

Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story By Cat West

The Blog

(#39) May 29 & 30, 2007

Write to me if you have any thoughts you'd like to share, information you want me to have or a correction to any information you see here. I respond to all emails. **NOTE: I reserve the right to NOT respond to whack jobs that waste my time.**

The ongoing events and behaviors of those who murdered Eddie (and others) on the Fort Totten Reservation, North Dakota. How the ongoing criminal enterprise continues to flourish unabated and without a single response from the Justice Department. Well, not surprising on that! They would have to investigate themselves and how some of their elite were directly involved and have prospered from the corruption that exists, protected and funded by US Tax Dollars.

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

All the pages are not yet hooked up, but as they fill out, I will post a note here and you can go and see for yourself.

Texas Monthly Magazine has done a feature on this case. Read the October Issue, available at newsstands now. OR, go to the online version. Michael Hall went to the rez and saw for himself.

May 29, 2007

The Art Of Misdirection

I figure that with all the grandstanding going on in the nation, absurdity becoming the norm, it was time we discussed one of the ways that people in power stay in power. They re-direct our attention to trivia and absurdities as if that is the real "issues" of the day.

Just like a magician will dazzle the eye with a curvy assistant while he is really doing something behind his back, or a Sleight of Hand Artist will misdirect our attention with banter and meaningless movements while he palms a card, we are being forever misdirected by those who want us not to learn about and understand the real issues. By those who want us to stay divided in every way, by race, religion and in the case of Indian Country, Indian against non-Indian and Indian against Indian in the blood quantum aspects. As if one is better than the other, one more dangerous than the other, one more important than the other...

Make no mistake about it. We are misled and misdirected and the Truth, which could easily be found if we were to look for it, remains hidden in the secret pockets of politicians and leaders from the tribal councils to the Commander-In-Chief, our own president, like him or

not.

Republicans and Democrats blame one another. Both are at fault. Playing politics with the security of our country, misdirecting our attention to Right Wing Agendas, left us open and vulnerable to the real threat to our democracy and our nation. Terrorism grew in the distraction of misdirection as politicians vied for power, money, connections.

Indian Country has become the fermenting grounds for most of the political and moral corruption in the US today. Why? Simple, no one looks there. Indian Country is synonymous with "Off Limits" and layered in stereo-types of the best and most noble to the worst and most reprehensible with the middle-ground remaining unseen by the public at large.

These problems have grown and festered and the people have suffered, both on and off the rez, for the corruptions concealed within.

I tell you that we do not live in a democracy if we deliberately segregate one group of people, by blood, and deny them access to recourse and assistance in seeking that recourse, when they have been egregiously wronged by the power players that our Tax Dollars continue to support, without audit.

There are the Civil Rights that Every American is entitled to and we are somewhat familiar with those, although Freedom of Speech is under assault by those who seek to better control the information we are allowed to choose from. If our Civil Rights are "abridged" as they say, we have the right to redress and to make right and to hold accountable, those who abused us. Freedom of speech is also how we reign in those who would mislead us.

However, if you are an Indian, your Rights are very different. You essentially have none. The US Government has created a separate and unequal Civil Rights for Indian People. Most people are not aware of this separate class of rights.

One Hand Washes The Other

Essentially, it says that all your grievances, regardless of how seriously you have been mistreated by those in power in your Tribe, must be addressed through the tribe and the tribe only. Regardless of how skewed the rulings in Tribal Court are, you must abide by those, even if the judge, who needs not to have any legal qualifications, mind you, is the one who offended you by theft, rape, theft or assault. Tribal Judges are appointed by those in power and their lack of legal credentials is more of a plus than a minus.

Tribal Judges do the bidding of those in power or they themselves, are abruptly terminated and replaced.

There is nowhere in Indian Country where either a plaintiff or a defendant is guaranteed a fair trial or has the right to an unbiased judge. It does not exist, is not protected and the consequences for anyone that attempts recourse or redress for any wrong, be it minor or major, is at best, they are ignored, but most often, they are penalized.

