Journal #4759
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"Sovereignty is Real": The 2020 Oceti Sakowin Gathering of treaty nations and councils is taking place at Fort Laramie in Wyoming. #HonorTheTreaties

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Native Sun News Today: 'Sovereignty is Real'
The 2020 Oceti Sakowin Gathering of treaty nations and councils is taking place at Fort Laramie in Wyoming.

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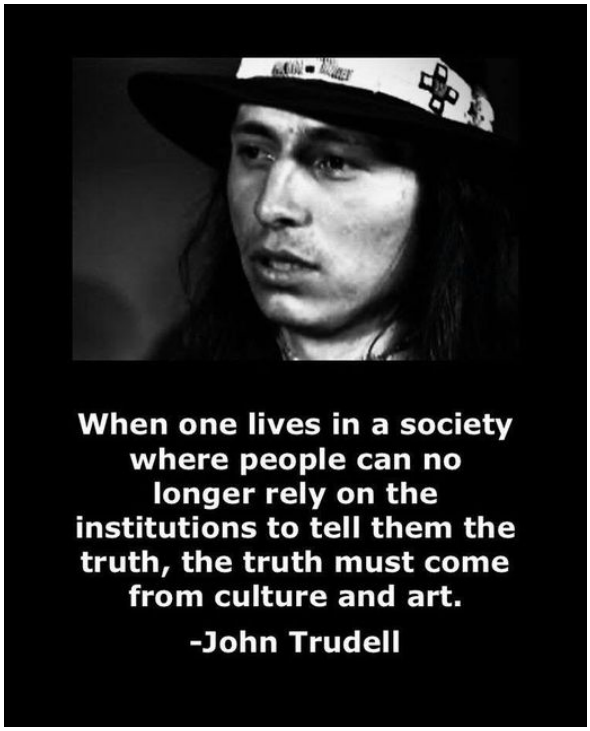
[Bethany Sam]

“EVERYTHING BACK” is about reclaiming sacred space and relationship. Colonial ideologies of ownership are limiting and counterintuitive to indigenous philosophies. “EVERYTHING BACK” is about returning to cosmology, reclaiming true identity. ❤️



Neenie Beenie
Another throwback from college. As upcoming science students, we were fortunate to attend and participate in academic symposiums. We listened to veteran Dine' elders speak and introduce another native woman who was on the team, that broke through the science of genetics study. We as students, knew this was big considering we as a people are the ones who carry a little card of blood fractions. Afterward, tracked down the elder to meet & greet.

Yeee, he bawled me out. After shaking his hand and speaking to me in Dine', I said, "I don't know what you said." He advised me no matter what language, I am to understand when meeting other native, I am to greet accordingly. Afterward, told him I lived east of the Sierras and he lit up.
He said he attended Stewart Indian Boarding School

back in the day. He loved his Shoshone, Paiute & Washo brothers. He said "at night he and others would sneak off campus and run to the hills to dance the old ways," something not allowed back then on campus.

Below was the front cover of a 1999 journal given to us. The artist, Sam English, captured Vine Deloria Jr.'s title during a time **we young native scientists were simply trying to figure it out. #AISES #SKC #TEK**

Theda NewBreast
is with **In 1999 Sam English called, "Setting the Pace in bridging Tradition & Technology "a favorite 21 years ago as "gamers" evolved into NDN country! What do you think?**
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"***Scientists have become the bearers of the torch of discovery in our quest for knowledge."***
– Stephen Hawking

Can a mining corporation ever truly be a good neighbor? (Guardian)

Opening a business during the pandemic

Patty Talahongva In March Americans were starting to become aware of COVID-19 and watched as the novel Corona virus started closing down events and popular tourist attractions. Yet the Te-Moak Tribe of Western Shoshone, didn't let the globa Read more
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How Oral History Projects Are Being Stymied by COVID-19

As the current pandemic ravages minority communities, historians are scrambling to continue work that preserves cultural heritage


Marta Martínez interviews a local resident for her oral history project. (Photo by Jeny Luna Hernández, Courtesy of Rhode Island Latino Arts)
By Eddy Martinez smithsonianmag.com June 9, 2020

Diana Emiko Tsuchida lost her grandfather at age 8, long before she was able to understand the hardships he experienced as a Japanese American citizen incarcerated by the U.S. government during World War II.

