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1500 year old
Angel Oak in
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South
Carolina.

[Moapa Paiute leader says tribe to expand solar on new land](#)

The leader of the Moapa Band of Paiutes told Congress on Wednesday that adding...
reviewjournal.com|By STEVE TETREAULT STEPHENS WASHINGTON BUREAU

Rural Nevada community unites to stop water purge July 11, 2014

The entire Snake Valley community has united to stop a plan to pipe water out of needed farmland [Link to Video Embed Video](#)

Hold on to Your Right of Ways!

Ted Cruz Launches Senate Fight to Auction Off America's Public Lands

Claire Moser, ThinkProgress

Moser reports: "After a busy few months trying to impeach Attorney General Eric Holder, increase carbon pollution, and wipe out limits on campaign contributions, Tea Party favorite Sen. Ted Cruz (R-TX) is now working to sell off America's national forests, parks, and other public lands." [READ MORE](#)

3 graphs that show link between tar sands production and cancer in First Nations communities l...

It's official: a new study released Monday confirms a link between environmental...pressprogress.ca <http://t.co/ao7axYLvr0>

Myron Dewey Digital Smoke Signals ·

Build your Tribes Language Android Phone app with No programming skills, drag & drop online: <http://appinventor.mit.edu/explore/get-started?>

Indian Country Today Media Network The Legacy of Cobell <http://bit.ly/VR6vYn>

Create a garden habitat for butterflies : Gardens With Wings

Gardens With Wings is dedicated to helping you attract butterflies to your garden by showing you the nectar plants they need for food, and the host plants they need to lay their eggs. gardenswithwings.com

WCSD Launches Summer Academies at Seven Zoom Schools - KTVN Channel 2 - Reno Tahoe News Weather, Video - <http://ow.ly/z0nzZ>

Bury My Heart on West End Avenue JULY 11, 2014 [Dick Cavett](#)

As an extremely small boy, when the question "What does Dickie want to be when he grows up?" was posed by doting adults, I was ready with the answer.

"Either a fireman or an Indian."

I reserved the right to decide later.

What you'll find here is a cherished but still vivid memory of an event that happened in the mid-70s. If not the strangest evening of my life, it has few competitors. Certain aspects of it remain with me.

If that sounds spooky, it is.

Read on.

It all came rushing back to me when my wife, Martha, heard from an old friend, Eva McManus of Bowling Green, Ohio. Dr. McManus is a professor of English at Ohio Northern University.

Her note began:

Martha, I was just finishing rereading a book I'm teaching this week, "Lakota Woman" by Mary Crow Dog and Richard Erdoes about the siege at Wounded Knee in 1973 and her time in New York when her husband and tribal spiritual leader, Leonard Crow Dog, was on trial. I believe this incident occurred before his trial.

Eva is talking about the Yuwipi ceremony. The word may not be familiar to you.

She says:

A person sends a sacred pipe and tobacco to a medicine man. That is the right way to ask for a ceremony. Some person wants to find something — something that can be touched, or something that exists only in the mind. . . . The yuwipi man is the "finder" The book states: "Dick Cavett somehow got wind of a yuwipi man being in New York and asked for a ceremony in the proper ritual way. Cavett, born and raised in Nebraska, close to the Pine Ridge Reservation, was eager to learn about the power of yuwipi. . . . He [Crow Dog] warned Cavett and the Indians who had come to NYC to participate that he doubted very much that the spirits would come in under such unusual circumstances."

Does Dick remember the event and is there anything he'd like to tell us (my students and me) about the experience? This is an interdisciplinary class called "Pushing Boundaries: Exploration, Pioneering, and Exploitation in the Americas."

Eva went on to say she was sure the students would love to hear about the Yuwipi, "even second hand." I wrote back that, yes, I strongly remembered the ceremony.

What happened was a strange adventure. I still don't fully understand it.

