

# American Indian Songs

originated and performed  
by PERIWINKLE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FHS 37254





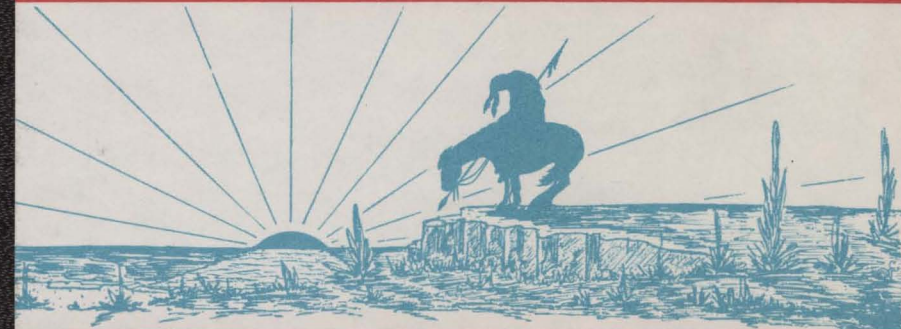
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FHS 37254

SIDE 1

Band 1 Traditional Honoring Song  
Band 2 An Indian Prayer—Lament  
Band 3 The Day Columbus Got Lost  
Band 4 Song for Sarah  
Band 5 For the Children's Sake  
Band 6 Straight Talk  
Band 7 Proud to Belong to the Indian Nation  
Band 8 The People United Can Never Be Defeated

SIDE 2

Band 1 Columbus Had 6 Sailing Ships  
Band 2 Feathers  
Band 3 Ode to an Indian Swan  
Band 4 No Tippecanoe  
Band 5 The Promised Land  
Band 6 Traditional 49--er (Drum)



"We were happy when he first came. We first thought he came from the light; but he comes like the dusk of evening now, not like the dawn of morning. He comes like a day that passed, and night enters our future with him. His las never gave us a blade, nor a tree, nor a duck, nor a grouse, nor a trout. . . How often does he come? You know he comes as long as he lives, and takes more and more, and dirties what he leaves."

*Charlot - Flathead Chief*

## THE PROMISED LAND

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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## THE PROMISED LAND

Contemporary American Indian Songs  
originated and performed by PERIWINKLE  
opening and closing with The Traditional Drum.

### COVER

The drawing on the cover represents the beginning of The Creation.

It depicts the Sky Mother drifting down from the Grandmother Moon, within the mind of the Great Spirit.

Some of the Bird Clan, with the Eagles on high and the Seagulls below, are hovering close by to ease her journey downward.

The Great Turtle is the symbol of Eternal Life. She knows that, just as she is heavy with sea- young, the Sky Mother is also carrying her 'yet unborn' and there must be a fitting and proper place for the birthing.

From the Water Spirits' sea-bed the Great Turtle gathers flora and mud between her fin-like toes.

In keeping with the prophecies she is about to mold the downy resting place from which the Great Mother Earth is emerging.

In this way the Mother Earth is there to assist the Sky Mother in giving life to two sons. One is considered of goodness; the other of evil.

And this is the version, told by many Elders, of the 'Garden of Eden' or 'How the World Began' on Turtle Island.\*

In the foreground and within the Great Medicine Wheel is more symbology of just a few of our many Relations. Their voices come from the Four Sacred Winds; their footsteps are seen in the Four Sacred Directions. In the background is the Spirit of The Creation. Universally there is but one and the same 'Supreme Being'. Cultural differences within the Indian Nation as a whole, however, refer to this same 'Deity' in different ways. It may be 'The Great Spirit', 'The Great Breath-maker', or the Great Mystery, for example. But, regardless, all such titles still apply to the same Great Power --not of man's feeble making-- the Great One that keeps Peace in our Hearts and Reason in our minds.

\*Turtle Island' is the Indian name for North and South America.

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### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To the Traditional Elders who continue to serve as gentle reminders of why we follow the Instructions of the Creator - To keep in balance and harmony with every living thing within the Sacred Hoop....who teach us humility...that the tiniest creature that crawls is our equal - if we would one day 'fly with the Eagle'...who teach us respect and the nonviolations of each other's rights - and to 'never take from any People their song'... To share our sorrows as well as our joys... To laugh at our troubles 'so's we will never run out of something to laugh about. And - because nothing is forever - whatever we are - whatever we have - is a gift of The Creator as long as it is shared.

So - to all my sisters and brothers from The Four Sacred Directions and particularly to Fire Horse and Bo-Buffalo, Big Al, Richard, Jonathan, Robert and Nicolas ... who encouraged me when I dispaired... advised me through all

my long ordeals... healed me when I was ill... fed me when I was hungry...and all the Beautiful People who gave us shelter when we lost our home...for the time being, in the words of Elton John, "My Gift", is my song...and this one's for you!" One can always pay back the debt of gold, but we leave this world forever in debt to those who are kind.

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"When an Indian prays - he prays for other people - The last words of the Indian Prayer are these: 'If there is anything left - let it be for me' - You do not hear many Anglos pray that way - It is our way - We shall keep it our way".

(Chief Joseph, Palouse, (called Nez Perce by the French)

### PREFACE

Contrary to text and common belief, the Indian People of the Americas are among the most Spiritual People in all the world. Is it, perhaps, because of this - or in spite of this - that the Indian People are also among the most used and abused, maligned or ignored?

Why else has a People of such high integrity - so small in numbers - been so denied the most basic of human rights? Especially in the very ancestral lands they have occupied (without endangering a living thing\*) for a minimum of 25,000 years, according to some scholars, and as long as 100,000 years or more by others. (Brandon & Josephy)

Yet every day - the Indian continues to be victimized, exploited and scapegoated by the moguls of greed and deceit. Not only do they further their selfish interests at our expense, but then treacherously malign us - collectively and individually - to cover up and justify their crimes for which the Indian and 'other poor' are all too often punished.

Because 'evil has many tools and the lie is the handle that fits them all' - few People in the white world are aware of their own oppression- let alone that of the Indian, today.

One notable Elder, now in the Spirit world, tells it this way: 'We acknowledge the Four Sacred Colors (or races) of Man - It includes all our Relations - But not so the "wasicu" -Forgive me for saying so, but he belongs to a Godless society - He forgets that - God put the Black man in Africa - He put the Yellow man in Asia - The Red man He put in North and South America. Now the White man He put in Europe. Everyone go north and south - visit with each other. Not so the wasicu - he go east and west -around the world - shake his fist - tell everybody "you better be white - or else"!

Like many other scholars, Washington Irving, in his *Fraids of Indian Character* - describes the invaders' atrocities-perpetrated and perpetuated against the almost completely guileless Natives of this continent - with appalling accuracy: "... they were invaded, corrupted, despoiled and driven from their native abodes and the sepulchres of their fathers, hunted down like wild beasts about the earth and sent down with violence and butchery to the grave. Posterity will turn with horror and incredulity--or blush with indignation at the inhumanity of their forefathers!" In a modern day version of "Cowboys and Indians" a noted Black Brother records it like this: "Whiteman come into our village - burn it to the ground - rape our woman- kill our children - call us "savage"!"

The Encyclopedia Britannica interprets the Dawes Act of 1887 (following the enforced march of 1838 Trail of Tears for the Cherokee Nation and also the Chocktaw, Chickasaw, Creek and Seminole) as being "...founded on the belief that the Indians would not survive. "No other nation not even Hitler's Nazi attempt to exterminate the Jewish People has come so close to complete

genocide. "Extermination...to every man, woman and child" is shockingly documented in many an official and military account. Of course, elsewhere, it is also denied or justified, lied about or ignored as if the Indian no longer exists.

We also believe that there is rarely a need to apologize because we learn that our friends don't need it and our enemies won't believe us anyway. But still it is sad that time and space do not allow us to record here every struggle for Justice and Equality that is constant within every tribe in the Indian Nation. And it is even sadder that this document can only contain a 'capsule' and not even the 'tip of the iceberg'- because everywhere these problems are still flagrant and rampant.

It is not the Indian Way to either condemn or condone ... we have seen all too often how praise merely brings about -condemnation. (For instance when someone says something nice about someone only to have the other person retort with "Yes, but...!" and the gossip, at best, or the character assassination, at worst, begins.) --Neither is this work (music or text) intended as a scholarly treatise nor a value judgement.- It would not be in keeping with traditions to tell anyone what they can or cannot do.-- unless it would come from a qualified elder (clan mother, holy person, medicine people, e.g.) It But hopefully it is possible to enlighten: the uninformed - the ill-informed and the misinformed with these few excerpts.

We would not be living below the poverty level, but the Indian Nation would be the richest in the world (materially as well as spiritually) if the powers that be only lived up to our Treaty Rights.

All traditional Indian people are taught to respect each other's visions, provided it does not violate the rights of another individual or the Tribe collectively - Through the examples of the Elders - we learn self-esteem, self reliance, moderation in all things and respect for all living things - and in this way keep our world in balance. We tease; we don't ridicule - there is a difference. And sarcasm is too often the weapon of a small mind.

We never knowingly offend each other. In all 600 different 'dialects' there was never any need for 'swear words', because it was traditionally noted to be "a happy, self-sufficient and spiritually oriented society". The Golden Rule is not spoken - it is lived. "There were no wants or needs that were not provided by the Great Mystery, before the invaders came". There were no words for 'superior-inferior' 'success-failure' - no 'rewards - punishment'. (There were no jails because there was no need to commit a crime.. No need to break any rules... status came from the giving principal rather than the getting... and there was no 'good or bad'; things were either right or they were wrong.

Traditional Elders still provide the necessary examples and teach in this way: No my daughter, my son - there is no such thing as good or bad. This is only a tool used by wasicu, (the White man) to create fear among themselves. The man who searches for good, will also discover things that are bad. If then he tries to force what he sees as good on others --he will live in danger of ultimately becoming bad himself."

As Keepers of the Land, The Creator's Instructions to the Indian People are clear and concise. Traditionally, one does not put oneself above the lowest creature within the Sacred Hoop on the bosom of the Mother Earth. Always we maintain the utmost of Respect for all living things; the four-legged as well as the two-legged; the winged and the finned. In short it is a four-way Trust between Animal Plant -Land and Human. There is nothing on the Mother Earth that does not need our loving care. Our Elders have wisdom; we would never dream of putting them in 'old-age homes'. Our children are gracious gifts of The Creator; the whole tribe adopts them; they would never be placed in 'orphanages'. The gift of Life-- not material things --are what Indian People are taught to value.



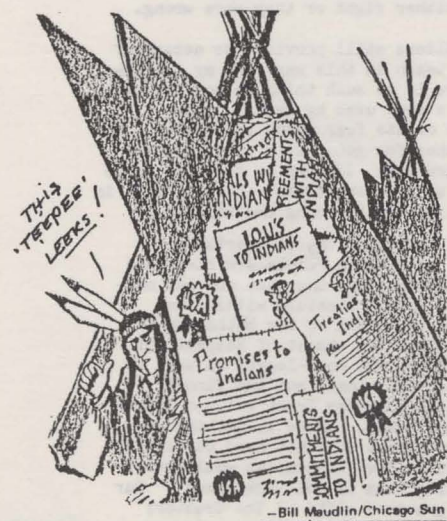
"Whatever happens to the Beasts" the Dwarmish Chief Sealath said "happens to man - whatever befalls the earth - befalls the sons of the earth. It is the end of living and the beginning of survival. Even the white man- cannot be exempt from the common destiny." We understand deeply the relationship between all living things. It is the Indian way - It creates a balance of harmony with our environment. This is why our heritage stays so strong.

No one lives long on this planet. We are taught that only the Mother Earth and Sky Mother: the Mountains and the Sea are forever. And without the Grandmother Moon and the Grandfather Sun there would be nothing living. 'The "wasicu" lives off the fat of the land and his people', the Elders say, 'he has little or no respect for nature and he offends our ideals.'

'With all the creatures of the Earth, Sky and Water, there was always a true friendship' said Chief Luther Standing Bear, Lakota. "So close did some People come to their feathered and furred relations that in true friendship they spoke a common tongue. Man's heart away from Nature," he said "becomes hard - and the lack of respect for living and growing things soon leads to lack of respect for human beings. The youth needs to stay close to this softening influence."

Only through constant purification and renewal of these teachings can we maintain a balance with each and every living thing. Only in this way can we reach across space and time to keep all the Four Sacred Colors coming from the Four Sacred Directions- eternally one in Spirit. It is The Creator's Way; it is the Indian Way - 'and we shall keep it that way'.

Albert Einstein noted 'Great spirits have always received violent opposition from mediocore minds'. So, hear the thoughts behind these words and remember what Mark Twain wrote: 'Upsetting news isn't just for reading. It's supposed to make you mad enough to do something about changing it!'



"Politicians are public servants chosen by the people to distribute the graft" (Mark Twain)

# SIDE 1 - #1: TRADITIONAL HONORING SONG -Mashpee Wampanoag Drum\*

To the Plains Indian in particular, other Nations as well, the Drum is traditionally considered to be the Heartbeat of the Nation. It is neither 'beaten', 'banged' nor 'played'. With great feelings of reverence as toward any spiritual object or instrument, it is 'drummed'.