Not one to let another opportunity slip by, Tsuchida interviewed her father, who was also interned as a young boy, about his time at the camps. Inspired by the conversations with her dad, she founded Tessaku, an oral history project that interviews Japanese American survivors of the

camps, to ensure that future generations would be able to hear about that experience from those who lived it.

But now, with the COVID-19 pandemic shutting down much of the nation and threatening older populations most of all, her work, and that of many other oral history projects, has come to a halt. Many of the subjects of these projects belong to populations, including the African American and Latino communities, that have borne the brunt of the coronavirus outbreak in the United States. Historians and activists like Tsuchida must now grapple with how they can forge ahead with existing projects in the face of a pandemic that shows no signs of letting up.

A few years ago, Tsuchida interviewed camp survivor Tadashi Tsufura over the phone. He spoke calmly, even slowly, she recalls. Tsufura had told his story before, but he never sounded scripted. “He had a hint of sadness in his voice,” she said. She hung on to every word he uttered. The call lasted for two hours; she didn’t notice.

This April, she learned that Tsufura died from COVID-19; she would never have the chance to meet and talk with Tsufura in person.

Kimiko Marr, a friend of Tsuchida’s, co-founded a California-based group that organizes trips to memorial sites that brings together younger Japanese Americans with survivors. She was hopeful that her work could continue even even after the virus began to spread in California, but realized that a trip could lead to an outbreak. “I pulled the plug because I just didn't want to risk any elders' lives,” she says.

Marr and Tsuchida aren’t alone. “Different oral historians are approaching things in different ways. Some have just stopped doing interviews and some are continuing through the use of digital technology,” says Rachel Seidman, the director of the Southern Oral History Project at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Others, including the Smithsonian, view the virus itself as a historically significant event to be memorialized as collective memory. But oral historians are about much more than just recording moments that will appear in textbooks years later. For disadvantaged communities in particular, it's a way to point out their inherent worth in the face of systemic racism.

“Our focus is about the contributions that these people have given to the community,” says José Higuera López, the director of the City University of New York’s Mexican Studies Institute at Lehman College. Higuera also oversees the Mexican Oral History Project that focuses on Mexican Americans in New York City, a group that has suffered greatly from coronavirus. According to data from the city government, Latinos, as well as African Americans, are twice as likely to die from COVID than whites.

“We’re trying to see if we can [continue our work] virtually through video conference,” he says, adding that they face challenges including technological fluency.

Different communities also have different cultural norms and cues which can present added challenges. “It's a process, especially with Latinos,” said Marta Martinez, the director of the Latino Oral History Project in Rhode Island, where Latinos make up 16 percent of the population. Martinez normally would have spent the past few months meeting participants and

their families, establishing a relationship before she would begin interviewing elderly community members. After the pandemic struck New England, she scrambled to continue her work by asking these families for help. “I said, ‘Do you think you can give your *papá* or your *abuelo* a quick 101 on how to use either Skype or Facebook,” she recalls.

All the practitioners interviewed saw video conferencing and phone calls as stopgap measures at best. “Video interviews are, in this case, probably a necessary accommodation but can never really replicate the kind of intimacy that happens when you're sitting in a room with someone face to face,” says Seidman. While Zoom can be a useful tool, it can be tricky to use, especially for non-tech savvy users, and makes establishing a rapport harder. But for Robert P. Robinson, the crisis has also presented an unintended benefit.

Robinson is a Ph.D. student at CUNY and is currently working on a dissertation about the Black Panthers’ Oakland Community School. The school’s operating philosophy was rooted in community-based solutions towards systemic racism. That extended into policing, which the organization saw as inherently repressive. That platform is now gaining renewed attention due to the killing of George Floyd by police officers in Minneapolis. Robinson depends a lot on oral histories, many of which he has done himself. He had tracked down, and interviewed, former teachers, personnel and students but had stopped right before COVID-19 hit to finish up his dissertation. He planned on resuming the interviews in August, but the pandemic has made that highly unlikely.

Robinson also planned on visiting archived materials at Stanford University that are crucial to his work, but they are not available over the internet. The trips to Oakland from New York, however, can be expensive for anyone, no less a historian on a student income; video conferencing and phone calls gives him the ability to keep in contact with participants. “There's an opportunity to connect to folks remotely, which saves me a significant amount of money,” says Robinson.