From early childhood, when The Omaha World-Herald ran weekly full-page photographic portraits by Frank Rinehart of the great chiefs and warriors, I was hooked on the Plains Indians. Reading about the mysterious Yuwipi ceremony intrigued me particularly, so I leapt at this opportunity to attend one.

I was glad that my old Sioux friend, the above-mentioned medicine man and spiritual figure Leonard Crow Dog — from the Rosebud Indian Reservation in South Dakota — was presiding. I

had known Leonard for some years, having bailed him out of jail a few times back when the feds were wiretapping and bugging him and all “active” Indians.

The ceremony took place in what you would hardly call a romantic Western setting like, say, a darkened medicine lodge out on the wind-swept prairies of the Great Plains.

[Continue reading the main story](#)

It all happened in an apartment on West End Avenue in New York City. It was the time of what was then called “Wounded Knee #2”, the Marlon Brando one where Indians and government forces clashed as they had in the tragic Wounded Knee of 1890. And, as with the original “Knee,” people again died on both sides.

My adventure was on a hot night in midsummer in a living room properly prepared for the ceremony. The apartment belonged to a woman whose name I recall only as Mary, who back then ran the shop in the old Museum of the American Indian, since moved to the Battery. Mary was white, amusingly feisty, and clearly an old hand at dealing with Indians.

Our group, apart from Crow Dog and me, was made up of Mary; Richard Erdoes, the great Indian authority and author; and four or five young male Sioux who had come with Crow Dog from the Rosebud reservation.

All windows were sealed shut and covered with black paper. The spirits brook no light, no outside noise, no disturbance of any kind. It was dead summer and the temperature outside was flirting with 100 degrees. Unhappily for us participants, the spirits are vehemently averse to air-conditioning. The room was soon a sauna.

First, Leonard, standing, had a thick and heavy star blanket thrown over his head, hanging to the floor on all sides. It was then tightly bound with cord at the chest, the waist and the ankles. In that heat and lack of moving air it looked to me like a recipe for murder. I recall thinking that had I been Leonard’s parent, I would be shrieking, “Get him out of there!”

Trussed up in that suffocating cocoon he was laid flat, his head on the altar. The altar was a dark cloth spread out flat on the floor. Arranged on it were items essential to the ceremony. I recall bundles of sweet grass, rattles, a sacred pipe, small tied bags of tobacco, an eagle feather fan and a snake skin.

We sat on the floor in the deep dark silence. The drumming and singing of sacred songs began, with the familiar, “HAY-YA, hay-ay, hay-ay, hay-ay...” that I’ve known from Indian events in my childhood.

But time passed and nothing else happened. I wondered if my *wasichu* (white man) presence might be causing us to draw a blank, spirit-wise. Time crawled on.

And then it began.

A rattle on the altar became restless, began to spin and then — like a frantic bird caught indoors — flew across the room, smacking the wall. All was quiet again. More time went by.

Then they began to appear. The lights.

They appeared gradually and up high, looking like light-blue ghosts of snowballs, drifting dreamily about in the air above. Each one's appearance was announced by what sounded like billiard balls colliding. Though sweating, I got a chill.

And an irreverent thought.

While wanting to believe, I couldn't suppress the thought of what might happen if someone wickedly switched on a lamp. Would we see someone manipulating some kind of lights on a stick? Fooling whitey is not unheard-of in the Indian world.

Time seemed to stand still. The singing went on. The eerie lights gradually faded and returned to whatever whence from which they came

Nobody moved. I sat there in the dark, feeling what I can only describe as a sort of diminuendo of the senses.

And then, what may be the strangest part of all happened. As we sat there in the dark and the brain-numbing heat, suddenly a gentle, welcome, cool zephyr passed through the room. And was gone.

I must ask Penn or Teller, can you *fake* a cool breeze in a silent, sealed room? With all appliances off?

Finally, it was over. And I was sorry. Nobody else seemed to find what had happened at all remarkable.

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Where had I traveled? And what had I seen?