The Senators and Congressmen that are supposed to have the interests 'of the people' as forefront of their obligations, blithely ignore the pleas of those seeking their assistance in getting any kind of fair treatment from the people in power. The people in power make it a point to be seen shaking the hands of the people who keep them in power.

Indians would have a much better chance at education, health, housing and better be able to deal with and keep to a minimum, the criminal activity in their community, if they had access to the most basic of rights that the rest of the nation takes for granted (to the point that we are losing them, mind you!).

Since most of the drug dealers on the rez are from the families in power, they are never pursued by law enforcement. However, their competition, regardless of how minor, are taken down in a show of farce that would have us all laughing if we knew how absurd it was.

Those who attempt to rid the community of drugs or alcohol, and protest the blatant, outright protection of the dealers, manufacturers and purveyors of so much misery on the rez are themselves, penalized harshly.

Two sisters who were protesting that their brother, addicted to meth, was a concern, were banned from the rez on the spot, and their lands forfeited, even though those lands were bought and paid for and the sisters continue to be obligated to pay the taxes on them!

There was no hearing, no petition, just the Tribal Chairwoman and one other Tribal Council Member, on a whim, stealing from them without them having a chance to defend themselves.

They are told that if they feel they have a claim against the Tribal Council and this unfair treatment, they 'are free to hire an attorney to pursue the matter (first in tribal court for a few years) ...even though this might present a financial 'difficulty' for them..."

A man who was away attending University, but who had lived on the rez all his life, found out that his home had been taken from him and given to friends of the Tribal Council, without notice, hearing or reason! His belongings are essentially theirs now. He, of course, is "free to hire an attorney at his own expense..."

Never has the language of minimalization been so well-spent! "Free to hire an attorney"??? As if it should cost them hundreds of thousands of dollars to be able to "buy back" their rights? And the term "financial difficulty" is real special. By creating a financial barrier that makes it impossible for any Indian that is wronged by their government to access their rights, the US Government continues to wash its hands and never have to look.

Never Have To Be Accountable.

Our Government can continue to have that backwater pond in which they can pour billions of tax dollars, and in turn, receive most of it back in backroom deals, all of it off the books.

More grant money and "loans" flow into the rez by the week, and no accountability is ever even remotely looked for. There is never any follow up. The problems and areas of concern that the money was supposed to be targeted for, merely the cover story in order for the money to go into the rez and then flow back into the hands of the powerful and elite. The problems continue to grow worse. Big surprise! But also, an excuse to keep "funding" those grants!

I look at the meth conference that is being staged at the Spirit Lake Casino in the next few days. Oh yeah, lots of show, lots of talk and hopefully lots of money to address the serious meth concerns.

Nobody look at who is dealing, out in the open on the rez. Nobody look at the Badgers who look the other way as the dealers poison the community and the families suffer. The dealers, especially ones like Kalum Yankton, are immune from any legal problems or even being curtailed in his dealings because he is related to the power brokers on that rez!

But, since he is one of the most responsible for creating the meth misery on the rez, the Tribal Council is most grateful to him because his handiwork will now garner them millions more in dollars to 'deal with the problem' and of course, that money will go directly into the pockets and bank accounts of the Tribal Council!

There will never be any follow up. There will never be any accounting. There will never be any audit. There will be photo ops and terrific write ups about the issue and the money and the great job that the Naked Lawn Ornament and her cronies are doing!

Propaganda Artists

Gutless journalistic morons will praise to the skies, her efforts to help her community. Even though it is her family, and her son, that are the greatest evil in that community.

This is how you are allowed to portray Indian Country. You are only allowed to spew their propaganda and you are not allowed to look at the truth of what is going on. Not allowed to know that an entire class of Americans, the ones who were here before anyone else, are being denied the most basic of Civil Rights.

