

Journal #4743 from sdc 8.13.20

***Federal Judge Demands Decision on Dakota Access Pipeline
The Sentinelese***

the Louvre opened as a public museum in Paris

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21 The number of days a federal judge gave the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers (ACE) to detail options for resolving the loss of a permit that allows the Dakota Access crude oil pipeline to operate on U.S. land. ACE proposed taking 60 days to determine how it would move forward, but U.S. Judge James Boasberg asked to be briefed by the end of the month. The U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia voided an easement last month that allowed a portion of the pipeline to cross federal property in South Dakota where it runs directly underneath a critical drinking water source for the Sioux tribe. [Reuters](#)



The Sentinelese

The Sentinelese are an uncontacted tribe living on North Sentinal Island, one of the Andaman Islands in the Indian Ocean. They vigorously reject all contact with outsiders.

Survival International lobbies, protests and uses public pressure to ensure their wish to remain uncontacted is respected.

If not, the entire tribe could be wiped out by diseases to which they have no immunity.

The Sentinelese are the most isolated tribe in the world, and have captured the imagination of millions. They live on their own small forested island called North Sentinel, which is approximately the size of Manhattan. They continue to resist all contact with outsiders, attacking anyone who comes near.



In the wake of the 2004 tsunami this member of the Sentinelese tribe was photographed firing arrows at a helicopter. © Indian Coastguard/Survival

In November 2018, John Allen Chau, an American man, [was killed by members of the Sentinelese tribe](#).

In 2006, two Indian fishermen, who had moored their boat near North Sentinel to sleep after poaching in the waters around the island, [were killed when their boat broke loose and drifted onto the shore](#). Poachers are known to fish illegally in the waters around the island, catching turtles and diving for lobsters and sea cucumbers.

The tribe have made it clear that they do not want contact. It is a wise choice. Neighboring tribes were wiped out after the British colonized their islands, and they lack immunity to common diseases like flu or measles, which would decimate their population.

Survival International is the only organization fighting worldwide to stop the extermination of uncontacted tribes like the Sentinelese

Most of what is known about the Sentinelese has been gathered by viewing them from boats moored more than an arrows distance from the shore and a few brief periods where the Sentinelese allowed the authorities to get close enough to hand over some coconuts. Even what they call themselves is unknown.

The Sentinelese hunt and gather in the forest, and fish in the coastal waters. Unlike the neighbouring Jarawa tribe, they make boats – these are very narrow outrigger canoes, described as ‘too narrow to fit two feet in’. These can only be used in shallow waters as they are steered and propelled with a pole like a punt.

It is thought that the Sentinelese live in three small bands. They have two different types of houses; large communal huts with several hearths for a number of families, and more temporary shelters, with no sides, which can sometimes be seen on the beach, with space for one nuclear family.

The women wear fibre strings tied around their waists, necks and heads. The men also wear necklaces and headbands, but with a thicker waist belt. The men carry spears, bows and arrows.



The Sentinelese enjoy excellent health, unlike those Andaman tribes whose lands have been destroyed.
© Survival International

Although commonly described in the media as ‘Stone Age’ this is clearly not true. There is no reason to believe the Sentinelese have been living in the same way for the tens of thousands of years they are likely to have been in the Andamans. Their ways of life will have changed and adapted many times, like all peoples. For instance, they now use metal which has been washed up or which they have recovered from shipwrecks on the island reefs. The iron is sharpened and used to tip their arrows.

From what can be seen from a distance, the Sentinelese islanders are clearly extremely healthy and thriving, in marked contrast to the Great Andamanese tribes to whom the British attempted to bring ‘civilization’. The people who are seen on the shores of North Sentinel look proud, strong and healthy and at any one time observers have noted many children and pregnant women.

They attracted international attention in the wake of the 2004 Asian tsunami, when a member of the tribe was photographed on a beach, firing arrows at a helicopter which was checking on their welfare.

In the late 1800s M.V. Portman, the British ‘Officer in Charge of the Andamanese’ landed, with a large team, on North Sentinel Island in the hope of contacting the Sentinelese. The party included trackers, from Andamanese tribes who had already made contact with the British, officers and convicts.