Many Nations (Tribes) sing and dance using only Rattles and Gourds made from Animal and Plant Life to thank the Creator for all the Beauty bestowed upon us - above, beneath and all around us. The use of the Turtle Shell, Sea Shell, Hoof and Horn are just some of the many ways 'all our Relations' are honored and play their part in honoring all of The Creation.

When the enemies of Indian People became determined to deprive the Wampanoag People of their rightful land claims, they conjured up many obstacles. Along with denying their tribal status - their tribal rights were interfered with and the inevitable harassment followed. The overreacting of 'the law' toward an innocent 'Social' led to accusations that they had broken the 'Anti-noise Law'. This in turn led to beatings, jailings and a court trial - all because 'the law' - after raiding the Tribal Grounds - (committing what would be considered 'vandalism' if they were not in uniform) - had to justify their deeds by false statements and ridicule. In a perfect example of ignorance where cultural as well as human rights are concerned, one witness described our spiritual music as a lot of "screaming, beating and yelping". The Indians not only won the case, but it was obvious why the ancients have this saying: 'Whenever Unity cannot be attained it is always due to talebearers and traitors who keep interfering and blocking the way.'

The purpose of the drumming and singing, here, as well as the contemporary Indian music, is - in keeping with all Tribal Traditions - to honor all our Beloved People - here on Turtle Island and in the Spirit World. But, especially Brothers and Sisters who are still being forced to leave their bodies through precipitated acts of violence - still being unjustly incarcerated under inhumane conditions - still being physically and judicially injured and ignored and then maligned by an ailing society refusing to recognize its own decadence- not to mention its responsibility towards its people and their environment.

And finally, we wish to honor those unsung heroes of THE LONGEST WALK who traversed the thousands of miles across this continent, to bring all these injustices to the attention of the world. It took over six months under difficult extremes for them to arrive July 15, 1978 in Wash., D.C. And although Indian Sovereignty is now recognized by the United Nations, there was no Red Carpet treatment for the Indian Nation there. The powers that be were too busy lecturing abroad to the European Countries on the subject of Human Rights

This March was the first unenforced march in U. S. History; it is doubtful that it will ever appear in your history books. It was necessitated among other grievances, to bring world attention to the eleven new infamous Bills (do not let the 'Equal Indian Opportunity', words mislead you) now instigated by the nefarious minds of some Washington Bureaucrats. It was designed just as so many others: Manifest Destiny, Doctrine of Divine Conquest, The Removal Act (better known as the Trail of Tears) and so on, and so on - again, to spell extinction for the Native People - the rightful heirs of this 'Promised land'.

Almost four-hundred broken treaties later, it is little wonder that Will Rogers is quoted as making this statement: "Now that they've seen fit

to break almost every law in the Constitution (which they got from the Iroquois Confederacy to begin with) I suppose they'll start in on the Ten Commandments - that is if they can find anyone in Washington who's ever read 'em!'

And when will they realize: as Willie Dunn sings, that: --Deception annoys me--Deception destroys me (and we) Pity the country and pity the State- and the mind of the man who thrives on hate. Or that in Buffy St. Marie's words- '...all this poverty is only profiting a few'- or as Floyd Westerman points out: religion has become 'big business as their bank accounts will show' And finally as Bob Dylan sums it up - Ya don't have to be a weather man to know which way the wind blows!!!!

Most of the so called authorities in the country agree that the only true working form of Democracy is tribalism. But from where we stand it seems they only build monuments tomorrow to those 'tribal' People they persecute today because of their 'tribal ways'. Just how much longer this can go on remains to be seen, because we know that 'evil doesn't just undo the 'good' - or the honest -- it eventually undoes itself as well!'

And, as before, the Indian Prophecies are in motion. They predict that once more, those that remain true to the Creator's instructions will be around to start the 'brave new world' - long after the deceitful mongers of power and greed have destroyed this one.

We are the ancestors of the 'Yet Unborn' and so are we those 'Yet Unborn' for whom our Ancestors gave their lives that we might always be 'free' in spirit, heart and mind - to fulfill the prophecies - The Indian Way.

To this end we wish to pay tribute and give thanks to The Creation for all the gifts of time and love that made it possible to reach out with this message to others of the same persuasion.

Sitting Bull, Lakota holy man, reminds us that if we remain separated they will cut us off like fingers, one by one, but if we band together 'we will make a powerful fist' - and the Sacred Hoop will become whole again.

Henry David Thoreau pointed out that if all the honest people stood up for what they knew was right there would be nothing to fear because they couldn't put so many people in jail!

Now let us ask "them" and ourselves--as Hillell did: "If we are not for ourselves-- who will be? But if we are only for ourselves - what are we? And if not now - when?"

"A tribe is 1. any aggregate of people united by ties of descent from a common ancestor, community of customs and traditions, adherence to the same leaders, etc. 2. a local division of an aboriginal people." (Random House Unabridged)

\*To every drummer and singer- alphabetically as I recall them: "Bruzzy" Wampanoag; Brian Miles, Mohican; "Chiefy" Mills Wampanoag; Fire Horse; Seminole; Lincoln, Wampanoag; John Labillois, Mic Mac; Keesatonamook, Wampanoag; Nannipash-amet, Wampanoag; "Rusty" Peters, Wampanoag. Alice Lopez, Wampanoag; Cindy, Denise & Vicky Costa, Wampanoag; Elsie, Wampanoag; Louise Miles, Navajo; Rinalda Hendrix, Wampanoag-) who open and close this album - our appreciation for the privilege of paying tribute to the 'Tribal' Drum of the Wampanoag Nation as well as honoring 'The Longest Walkers' and 'all of Creation'.



## "This earth is sacred"

The following letter, written in 1855, was sent to President Franklin Pierce by Chief Sealth of the Duwamish Tribe of the State of Washington. It concerns the proposed purchase of the tribe's land. "Seattle", a corruption of the chief's name, is built in the heart of Duwamish Land. The letter is printed courtesy of Dale Jones of the Seattle office of Friends of the Earth.

"The Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land. The Great Chief also sends us words of friendship and good will. This is kind of him, since we know he has little need of our friendship in return. But we will consider your offer, for we know if we do not do so, the white man may come with guns and take our land. What Chief Sealth says, the Great Chief in Washington can count on as truly as our white brothers can count on the return of the seasons. My words are like the stars - they do not set.

How can you buy or sell the sky - the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us. Yet we do not own the freshness of the air or the sparkle of the water. How can you buy them from us? We will decide in our time. Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people.

We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of the land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs. The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it, he moves on. He leaves his fathers' graves, and his children's birthright is forgotten. The sight of your cities pains the eyes of the redman. But perhaps it is because the redman is a 'savage' and does not understand...

There is no quiet place in the white man's cities. No place to hear the leaves of spring or the rustle of insect's wings. But perhaps because I am a 'savage' and do not understand - the clatter only seems to insult the ears. And what is there to life if a man cannot hear the lovely cry of a whippoorwill or the arguments of the frogs around a pond at night? The Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind darting over the face of the pond, and the smell of the wind itself cleansed by a mid-day rain, or scented with a pinon pine. The air is precious to the redman. For all things share the same breath - the beasts, the trees, the man. The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. Like a man lying for many days, he is numb to the stench.

If I decide to accept, I will make one condition. The white man must treat the beasts of this land as his brothers. I am a 'savage' and I do not understand any other way. I have seen a thousand rotting buffaloes on the prairies left by the white man who shot them from a passing train. I am a 'savage' and I do not understand how the smoking iron horse can be more important than the buffalo that we kill only to stay alive. What is man without the beasts? If all the beasts were gone, men would die from great loneliness of spirit, for whatever happens to the beast also happens to man. All things are connected. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth.

Our children have seen their fathers humbled in defeat. Our warriors have felt shame. And after defeat, they turn their days in idleness and contaminate their bodies with sweet food and strong drink. It matters little where we pass the rest of our days - they are not many.

One thing we know which the white man may one day discover. Our God is the same God. You may think now that you own him as you wish to own our land. But you cannot. He is the Body of man. And his compassion is equal for the redman and the white. This earth is precious to him. And to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its creator. The whites, too, shall pass - perhaps sooner than other tribes. Continue to contaminate your bed, and you will one night suffocate in your own waste. When the buffalo are all slaughtered, the wild horses all tamed, the secret corners of the forest heavy with the scent of many men, and the view of the ripe hills blotted by talking wires, where is the thicket? Gone. Where is the eagle? Gone. And what is it to say goodbye to the swift and the hunt, the end of living and the beginning of survival.

We might understand if we knew what it was that the white man dreams, what hopes he describes to his children on long winter nights, what visions he burns into their minds, so they will wish for tomorrow. But we are 'savages'. The white man's dreams are hidden from us. And because they are hidden, we will go our own way. If we agree, it will be to secure your reservation you have promised. There perhaps we may live out our brief days as we wish. When the last redman has vanished from the earth, and the memory is only the shadow of a cloud moving across the prairie, these shores and forest will still hold the spirits of my people, for they love this earth as the newborn loves its mother's heartbeat. If we sell you our land, love it as we've loved it. Care for it, as we've cared for it. Hold in your mind

the memory of the land, as it is when you take it. And with all your strength, with all your might, and with all your heart - preserve it for your children, and love it as God loves us all. One thing we know - our God is the same. This earth is precious to him. Even the white man cannot be exempt from the common destiny.

"Not long after Red Cloud and Spotted Tail and their people settled down on their reservations in Nebraska, some white men discovered that gold was hidden in the Black Hills. Paha-Sapa (the Black Hills) was the center of the world;.... the holy mountains where warriors went to speak with the Great Spirit. The hills were sacred to the Indians. When they found white miners prospecting there, they - - - chased them out.

In 1874, during the Moon of Red Cherries, the United States government sent more than a thousand soldiers to invade the Black Hills and protect the gold-hungry Americans, even though the treaty Red Cloud had signed in 1868 had given the Lakota (Sioux) this land forever and forbidden white men to enter it without permission. The soldiers were led by General George Armstrong Custer!"

## Custer is a good place to start

This commentary is by Gerald Vizenor, an author, journalist, and director of Indian Studies at Bemidji State College in Minnesota. It appeared first in the Minneapolis Tribune.)

From a tribal viewpoint, white people are stuck with an infamous history and several bad names. One is George Armstrong Custer, a loser someone lionized and named a town after.

Custer, South Dakota, the oldest town in the Black Hills - first known as Stonewall to the early white hustlers of the frontier - was named in honor of the young, aggressive military officer who disregarded the orders of his superiors and died in the battle of the Little Big Horn.

Custer was the youngest general in the Union Army. He seemed to be in the right place at the right time - Bull Run, Gettysburg, Shenandoah Valley and Woodstock.

But after the Civil War he was once too often in the wrong place doing the wrong things. Custer, once court-martialed for leaving his command without permission, ordered that several of his troops be shot for the same reason. At the Little Big Horn, the impetuous young commander made his last mistake. At least one historian argues that Custer killed himself.

Custer was so hated by tribal leaders that dozens of warriors took credit for his death. He was an evil man to tribal people. Not because he was a dedicated fighter, but because he was without honor. During a sacred ceremony of the pipe, he presented himself to tribal people as a man of peace, but his intentions were otherwise.

"What Custer desired was a fight," Jennings Wise writes in his book. "The Red Man in the New World Drama, not an understanding with the Indians who had as yet not initiated a single overt act of aggression."

He was a hero to some, a heedless savor-rattling punk to others, and to tribal people he was a devious white savage without human dignity.

Tribal people will never forget his name. It appears on bumper sticker: "Custer Had It Coming" or in Vine Deloria's book, "Custer Died for Your Sins." The name and the place to many tribal people still represent a century of cultural invalidation and exploitation of tribal lands while white people hustle tourists and tunnels thru the sacred hills in search of gold.

...This is not the time for white people to play Custer again. While history will not support a simple human-relation approach to resolving racism and group conflicts, it is time to confess the symbolic sins of economic oppression and legal injustices.

It is a good time for white people to give up the ghosts of racial superiority and change a few bad names. Custer is a good place to start...



"There was no hope on earth, and God seemed to have forgotten us. Some said they saw the Son of God; others did not see Him. If He had come, He would do some great things as He had done before. We doubted it because we had seen neither Him nor His works.

The people did not know; they did not care. They snatched at the hope. They screamed like crazy men to Him for mercy. They caught at the promise they heard He had made.

The white men were frightened and called for soldiers. We had begged for life, and the white men thought we wanted theirs. We heard that soldiers were coming. We did not fear. We hoped that we could tell them our troubles and get help. A white man said soldiers meant to kill us. We did not believe it...."

-Red Cloud - Lakota Leader

## Who scalped whom?

DOCUMENTARY HISTORY

"For every Scalp of such Female Indian or Male Indian under the Age of twelve Years that Shall be killed and brought in as Evidence of their being killed as aforesaid Twenty Pounds.

Given at the Council Chamber in Boston this third day of November 1755 and in the twenty ninth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George, the second by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland King Defender of the Faith.

By his Honours Command S. Phips.  
J. Willard Secry  
God save the King.