But Seidman has also cautioned that the ability to more easily connect with participants needs to be weighed carefully from an ethical standpoint. She said that reaching out during a crisis like today’s can harm a participant’s emotional state. “We're not trained to help someone, deal with trauma. And that's not really the purpose of an oral history interview… Some people would argue it is possible to actually do harm.” Robinson worried over his subjects, since many of them are elderly. He doesn't know if any of them have died due to COVID-19, but wants to interview four more, all of whom he says, are at high risk.

Kimiko Marr, for her part, felt lost at first; meeting people would be out of the question. But what if there was a way to bring together survivors and those who wanted to learn the history of the incarceration camps? “I just thought, we should do something virtual. And we should try to get all the camps involved,” she says. Marr began to plan a virtual pilgrimage titled *Tadaima*, Japanese for “I’m home.”

“When we first started telling people this idea, I know they thought we were insane,” says Marr. “And people still do.”

Yet sure enough, they began to come around. The planned event, scheduled to begin June 13, will include webinars, performances, and survivors recounting their experiences through webcams.

When Tsuchida thinks back on her phone interview with Tsufura, she remembers him occasionally cracking a joke, breaking up the somber tone. She kept in touch with him, but ponders wistfully about what could have been. She imagines doing what Marta Martinez does when she meets with participants in Rhode Island. “I wish though that I had gotten the chance to meet him just once and have lunch with him in New York, and give him a hug.”

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Mísa PH Nature & Species ·

Goliath stick insect Native in Australia Author MelC photography

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Day 5: A Fantastic Mullet, Two Fawns And A Whole Lot Of Cattle **Sep 03, 2020**

Nate Hegyi, rural reporter for the Mountain West News Bureau , is embarking on a 900-mile cycling trip crisscrossing the continental divide in August and September, interviewing and listening to Americans ahead of the 2020 election. You can follow along on social media , an online blog and this "Where Is He Now?" map.

Click here to read more or share on Social Media

Perspective: Grandma Cele, the unknown Ojibwe suffragette
Mary Annette Pember Aug 18, 2020

In praise of the bold, outspoken and frequently overlooked Native women who fought for the vote *UPDATED: Cecelia Rabideaux's great niece, Lynn Bigboy of the Bad River reservation is the current president-elect of the League of Women Voters of Ashland and Bayfield Counties*

As we recognize the centennial of the passage of the 19th Amendment, giving women the right to vote, I think of my Grandma Cecelia Rabideaux, known as Cele to family and friends.

Cele died in the 1950s before I was born; she was only 57 years old. Part of my family's often vaguely shameful past, memories of her are seldom spoken aloud.

Most commonly, I've heard her described as a loudmouth, a troublemaker who used foul language and most certainly was not a lady as measured by the oppressive standards of 1920s-era America. But somewhere in between the lines of these scanty memories is a mysterious air of grudging respect and even awe. That whiff of juicy backstory, however, has remained elusive until this year.

I learned recently that Cele was one of the founders of the country's first Indian League of Women Voters in 1924, the same year in which Native Americans were declared citizens of the United States.

Cele was an 18-year-old single mother in 1920 when women gained suffrage. Educated by Catholic nuns at St. Mary's Indian boarding school, her curriculum was surely imbued with civilization-era lessons intended to assimilate Natives into mainstream society. During civics class, she would have learned about the democratic process and citizens' rights and duties to participate.

The crafters of the 1819 Civilization Act Fund intended that Native people abandon their traditional ways for a hard-working servile role in America's new society. Surely, given the racial and gender social norms of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, White male politicians and leaders in the federal government never envisioned the civilization policies would inspire Native people, especially women, to rise up and claim equal access to rights, citizenship and voting.

But as professor of American studies Brenda Child of the Red Lake Ojibwe Nation notes, traditionally Ojibwe women inhabited a world in which the Earth was gendered female. Prior to the arrival of European settlers, Ojibwe women lived in a society that valued an entire system of beliefs associated with women's work, not just the product of their labor.

Early on, Native women influenced the women's rights and suffrage movements. Although only recently acknowledged by writers of mainstream history, Native women such as the Haudenosaunee inspired White women's rights activists Matilda Joslyn Gage, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott.

Traditionally Haudenosaunee women had a great deal of political authority; they participated in all major decisions and had veto power over declarations of war. It was women who chose the chiefs. As described in the Washington Post, Stanton had frequent contact with Haudenosaunee women near her home in Seneca Falls, New York, the site of the now-famous Seneca Falls Convention, the first women's rights convention held in 1848.