Lights of the more mundane sort were turned on and what I feared might be the still-warm remains of young Crow Dog were unwrapped. He was alive, looking a bit worse for wear.

The traditional feast followed. The entree was beef and more beef with some corn on the side. Mary had advised me that "when feeding Indians, meat is the thing. You don't bother with salads, fruits and veggies. You'll get them all back for your refrigerator."

Bidding a reluctant goodbye to my Lakota brothers (I'm proudly an adopted Sioux) I tossed in all the money I had with me, to help cover bills in diners, flat tires and much gasoline on the long voyage home by car.

Oh, how the Indian wannabe in me yearned to be in that car with those would-have-been Sioux warriors, hearing them chat in their native tongue, rolling across half of America to South Dakota. Back to the rez.

Luckily I had mastered enough Lakota back then to glow warmly when one of them, shaking my hand, said, "*Wichasha lela waste.*" ("Mighty fine fellow.")

Beats an Emmy anytime.

After thanking everyone again, and not wanting to jar the mood any sooner than necessary, I elected to walk quietly home across dark Central Park, hoping perhaps that some lingering spirit-protection might shield me from muggers.

I thought of my friend, the prolific Nebraska author Roger Welsch, several of whose fine books treat such Indian matters expertly and entertainingly.

Roger is known widely for his overalls-clad appearances for years on “CBS Sunday Morning” with his “Postcard From Nebraska.” He and his wife, Linda, a first-rate painter, live in Dannebrog, Neb. He’s deeply involved in Indian life. He confesses to wondering what might be fraud and what real.

Roger’s never been at a Yuwipi, but reports cases of skeptics who have gone to them, armed and determined to unmask and expose the supposed “tricks” once and for all. All have failed.

Roger says, regarding “those things,” that his ancient Sioux friend Richard Fool Bull “insisted that those things are common, happen to everyone, palefaces and redskins alike, but that we have been educated out of it and into embracing what is really the white man’s religious leap of faith — coincidence.”



He talks of “truths we may not have gotten to ourselves,” knowing that things that are not apparent to white men’s eyes are repeatedly visible to his Pawnee and Omaha brothers.

“There’s no lack of examples, Dick,” he says. “Ghosts! It only takes one or two witnesses to send an accused killer to death row, but thousands upon thousands of accounts of ghosts are dismissed with a giggle.”

Some years after the Yuwipi ceremony I attended Crow Fair, an annual celebration held at Hardin, Mont., on the Crow reservation. I’m also an adopted Crow, which presents a certain social problem. My Sioux friend, the venerable Fool Bull, said that among his proudest

accomplishments was “that I have never shaken hands with a Crow.” The Crows were mercenaries for Custer.

I stood on a high hill with an elder of the tribe, overlooking the Custer battlefield.

I felt kind of silly admitting to him that I had once, without telling anybody, stood there at night alone, hoping to catch a ghostly, spirit-glimpse of the bloody action there in 1876 that sent the impetuous Custer and all his men to a different if not better place.

The elder laughed, paused for a moment, then echoing Fool Bull’s thoughts to Roger, said, “Those things are always there. It’s just that you have learned not to see them.”

Our loss.

From 1974 "WOVOKA" our people must dance; Redbone;

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qj8ScYGocec>

[Redbone - Wovoka \(HD\)](#)

(1974, NL #3) Video by: Diaz Bros. youtube.com/By Redbone

Paul C. Hoffman Providing abundance is humanity’s grandest challenge.

Since the dawn of humanity, a privileged few have lived in stark contrast to the hardscrabble majority. Conventional wisdom says this gap cannot be closed. But it is closing—fast. In the book, *Abundance*, space entrepreneur turned innovation pioneer Peter H. Diamandis and award-winning science writer Steven Kotler document how progress in artificial intelligence, robotics, infinite computing, ubiquitous broadband networks, digital manufacturing, nanomaterials, synthetic biology, and many other exponentially growing technologies will enable us to “make greater gains in the next two decades than we have in the previous two hundred years.” We will soon have the ability to meet and exceed the basic needs of every man, woman, and child on the planet. Abundance for all is within our grasp.