\*In House of Represent' June 10, 1756.

"Resolved That there shall be allowed and paid out of the Public Treasury to any Number of the Inhabitants of this Province, not in the pay of the Government, who shall be disposed to go in quest of the Indian Enemy, & shall before they go signify in writing to the Chief Military Office of Y<sup>e</sup> part of the Province from which they shall go, their Intentions, with their names the following Bounty viz<sup>t</sup> For every Indian Enemy that they shall kill and produce the Scalp to the Gov<sup>t</sup> & Council in Evidence, the Sum of three hundred Pounds."

Order of Gen<sup>l</sup> Court.

"In the House of Representatives, May 28, 1757... It was Voted - to pay to

"Any number of the Inhabitants of this Province not in the pay of the Government who shall be disposed to go in quest of the Indian Enemy and shall before they go signify in writing to some Military officer (not below the degree of a Captain) in that part of the Province from which they shall go, their Intention, with their names, -- the following Bounty. -" Viz -

"1. For every Indian Enemy which they shall kill and produce the Scalp in evidence £300

"2. For every Indian Enemy captivated and delivered up--- £320  
The Chief officer of such party shall keep a Journal of their Proceeding -

"3. Also there shall be paid to every private Person, being an Inhabitant of the Province or Soldier in the pay of this Government on the Eastern or western Frontiers, who shall Captivate any Indian Enemy, any where between the Province of New York & Nova Scotia & deliver such captive to the Governor and Council

£50 for each Captive.

"And to Every Inhabitant or Soldier in pay of the Government who shall kill any of the Indian Enemy within the Limits aforesaid, & produce the Scalp to the Governor & Council, the sum of £40 for each scalp -

"The foregoing bounties for Captives and Scalps shall be allowed for the Space of one year from the 10 of June & no longer--"

Action of House against Penobscots.

"In the House of Representatives Nov. 1, 1755.

Forasmuch as upon the Refusal of the Indians of the Penobscot Tribe to take up arms & to act offensively with us against the Arrasagunticook & Tribes of Indians that have been declared Enemies, Rebels & Traitors to His most sacred Majesty, as by the Treaties subsisting between us & the said Penobscot Indians they were obliged to do; and upon divers Hostilities lately committed them. This House have desired His Honour the Lieut Governour & Commander in Chief - to declare them Enemies & Rebels; Therefore Voted That upon such Declaration being made & published - the same Bounty & Encouragement be given & paid out of the Publick Treasury, for every Penobscot Indian Prisoner that shall be brought in to Boston, & for every Scalp of a Penobscot Indian that shall be killed as have been allowed by this Court for those of the other Tribes before mentioned: and

Of The State of Maine"



## Exchange students!

The proneness of human Nature to a life of ease, of freedom from care and labour, appears strongly in the little success that has hitherto attended every attempt to 'civilize' our American Indians, in their present way of living, almost all their Wants are supplied by the spontaneous productions of nature, with the addition of very little labour, if hunting and fishing may indeed be called labour when game is so plenty, they visit us frequently, and see the advantages that Arts, Sciences, and compact Society procure us; they are not deficient in natural understanding and yet they have never shewn any inclination to change their manner of life for ours, or to learn any of our Arts; when an Indian child has been brought up among us, taught our language and habituated to our customs, yet if he goes to see his relations and makes one Indian ramble with them, there is no persuading him ever to return, and that this is not natural (to them) merely as Indians, but as men, is plain from this, that when white persons of either sex have been taken prisoners, young, by the Indians, and lived a while among them tho' ransomed by their friends, and treated with all imaginable tenderness to prevail with them to stay among the English, yet in a short time they become disgusted with our manner of life, and the care and pains that are necessary to support it; and take the first good opportunity of escaping again into the Woods, from whence there is no reclaiming them. One instance I remember to have heard, where the person was brought home to possess a good estate; but finding some care necessary to keep it together, he relinquished it to a younger brother, reserving to himself nothing but a gun and a match-coat, with which he took his way again to the wilderness.

Though they have few but natural wants and those easily supplied. But with us are infinite artificial wants, no less craving; that those of nature, and much more difficult to satisfy; so that I am apt to imagine that close societies subsisting by labour and arts, arose first not from choice, but from necessity. When numbers being driven by war from their hunting grounds and prevented by seas or by other nations were crowded together into some narrow territories which without labour would not afford them food. However as matters (now) stand with us, care and industry seem absolutely necessary to our well being; they should therefore have every encouragement we can invent; and not one motive to diligence can be subtracted, and the support of the poor should not be by maintaining them in idleness, but by employing

them in some kind of labour suited to their abilities of body and mind. As I am informed of late begins to be the practice in many parts of England, where work houses are erected for the purpose. If these were general I should think the poor would be more careful and work voluntarily and lay up something for themselves against a rainy day, rather than run the risk of being obliged to work at the pleasure of others for a bare subsistence and that too under confinement. The little value Indians set on what we prize so highly under the name of learning appears from a pleasant passage that happened some years since at a treaty between one of our colonies and the Six Nations; when every thing had been settled to the satisfaction of both sides, and nothing remained but a mutual exchange of civilities, the English Commissioners told the Indians, they had in their country a college for the instruction of youth who were taught various languages, arts and sciences; that there was a particular foundation in favour of the Indians to defray the expense of the education of any of their sons who should desire to take the benefit of it. And now if the Indians would accept of the offer, the English would take half a dozen of their brightest lads and bring them up in the best manner; the Indians after consulting on the proposal replied that it was remembered some of their youths had formerly been educated in that college, but it had been observed that for a long time after they returned to their friends, they were absolutely good for nothing being neither acquainted with the true methods of killing deer, catching beaver or, surprising the enemy. The proposition however, they looked on as a mark of the kindness and good will of the English to the Indian Nations which merited a grateful return; and therefore if the English gentlemen would send a dozen or two of their children to Onondago the great council would take care of their education, bring them up in really what was the best manner and make men of them.

— Benjamin Franklin's letter to Peter Collinson, May 9, 1753

We cannot sell the lives of men and animals; therefore we cannot sell this land... It was put here for us by the Great Spirit and we cannot sell it because it does not belong to us. You can count your money and burn it within the nod of a buffalo's head, but only the Great Spirit can count the grains of sand and the blades of grass of these vast plains. As a present to you, we will give you anything we have that you can take with you; but the land, never."

Blackfoot Chief  
Recorded in a 19th  
Century Treaty Council

## AN INDIAN PRAYER-LAMENT

"Vision is the art of seeing the invisible" (Swift)  
— BUT, ALAS —  
"We have always fools and appearances against us" (Nietzsche)

Almost gone . . . are the 'Old Ways' . . .  
Here . . . are their 'New Ways'  
Almost gone . . . is the Eagle . . .  
Where he used to fly . . .  
Way-up on high . . .  
Planes now fill the Sky!

And Our Earth Mother's Body . . .  
Has been treated so shoddy  
Almost gone . . . is the Buffalo . . .  
Who used to roam so free . . .  
Just like you and me . . .  
Now - part of their 'menagerie'!

For - just when we thought we were learning how to 'live'  
We were just learning how to 'die' . . .  
And we're learning now to wait, Great One,  
To know the reasons why . . .

Stolen . . . were our Birthrights . . .  
Changed . . . our days into nights  
Broken Arrow Treaties . . .  
Where we freely roamed . . .  
Through Prairie, Woods and Foam . . .  
Now - the "strangers'" home!

Still - we thank you, kind Sky Mother  
Through tears which seem star-crossed . . .  
For keeping safe within our hearts  
What most of the World has lost . . .

Hear, hear, hear, hear us Great Mystery . . .  
In deep humility . . .  
Help us, Great Spirit, guide  
These storm-tossed Canoes that we stride . . .  
On our Ponies again let us ride . . .  
Once more in splendor and pride . . .  
Far away from all those who have . . . lied . . .

Let them know it's still Indian Country  
That they call 'America'!

## Pagans & other white folks...

(Mohawk religious teachings say that at one time, all people of the world were given "an original instruction". And we've known that this seemed to be true, for we've found yellow people, brown people, black people, and other red people with knowledge similar to our own. But where were the white people? Perhaps these definitions of words from the English language will give some clue - for they are words which are often attached to native people who go on holding their natural ways and instructions.)

The word "Pagan" comes from the Latin word, "Paganus", meaning country dweller.

The word "Heathen" simply refers to the people who lived on the heath in Britain, the place where heather grows. They were a people who, for a long time, held on to their original teachings.

The word "Devil" is specifically a Christian concept - they are the only people in the world who recognize him. Actually,

the word for "devil" comes from the same word as "divine" and comes from the Sanskrit, meaning "little god." During the persecution of the pagan peoples in the late Middle Ages, whenever a defendant spoke of the Horned God who represented the animal kingdom, the court recorder wrote the word "devil" (little God) for in how referred to "God" as

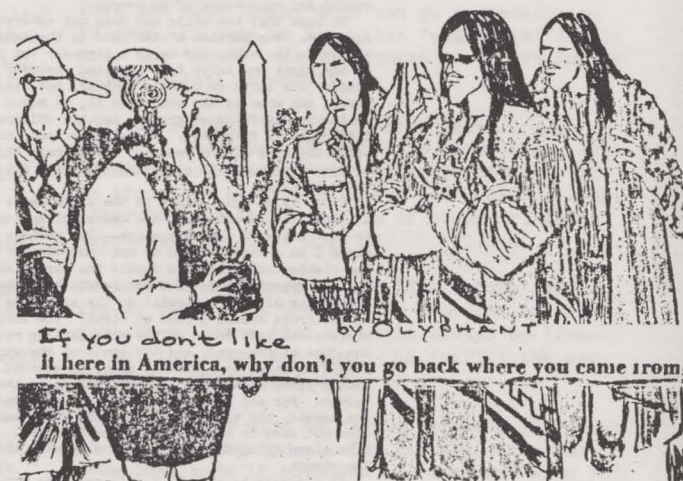
"spoken by the accused would be blasphemy for Christians. The word "witch" comes from northwestern Europe, where the medicine people and spiritual leaders were known as "wicca" which is an Anglo-Saxon word meaning "wise ones." During centuries of persecution not unlike what happened to Indians at the hands of missionaries, the white spiritual leaders, known as "wicca" or "witches" were killed.

(Thanks to Tim Zell of the Church of All Worlds for this information.)

IT BEGAN WHEN Christopher Columbus landed on the island of San Salvador in the West Indies. He called the people who lived there *Indios*. As was their custom, the Taino Indians of San Salvador gave Columbus and his men gifts and treated them with honor.

"So tractable, so peaceful are these people," Columbus wrote to the King and Queen of Spain, "that I swear to your Majesties, there is not in the world a better nation. They love their neighbors as themselves and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile; and though it is true that they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy."

Over the next four centuries (1492-1890) Europeans arrived to force their ways upon the Indians of the New World.



If you don't like it here in America, why don't you go back where you came from!

## (2) THE DAY COLUMBUS GOT LOST

"There is nothing more burdensome than a successful fool" (my Grandfathers)

"Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts - absolutely" (Lord Acton)

In fourteen-hundred and ninety-two Columbus sailed with his motley crew

On the Pinta, the Nina, the Santa Maria  
And with them they brought many pains in the "re-ar"

A lovely land they did admit  
And so they decided to discover it

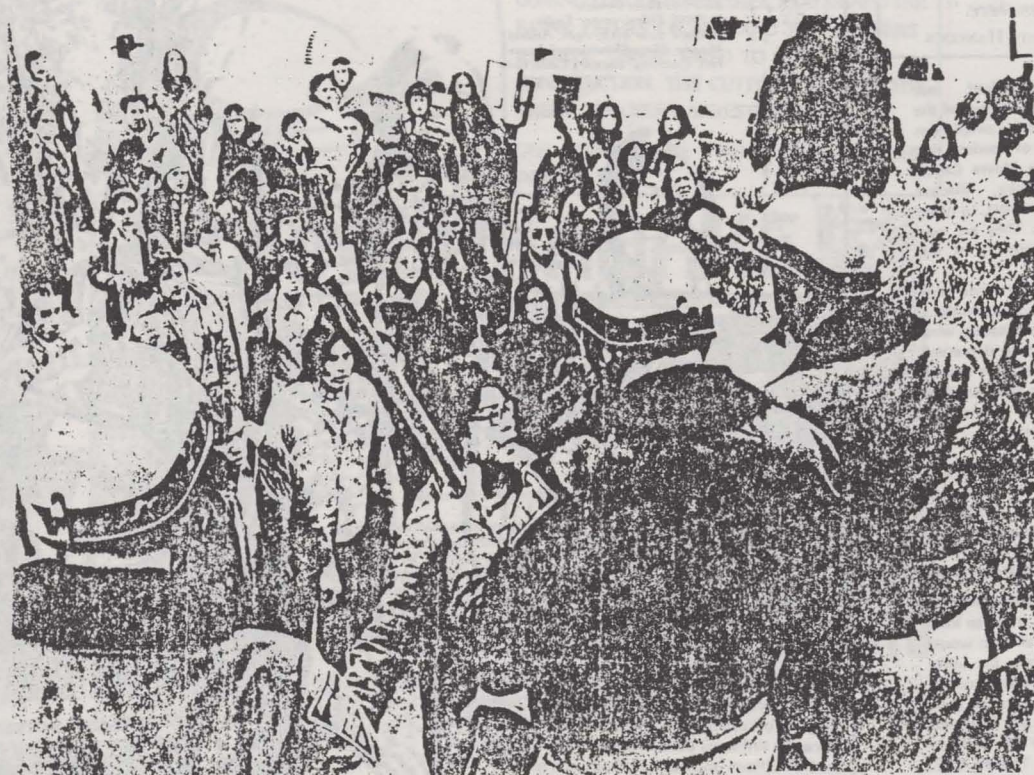
As one leader says: 'they were Worlds off course'  
But each year they celebrate how they got lost!

