and its symbols, for their own gain or glory.

Suffering comes to the Innocent. Always the Innocent. If suffering only came to the Guilty, nothing would be learned and the Exploiters would not do it.

More and more the symbols and signs are being ignored. The simple facts are that the Guilty are hurting the Innocent and the People who allow this will also be hurt, and so will their families.

Those who can stay clear of those doing the harm, will survive. Those who are involved, by blood or by social acceptance, will be hurt.

There are more Black Road Practitioners on the rez now, than ever there were before.

Those who buy Altars, are Black Road.

Those who Sell Altars are Black Road.

Those who Dance with, Pray with, Support or befriend those who are Black Road will be taken down that Dark Path to more and more suffering. It does not matter what your 'intentions' are. It matters what you do, who you do it with, and how

you do it.

Back to my favorite analogy: Shit and Wine. You can put a little bit of shit in wine and it is all considered 'shit'. You can put all your wine into shit, but it is still shit.

Your intentions are "Wine". You must keep your intentions as far removed from the Shit as is humanly possible, or you corrupt yourself.

Symbols of this Black Road are everywhere. All brought on by allowing corruption to thrive. This is your doing. This is our doing. This is everyone's doing. Everyone that remains silent, assuming that their silence protects them, even as they watch others suffer or be taken down, have corrupted themselves and enabled the guilty.

Along with the Black Road Medicine Men that you know of, and the fakes, (Richard Street who bought his Altar from Crow Dog, and Street is not even Indian; John Chaske; who has been warned for decades, even in extreme ways, outright and up front, to not mess with this stuff--- even though his family has suffered and his children have died, he persists for the gain and the glory... and now he spreads the Darkness through his Followers) We come to another saying with which you are all familiar:

### **"Instant Medicine Man, Just Add Water"**

And that brings us to Kevin Dauphinais. He now calls himself a Medicine Man. Worse, he claims to be Heyoka, and he has been doing the Kettle Dance everywhere they will have him. A Desecration to the Spiritual Ways, and those who attend, and their families, the innocent in their circles, will be struck.

It is to show them, symbolically, that there is a danger in their midst. There are warnings that go ignored, but which get stronger each time, until the children are murdered... or worse.

Kevin has now bought himself an altar. He thinks it will protect him from the consequences of his crimes.

You allow this if you socialize with him. You allow this if you pray with him. You allow this if you Dance with him. You allow this if you smile at him or make him welcome. You bring this in, and give it strength.

You bring it into your community, your family, your life and the lives of those whom you care about.

It is as if you walked through a pig pen full of crap, and then track it into your

home, your bed, your kitchen. Don't pretend it doesn't stink. Don't pretend it is not on you. Your children follow in your footsteps. Don't pretend this is not your doing when it gets all over them, sickens them with addictions or other fevers and wounds..

Better to not Dance at all than to Dance with the Dark Ones.

Free Will was given to us all by The Creator. The same Creator upon whom we call or plead for mercy or healing when we have, by ignoring all that was revealed to us, in symbols we refused to understand or see, find ourselves sickened or grieving, terrified or lost.

Look around you. You see who they are, and you know what they do.

You also know what you have to do. And when you choose not to do it, and keep your silence, or wait until it is safe to fight, you allow it to grow and overtake you, your family, your community, your nation.

### **Watching The Dance**

Watch them dance. Watch them cover themselves with glamour and beads, feathers from eagles that were murdered in a disrespectful way, so they could put the feathers of our sacred symbol on a bustle to make their butt look pretty when they dance... Could it be more clear?

As things get worse out there, and people who stand up alone, are not supported by the very people they are standing up for, (because they are 'waiting for it to be safe to fight for what they know they should be fighting for..' which is how the Tribe became known as "the Blanket Indians"-- sitting on their blankets while others did the fighting..) what exactly does anyone expect?

How does any evil that is not overthrown through struggle, ever get defeated?  
Answer: It does not. It thrives. It gets stronger. It takes more and more ...

Don't tell me you are going to fight and then tell me you are going to wait until it is safe to fight. It is never safe to fight. However, silence is more dangerous than any fight and will yield more damage than any fight.

Summer is here. They are dancing. Pow Wows, Kettle Dances by Black Road Practitioners...

Children are being murdered

Reporters don't want the whole story, or even the Truth

And the Silence is deafening.

One stands up, speaks out, and the rest of you? Worn spots on your blankets are the symbols of who you are and what you have done.

The graveyard is getting hungry. More Children will feed it soon.

I know. You are busy. You don't have time to see the symbols of what is wrong.

Close your eyes, tell me what you see when you think of the symbols that spell out to you, who you are.