Breaking down human needs by category—water, food, energy, healthcare, education, freedom—Diamandis and Kotler introduce us to dozens (and dozens) of innovators and industry captains making tremendous strides in each area:

Dean Kamen’s “Slingshot,” a technology which can transform polluted water, salt water or even raw sewage into incredibly high-quality drinking water for less than one cent a liter;

Qualcomm Tricorder X PRIZE which promises a low-cost, handheld medical device that allows anyone to diagnose themselves better than a board certified doctor;

Dickson Despommier’s “vertical farms,” which replaces traditional agriculture with a system that uses 80 percent less land, 90 percent less water, 100 percent fewer pesticides and zero transportation costs.

As a bonus, the authors provide a detailed reference section filled with ninety graphs, charts and graphics offering much of the source data underpinning their conclusions. In this thrilling antidote to today’s dark pessimism, the authors rely on exhaustive research and extensive interviews with top scientists, innovators, and captains of industry to explore how four emerging

forces—
exponential technologies,
the DIY innovator,
the Technophilanthropist, and
the Rising Billion

are conspiring to solve our biggest problems. Diamandis and Kotler examine the stunning impact these forces are having on categories of critical importance while establishing hard targets for change, laying out a strategic road map for governments, industry, and entrepreneurs, and giving us plenty of reason for optimism.

Providing abundance is humanity’s grandest challenge.

This a book about how we are rising to meet it.

Giving Circles Popular With Minorities and Younger Donors, Says Study

Groups that pool donations offer entry-level philanthropy opportunities, says researcher. [shar.es](#)

How Toxic Is Your Neighborhood's Air? This Map Knows for Sure

The new Elm system shows real-time data about smog and other pollutants.

July 08, 2014 By [Liz Dwyer](#)

Staff Writer Liz Dwyer has written about race, parenting, and social justice for several national publications. She was previously education editor at *GOOD*.

[full bio](#) follow me

If it’s a “green” day we can breathe easy. Thanks to growing concern about the health dangers of inhaling [smog and particle pollution](#), over the past 20 years weather forecasts have given us a daily download on our local air quality. To do that, forecasters tap the Environmental Protection



Agency’s Air Quality Index, which rates conditions in 900 counties across America. On those unhealthy “red” days, we can’t stop inhaling and exhaling, but at least folks with asthma or other medical conditions know they should take precautions.

But if the weather forecaster announces that Los Angeles is green, is that all 503 square miles of the City of Angels or just breezy Venice Beach? What’s the effect of the factory two streets over on the air in your backyard? The EPA simply doesn’t have enough monitoring

stations to be able to tell. But that kind of real-time, hyper-local knowledge about air quality could soon be at your fingertips, thanks to a new monitoring system from biotech firm PerkinElmer.

The system revolves around a 10-pound device called [Elm](#), which can be installed anywhere and runs on Wi-Fi. Once it's booted up, Elm provides updates on the amount of particulate matter, nitrous oxide, and other pollutants in 20-second intervals. All that local data is beamed to a real-time, color-coded online map that anyone can access.

The device is being used in about 100 locations around the globe, and the Boston area is home to the latest pilot. With a few clicks on the Elm map, I can zoom in to see that, at this writing, air quality on Line Street in Cambridge, Mass., is poor. Meanwhile, two miles away, air at North Point Park along the Charles River is good. Armed with that information, an individual can, for example, decide where she wants to go running—or if she wants to go outdoors at all.

[All People in China Need to Turn Into Smog Whistle-Blowers Is a Smartphone](#)

I clicked over to infamously smoggy Los Angeles, but there's no data, and that's true for most places on the map right now. However, PerkinElmer imagines that will change as the devices spread around the globe. Individuals can request information about buying one (the firm is not too forthcoming about costs), but over the years the company has helped the EPA with various health monitoring projects, so it's likely that it envisions the devices being purchased by cities and other official entities. If a local school district were to install one on every campus, at recess time educators could, for example, decide whether the air quality was good enough to let kids play outside.