In the woods the Indian Landlord stood  
And said 'there goes our neighborhood'

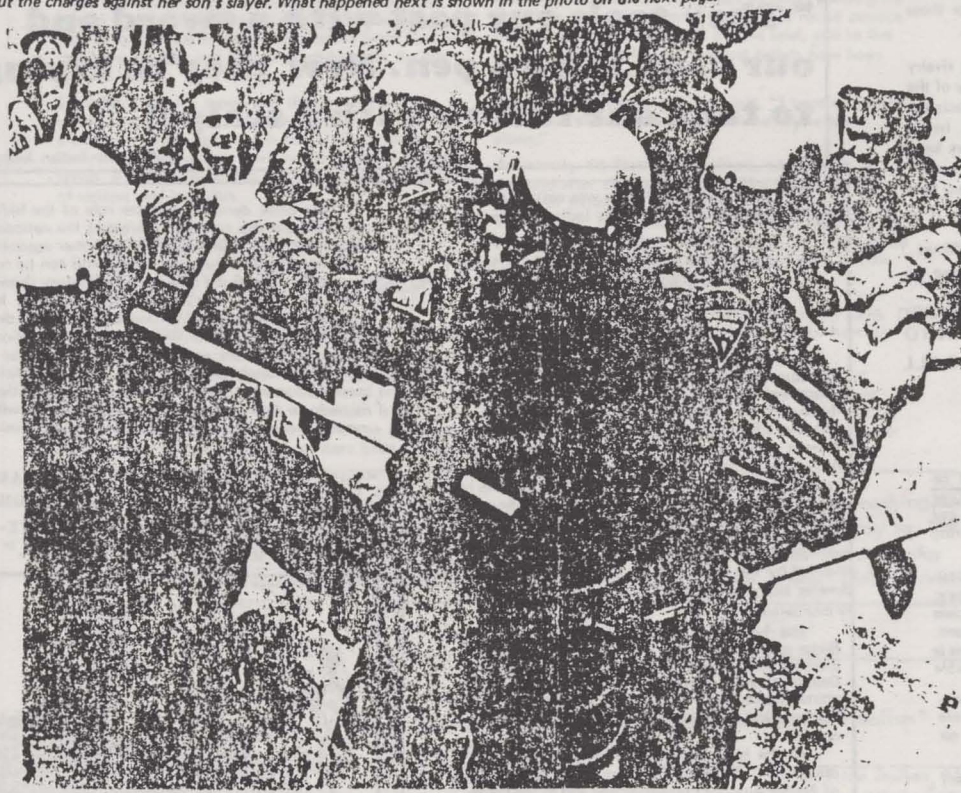
"There must be something wrong with a system in which nobody can prosper unless everyone is in debt" (Country Parson)

"Your America has not been the land of your proclaimed equality and justice for all" (in place of our honorable Treaties and Constitution of Integrity) ". . . we have been given malnutrition, poverty, disease, suicide and bureaucratic promises of a better tomorrow" (X-IT)





It's Custer, South Dakota, on February 6. The weather is bitter cold. A group of 50 persons are gathered on the courthouse steps. They are quiet and unarmed. Sarah Bad Heart Bull climbs the steps alone, her arms at her side, her jacket protection from the wind and cold. She asks the policemen why she cannot see the district attorney about the charges against her son's slayer. What happened next is shown in the photo on the next page.



Moments later, Sarah Bad Heart Bull has been pulled behind the line of police, is being choked by one of them and beaten by another. Her glasses are missing, her jacket has been torn off. She has just one foot on the ground. Robert High Eagle is seen in the foreground, reaching toward Sarah trying to assist her. Ken Dahl, wearing wire-rimmed glasses, is visible to the right of High Eagle. All three are now in prison for this incident. The police then started gassing and macing the stunned crowd, who turned and ran, chased by the heavily-armed police. (Incidentally, this photo was made available to newspapers by United Press International - with the figure of Sarah cropped off, making it look as though the attack is being initiated and led by High Eagle.)

"Neither look too 'good' nor talk too wise (the Grand-mothers)

# 1 BESTSELLER BURY MY HEART AT WOUNDED KNEE AN INDIAN HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN WEST BY DEE BROWN

"And not only did the American white man steal the land, he also destroyed it, even then. When Kit Carson hunted down and killed a group of Navahos in 1864, destroying their hogans and their livestock, he also chopped down the peach trees they had planted.

"There are atrocity stories, dozens of them. I guess the mutilation of Cheyenne and Arapaho women and children at Sand Creek was the worst, if only because the victims were friendly toward their murderers and were bayoneted, many of them, where they stood huddled beneath an American flag.

"It falls to a journalist reviewing the books of our days to treat the dreadful almost as though it were commonplace. The books I review, week upon week, report the destruction of the land or the air, they detail the perversion of justice; they reveal national stupidities. None of them—not one—has saddened me and shamed me as this book has. Because the experience of reading it has made me realize for once and all that we really don't know who we are, or where we came from, or what we have done, or why."

—Geoffrey Hill, *New York*

No white person or persons shall be permitted to settle upon or occupy any portion of the territory, or without the consent of the Indians to pass through the same.

—TREATY OF 1868

## 3. SONG FOR SARAH

So many wounds ago . . .

So many bonds were made and severed

But, Sister, don't forget

Alone and sad we're still together

And know—your People care!

First they took your sons from you; their killers then they freed

All because they want our lands - is there no end to their greed - To their greed!

They do not speak for you

They do not care what grief you're feeling

It must be lonely there

Because you know not all they're dealing

But know—your People care!

They dare not let the whole World know how much with fear they're filled

Their shame and guilt they cannot bear so it's we who must be stilled - We must be stilled

But we'll soon bring you home

And we'll soon break those chains and fetters

So let your Spirit soar

Their evil can't endure forever

They know - YOUR PEOPLE - care!

"Don't it make you feel ashamed to live... where justice is just a game" (Dylan)



# A tribute to Native Women Warriors

"Are women and children more timid than men? The Cheyenne warriors are not afraid, but have you never heard of Sand Creek? Your soldiers look just like those who butchered the women and children there."

—WOQUINI (ROMAN NOSE) TO GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK

A warrior is one who defends his family, home, and land against any real threat to his safety or possessions. They are not to be likened to the modern armies of nations whose leaders fabricate threats as an excuse for aggressive actions. (Their real motives are to seize our homelands, possessions, and to enslave the people under political bondage.) A warrior can be a man, or a woman, an elder or a youth. Strategies may differ — one warrior may feel desperate enough to take up arms, another might arm himself/herself with truth and an eagle feather — one might become a doctor or a nurse and fight disease and another a lawyer fighting legal injustices; one might become a teacher combating ignorance or a brother in prison trying to pry open the iron doors. A warrior might be a medicine man fighting against the death pattern that plagues our people and striving to revive the life-instincts. A warrior wears many different garments and has many faces — and many of those faces are those of Native Women!

Native women have historically fought their struggle side by side with their men. The Creek and Seminole Women Warriors were forced by the U.S. atrocities which attempted to wipe out every Native person in their greed to secure our homelands to euthanasia. The Native women mercifully put their children to rest in the arms of Mother Earth to prevent their capture by the U.S. Cavalry who would rape and torture them. And then they joined the ranks of their men.

Loyen, another highly respected Apache Native Woman Warrior fought long and courageously with the resistance forces led by Geronimo. The elder grandmothers from Nisqually, sadly relate to their children how conditions were for them as young maidens. When they heard the approaching hoofbeats coming to their longhouses from Olympia, all the women from age 3 to 90 ran to the river where they stuffed sand between their legs. For the favorite sport of the drunken white settlers was the rape and sadistic torture of Native women and children. And oftentimes the Native men would be shackled together and forced to watch.

The powerforces arrayed against the Native Nations finally succeeded and death was the only relief.

Today the oppressed people of the world which included the indigenous people of the Americas are rising as one nation to throw off the yolk of oppressive tyranny!

"There is one in the world who feels for him who is sad a keener pang than he feels for himself; there is one to whom reflected joy is better than that which comes direct; there is one who rejoices in another's honor more than in any which is one's own; there is one who hides another's infirmities more faithfully than one's own; there is one who loses all sense of self in the sentiment of kindness, tenderness and devotion to another; that one is woman."

— Washington Irving

The strong-life-instinct which inspired our grandmothers of old to resist the death blows of the U.S. armies can be seen once again. Native people can feel pride in the courageous actions of modern day Native Women Warriors such as Ellen Moves Camp, Suzette Bridges Mills, Ramona Binky, Gladys Bissonette, Mary Crow Dog, Ramona Bennett, to name but a few of the more notable ones. They are true leaders in the Rebirth-resistance movements of the Native Nations.

Equally notable are the many unsung heroines who struggle on, the Clan Mothers of the Iroquois Nations and the Hopi and Sioux Spiritual Women leaders who have opened up their homes and hearts to depressed Native sisters. They have traveled long distances to visit their Native sisters to uplift and share their wisdom with them, gently guiding with kind words and treatment and inspiring the will to live again.

The grandmothers who protect and guide the young, who instruct and mold the characters of our future generations. The grandmothers who have steadfastly clung to the values and Way of Life of our ancestors, so that we might never forget what FREEDOM really is, so that we will not mistake freedom for THRALLDOM

as so many have been indoctrinated to believe today. And let us not forget the Mothers who strive to keep the family unit together in defiance of all who would destroy the unity of the Native nations, the unity which has its roots in the family. The Native mothers who are today demanding that the education of their children be meaningful to Native values and lifestyles. And the many beautiful spiritual sisters who walk in dignified silence. They struggle to WIN THE PEACE. They walk the path of life in beauty and all their actions are motivated by their love for their people, their land, and all life. There is no room in their hearts for hatred. They seek to secure a future life for those who are still coming towards us from the future.

In our spiritual rebirth movement there is no rivalry between the sisters or sexes as exists in so many of the political movements. A true Native Warrior respects the Women leaders and Women Warriors and he is respected and loved by them. Women Warriors keep our movement strong. I too am a Woman Warrior and I shall never give up the struggle against tyranny and death.

Janet McCloud

## KILLINGS REPRESENT A SICKNESS IN SOCIETY, A CONTAGION OF RACISM PASSED BY WORD OF MOUTH, GENERATION TO GENERATION, CONTAMINATING US ALL

(This letter to the editor appeared in Seer's Catalogue, an alternate newspaper published at 4207 San Isidro N, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107, and recommended to our readers as a source of news on the Southwest.)

Six slain Indians ... mutilated and tortured beyond recognition. The old West? Wounded Knee 1890? The Trail of Tears? No, Gallup 1973 and Farmington 1974. A century apart, yet occurring for the same reason, Racism.

We seldom realize how much savagery and brutality this sickness has brought on through history. All people are racist. In most cases, this racism remains inside an individual, therefore suppressed. In families and communities where this sickness is reinforced, it develops into a more noticeable

form. This is what occurred in Gallup and Farmington — these communities created an atmosphere which led to the brutal slayings of at least six Indians

Three youths are being held for [some of the] deaths. Psychiatrists will find no distorted genes or metabolic inconsistencies, for their sickness was carried on for generations — not genetically, but through word of mouth.

These youths are not the only sick people in this community — they are merely representative of a white racist society in which these youths are being raised and their racist tendencies being nourished. Look through history and you will find the forefathers of these youths.

—Bob Gougelet



B.R.T. Col., 1975

— Kamloops News  
Chief Mary Leonard ... led DIA office takeover  
At Kamloops, 150 demonstrators led by Chief Mary Leonard occupied and picketed the district DIA office. At Williams Lake, 160 Indians swooped into the DIA offices and set up discussion groups. Fifty native persons took over the Vernon offices with drumming and singing.

July 1977/AKWESASNE NOTES

**"They took our past with a sword and  
our land with a pen. Now they're trying  
to take our future with a scalpel."**

—American Indian Journal

The following book review was written by an anonymous member of Boston's Indian Community:

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ANNA MAE AQUASH  
by Johanna Brand  
James Lorimer & Company, Publishers  
\$6.95 paperback

Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota. On February 24, 1976, a rancher discovered the body of a young woman on a lonely stretch of land and called the authorities. BIA police, local sheriff's, deputies, and the FBI responded in force immediately. The woman was Anna Mae Aquash—a national leader of the American Indian Movement (AIM), a person well-known and respected around Pine Ridge. But the body was not identified. No pictures were shown to residents and the description given to callers was incorrect. Meanwhile there had been a quick and illegal burial, with no death certificate. The second autopsy, demanded by the family, found a bullet in her brain and powder burns on her skin—Anna Mae Aquash was clearly murdered.