They found recently abandoned villages and paths but the Sentinelese were nowhere to be seen. After a few days they came across an elderly couple and some children who, ‘in the interest of science’ were taken to Port Blair, the island’s capital. Predictably they soon fell ill and the adults died. The children were taken back to their island with a number of gifts.

It is not known how many Sentinelese became ill as a result of this ‘science’ but it’s likely that the children would have passed on their diseases and the results would have been devastating. It is mere conjecture, but might this experience account for the Sentinelese’s continued hostility and rejection of outsiders?

During the 1970s the Indian authorities made occasional trips to North Sentinel in an attempt to befriend the tribe. These were often at the behest of dignitaries who wanted an adventure. On one of these trips two pigs and a doll were left on the beach. The Sentinelese speared the pigs and buried them, along with the doll. Such visits became more regular in the 1980s; the teams would try to land, at a place out of the reach of arrows, and leave gifts such as coconuts, bananas and bits of iron. Sometimes the Sentinelese appeared to make friendly gestures; at others they would take the gifts into the forest and then fire arrows at the contact party.

In 1991 there appeared to be a breakthrough. When the officials arrived in North Sentinel the tribe gestured for them to bring gifts and then, for the first time, approached without their weapons. They even waded into the sea towards the boat to collect more coconuts. However, this friendly contact was not to last, although gift dropping trips continued for some years, encounters were not always friendly. At times the Sentinelese aimed their arrows at the contact team, and once they attacked a wooden boat with their adzes (a stone axe for cutting wood). No one knows why the Sentinelese first dropped, and then resumed their hostility to the contact missions, nor if any died as a result of diseases caught during these visits.

In 1996 the regular gift dropping missions stopped. Many officials were beginning to question the wisdom of attempting to contact a people who were healthy and content and who had thrived on their own for up to 55,000 years. Friendly contact had had only a devastating impact on the Great Andamanese tribes. Sustained contact with the Sentinelese would almost certainly have tragic consequences.

In the following years only occasional visits were made, again with a mixed response. After the Tsunami in 2004, officials made two visits to check, from a distance, that the tribe seemed healthy and were not suffering in any way. They then declared that no further attempts would be made to contact the Sentinelese.

Contact Mission Sentinelese

Footage from one of many government attempts to establish contact with the isolated Sentinelese by fostering a dependence on outside gifts such as coconuts. After protests by Survival and local supporters, such contact trips have officially stopped, as they put both parties at grave risk.

Their extreme isolation makes them very vulnerable to diseases to which they have no immunity, meaning contact would almost certainly have tragic consequences for them.

Following a campaign by Survival and local organisations, the Indian government abandoned plans to contact the Sentinelese, and their current position is still that no further attempts to contact the tribe will be made.

Periodic checks, from boats anchored at a safe distance from shore, are made to ensure that the Sentinelese appear well and have not chosen to seek contact.

Survival's work for the Sentinelese focuses on pressuring India to stop illegal poaching in their waters, and ensuring officials maintain their policy of no contact. Your support is vital for the survival of this uncontacted tribe. There are lots of ways you can help.

- [Sign the global declaration for uncontacted tribes](#)
- [Donate to Survival International](#) We refuse government money, depending on you to fund our urgent work
- [Send an email to stop “human safaris” to the neighboring Jarawa tribe](#)
- If you want to get more involved, [contact Survival](#)

News from the Sentinelese

1. [Missionary claims that John Chau did not pose a threat to the Sentinelese – Survival responds](#) November 29, 2018
2. [Survival International urges “no recovery” of body in Sentinelese case](#) November 26, 2018
3. [Survival International statement on killing of American man John Allen Chau by Sentinelese tribe, Andaman Islands](#) November 21, 2018
4. [Serial poacher’s arrest exposes failure to protect world’s most isolated tribe](#) August 3, 2017

[News from the Sentinelese](#)

On this date in 1793, the Louvre opened as a public museum in Paris. The Louvre began as a garrison fortress and prison, built by Philip II on the Right Bank of the River Seine in the late 12th century. At that time, it was on the very outskirts of the city; today, it is in the heart of Paris. In 1528, King François I demolished the original building and rebuilt it as his royal residence. François was a patron of the arts and knew Leonardo da Vinci well. He adorned the walls of his new palace with many paintings, including Leonardo’s *La Gioconda* — better known as the *Mona Lisa*.