You are not allowed to pursue the causes of the poverty or even mention the jarring poverty that exists and the corruption that keeps it that way, lest you be labeled as a "racist" by the masters of misdirection.

It is in Human Nature, or at least it used to be in us, that if we saw a crisis, we would address that crisis. Poverty is a crisis. To demand that equal time be given to portray the community overall as successful and well-to-do, is the highest absurdity!

Again, I use the car accident metaphor: If you come upon a car wreck and people are suffering, you stop to help and call for help, to that issue. You don't stop and take in the scenery, look at all the un wrecked cars that are passing by and try to relay a "balanced" version of the matter.

What 911 Operator would say: "Well, have you even considered all the cars that are NOT wrecked? Have you even looked to see who is NOT hurt in that community?" And no 'reporter' would try to racist up your image by saying that you overlooked other 'important features' of the community.

Treat the sudden insight into poverty on the rez as the crisis that it is. Perhaps if it had not been so hidden from view, never discussed, it would not have been such a nasty, abhorrent surprise to the man who stumbled upon it. To treat him as a racist because he addressed what he saw as a pressing, urgent issue is classic misdirection.

Any Human Being with any degree of compassion, would come to the same horrifying conclusion: Something must be done and the money is not going to where it is supposed to be going.

That he did not come up with the ideal solution on the spot, nor even have all the facts to figure out how it got to be that way, should not count against him. The fact that he spoke up is highly in his favor.

Those who have "had all the facts" should have spoken up and acted sooner. Not lie in wait for someone from the outside to witness the appalling neglect and mention it. But they chose not to. Rather, they preferred to tout only their successes and ignore the neglected as they had for generations.

Do we address the crisis? Or do we take a tour of the more scenic spots and successful types and put all that into a very well-balanced, equally ineffective report?

Crisis must be addressed and acted upon without the need for including that which is obviously not in crisis. To do anything else is to dilute the effort and leave no chance for the issue to be set right.

Name Calling

If we were to look, to see and to understand more about what does go on in Indian Country, and work together to insure that everyone has the same rights as does most of the rest of the country, we can go a long way to helping people to help themselves. We can give them a fighting chance.

Or we can continue to ignore the issues because we don't want to be called names.

Democracy is a lot of work. We have a lot of work to do before we can call ourselves a democracy again. We have become lazy and easily misdirected.

It is time we hold government accountable in all areas. I think we will be surprised at how well it works.

Some say it is too late. I say that if we are still breathing, we should at least give it our best effort.

Others will be content to roll over and play ignorant.

We get what we work for. We also get what we deserve. If we don't work to insure that everyone has rights and that they have our government support in securing those rights, then none of us really has any rights. We are just as guilty as any other country that oppresses any of its people.

We say we are better than that. Well, you have to prove it, not just say it.

We continue to suffer from ailments we thought we threw enough money at, yet they continue to grow and we lock our doors in a feeble attempt to be safe for one more night. We know it is coming to be our turn, but we just ignore it until it is our turn.

We used to feel safe in this country. We used to trust our government. Now we can begin to see how we were all misled and how those in power have lied to us.

We can now see how money laundering, kiddie porn, and drug manufacturing are allowed to continue and to grow on the rez, unabated, but not unabetted, by our government.

If we don't fix this in our generation, there will be no hope of it being fixed in any other generation and we will all pay the price as our children are consumed.

We now know that what goes on in those backwaters is what poisons the well of Democracy from which we have all been drinking.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

May 30, 2007

Treasure Hoarders

Dragon and The Treasure

Chapter One

There is a story about a dragon. The dragon was not as big as any of the other dragons in the land, but it had a lot of power, and the other dragons regarded it as their friend. The little dragon had a secret that gave it and its family power. The secret was a cache of secrets, which a dark wizard, friendly to the dragon, had converted to jewels and treasure.