The history of violent deaths on the Pine Ridge reservation shows that the FBI only pushed investigations of ones they hoped to pin on AIM. Deaths of AIM members and sympathizers went uninvestigated and unpunished. To date, no one has been indicted for the murder of Anna Mae Aquash.

In the last chapter, Brand exposes the complicity of Canadian authorities in the harassment of Native American organizations and in the cover-up of Anna Mae's death. They cooperated closely with the FBI and accepted all their stories even when they were clearly contradictory and insufficient. Various Canadian organizations, politicians and the victim's family have all demanded inquiries into Anna Mae's murder, but have gotten nowhere.

The Life and Death of Anna Mae Aquash is a serious and courageously written book.

The book demonstrates the role of the BIA, the FBI and the courts in repressing the national minorities. But it implies there are other agencies and individuals in the government who can be relied on for help. But a look at recent history shows that the liberals in Congress and elsewhere in government have done nothing to effectively defend the national minorities. In fact, their position is worsening as the economic crisis gets deeper for the monopoly capitalist class. The imperialists' exploitation of oppressed nations and nationalities is basic to their economic survival, and they will never change the system themselves—we must.

**"THE EXECUTIONERS OF ANNA MAE  
DID NOT SNUFF OUT A MEDDLESOME  
WOMAN: THEY EXALTED A BRAVE-  
HEARTED WOMAN FOR ALL TIME."**



"You do understand we mean well?"

**The scandal behind  
U.S. 'orphan airlift'**





"THIS WAS THE BEGINNING, BUT THE LINE WAS COMING THROUGH WHETHER YOU SIGNED THE PASNY PAPERS OR NOT AND THE FARMERS BALKED. SOME TRIED TO STOP THE CONSTRUCTION, THE CUTTING DOWN OF THE TREES, TROOPERS ARRESTED THEM.

ONE FARMER SAID: "NOW I KNOW HOW THE INDIANS FEEL."

## GANIENKAHAK

### MOHAWK CAMP

This area is part of the land under the legal and original title of the Mohawk Nation. We Mohawks have returned to our homeland with the help of other traditional Indians we shall make a home for any and all Indians who wish to live according to their own culture, customs and tradition.

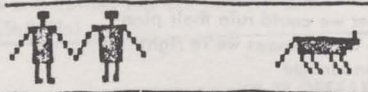
Native nations all over the world have regained their lands. U.S. restored Okinawa to Japan. We assume that this rendering of justice shall be extended to American Indians and that this land shall be restored to the Mohawks. This CAMP is out to prove that traditional Indians can live off the land without electricity, money, welfare, relief or aid of any kind. White people are asked to help by not interfering. All we need is to be let alone and live in our own way.

— photo by Kanietakaren

This Sign Was Hung at The Gate of Kanienkese

Eagle Bay (Ganienka) — A group from the Mohawk Nation — more than fifty persons — have occupied an area of land in the massive Adirondacks State Park so that they can live and raise their children in the traditional way.

Spokesmen for the group said they assumed there would be no need for a confrontation, since they felt a legal and moral right to the land. Early indications were that area residents were lending support to the group, and were respecting their wishes to remain free of visitors and intruders.



"There should be no reason why this issue cannot be handled in a calm, legal fashion. It would seem, on the surface of such issues, that the burden is on the white man to bring about a just solution to make up for the many injustices the Indians have been dealt in

The camp has maintained a strict security, allowing no press into the encampment. Only those native persons who would be willing to live off the land, and to live in accord with traditional spiritual beliefs have been allowed to take up residence.

Forest Ranger William Marleau said, "I have no instruction other than to patrol the area and leave them alone."

Apparently the State of New York, which took up the land after the Revolutionary War, had adopted a policy of letting the encampment sink or swim of its own accord. If it fails and people leave, there will be no problem. If it succeeds and people live in harmony with the wilderness area, the State can point to their "enlightened policies" with pride.

If there is a dispute over their presence on the land, Mohawk leaders said, they would be glad to have the United Nations decide the matter.

The land currently occupied is an abandoned Girl Scout camp recently purchased by New York State. It is being used as a base camp, with the idea that people will fade back into the forests to live by hunting, fishing, gardening, and gathering.

"... Development of non-Indian uses for scarce water will lead to the violation of treaties guaranteeing rights to water needed to support life in Native communities ..."

"I won't be around to hear their lies any more" (Phil Ochs)

\* This song was inspired by Phil Ochs, with music and lyrics altered to express the Indian problem, (and to avoid copyright problems as well). He gave his permission to use it in its originality, but I never did know its title.

4.

### STRAIGHT TALK

They say we're just the Natives and there's much that we must learn -

But it's hard to read thru the smoke of those books that lie at every turn

So we'd like to make a promise - and we never broke our vows -

That we're gonna do some talking and we hope they're listening now! Yes we hope they're listening now!

Because they've given us their numbers, but they've taken away our names

And I've listened to their rhetoric till it's driving me insane

'Cause they support injustices while we're for Human Rights

And we've the right to say something and we're saying it here tonight, Yes, we're saying it here tonight!

We wish they'd stop their double talk; we wish they'd tell it straight

So's we can see some Justice - 'cause you know it's not too late

For we also are entitled to all those Rights that they've denied

And we've the right to say something because we're not the ones who lied, No, we're not the ones who lied!

And they're not our Great White Fathers 'cause they've treated us so bad

By trying to divide us and by trying to make us mad They have robbed us through Bureaucracy, Big Business, Cowboys too

And we've got something to say about this before the day is through, Before the day is through!

Now things were oh, so different when this country was our own

We had no Poverty, no Crises and - corruption was unknown For we respected both the Old and Young and to them we do avow

That we're gonna do some talkin' and - they better be listening now, Yes, they better be listening now

So they can keep on rabble-raising and a-speaking with "forked-tongue"

It will all come back on them some day and it's them that will come undone

For they've broken every Treaty, every promise, every vow And we have something to say about this and they better be listening now, Yes, they better be listening now!



MAY 31, 1779: GEORGE WASHINGTON ORDERS THE GENOCIDE OF THE IROQUOIS PEOPLE—"NOT MERELY OVERRUN BUT DESTROYED."

"Imagine all the People - living for today . . . nothing to kill or die for - Living life in Peace . . . You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one. . . I hope some day you'll join me, and the world will be as one" (John Lennon)

"I have a dream" (Rev. Martin Luther King)

"The only true working form of democracy is Tribalism" (M. McLuan)

The Great Spirit raised both the white man and the Indian. He raised the Indian first. He raised me in this land and it belongs to me. The white man was raised over the great waters, and his land is over there. Since they crossed the sea, I have given them room. There are now white people all about me. I have but a small spot of land left. The Great Spirit told me to keep it."

— MAHPUA LUTA (RED CLOUD) OF THE OGLALA SIOUX



## CHIEF SEALTH

The following speech was delivered by Sealth, Chief of the Suquamish and Duwamish tribes in 1855 on the occasion of the founding of the city: "SEATTLE". It was written down by the translator, Dr. Henry Smith, present at the ceremony. Chief Sealth was born in 1786 and died June 7, 1866.

Yonder sky that has wept tears of compassion upon my people for centuries untold, and which to us appears changeless and eternal, may change. Today is fair. Tomorrow it may be overcast with clouds. My words are like the stars that never change. Whatever Sealth says the great chief at Washington can rely upon with as much certainty as he can upon the return of the sun or the seasons. The White Chief says that Big Chief at Washington sends us greetings of friendship and goodwill. This is kind of him for we know he has little need of our friendship in return. His people are many. They are like the grass that covers vast prairies. My people are few. They resemble the scattering trees of a storm-swept plain. The great—and I presume—good White Chief sends us word that he wishes to buy our lands but is willing to allow us enough to live comfortably. This indeed appears just, even generous, for the Red Man no longer has rights that he need respect, and the offer may be wise also, as we are no longer in need of an extensive country.

To us the ashes of our ancestors are sacred and their resting place is hallowed ground: You wander far from the graves of your ancestors and seemingly without regret. Your religion was written upon tables of stone by the iron finger of your God so that you could not forget. The Red Man could never comprehend nor remember it. Our religion is the traditions of our ancestors—the dreams of our old men, given them in the solemn hours of night by the Great Spirit, and the visions of our sachems, and is written in the hearts of our people.

Your dead cease to love you and the land of their nativity as soon as they pass the portals of the tomb and wander way beyond the stars. They are soon forgotten and never return. Our dead never forget the beautiful world that gave them being. They still love its verdant valleys, its murmuring rivers, its magnificent mountains, sequestered vales and verdant lined lakes and bays, and ever yearn in tender, fond affection over the lonely hearted living, and often return from the Happy Hunting Ground to visit, guide, console and comfort them.

Day and night cannot dwell together. The Red Man has ever fled the approach of the White Man, as the morning mist flees before the morning sun.

However, your proposition seems fair and I think that my people will accept it and will retire to the reservation you offer them. Then we will dwell in peace, for the words of the Great White Chief seem to be the words of nature speaking to my people out of dense darkness.

"The poet and the painter - casting shadows on the water - as the Sun plays on the infantry returning from the Sea. The doer and the thinker - no allowance for the other - As the failing light illuminates the mercenary creed . . . The poet lifts his pen - while the soldier sheathes his sword . . . Your wise men don't know how it feels to be THICK AS A BRICK. (Jethro Tull - from his album of the same name)

If you are not careful, some newspapers will have you hating the people who are being oppressed and loving the people who are doing the oppressing. —Malcolm X

It matters little where we pass the remnant of our days. They will not be many. The Indians' night promises to be dark. Not a single star of hope hovers above his horizon. Sad-voiced winds moan in the distance. Grim fate seems to be on the Red Man's trail, and wherever he goes he will hear the approaching footsteps of his fell destroyer and prepare solidly to meet his doom, as does the wounded doe that hears the approaching footsteps of the hunter.

A few more moons. A few more winters—and not one of the descendants of the mighty hosts that once moved over this broad land or lived in happy homes, protected by the Great Spirit, will remain to mourn over the graves of a people—once more powerful and hopeful than yours. But why should I mourn at the untimely fate of my people? Tribe follows tribe, and nation follows nation, like the waves of the sea. It is the order of nature, and regret is useless. Your time of decay may be distant, but it will surely come, for even the White Man whose God walked and talked with him as friend with friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We will see.

We will ponder your proposition and when we decide we will let you know. But should we accept it, I here and now make this condition that we will not be denied the privilege, without molestation of visiting at any time the tombs of our ancestors, friends and children. Every part of this soil is sacred in the estimation of my people. Every hillside, every valley, every plain and grove, has been hallowed by some sad or happy event in days long vanished. Even the rocks, which seem to be dumb and dead as they swelter in the sun along the silent shore, thrill with memories of stirring events connected with the lives of my people, and the very dust upon which you now stand responds more lovingly to their footsteps than to yours, because it is rich with the blood of our ancestors and our bare feet are conscious of the sympathetic touch. Our departed graves, fond mothers, glad, happy-hearted maidens, and even our little children who lived here and rejoiced here for a brief season, will love these somber solitudes and at eventide they greet shadowy returning spirits. And when the last Red Man shall have perished, and the memory of my tribe shall have become a myth among the White Men, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe, and when your children's children think themselves alone in the field, the store, the shop, upon the highway, or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone. In all the earth there is no place dedicated to solitude. At night when the streets of your cities and villages are silent and you think them deserted, they will throng with the returning hosts that once filled them and still love this beautiful land. The White Man will never be alone.

Let him be just and deal kindly with my people, for the dead are not powerless. Dead, did I say? There is no death, only a change of worlds.

"The earth was created by the assistance of the sun, and it should be left as it was . . . The country was made without lines of demarcation and it is no man's business to divide it . . . I see the whites all over the country gaining wealth and see their desire to give us land that is worthless . . . The earth and myself are of one mind. The measure of the land and the measure of our bodies are the same. Say to us if you can say it that you were sent by the creative powers to talk to us. Perhaps you think the creator sent you here to dispose of us as you see fit. If I thought you were sent by the creator I might be induced to think that you had the right to dispose of me. Do not misunderstand me but understand me fully with reference to the land. I never said the land was mine to do with as I choose. The one who has the right to dispose of it is the one who has created it. I claim a right to live on my land and accord you the privilege to live on yours."

Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekt  
Thunder Travelling to loftier mountains  
Chief Joseph Nez Perce

## 5. FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE

Chorus: We're not asking for the Moon and we're not asking for the Stars  
We're not asking for the Sky or deep blue sea . . .  
They're only just on loan to us as far as we can see  
It all belongs to the Creator Who created you and me.

We're just asking for the right to live and love all living things  
Just to breathe fresh air and Sunshine; run barefoot in the Spring  
Play with Children and all Creatures; give them all our loving care  
And respect all Nature's gracious gifts of mystery everywhere.