Each successive king added to the royal collection. King Louis XIV moved the royal residence to the Palace of Versailles in 1682, but chose to leave the art displayed at the Louvre. For the next hundred years, the palace housed academies of painting, sculpture, and *belles-lettres*; meanwhile, people began to call for a public museum at the Louvre. King Louis XV agreed to allow a limited exhibition of about a hundred pieces from the royal collection.

By 1793, the French Revolution was in full swing. The National Assembly imprisoned Louis XVI on August 10, 1792, and seized the building and its contents on behalf of the new government. The Louvre opened to the public exactly one year later, on the anniversary of the fall of the monarchy. Most of the museum’s first collection — over 500 paintings — was made up of art taken from the church, the former royal family, and other nobles. Napoleon added greatly to the collection with antiquities he plundered during his reign; many of these were eventually returned. Today, it’s the world’s largest museum. It is currently open, but masks are required.



[reddit.com](https://www.reddit.com) [This caterpillar is the larva of the Pacific fruit-piercing moth. Today's message starts off with a few questions.](#)

Where does Indigenous news come from? And how many reporters covering Indigenous news have the experience of growing up in Indian Country?

These questions are why Indian Country Today exists. Our goal is to represent Indigenous stories and tell them from our perspective as Indigenous people.

We've been busy building a network of Native reporters. Editors. Producers. And more. Our journalism is shaped and informed by our team's life experiences and Native communities. From our news desks in Washington, D.C. to Anchorage, Alaska, we have boots on the ground nationwide to bring the news to you. Mark Trahan



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Sentence Of Native Man Facing Execution By Camila Domonoske

As the U.S. government prepares to execute Lezmond Mitchell, the only Native American man on federal death row, the leaders of the Navajo Nation have asked President Trump to reduce Mitchell's sentence to life imprisonment.

"We strongly hold to our cultural, traditional, and religious beliefs that life is sacred," Navajo Nation President Jonathan Nez and Vice President Myron Lizer [wrote](#) in a recent letter.

"It has always seemed strange to me that in our endless discussions about education so little stress is laid on the pleasure of becoming an educated person, the enormous interest it adds to life. To be able to be caught up into the world of thought — that is to be educated."

Edith Hamilton



This week as you read along with us, you will find an emphasis on introspection and retrospection as we look inwards and to past times in order to better understand ourselves in the present. From frustration to sorrow, to anger and curiosity, this week's submissions span the emotional spectrum. What do you do to find comfort, to stay grounded and remain hopeful, amidst the chaos? When every day feels the same, how do we press forward?

We would love to hear from you as you read through and reflect on these heart-to-hearts. Visit our [website](#) and leave a comment, and we also encourage you to follow us on social media and continue the conversation with us there. Thank you for joining us as we share, watch, and listen to each other.



Precious Memories of Home

By Colene Paradise

July is here; I have been home since March 13th, not by choice. COVID-19 has hit the entire country hard. It is like a World War has started, except it is not man vs. man, it is man vs. virus.

The first week of being home, I was like a caged animal, not knowing what to do with myself, although I had a lot of things to do. I walked back and forth in my house until I thought I was going mad. I could not watch TV or read; it was a difficult way to feel, out of control in body and mind.

One cold evening I stood outside and watched a beautiful sunset. I started to think of when I was a child, I never left Mud Creek. Mud Creek was my entire world. I never really left my home all summer, and I had no interest in leaving. Everything I needed was there, my friends, my family.

Since that evening I have spent many days reminiscing about my childhood. Fun times from riding horses to swimming in every canal in Mud Creek. I cannot believe these memories were hidden in my mind, and truthfully, they would not have come out if I still had my busy life. I was staying too busy and forgetting to relax and enjoy the simple things in life.

So, I will take you down the memory lane of my youth.

My best friend was Lenny Sope, we were always playing in the canals, even when the water was so low it was almost mud. We went outside everyday and made sure we got home by dark.

Other crazy things Lenny and I would do is ride our horses to the swimming hole and stand on our horses' backs and dive off their backs into the water. To this day I wonder how we are still alive.