Of course, while it's great that technology is beginning to empower individuals and communities with hyper-local air quality knowledge, there's one thing we can't forget: Nobody should have to be clicking on a map to figure out if it's safe to breathe.

Tania Lynn Carter's video: [Wild Horse Run](#).

[Tania Lynn Carter](#) added a [video](#) from July 9 at 6:00pm to her timeline — with [Robert Chandler](#) in [Browning, Montana](#).

Blackfeet Reservation rounded up a herd of wild horses and ran them down Main Street. It was awesome!



[Colorado River's Course Through A Drying Landscape Is Draining Lake Mead](#)

Lake Mead — the largest reservoir in the United States, the main water supply for Las Vegas, and an important indicator for water supplies in the Southwest — dropped today to its lowest level since the federal government started filling it with Colorado River water nearly eight decades ago. At just 39 percent full, the depleted lake is a symbol of the water risks for seven U.S. and two Mexican states in the Colorado River Basin. Yet even as collaborative solutions take hold, [four U.S. states plan to draw more water out of the ebbing river](#).

This week, [Circle of Blue reports on the alarming trend and reviews our coverage on this topic since 2010](#). In our latest article, [photojournalist Heather Rousseau surveys the ranchers, energy developers, kayakers, farmers, families, and government leaders](#) who are seeking collaborative solutions amid a mass of conflicting interests, concerns about costs, accuracy of forecasts, and other issues that are not easily resolved.

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### The Stream:

#### **Floods in Canada**

After [yet another summer deluge](#) in Canada's prairie provinces, hydrologists are mulling the causes for the flooding.

A report from the University of Saskatchewan suggests that the conversion of wetlands and ponds to farm fields has [sapped the land of its capacity to retain water](#), according to the Globe and Mail. The report's author called the effect of the land conversion on water flows one of the strongest in the world.

#### **Wastewater Recycling**

A facility that cleans up to [500,000 gallons of salty water](#) per day that flows out of oil wells will be operating in Midland, Texas by the end of August, MIT Technology Review reports. Recycling the brine is proving cheaper than injecting the waste thousands of feet underground and buying fresh water.

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## **[Native American Organizations Call on Washington Football Team Corporate Sponsors to Stop Harming Children](#)**

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE For more information, ... [www.digitalsmokesignals.com](http://www.digitalsmokesignals.com)

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### [U.N.I.T.Y. Documentary](#)

Documentary to promote the United National Indian Tribal Youth conference. The year this was filmed, it took place in Portland, Oregon. [m.youtube.com](http://m.youtube.com)

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*Andre Cramblit: How cool is that the SF Giants incident was broadcast on NPR Morning Edition just now. It included an interview with a Giants representative stating that they will be changing their policies and training to ensure that the concerns that were raised are addressed*

*and that all fans are made to feel part of the Giants family and culturally insensitive items are now banned.*

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[ndnsports.com](#) with [Ty Thompson](#) and [5 others](#)

In the spirit of TRUE INTERNATIONAL friendship, respect and honor, the **Iroquois Nationals and New Zealand met each other with honoring songs and a Haka** for the ...

[See More](#)

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The Story of Lacrosse

Our Grandfathers told us many stories that would relate to lacrosse and how one should conduct themselves and the importance of the INDIVIDUAL to the game. Lacrosse was a gift to us from the Creato... [iroquoisnationals.org](#)

Spreck Rosekrans: The elephant in Yosemite Park

Spreck Rosekrans, Fresno Bee

President Abraham Lincoln signed the Yosemite Grant in 1864, marking the first time in world history that a natural landscape was set aside and protected for the citizens of a nation. The birth of Yosemite is thus also the birth of the national park idea — a concept described by author Wallace Stegner as "America's best idea."