We just want to chase a Rainbow if we choose or just a dream  
Watch The Eagle soar across the Sky; go wading in a stream  
And tread lightly on our Mother Earth in peace and harmony  
Come together all The People who are dying to live free!

Chorus: 'Cause we're not asking for the Moon and we're not asking for the Stars . . . etc.

We just want to keep the Wilderness, the Woodlands'  
River streams  
As The Breathmaker of us all instructed; open, wild and clean  
So all Beasts and Birds and even Whales can roam freely and at will  
On the Earth and in the Sky and Sea, the Mountains and the Hills.

We're the Keepers of the land & Fires, Waters, Wind and Air  
And so for our Children—yet-unborn we ask you to take care  
The Great Spirit made us all these things to help show us the way  
So don't take them all away from us as all we're trying to say.

Chorus: 'Cause we're not asking for the Moon and we're not asking for the Stars . . . etc.

"LET US PUT OUR MINDS TOGETHER  
AND SEE WHAT KIND OF LIFE  
WE ARE GOING TO MAKE FOR  
OUR CHILDREN. — Sitting Bull

One does not sell the earth upon which the people walk.  
—TASHUNKA WITKO (CRAZY HORSE)

## 6. PROUD TO BELONG TO THE INDIAN NATION

They - still - call me an 'IN-DI-AN'  
Well I say that I am what I am  
And I say that it's real  
That those bureaucrats steal  
They still steal from the IN\*DI\*AN

Be it Springtime, Summer or Fall  
I'll still be singing with you all  
With a great big shout  
BIA still strikes out  
At the rise of the Tribes, one and all

For - I - was: Born to belong to the Indian Nation  
Bound to belong to the Indian Nation  
Proud to belong to the Indian Nation  
Until the day I go . . .  
Till I go to The Spirit World.

As an Indian woman I'm wise  
To the guise of the Capitol Spies  
So I'll not be fooled  
By their 'White-tape' rules  
'Cause I've learned how to see thru their lies

And we're gonna have our day  
With Justice for our pay  
Then their lies will cease  
And the Truth they'll meet  
Because that's what our prophecies say!

For - I - was: Born to belong to the Indian Nation  
Bound in my heart to the Indian Nation  
Proud to belong to the Indian Nation  
Until the day I go . . .  
Till I go to The Spirit World

If those goon squads weren't so keen  
To threaten with their M-16s  
It means we'd have no right  
With all our Treaty Rights  
'Cause all governments would have to come clean

Al-though-I'M only one IN-DI-AN  
All together we could ruin their plan  
The whole World knows we're right  
And we'll win our fight  
Every child, every woman, every man

For - we - were: Born to belong to the Indian Nation (etc.)  
Until the day we go . . .

"Fair becomes foul and foul becomes fair, when it becomes profitable to that select few" (from radio talk by Noam Chomsky)

Where today are the Pequot? Where are the Narragansett, the Onkiongon, the Pokanoket (later known as the Wampanoags) and so many other once powerful tribes of our People? They have vanished before the avarice and the oppression of the White Man, as snow before a summer sun. Will we let ourselves be destroyed in our turn without a struggle - give up our homes - our Country bequeathed to us by the Great Spirit - the graves of our dead and everything that is dear to us? I know you will cry out with me - NEVER, NEVER!  
Tachumseh - leader of the Shawnee





October 12, Columbus Day, has been declared "International Day of Solidarity With American Indians." The declaration was unanimously made at a late September United Nations-sponsored conference in Geneva of North and South American Indians from 15 countries. The Day of Solidarity will be an annual event.

"This war did not spring up here in our land; this war was brought upon us by the children of the Great White Father who came to take our land from us without price and who, in our land, do a great many evil things. The Great White Father and his children are to blame for this trouble.... It has been our wish to live here in our country peaceably, and do such things as may be for the welfare and good of our people, but the Great White Father has filled it with soldiers who think only of our death."

SINTE-GAESHKA (Spotted Tail) OF THE  
BRULE SIOUX

All Indians must dance, everywhere, keep on dancing. Pretty soon in next spring Great Spirit come. He bring back all game of every kind. The game be thick everywhere. All dead Indians come back and live again. They all be strong just like young men,

—WOVOKA, THE PAIUTE MESSIAH

"Bureaucrats are merely those who individually can do nothing and who collectively agree that nothing can be done" (my Grandfathers)

"Whenever unity cannot be established - it is due to talebearers and traitors who are interfering and blocking the way" (Shih Ho)

## 7. THE PEOPLE UNITED CAN NEVER BE DEFEATED (Los Pueblos Unidos Jamas Seran Vencidos)

"Well, they - can't stop us from singing our songs  
If all of The People keep singing along  
They can't stop us from doing our Dance  
If all of The People just join in and prance!

They'll all end up just singing the Blues  
If anymore Red People keep living to lose.

So not everybody can sit at the Drum  
But no one will stop you if you're wantin' to hum  
And not everybody has tried to play Flute  
But no one will stop you from giving a hoot!

We don't have to argue or get into fights  
It's not Traditional to violate anyone's rights.

So - here's to them that's singing along  
Together you know they can't do us wrong  
And here's to them that wishes us well . . .  
And them - that don't - can just go back to:  
Nazi-Germany, South Africa, Brazil or Chil-ay!  
'Cause they got jumbo planes  
And they're leaving everyday!!!!!!!"

"The head chief told us that there was not a family in that whole nation that had not a home of its own. There was not a pauper in that nation and the nation did not owe a single dollar. ... Yet the defect of the system was apparent. They have gone as far as they can go, because they own their land in common.... There is no selfishness, which is at the bottom of civilization. Till these people will consent to give up their lands and divide them among their citizens so that each can own the land he cultivates, they will not make much more progress."

In 1890 the Dawes Act was passed. Briefly it provided that instead of communal tribal ownership of reservations land, every Indian was to be allotted an individual piece of land under a fee simple title. Indians were not expected to increase; therefore the "surplus land" was to be purchased by the government for \$1.25 an acre and thrown open for settlement.

Book of the HOPI Frank Waters

## SIDE II

### COLUMBUS HAD 6 SAILING SHIPS

Story behind this song was inspired by one of the many Indian jokes about Columbus as well as a parody to counter the usual historic misinformation!

First person: "Yuh know that Columbus had 6 ships?"

Second person: "No I didn't! What happened to the other three?"

First person (making appropriate hand gesture):  
"Or sailed right off the edge."

Columbus had six sailing ships - tho you only hear of three  
Because they were the ones that went down in history  
The three other ships like stones all went down to Davey Jones

'Cause their keels were all dead lead and they sailed right off the edge

How I wish that Columbus had instead!

Now it seems there was a queen and they called her Isabella

And she in turn called Columbus a good fella  
So she said go find for me: an old "new" discovery  
I need spices; I need gold and some Indians brave and bold  
O my kingdom for a "New World" that's really "old"!

So she said 'Here take my jewels and a scalping knife for skinning

'Cause them Indians are going to teach us about "Thanksgiving"

They'll soon sail the Mayflower to Turtle Isle  
So we must all go in disguise  
And try to act like we're Messiahs; bring them water-made-of-fire

So's that they will not discover that we're just liars!

So ole Columbus took her ships and he took her motley crew

And he got'em on board and he got'em from the gutters too!

Some undesirables and thieves; some were cut-throats filled with greed

Who later stole our Land and ran for cover tried to tell us they're all lovers

And how we should feel so glad that we got "discovered"!

Ole Columbus had six sailing ships - tho you only hear of three

And that's no more of a lie than the rest of their history! What happened to those other ships? Like stones, they went down to Davey Jones

'Cause their keels were all dead lead and they sailed right off the edge

Don't you wish that Columbus had instead!?!?

## "Being Indian Is ...

By Reuben Snake

Being Indian is... watching John Wayne whip 50 of your kind with a single-shot pistol and a rusty pocket knife on the late show.

Being Indian is... having at least a dozen missionaries from 12 different faiths trying to save your heathen soul every year.

Being Indian is... fighting with the U.S. Army to save your country from the evils of communists and against the U.S. Army on your reservation to keep the Corps of Engineers from stealing all your land.

Being Indian is... having every third person you meet tell you about his great grandmother who was a real Cherokee princess.

Being Indian is... having high salaried BIA, PHS, OEO, HEW, and DOL white-collar bureaucrats tell you how much money is being spent on the Indians these days.

Being Indian is... having the greatest grandparents in the world.

Being Indian is... having your teenage child come home from school and ask you about "the strange beliefs" of Indians that the teacher mentioned in school today.

Being Indian is... waiting (impatiently) for the new Tecumseh, Osceola, Crazy Horse and Geronimo appear.

Being Indian is... living on borrowed time after your 44th birthday.

Being Indian is... feeding anyone and everyone who comes to your door with whatever you have.

Being Indian is... feeling the stares of all the whites in any public place you walk into.

Being Indian is... listening to all the middle-class Tontos and Uncle Tomahawks tell you we must do things the "American way."





# Treaty Council In The U.N.

Public Law 95-341  
95th Congress

## Joint Resolution

### American Indian Religious Freedom

Aug. 11, 1978  
(S.J. Res. 102)

Whereas the freedom of religion for all people is an inherent right, fundamental to the democratic structure of the United States and is guaranteed by the First Amendment of the United States Constitution;

Whereas the United States has traditionally rejected the concept of a government denying individuals the right to practice their religion and, as a result, has benefited from a rich variety of religious heritages in this country;

Whereas the religious practices of the American Indian (as well as Native Alaskan and Hawaiian) are an integral part of their culture, tradition and heritage, such practices forming the basis of Indian identity and value systems;

Whereas the traditional American Indian religions, as an integral part of Indian life, are indispensable and irreplaceable;

Whereas the lack of a clear, comprehensive, and consistent Federal policy has often resulted in the abridgment of religious freedom for traditional American Indians;

Whereas such religious infringements result from the lack of knowledge or the insensitive and inflexible enforcement of Federal policies and regulations premised on a variety of laws;

Whereas such laws were designed for such worthwhile purposes as conservation and preservation of natural species and resources but were never intended to relate to Indian religious practices and, therefore, were passed without consideration of their effect on traditional American Indian religions;

Whereas such laws and policies often deny American Indians access to sacred sites required in their religions, including cemeteries;

Whereas such laws at times prohibit the use and possession of sacred objects necessary to the exercise of religious rites and ceremonies;

Whereas traditional American Indian ceremonies have been intruded upon, interfered with, and in a few instances banned: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That henceforth it shall be the policy of the United States to protect and preserve for American Indians their inherent right of freedom to believe, express, and exercise the traditional religions of the American Indian, Eskimo, Aleut, and Native Hawaiians, including but not limited to access to sites, use and possession of sacred objects, and the freedom to worship through ceremonials and traditional rites.

American  
Indian Religious  
Freedom,  
42 USC 1996.

42 USC 1996  
note.

Presidential  
report to  
Congress.

SEC. 2. The President shall direct the various Federal departments, agencies, and other instrumentalities responsible for administering relevant laws to evaluate their policies and procedures in consultation with native traditional religious leaders in order to determine appropriate changes necessary to protect and preserve Native American religious cultural rights and practices. Twelve months after approval of this resolution, the President shall report back to the Congress the results of his evaluation, including any changes which were made in administrative policies and procedures, and any recommendations he may have for legislative action.

Approved August 11, 1978.

### LEGISLATIVE HISTORY:

HOUSE REPORT No. 95-1308 accompanying H.J. Res. 738 (Comm. on Interior and Insular Affairs).

SENATE REPORT No. 95-709 (Comm. on Indian Affairs).

CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, Vol. 124 (1978):

Apr. 3, considered and passed Senate.

July 18, H.J. Res. 738 considered and passed House; proceedings vacated and S.J. Res. 102, amended, passed in lieu.

July 27, Senate concurred in House amendment.

Eleven pieces of legislation in the most vicious and infamous example of abject injustice and curtailment of Human Rights:

HR 9054 by Cunningham and directs the President to abrogate all treaties with Indian tribes which would result in the complete termination of Indians on all counts.

HR 4169 and SB 842 by Cohen and Muskie which extinguishes the Maine Indian titles to land under treaty by ratifying cession treaties.

HR9906 by Walsh which extinguishes New York Indian titles to land under treaty by ratifying cession treaties.

HR 9951 by Meeds which would terminate tribal water rights.

HR 9950 by Meeds which abolishes tribal jurisdiction of hunting and fishing off reservations.

HR 9736 by Cunningham which would prohibit commercial sales of Steele head trout by Indians across the U.S.

HJR 1 by Meeds which creates an off reservation Indian Treaty Fishing Rights Commission to buy out trade rights

On February 10, 1977, the United Nations granted consultative status to the International Indian Treaty Council, an organization within the American Indian Movement.

The Treaty Council has representatives and members among Indian people in almost every country of the Americas. According to Jimmie Durham, a Cherokee Indian who is director of the Council, "American Indians have had no representation in the U.N. and international affairs before now, yet we are the majority in this hemisphere. We see this action on the part of the U.N. as an important step in recognizing the legitimate struggle of Indian people for justice and freedom. We fully intend to

use the status to expose the gross violations of human and political rights - the genocide - inflicted upon Indian by such countries as the United States, Chile, and Brazil. We intend to be heard."