Mud Creek is a valley that extends about three miles or so and it has homes on each side and hay fields and slough that divides the valley. Off the slough, the canals run in different directions.

We helped with branding, haying, and winter feeding of our stock. After we worked, then we played. One specific memory that stands out is one winter when we would gallop our horses, put the brakes on, and slide on the pavement. Our horse slid sideways and stepped backwards into a badger hole. He rolled over into the snowbank. I flew over his head straight into the snow. When I looked up, I saw my dad standing over me, he was mad as hell. He said, "What the hell are you doing, you could've killed your horse." He told me to "Get my butt home now." I knew I was in big trouble, but when I looked at Lenny, as my dad drove away, we busted out laughing.

Another funny story that sprung up in my mind is when Lenny and I were bucking bales, and her brother Reggie was our driver. We loaded the bales on the back of the truck, it was an old stick shift truck. Let me explain - you had to push the clutch in and shift gears on the wheel. Reggie was grinding the gears, and Lenny and I thought it might be fun to ride the bales with hay hooks so every time Reggie had to gear up or down, we would lean back and act like we were riding a bull. We got bucked off the back of the truck, after Reggie hit a pothole on the dirt road. We flew off the back of the truck, bales and all. I think back about that wild ride and count my blessings that neither of us got stabbed with our hay hooks.

COVID-19 has kept us cooped up at home, but it has also helped to unlock cherished memories from our minds. I now ponder how or why we grow up and rarely have time to say hello to those people who helped create those special memories. Lenny still lives in Mud Creek. and she is an EMT now, while I work at the school, and our day-to-day lives rarely cross. It is our busy lives that keep us distant.

Colene Paradise is a member of the Shoshone-Paiute Tribe from the Duck Valley Indian Reservation in Owyhee. Her family brings the greatest happiness to her, and she spends as much time as she can with them. She has worked closely with Owyhee youth to help them find their

voice as citizens and gain appreciation for their culture and history. She has been employed since 1997 at the Elko County School District at Owyhee Combined School where she now serves as a parent liaison. Colene has worked with middle school students on The Deep West Videos, in which students have become filmmakers and created short videos about their heritage and community.

In 2016, her students made Paiute or Shoshone language versions of Deep West Videos to draw attention to their community's loss of indigenous language. Some of the films won a Bronze Remi award at the Houston Worldfest International Film and Video Film Festival for excellence in film production. She is also a 2019 recipient of the Nevada Humanities Outstanding Teaching of the



Humanities Award.



In Loving Memory
of Edith Eben

The Funeral Service will be held

August 12, 2020 @ 11:00am

At the Yerington Cemetery on Cow Ranch
Road, Yerington, NV



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R.I.P.  HOMIE Chad Crutcher



 #PAIUTEWARRIOR 

#fuckcancer

#fuckcovid

The male rains soothe the lands as we say poonedooa (see you later) to our father, husband, son, brother, and friend. This morning, my dad, **Norm Harry**



passed peacefully in his homelands of Kooyoee Pa'a. He began his spiritual journey surrounded by loved ones and was sent off with medicine, songs and prayers.

We can't thank creator enough for placing him on this earth to be our protector and knowledge-keeper. We're incredibly thankful for his life teachings, his dedication to the protection of water and fisheries. The past few months in quarantine have turned into the most precious moments spent with e na'a. Every day we laughed, fished, tended to our garden, and talked about the preservation of our homelands. I will continue to remember all these moments and carry his teachings forward the best way I can.

Please send prayers for my mother, brother, grandmother, my dad's siblings, and all of our relatives. We're all hurting and will be hurting for a long time. Tonight our family will be meeting to discuss funeral and service arrangements. If you would like to drive through and offer condolences, you can drop by our house after 6pm. We'll have stew and frybread for anyone who drives by.

We ask that everyone maintain physical distancing and wear masks. If you are experiencing symptoms or have been potentially exposed, please send your prayers from home. Pesa mu. If you need to get in contact, you can message or call me (775) 857-9432.

[Donna Cossette](#)

My heart is broken tonight, my friend, my teacher, my Togo passed over today. I feel blessed to have had you in my life and humble to have been gifted with your teachings. I send my deepest condolences to his family and rest in peace, **Dennis Smart**; you will be missed. I love you 💔