Don't bother. I can see from here the things you will not see right in front of you.

One stands up and the rest of you, stay put, watch the Dance.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**July 10, 2011**  
**Snake Eyes**

*" The snake bite isn't the cause of the pain, but the venom of this snake you will never forget"*

Kevin Dauphinais likes to say that to people to intimidate them. Interesting that he sees himself as a snake.

He apparently was 'on leave' and so was Kristy Wishinsky last week. They had some guy named Dennis in there running things for that brief time. Perfect opportunity to come in, destroy paperwork, files and whatever other 'tracks' need to be erased and then shrug and say: "We had a guy in here and he was not familiar with this or that... and I guess he accidentally erased, deleted,..." etc.

These are State and Federal funds he's been handing out to family and friends. Funds that were not going for their intended purpose. Funds he will now have to account for. Funds that were intended for families and children...

This breaking scandal, so soon after the funeral of those two little ones who were murdered and hidden between mattresses. Children, and their well being, their safety, had better start rising to the top of the priorities on the rez. Somewhere higher than getting booze, getting high, getting to Bingo, or playing those slot machines...or having that really cool boyfriend that doesn't work, will take your money, and beat you up when he gets mad.

For some reason, Justin Yankton is having more 'blanching' moments over this scandal than he did over the theft of low income fuel, which he has, like the "MAN" he is, passed off as entirely his girlfriend's fault; and even has him more nervous than the deepening investigation into the scandal over at Victim's Assistance Department. Checks that were someone written to people and "CASH" that never should have gone to those people and who was it that got the "CASH"? He had, pretty much managed to blame Kim Carlson, the Director of that program for that one.

Kim even got busted for it and lost her job... and now, in court, she is being shown 'Exhibits' of this or that check... checks she never saw... and now, heads are turning towards... Justin. .

Justin is trying to get a petition going to get his job back, officially. I don't get it. He was arrested on the Fuel Scam, but then got his name 'redacted' from the girlfriend's arrest/indictment. Now, the Kim Carlson thing is getting hot in his direction... and now-- is he also involved in the embezzlement of funds from Social Services? Or is he just a really nervous guy?

Myra, before she left office, officially reinstated both Justin and Carl Walking Eagle (who was also indicted on the fuel scam). So, I am not exactly sure what is going on with Justin. People say his Poop has turned to soup. I'm wondering if he and Kevin might not both be two snakes tangled up together in this one. Just wondering.

Kevin, don't have your friends contact me to try and steer me away from what you are doing. Contact me yourself if you have something to say. You know I will post it. You think you know my sources, but you are so far from home safe on this one, your concern should be for how much time you will spend in jail... and who you can rat out to make it a little easier on yourself when the time comes.

Your friends, if they are decent people, will be so disgusted with you when they find out how you put children in harms way, just to skim a few extra dollars for yourself, that you will find you have no friends at all. Even those who have known you all their lives, will wash themselves clean of you by the next funeral.

You can delete all the records you want, but you can't delete the bank's records and you can't delete what is already out there. There are so many ways to cross check your thieving that if you do delete and your records don't match the records you can't change, you are guilty of more and more... a garden of Felonies... and one particular snake that has my attention.

It's not the crime as much as it is the cover up that gets you buried in prison time. Lots of time to remember that venom from when you bit your own tail.

You know where to find me.

~Cat



**July 18, 2011**  
**Absent**

Good Monday Morning to you all! Hmmm, looking around, I see some of our key players are again-- Absent. Kevin Dauphinais, who was supposed to be 'on leave' last week, and return to work today, is again-- on leave for the week. Someone should be docking his paycheck. I can understand sick leave, and vacation, but to pay a guy who is not showing up because he doesn't want to answer questions or do his job, or face people who want to know why they are not getting the checks for child support--while his mother is getting checks for kids whose names she does not know-- that's a guy that should not be paid.

By the way, he is marketing himself as a Social Services expert. Perhaps he is spending time at his OTHER Full-Time job at the Native American Training Institute or "NATI" as they call themselves. Look here: [LINK](#) You will see he is on the Board of Directors, and so is Vern Lambert. So is "Ina Olson" and I wonder if she is the same or related to the Olson that also work in Social Services for the Tribe? Then again, "Olson" is such a common name. (Same as "West" is a common name).

Let's see what does it say about Vern & Kevin?

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Wow, so, getting paid for 2 jobs, but having them contact you at your Tribal Contact Information--- I wonder, if we call them and ask "Is this the NATI place?" will they then pick up the phone?

How many people are unqualified, but not only working at critical agencies within the Tribe, but also using those agencies to go outside and market themselves as 'experts'?