Durham also pointed out that the United Nations status came at a very opportune time, coinciding with a major conference on discrimination against the Indian people of the Americas to be convened at the United Nations in Geneva by the United Nations Non-Governmental Organizations Subcommittee on Racism and Decolonization. The conference will take place in September of this year.

## COLOMBIA

### The Indian-Hunters

The invitation was as irresistible as it was unexpected to the 18 nomadic Cuiba Indians who had been wandering the llanos, the vast prairies that stretch from the Andes to the Orinoco River. A group of Colombian cowboys rode up and invited the Indians to their ranch where two women cooks had prepared an alluring alfresco buffet of meat, rice, vegetables and fruit. Hardly had the Indians started eating when the cowboys' range boss, Luis Enrique Morin, gave a signal by rapping on the ranch house door. His men burst out, shooting with pistols, slashing with machetes and bashing with mallets. Sixteen Indians, including women and children, were killed. Two survived and crawled away. They later reported the massacre to a priest.

That was in 1967. Last week six llaneros, or cowboys, and the two women cooks were belatedly tried in the frontier town of Villavicencio. They were charged with the mass murder of the Indians, which they chillingly admitted they had carried out as a lark. As Morin, now 33, put it: "For me, Indians are animals like deer or iguanas, except that deer don't damage our crops or kill our pigs. Since way back, Indian-hunting has been common practice in these parts."

None of Morin's men suspected that they had done wrong. Marcelino Jimenez, 22, hiked for five days to a police outpost when he heard the authorities were looking for him. "If I had known that killing Indians was a crime, I would not have wasted all that time walking just so they could lock me up," he

cooperated fully with the investigating magistrate, helpfully supplying every detail of the massacre. "All I did was kill the little Indian girl and finish off two who were more dead than alive anyway," protested one of the defendants. "From childhood I have been told that everyone kills Indians."

The defense lawyer's basic argument was that the government was unfairly trying to apply 20th century law to the llaneros, a swashbuckling and primitive breed of cowboy, whose lives and attitudes have changed little since the days of Simón Bolívar. Besides, the lawyer argued, others had done the same thing and gone unpunished on the llanos, "where the law that counts is that of the fastest." The defense claimed that on one occasion, the local DAS, the police force modeled on the Texas Rangers, helped kill 17 Indians accused of rustling cattle. One witness, an elderly trader, recalled that trappers used to offer him cured Indian skin along with crocodile hides and deer pelts. The llaneros even have a verb for Indian-hunting—guahibiar (which is derived from the name of another local Indian tribe, the Guahibo).

The defense obviously impressed the three-man jury. After nearly 4½ hours of deliberation, they decided that the defendants were "not responsible" for the crime "because of their invincible ignorance." Instead the jury accepted the argument that blame should fall on all Colombian governments since the conquistadores for "doing nothing to improve the way of life in the vast outback where Indians have been regarded mostly as marauding animals." The jury's decision does not amount to an acquittal. The judge has 15 days to decide whether to accept the verdict or

"It's hard for an empty bag to stand up straight" (my Grandmothers)

"In men whom men pronounce devine - I see so much of sin and rot. In men whom men denounce as ill - I see so much of 'goodness' Still - I hesitate to draw the line between the two When the Creator has not." (Indian)

This is one of the ways the Traditional People teach the Children that crimes are not only dishonorable - they can also be irreversible.

## FEATHERS

Listen to a story - it's from the Grandmothers, too And it's one that I would like very much to share with you It's the story of a man who just could not be true To himself or any other and his life he did rue.

To a Holy Man he told how he had tricked and cheated his friends  
How he'd lied and distorted the Truth time and time again  
So many poor people he did wound and offend  
But now he had a change of heart and would like to make amends.

Well the Holy Man looked sad and he shook his head  
"There's a lesson to be learned here for everyone" he said  
"It may come from the Hawk or the Raven or the Wren - just a small bag of feathers can be a Good Medicine".

"So, now take this bag and then pray before  
Placing just one feather in front of every door  
Of all those you have violated and injured - then, once more,  
You'll return this empty—for it won't even up the score!

But the man was so greedy that he almost wept for joy  
To think that all his evil deeds he could finally destroy  
He bent his head and vowed that he nevermore would toy  
With any of the Creatures' lives; Man, Woman, Girl or Boy.

"Ah wait! - Take this bag again" The Holy Man did say  
"And go pick up those some feathers that you dropped there today!"

But when the man went back - it was much to his dismay.  
For he found that the wind; yea he found that the wind  
Yes he found that the wind . . .  
Had just blown them all away . . ."

SB 1437 was a threat to the freedom of every person in the U.S.

SB 1 is the rewrite of SB 1437 and constitutes the very same threat to freedom.

The special provisions relating to criminal jurisdiction over Indian country are particularly threatening to Native People in our struggle for self-determination and sovereignty.

These Rights were guaranteed by Treaties made many years ago to the Native People of this country by the so-called "Founding Fathers".

In the word of Dennis Banks: "Never before in Congress has so much Anti-Indian Legislation been introduced to hurt and destroy Indian People. But these acts upon us are nothing new to us. What is new to us is that we are being joined in this struggle by a great mass of non-Indians who wish nothing in return but to see a sense of justice for American Indians. We welcome and embrace these people . . ."

On February 11, a major effort coordinated by the National Indian Coalition began. On that day, Indian Women, men and children started walking from San Francisco, California to Washington D.C. to try to bring national attention to the meaning of these bills. Called "The Longest Walk" this effort was also in commemoration of all the previously enforced marches resulting in extermination and genocide for thousands of our ancestors.



# THE VOICE OF OUR MOTHER

Listen closely to the sound of a soft shower in a green forest,  
Or the wind blowing through a dry field.  
Listen to the ocean waves crashing on the rocky shore and feel their power  
or the sound of a small mountain creek and know its significance.  
These sounds are the earth's music, the voice of our mother,  
but no one is listening as she cries to be saved.  
Man continues to tear at her flesh and ignore her pain.  
Listen closely to the voice of our mother. She is crying. Paula Peters,

"For the lies that were spoken - for the myths that they keep alive" (Floyd Westernman)

"Art reflects the human condition" (Anon)

"But a man hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest" (Paul Simon)

## COLVILLE WOMAN APPEALING MURDER CONVICTION IN DEATH OF MOLESTER

Spokane, Washington — Yvonne Wanrow, a 31-year-old Colville Lake band native mother of 3 children, is appealing a 25-year prison sentence for killing a man who attempted to molest her young son and who had earlier raped her babysitter's seven-year-old daughter. She was convicted by an all-white jury at the height of the anti-Indian outpourings in the U.S. press after the occupation of Wounded Knee. "I get the feeling that I was just being used by the prosecutor to get where he was going on the political ladder," Wanrow says. "It's terrible. Shall I just be swept into prison? Or fight? I can't win without people's support."

## 3. ODE TO AN INDIAN SWAN

(or: The Ballad of Yvonne Swan Wanrow)

'When you feel your heart a-cryin' and you need a hand to hold  
Or you need the warmth of human kindness  
To keep you from life's bitter cold  
Think about this soul-sad story that has been too often told  
Of a Mother's love for her children  
A love that can never be bought or sold.

Now she was known as the mother of three  
A small Indian known to act kindly  
While he was known for his treachery  
A big man well known to act blindly

In the wee small hours he barged into the home  
Of two mothers where children were sleeping  
(Police had been called, but refused to come 'round)  
So in pure self-defense she shot at them

In a state of shock, too frozen for tears  
She called on the law to defend her  
They refused to hear for all they had ears  
Instead, called her a 'cold-blooded-killer'

"My life" she had said "is an open book  
I have nothing to hide but my bitterness  
They refuse to believe how my people are dying  
Just as they refuse to believe in my innocence.

Well, that verdict came down on 'Mother's Day  
Not self-defense, but 'murder'

"If a white man had defended his family that we  
She said "he'd be a national hero!"

Lies travel we know on wings of speed  
While Truth stumbles slowly behind.  
And once again it's the victim who pays  
While the culprits come off like the 'good guys'

"Instead of pleading for the privilege of living within your borders I might have had a country" (Coyuga)

"... sing our historical truth songs so that never again will anyone be able to sweep it all under the rug" (Buffy St. Marie)

## CREDITS:

Excerpts from and our appreciation go to:  
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Techqua Ichatchi

The alleged Seminole Treaty, signed in 1821, was not a treaty, but permission from 'Chief' Micanopy "to examine the country - not to occupy it". (Payne's Landing)

## Seminole Fight 78 Years Of Robbery

### WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

December 11, 1975

We begin negotiations with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad for money that the Santa Fe has owed the Seminole Indians since 1898. After several meetings with our Traditional Leaders, the FBI is called in to suppress our effort.

December 18, 1975

In downtown Seminole, Oklahoma, the FBI, National Guard, State and Local officers invade and block off the streets surrounding our office. The office is ransacked while our leaders are being harassed and handcuffed with neither warrant nor cause. Newsmen and local bystanders are endangered and harassed.

December 22, 1975

Our leaders are released on their personal recognizance, still not knowing what the charges against them are. It will be 33 days before they find out.

December 29, 1975

At the preliminary hearing, our leaders are bound over for indictment by a Federal Grand Jury.

January 20, 1976

Our leaders are arraigned before the Federal Magistrate and finally charged. The charges against them are:

1. Conspiracy
2. Violation of the Federal Trainwreck Statute
3. Violation of the Federal Firearms Act.

Some violations the government officers committed against our leaders are: using defective search warrants, failing to inform them of their rights, illegal search and seizure, etc.

### WHO WE ARE...

In 1898, an agreement was made between the Seminole Indians and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. This agreement leased the land for right-of-way at a cost of \$15.00 per mile and \$50.00 per day. While the Santa Fe has profited over the years, the Seminoles have received nothing. We believe that, according to these documents, the Railroad is exploiting the Seminole Indians.

In 1885, the Federal Government established the Dawes Commission, which was the instrument used to break down the final traditional Seminole land into parcels of the individual tribes. Out of this Commission came the allotment act which phased out tribal ownership and distributed the land to individuals who were then easy prey for fast talking unprincipled white men.

Not all Seminole Indians approved this division of land, but were forced to comply. In 1934, the Wheeler Howard Act provided for the reorganization of the tribal government into an elective system. This elected body, the tribal corporate government, represents the Federal Government to the Indians, and does not represent the Indians to the Federal Government.

We represent people who are opposed to forced forms of government, and to exploitation whether it be by business or government. Our goals are to secure payments, benefits or other settlements according to agreements made between the Seminole Indians and private enterprises or the Federal Government.

This is a time of unification and solidarity not only for our Native American brothers and sisters, but for all people. We are involved in a common struggle and must act together to break the separatist government silences as all!

"The Eagle does not hunt the Ant" (my Grandfathers)

"The treatment of our people has been a national tragedy & disgrace . . . May your God forgive you" (X-IT)

"The world condemns the woman who is forced to sell her body, but lauds and applauds the man who sells his soul" (Ben. Franklin !?!)

"... there is no need to panic. For the time being, we suggest you go about your business normally, and you have our permission to use your homes and place of business as you ordinarily would. Rest assured that our hearts go out to you, for the same thing happened to us not long ago. But also rest assured that we will deal with you more fairly and honorably than we were dealt with when our homes and lands suddenly ceased to belong to us" (From Flap by C. Huffaker - re the Paiute land claims)

## Miccosukee Leaders Push for Approval of Land Settlement

TALLAHASSEE (AP) — Despite criticism from dissidents, leaders of the tiny Miccosukee Indian tribe of Florida are urging state leaders and rank-and-file members to approve a sweeping land settlement.

"This settlement assures that the Indians will have land for the future," said Bobo Dean, a Washington attorney representing the tribe.

Dean visited Tallahassee Wednesday to lobby aides to Gov. Bob Graham and the Cabinet for adoption of the pact. If approved, the settlement would give the Miccosukees

access to 180,000 acres in Dade and Broward counties in South Florida.

Members of Miccosukee's Osceola clan have urged the governor and Cabinet to reject the settlement. The Osceolas claim that tribal negotiators were not genuine representatives of the Miccosukee people and, therefore, the deal is a "fraud."

Attorney Dean countered that the tribe's constitution and bylaws are recognized by the U.S. Department of Interior and that the Miccosukees hold regular elections.

Negotiations between the 500-member tribe and the state began more than five years ago. The pact has not been ratified by the tribe's general council, but a vote is expected soon, Dean said.

In addition to the land-use rights, the settlement guarantees the Indians a 50 percent interest in underground mineral rights, Dean said.

In return, the tribe promised to drop its damage claim against the state for flooding a section of Indian land in the 1950s, the attorney said.

"We don't know what we would have won in court," Dean said. "It could have been as high as \$20 million. But the Indians don't really want the dollars — they want land."

Indian leaders also want Florida to transfer 76,000 acres of Miccosukee land held in state trust to federal authority. A public hearing on the proposed transfer will be held soon in South Florida, said Natural Resources attorney Henry Dean.

The Indians say the switch from state to federal trust offers protection against the possibility of state condemnation of Indian lands for public purposes.