Each piece was a secret kept of a crime committed by other dragons or their friends. These secrets gave the little dragon enormous powers. He could kill people, he could rob them, he could take whatever he wanted whenever he wanted and no one dared to stand up to him lest he break out one of the little jewels and expose the secrets of that person.

Each time a secret was changed into treasure for the dragon, the spirit of the person who was connected to that secret, fell asleep. Their families also began to grow tired, lazy and fall asleep.

Their children were born into a sense of futility, and some of them gave up trying before they could grow up and have a life of their own, they walked into the darkness and never came back. Their families grieved, but no one said anything that would explain it or stop it from happening again. Each child lost tore yet another piece out of the spirit of the people of the land.

The dragon enslaved the people of the land by threatening that if they did not do his bidding, he would reveal them. He made them go out and commit crimes against one another, at his bidding, to show anyone and everyone that he had the power and they had nothing.

There was only one condition that the wizard warned the dragon, must be kept at all costs: "Never allow one piece of treasure to escape from the pile or be stolen from you. If it gets away, it will return to the people as a spirit, and cause them to wake up. If they start to wake up, all the jewels, if the right words are spoken in the right way, will begin to wake up and the spirits return to the people and they will rise up and take you down. Never let one get away!"

The dragon assured the dark wizard, that the more treasure he had, the less likely was one to get away because all would be connected, all would go to sleep and all would be his slaves. The dragon collected secrets, spirits and turned them to treasure, and by this treasure he got more and more to do his bidding.

Other dragons, seeing the display of wealth, all wanted some for themselves. They treated the little dragon with respect because they wanted to know his secrets. He never told them about the dark wizard. He never told them that his wealth was the accumulation of abuses he had committed upon the people of the land. He just smiled, and gave them favors, to show them he was the most powerful among them.

Eventually, other dragons came to be his allies. He paid them off in gold which he had stolen from the people of the land. He came to know them and their secrets, and eventually, they too, became his slaves. They were allowed to stay in places of power and position, but they had to do his bidding.

Any of them that failed to warn him of any approaching dangers or scouts, would run the risk of being taken down. The other dragons slowly became nervous as the little dragon seemed to grow richer and more powerful. He began making demands on them that made them more and more uncomfortable. They had to cover his crimes and look the other way while he hurt children and stole from the coffers of the Silent Kingdom.

The little dragon began to grow nervous as the ground began to tremble and quake. Little shakes here and there. The pile of treasure began to avalanche and it was too much for him to continuously round up.

He demanded that the other dragons do that for him. It was their job to keep the treasure all rounded up and to let nothing break free. "If you let one break free," warned the little dragon, "I can be brought down. And if I am brought down, I will take you and your tiny kingdoms and your whole family down with me!"

Uncomfortably, the other dragons did his bidding more and more. But the ground continued to shake. Still the little dragon continued to bring in more and more treasures and heap them up on the pile, which began to grow more and more unsteady with each new addition.

It became harder and harder for the other dragons to keep up as the little dragon made more and more demands upon them, and they had

to run faster and faster to catch anything that would cascade off of or tumble down from, the pile of secret treasures that was owned by the little dragon.

Sometimes other dragons tried to slip away, but they had nowhere to run. If one left, the others would tell the little dragon what he had done and where he had gone, and the little dragon would threaten to take that one's jewels and throw it into the light, and bring him down.

And if one went down, others would follow, for they found that they had all been chained together, with collars around their necks and the links between them made of jewels. Once the jewels hit the light of day, they would turn into ugly little secrets and scandals. The dragons did not want to lose their own wealth, even though it was only the appearance of wealth. It was in fact, their dirty secrets that enslaved them. And there were too many to explain away as 'mistakes' or 'lies'. Just too many!

The runaway dragon would be a threat to the other dragons and they did not want one single jewel to catch the light and be exposed lest they all be brought down. They would protect themselves by surrounding the runaway dragon, and convincing him that to save his family, he would have to go into the light, and take the blame for the information that had escaped.