Either way, Kevin, aka "Snake Eyes", is Absent this week. Perhaps on one of his tours as the Instant Traveling Medicine Man (Just add water), or doing some sweats with other Black Road Practitioners, in order to firm up his shaky gut. Who knows? I mean that literally, WHO KNOWS? If you know where he is and what he is doing, let me know.

Kevin, I know you are not feeling very good lately. People who used to like and or respect you are seeing what you really are. Your upper lip sweats when you lie, & they stare at that. Your dreams are chasing you with feathers... here's what you do: Take Two Spiders and call me in the morning.

### **Also Absent**

I'm sure that Kevin's extended, chronic absences are of great concern to the Tribal Council. After all, this is about the safety and well-being of families, children. You know about children out there. You just buried two that were murdered a couple of months ago. I'm sure you remember how important it is to protect the children.

A brief review:

*Their father, a meth addicted who-know-what-else, abuser, who managed with Chuck Trottier's help, to pass all his piss tests so he could keep his paychecks from the Fire Department, is sitting in jail, staring at the ceiling. J.R. Herman, his best friend, close neighbor, registered sex offender, was in hiding for a week or two, but managed to get his name off of all the official paperwork (thanks Poopsie! Your membership in Infraguard has paid off so many times for so many crimes! I'm sure the FBI is proud of you, and their work in general. Protecting you has been like protecting Whitey Bulger all these years. You do the crimes, they help you cover it up!).*

Formal Charges have not yet been laid.

So, you remember how important it is to protect the children, right? That is why you allow Kevin to hire his friends & pay his mother. Friends like: Kristy Wishinsky, who has a record of drug abuse, child abuse. These are the people, along with a few other very questionable types, who are running the critically important Child Services part of Social Services... along with everything else.

So, your Tribal Council members, who have so much work to do, if they are to fix these huge, dangerous, embarrassing problems, must be hard at work--- except they too, are absent.

Only Hopsty and Joel are there, again.

It seems that the rest of the Tribal Council has to make themselves scarce so that nothing gets done, nothing gets fixed, nothing gets investigated. I suppose they are off on some first class travel package somewhere ...anywhere but home. Anywhere but where you need them to be.

Are Hopsty and Joel the only two who really take their job seriously? Is that all you have? Is that enough? Any of you showing up at meetings? Any of you asking important questions and demanding answers? Or are you all just getting ready for the big Pow Wow? You know, where the Tribe pretends to the outside world that they are proud Indians. That they care about culture, family, tradition... all that phony stuff.

I'm sure there are a few Good People to model after. You can fake it. Just look around. Pretend you are like them. You can fool the outsiders who come in. The ones who think all Indians look alike. Get your picture taken. Put some murdered Eagle Feathers on your Butt and look proud! Bet the papers will cover that story. They missed out on the murdered children and the funeral, but they will show up for the Pow Wow. Wow.

Oh, and remember how Travis DuBois always passed his piss tests? How many other firemen also use dangerous drugs but get a clean test from Chuck?

I hear that three houses burnt to the ground over 4th of July. All from illegal fireworks and incredible stupidity, such as Michael Greywater (name sounds familiar. Was he involved in breaking into the St. Michael's Post Office with his Cousin, inbred Kalum Yankton?).

Do you really feel safe with your Fire Department full of hopped up meth users? Or with the Turd Clan getting their criminal families off on very light wrist slapping so they can return to the tribe and start burning down houses? Do any of you feel safe?

You know the children aren't safe.

So, when's the next funeral?

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**July 25, 2011**  
**Reopening Wounds**

The definition of "*Stupid*", so I heard from a friend, long ago, was "*Someone who wakes up in a brand new world every morning.*" In other words, people who cannot connect the dots. People who do not realize that things that happen today, were put in motion long time ago... Nothing "just happens." Everything is connected to everything. Everyone is connected to everyone. The sooner we get a grip on that one, the sooner we can foresee the logical or inevitable outcomes of our own actions, or from our failures to act.

Protecting the Guilty out there: Murderers, drug dealers, embezzlers, rapists, child abusers... means you cannot protect the Innocent: The children. You cannot protect them, they are not safe, you will lose them. Let me count the ways... never mind, just go read their headstones.

People want to forget painful things. People want to not face painful things. People do not learn how to deal with painful things. Those painful things keep causing pain.

Because the Tribe has been run by the corrupt, the money for housing has been squandered, so there is less and less housing for more and more people who need it.

Because the lake is rising, more housing is being lost, but there are no houses for people to move into... because the corrupt have squandered the money.