NO "TIPPECANOE"!

Chorus: Well, no - matter what you do . . . you can't tip our canoe  
Even though you lie . . . And even though you try to . . .  
There ain't nothing anyone can do . . . to overturn our canoe  
No matter how you treat us — it's 'cause we never were defeated —  
And it just proves to the World you're such bad losers!!

That's why some have Land with Treaty Rights  
I suppose that's why you come after us with all your might  
But why can't you be honest and polite  
And admit you owe us 'back-rent' which would certainly be nice  
Oh-Way-yah-hay-yah-hah; way-yah-hay-yah-hah - HO!

Instead you play with laws it seems for sport  
Keeping all our lives tied up in your so-called 'legal courts'  
Next thing you'll be telling us it's for our own defense  
That the market on Indian Life and Land just dropped to 15 cents  
Oh-Way-yah-hay-yah-hah; way-yah-hay-yah-hah - HO!

Every page in your history spells more genocide  
Did you really think extinction would be something you could hide?  
Just like all those real responsibilities you ditch  
'Stead of living up to your own laws which would certainly be a switch?!

Oh-Way-yah-hay-yah-hah; way-yah-hay-yah-hah - HO!

Chorus: Well no matter what you do . . . you can't tip our canoe  
Even though you lie -- And even though you try to --  
There ain't nothing you can do . . . to overturn our canoe  
This is INDIAN LAND — We're in The Great Spirit's Hands —  
And HE's a much more High Authority than anyone of you!  
Way-yah-hay-yah-hah; way-yah-hay-yah-hah - HO!!!!



# A chronology of land claims

1737 — Penobscot tribe agrees to treaty with British, allowing English settlement in Thomaston area.

Prior to 1750 — Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes retained and occupied their aboriginal lands; the Penobscots had the Penobscot River basin and territory to the north, the Passamaquoddies had the St. Croix River watershed, and several areas to the west.

1760 — Passamaquoddies sign treaty of peace and friendship with British. British General Pownall announces he has conquered Penobscots; attempts to have tribal members surrender as individuals, only four families do so.

1763 — An English surveyor draws line near Eddington, below which Penobscots apparently lost title to their land, while retaining lands to the north, above the Penobscot River's head of tide.

1775 — A revolutionary government in Massachusetts meets with Penobscot delegation at Watertown — and to win support in the struggle against Britain — says a 12-mile wide corridor along the Penobscot River from head of tide to the Canadian border would be reserved for the Penobscot Nation. That area totals 900,000 acres.

1777 — Passamaquoddies form alliance with federal government.

1783 — Passamaquoddies cede lands to U.S. in exchange for protection of hunting grounds; treaty not ratified by U.S.

1786 — Massachusetts tries to sign treaty with Penobscots; Indians refuse to sign.

1794 — Massachusetts and Passamaquoddies sign treaty giving all lands to U.S., in return for rights to Indian Township reservation (23,000 acres), a 100 acre island in Big Lake, 100 acres at Nemec Point, Lewis Island, islands totaling about 100 acres in St. Croix River, 10 acres at Pleasant Point.

1794 — Congress passes Nonintercourse Act, requiring all land deals with Indians be approved by the federal government.

1796 — Penobscots sell all lands along Penobscot River from head of tide upriver 30 miles.

1801 — Massachusetts sets aside additional 90 acres for Passamaquoddies at Pleasant Point.

1818 — Penobscots sell all lands to Massachusetts except islands in river above head of tide, plus four townships including what is now Millinocket.

1820 — Maine granted statehood, assumes responsibility for Indians.

1833 — Four Penobscot townships bought by state for \$50,000; money placed in state trust for tribes. Penobscots own only islands in river, which are reduced in size in later years as dams are built.

Following decades — Passamaquoddy lands sold off by state of Maine include 6,000-8,000 acres at Indian Township, Nemec Point.

1950's — Treaty discovered at Indian Township that led to study of alienated lots of Passamaquoddy reservation.

1968 — Lawyer Donald Gellers files claim for monetary damages against Massachusetts, on behalf of Passamaquoddies. Three years later Gellers fled the country following charges he was dealing drugs at the reservation. Some sources believe he was framed.

1971 — Lawyer Thomas N. Tureen, who had worked one summer with Gellers while a law school student, develops case that seeks return of all lands taken in violation of Nonintercourse Act. Tureen figured the two tribes' best hope was to involve the federal government on the Indian's behalf.

## SOME OTHER INDIAN SUITS

A growing number of suits demanding the return of land taken in violation of the Indian Non-Intercourse Act of 1790 have been pursued by Tom Tureen and his team of lawyers. The claims will eventually amount to more than a dozen. Many of them have provoked, or will provoke, the same dilemmas confronted by municipalities, property owners, bankers, and real-estate agents in Maine. Other than the Maine case, these six are now before courts in the Northeast:

### MASSACHUSETTS

The Wampanoag tribe of Mashpee on Cape Cod claims the entire town of Mashpee (pop. 1288), an area of 17,000 acres.

Passamaquoddies. Federal government agrees to file another suit on behalf of Penobscots.

1975 — U.S. District Court, Portland, rules that Nonintercourse Act applies to all tribes, including those not federally recognized. Decision upheld by U.S. Court of Appeals.

1976 — Nonintercourse ruling is final; neither state of Maine nor federal government sought review of case.

1977 — Interior Department asks U.S. Justice Department to proceed with Penobscot-Passamaquoddy.

It will go to court with President and Congress.

1977 — Judge Will from Georgia supreme advisor on claims by recommends federal pay in exchange for dropping private parties, plus a acres in state land, in claims against Maine. should continue annual to tribes, and Interior help tribes secure op 400,000 acres. Gunter suggests state should be sued for its 350,000 acres in claims area if it rejected the proposed settlement. Both state and tribes reject Gunter proposal.

1978 — White House negotiating team spends months meeting with Penobscot-Passamaquoddy negotiating team, and drafts two part settlement plan. Part A said Congress appropriates \$25 million to extinguish tribal claims against small landowners (owning less than 50,000 acres) leaving 14 major timber companies to be sued. Part B defined settlement with that group of large landowners. The White House proposal said the 14 firms would not be sued if they agreed to sell 300,000 acres, plus options on another 200,000 acres. If landowners accepted part B, the President was to ask Congress to pay them \$1.5 million, plus \$3.5 million to the tribes. Claims against the state would be settled if Maine continued an annual payment of \$1.7 million to tribes, for 15 years. All lands acquired by the tribes would be treated like other federally held land, but the U.S. could terminate Maine's right to exercise civil and criminal jurisdiction over tribal lands within two years, should the tribes so desire.

1978 — Maine rejects White House proposal; large landholders willing to negotiate with Penobscots and Passamaquoddies based on fair market value for selected parcels of land.

1978 — (Summer) Congressman William S. Cohen of Maine, Gov. James B. Longley and Attorney General Joseph E. Brennan support proposal by Maine Congressional delegation to transfer the Penobscot-Passamaquoddy case to the U.S. Court of Claims. This proposal is turned down by tribes because they could recover only a fraction of total damages sought under rules of claims court.

The Wampanoags of Gay Head (pop. 118), on Martha's Vineyard, claim 5000 acres in the town, which has already voted to return a 230-acre parcel.

### RHODE ISLAND

The Narraganset tribe claims 3200 acres in the town of Charlestown (pop. 2863).

### CONNECTICUT

The Schaghticoke tribe claims 1300 acres in the town of Kent (pop. 1990).

The Western Pequot tribe claims 1000 acres in Ledyard (pop. 14,558) near Groton.

### NEW YORK

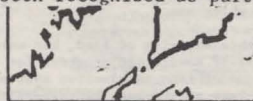
The Oneida tribe claims 300,000 acres in and around the town of Oneida (pop. 11,658), between Syracuse and Utica.

## 'Win or lose we are still Indians'

# Racist court denies Wampanoags tribal status

The Golden Hill Reservation in Trumbull, Conn. is 1/4 acre in size. The 1/4 acre parcel of land is all that remains of the Golden Hill Paugussett tribal lands and even this one quarter acre is threatened by white encroachment. The 78 member tribe is currently involved in a boundary dispute with neighboring whites.

The reservation property has been held in trust by the state of Conn. for the Golden Hill Paugussett people for 100 years. It wasn't until this past July when whites claimed ownership of the reservation that state officials were forced to conduct a land survey and accurate title search of the property. The findings of the survey and title search alienated a parcel of land that has long been recognized as part of the reservation property.



By JOHN IVERSON

BOSTON, Jan. 6—After three days of deliberations, an all-white jury decided here today that the Wampanoag Indians do not constitute a tribe in the "legal sense." The decision comes after a two-and-a-half month court case in which the Wampanoags had to prove their tribal status to pursue their rightful land claim of 11,000 acres in Mashpee, Mass., in Cape Cod. The tribe will appeal the decision.

Russell Peters, president of the Wampanoag Tribal Council, was critical of the federal system "which hasn't always been very kind to us."

"The plaintiffs (Indians) presented a clear cut case with testimony, expert witnesses from the federal government, and eminent historians," Peters said. "On the other hand, the defendants used a racist approach. They presented a predominantly racist case."

The jury had to decide if the Wampanoags were a tribe on six different dates from 1790 to 1976. They did agree the Wampanoags were a tribe in 1834 and 1842, but not on other important dates!

Citing these contradictions, Peters stated, "What we have is a jury system that is not quite

The Wampanoags attorney Larry Shubow questioned the decision. "If they were not a tribe in 1790, how did they become one in 1834 and 1842? And what happened to the tribe after 1842? A tribe doesn't go in and out of existence. Where did it go? Did it go into orbit in outer space?"

"This tribe survived wars, revolution, plague, and the advance of civilization. It's likely to survive the relatively modest trauma that is represented by the jury verdict."

Other Wampanoags expressed their willingness to struggle on. Hazel Oakley, in charge of tribal membership, said, "The decision will make us stronger, and we will continue our struggle."

"This is just the beginning. We've fought 150 years, and we will continue to fight for 350 years. Win or lose we are still Indians. No one will ever take that Indianess away from us," stated the Supreme Sachem (medicine man) of the Wampanoags, Ellsworth Oakley.

Ralph Hendricks stated, "I think we got ripped off. They only think there are cowboys and Indians on TV. I'm still here."

Federal Judge Skinner, who presided over the case, will render a final decision on Jan. 20. No matter what his decision, appeal is certain. The Wampanoags are also petitioning the Department of the Interior to declare them a tribe.

The jury's decision was so ambiguous that NBC news reported nationally, "Neither the judge nor the lawyers can decide what they [the jury] decided."

## 5. THE PROMISED LAND

Is this land their Land, when the Creator made it our Land And for 24 dollars and beads—they got 'Man-a-hat-tan'

I-island?

Then — started pushing our Nations to the reserva-a-tions

And grabbing everything that they could steal away from us!?

There's a quarter of an acre left of the Golden Hill Res. Land of the Paugussett, in the Woodlands of Con-nec-ticut

And yet those 'fat cats' even tried to pilfer that Just how pushy can those ruling classes be? We will see!

And the Sacred Black Hills of the Lakotas They desecrated just to fill their quo-o-tas 'Cause the rich need more gold — just to make themselves feel brave and bold And isn't the Poverty that they create the only thing that their money can't buy?

And now the Wam-pa-no-ags and the Pas-sa-ma-quod-dy, And the Pen-nob-scot, like those Se-mi-nole La-and-claims They'll only try to slice down to a 1790 price Don't they always find some way to justify such dishonesty?

They even said that they were owed two million For the vast 'improvements' on the Mashpee Vi-illage Well no one hired them, if they did they'd have to fire them Because you can't improve on Nature anyway — no way!

Just like that Tee Hit Ton Bill, the Pueblos' Holy Black Mesa — will Be legalized on Capitol Hill — just to confiscate more land — and still What should be stickin' in everyone's craw is—again it's without due process of the law... But then what ever really was considered sacred to them?

They break their own laws; they insert their own clause They use words like 'Progress' to excuse their 'wron-ong-ness' And they must resort to lies; make the Indians look like 'The Bad Guys'. Don't they know that everybody knows that they're still 'scalping' us?

They owe back room and board — we'd have gotten if we'd lost the war. But conveniently they've forgotten that we are the true La-andlords Why would we have had to fight if they'd just acted right And not violated all our hospi-ta-li-ty?

Instead they say they're not responsible for 'past injustice'!

But what we really hear is that 'Justice is for ju-ust US' And they won't stop it — long as they still pro-o-fit And isn't Human Rights just something that they only talk about?

Now comes those "11 more infamous Bills"; more 'Equal Opportunities'—to-kill!! See here you Senators — with all your non-sequitors This time 'The Longest Walk' is to make the loudest squawk To hear the whole World ask why you're still trying to legalize . . . genocide?!

Still they pretend that we're not needy and that they're not greedy Like it's not enough that they broke all our Tre-ea-ties You'd think they'd know by now . . . The Great Spirit is un-easy Because it's The Great Spirit who knows who's lacking in In-te-gri-i-ty! Way-yah-hay-yah-hah Way-yah-hay-yah-hah-HO!"