So, the runaway dragon, seeing there was no way out, would do that, to save his own life, and the wealth of the family he would leave behind. He would eat scandal at the foot of the courts of the land, and reveal nothing of what he knew, forever and ever. That was the deal, and it worked every time.

Chapter Two

The Army

Some people tried to play safe and become valuable to the dragon by bringing him more and more secrets from other people. Some of the secrets were very painful to the people. They were about their children being abused, molested, and bullied. The dragon especially loved those kinds of secrets! People would do anything to protect their children from that kind of exposure!

And many of them did. They brought the dragon whatever he wanted. They never even thought of fighting him. Those that did have any thoughts of holding the dragon to account, were dragged before him and his dragon family, and beaten to death.

Every week, the pile of treasure would grow and grow. The pile got so huge, it was a mountain! Every once in awhile, a ruby or a pearl would roll off the top and break away from the treasure pile.

When that happened, and it was away, it began to change back from dragon's treasure into a real person. A person with stories to tell of what it had seen from where it was in the pile of other treasures. Not all the secrets, but enough to awaken the whole pile if the right words were spoken.

The dragon would hear of an escape, from time-to-time, and it was easy for him to enlist members of the other dragons' families to bring him information about the one that had changed from a useless treasure into a spirit that was awakening the people.

The dragon had an army of minions that would do his bidding. Some for nothing more than to be safe from the wrath of the dragon, and the occasional crumbs of security that afforded them. Others were more eager and more willing because they wanted to be close to the one they considered the most powerful in the land.

And there were those who were reluctantly drawn in, from the families of the other dragons who were now beholdin' to the little dragon. By far, the most common were the ones who were drugged and drunk, too damaged to see that what they were doing was hurting their own families. They would willingly sell themselves, body and soul, for another fix, be it drugs, gambling, underage sex or alcohol. They were paid well in those ways, and allowed to carry on without fear of reprisal, because the little dragon, who by now was becoming very, very fat, was good at trading a soul for a fix.

The little dragon had an army of spies and of lies, and he thought that would keep his treasure safe, forever.

But what he didn't realize, and what he should have known because he knew all the secrets of the treasures he hoarded, was that those whom he had enslaved because of their weakness and their greed, were too weak and too greedy to protect him forever.

(to be continued...)

Shaving Off \$100 Bills

I heard over the weekend that Tony McDonald was shoving \$100 bills into the penny slots at the casino. That he had around \$10K in his wallet. Lots of people noticed. People wondering where he gets that kind of money. People figuring that the stories of him robbing the collections from Sunday Mass (and Saturday) are probably true.

Thing is, it probably is true. Taking what they want, when they want is how it is done out there. Boundaries that would normally confine decent people to not steal, rape, murder, incest are all broken out there. Those who have the power, do as they please.

For Tony McDonald, who claims to be a man of God, but who sold off his daughter when she was just 14 to be the Star Witness against the innocent, having ruined her life and his, and that of the innocent man still in prison, shaving off \$100 bills and shoving them into the penny slots is how he fills that dark void within himself.

He knows what he is, but he is too weak to change it. He sees the anger in his children, who also know what he is, and they die before him, his disease reflected in their ravaged minds, but still he think that if he can just steal a little more, maybe win a big one, he will be able to buy his dignity back from the devil he sold it to, all those years ago.

But we all know that is not how it works. There will never be enough for Tony McBony to wash away the blackness of his sins, that stick to him, like shadows, the fear in his eyes, the pain in his heart, all eating him alive, as he refuses to step into the light and end the misery of his family.

Now, with his relative, Russell McD trying to take over the helm of the syndication of corruption, thinking he is smarter than they are, and willing to trade his silence on the family's secrets for both more power, and money, Tony grows nervous.

Russell is willing to and has gathered enough documents to, bring down a substantial portion of that power tower. It is now up to Tony McBony and his brother Demon Demus, to put the threat into the ground for good. No one else can get close enough to do the job.