And because the corrupt have raised their families to feel like they don't have to show any concern or consideration for others, or for the law, or for rules... illegal fireworks (stuffed into artillery shells, no less) (Really stupid) burnt a few more homes to the ground and threatened others....

More people now need homes...

One of the projects going on is a crew goes around and cleans up the more derelict houses out there. Cleans them up, makes repairs, to try and make the houses more habitable. But those houses already have families living in them... If a house is livable, people are already in them. The list grows longer...

And then...

Because of the housing shortage, someone in Tribal Council, probably one of those who pocketed the housing money for themselves, looked around and saw a house that was not lived in... and they sent the crew to go clean up that house.

It was boarded up, it was not lived in. It was killed in.

It was the house where the two little children were abused and murdered.

The crew showed up and began to reopen that wound... I doubt that they wanted to. Who would?

As the boards came off so they could get in, neighbors started shouting: "*BURN IT DOWN!*"

Neighbors have said that the smell from that place, especially on hot days, or when the wind blows, seeped through even when the doors and windows were boarded up. But when it was opened, it sickened many of them... to their core.

It's hot out there... the putrid smell that had been festering in that scabbed over wound, sealed up until the boards came off, swam out into the summer air, like a school of rotting fish. Neighbors, went indoors, closed their doors and windows, trying to keep the stink out.

But there it was... as real and pungent, reeking up the rez.

I don't know if they can ever get that clean. Bloody mattresses were hauled out to the dump. The workers looked sickened. I can only imagine what they saw in there, smelled in there... in the place where all the evil that had been running the rez for so many decades... came to a head. The scene is one I don't even want to imagine. BURN IT DOWN!

And then the men in suits showed up... went inside, and came out again. They had something or saw something or knew something. The old wound gave up something. Something in that stench, rose up, reached out, and claimed the day.

That was two weeks ago.

Last Friday, Jr. Herman, whom many suspected was involved in the abuse and murder of those children, but who has, up until then, smirked and gotten away with it because his mother is one of the Murderers of Eddie Peltier and his Uncles, especially Popsie, control the whole rez, and the FBI does whatever he tells them to do. The FBI does that because he has co opted them, long ago... well, all of the older ones. There are some new ones in there now. They are not from Grand Forks. They are not paid off and they are not co opted. They take their job seriously.

They were the suits that showed up.. and then, Friday, surrounded Jr. Herman's

home, hauled him away.

There are dots to be connected here... One thing is connected to the other. And there is more..

There is another wound that never healed up, but is about to re open... If Jr. Herman goes to prison, he will talk and talk and talk, to save himself. He will talk about his mother, his uncles, his grandmother, and he will talk about Eddie's murder.

He will talk because he has to.

The Turdclan knows he will talk. Qball is already planning ways, many creative ways to kill him, just to prevent that. Jr. Herman knows they are planning to kill him. He has to talk if he wants protection.

And the story of how Eddie was lured to the party, how Weenie Boy was released from the drunk tank too early, just so Poopsie would not have to do it without every member of the family involved-- Remember, the family that kills together, stays shut tight together... silence is their bond. So is fear and so is cowardice.

And when Eddie's murder story is told, it's going to stink up the whole rez. The chairman will be handcuffed as he pisses his pants and snivels, and they will haul him away. Poopsie will be dragged out on a barrel cart, Celeste will be dragged out, kicking and screaming; her hair looking much like it does today, all a tangle.

FBI who helped plan and cover up the crime, abuse witnesses, destroy evidence, will get that stink on them as well. So will Lynn Crooks, who is watching the Turdclan Empire crumble, as he sits in his retirement, planning his suicide before they get to his door...

The stink that will come out from that will writhe like snakes, drift like smoke, and come into every house through closed windows and slammed shut doors.

People will want to turn away. They will want to forget. But the stink of it, still festering in the silence of those who protect the Guilty out there, will erupt and claim the season for itself. No one will be untouched. Not one family will escape the the filth that they dabbled in, sold their children to, and ignored as it was taking root under their own roofs.

Those who have done nothing, have allowed this. Those who protected and befriended the evil, have made that place, that rez, unsafe for children.

So, when the Children's Dance happens at the pow wow next week, and you see them out there, making their moves... treasure it. They won't all be here much longer. It is not safe for them. No one protects them. Too busy protecting the Guilty.

Like a boarded up house, you may think your vile secrets are safe... but they are not. You never know what events will lead up to someone prying off the boards and peeking into a place no one would want to even look. All these events will come to pass. They were set in motion a long time ago. Just waiting.

No one can live in that house. The innocent cannot survive on that rez. The reasons are the same.

You know where to find me.

~Cat