If they fail, and Russell succeeds, the secrets that shake loose into the light will bring down the little dragon himself, and he in turn, will bring down everyone else. Including, Tony, the daughter he sold off for a few head of cattle, all of which died, and land he cannot manage; his brother, Demus, who then becomes an accessory to murder and worse.

The little dragon will not stop there. He will call upon the other dragons, politicians, Attorney Generals, military men of high rank, and threaten to expose all their jewels to the light of day if they do not move all that is theirs and then some, to conceal his crimes once again.

He has them all by their family jewels.

Staying On Top

Poopsie will not go down quietly, but he will go down. (Ask Weenie Boy about the time... never mind, it's not a pretty story, but it is funny).

Poopsie is the dragon that needs to stay in power. So far, he has managed to be protected and able to build enough around him that if he is threatened, so are people in high places who are beholdin' to him, and some of whom he has video, documents and records of them doing what they would rather no one knew about.

If they keep his secrets, he keeps theirs. He even makes it possible for them to continue to indulge in behaviors that are disgusting. He will arrange it for them, quietly. They cannot resist, even though they know now that there will be video, film, and a price to be paid.

Poopsie has had control all this time by threat, extortion and bribery.

But there is a trick to all of this, and that is that they must control everything and everybody in order to be able to get away with it, over and over again, without fear of being held accountable.

Fine and dandy as long as no one is able to speak up and as long as anyone that does speak up can be penalized, lose their jobs, homes and any kind of security. It gives those in power more control. They control the courts, the cops and the entire system runs solely for their gain at the expense of those who need it to run right, and also at the expense of the Taxpayers who unknowingly fund the worst criminal syndicates in the nation.

In order to keep all quiet on the Rez, people must be bribed, included as part of the structure. Cops especially, seen mostly as the 'enforcers' for the criminal activity, they rarely step out of bounds or test the length of their leashes. When they do, it could cause the entire corrupt house of cards to collapse.

Growing Pains

All Badgers are first spayed and neutered before they are allowed to put on the uniform of Tribal Police.

When they were called, numerous times, to break up the under-age drinking party at Michelle Ironheart's home on Prom Night, they were reluctant to actually do something, but the calls were compelling enough, they had to. The dispatchers, of course, true to form, phoned Michelle ahead of the bust to warn her to clear it out.

She, however, decided to just bail herself out and let all the kids take the fall. She has still not been arrested. She is one of those little jewels in the treasure pile of corruption that stays close enough to the power that she need not suffer consequences.

For the Badgers to have to make a move like that, against one of the privileged and immune, would have required they grow a set. They did not.

The people that demanded they act, did so in a way that scared those little pussies into actually doing their job, that one time.

By keeping an army of weaklings, Poopsie has made it possible for them to be turned against him if the Silent Kingdom wakes up and takes a stand. This busting up of the party at Michelle Ironheart's was a small thing, overall, but to Poopsie, it was a sign that he is losing control over the community and they are regaining their dignity and less apt to just lay down and take it much longer.

For him, it is like the ground shaking. For those around him, it is a sign that he is not as powerful as he was just a little while ago. Some are realizing that the end of the run is nigh and they have, unfortunately, bet on the wrong horse to get them across the line.

Well, so much for metaphors today. Just figured you could enjoy a trip through the symbolism of current events. For those of you praying for a sign, learn to read them when they come.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

PS *Grad Night can be memorable only if you survive it to remember it. Don't party stupid this time. Party smart and stay safe. Adults who buy you booze and drugs are not your friends. They are the ones who don't care if you are killed.*

Your friends who don't accept you unless you drink, are not your friends. They are misery seeking company. Drugs never have a good ending. Look around.

Everyone take a trip to the cemetery and read the ages of those who died young, of drugs and alcohol and then decide if this is a good idea or not.

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