"Indigenous women have had a political voice in their nations long before White settlers arrived," Sally Roesch Wagner, one of the first U.S. doctorates to work in women's studies, told the Washington Post.

For Indigenous women, however, women's rights and voting rights were tools to be used for survival and defending against the dispossession of land and resources.

"For Native women, women's rights have never been separate from Native rights," Child says.

Thus was the case with Grandma Cele. In 1926, a newly minted U.S. citizen, voter and chairman of the first Indian League of Women Voters at age 24, Cele used her officially recognized legal power to advocate for her brother Paul Moore.

I stumbled across Grandma Cele's name completely by accident as I pored over 1920s-era records of congressional hearings dealing with misuse of Native trust and treaty funds and corruption within the Bureau of Indian Affairs. My research was part of an investigative journalism project examining the misuse of Native funds to pay for tuition in Catholic Indian boarding schools.

It was late at night and my eyes were burning from hours of staring at the tiny print when the name "Cecelia Rabideaux" grabbed my attention. Initially I thought my tired eyes were deceiving me. Here was the name of the woman my mother hated, the bad mother who abandoned her and her four siblings when my mother was a child.

Cele abandoned the family after her first husband, my grandpa Joe, beat her nearly to death. With little in the way of legal, economic or social protection for Native women in those days, Cele was placed at an untenable moral impasse, physical survival or motherhood. She chose survival; my mother never forgave her and seldom spoke her name. Cele married a White man and started a new family.

I was surprised to see Cecelia Rabideaux, the long-vilified woman of my family memories, described by James Frear, representative for Wisconsin's 9th District, as a "responsible woman" and chairman of the League of Women Voters. Frear read her notarized statement before the 1926 Senate Committee on Indian Affairs as an example of corrupt judicial practices by Bureau of Indian Affairs reservation superintendents.

She'd written to Frear for help, describing how her brother Paul was arrested without warrant or due process and jailed 70 miles away from the Bad River Reservation, on the Lac du Flambeau reservation.

Like many Native people during that era, Uncle Paul was arrested and incarcerated at the whim of a reservation superintendent. Grandma Cele took the train to Lac du Flambeau and confronted the superintendent, insisting she be allowed to see Paul. She found him languishing along with several other Native men and women in a tiny, filthy jail cell with a ball and chain fastened to his ankle. Eventually Wisconsin Gov. John Blaine carried Cele's protest all the way to then-President Calvin Coolidge. Coolidge wired the superintendent with the recommendation that Uncle Paul be "permitted to escape." Uncle Paul finally walked free.

Greater surprises about Cele came later. According to the archives of the Wisconsin League of Voters, the village of Odanah on the Bad River Ojibwe Reservation is the birthplace of the first Indian League of Women Voters, established in October 1924. Ellen Penwell, membership and events manager of the League of Women Voters, forwarded links to the organization's original newsletter, "Forward."

In November 1924, League president Belle Sherwin wrote in "Forward":

"*Most stirring to the imagination is the recent report of the formation of the first Indian League of Women Voters composed of 86 women of the Odanah tribe of Wisconsin.*"

In the November 1929 issue of "Forward," the following appeared, written by an uncredited author:

"*There is little consideration by the Indian Bureau of what is best for the future of the Indians. The Indian is a citizen who can vote for national officers but has absolutely no control over their own affairs.*

In Odanah, there is a band of serious thoughtful women who are just as interested in having everything right for their children as we are for ours. They want the right to be heard in court on the same terms as the white race. They want a doctor, a home for the old people, They want a voice in the village government that they might improve the condition under which they have to live."

According to Cathleen Cahill, associate professor of history at Penn State College, it was the work of Native women such as Cele and members of the Indian League of Women Voters who aided in forwarding the Wheeler-Howard Act of 1934, which ended federal allotment of Native lands and stressed self-governance. Cahill is the author of the upcoming book "Recasting the Vote: How Women of Color Transformed the Suffrage Movement" and has written extensively about the history of Native women in politics and government.

Like citizenship and voting rights for Native Americans, some states were slow in ratifying the 19th Amendment. Wisconsin was the first in 1920; Mississippi, however, didn't officially ratify the 19th Amendment until 1984.

Although the Civil Rights Act of 1965 guarantees the right to vote regardless of race, Native people continue to face efforts to suppress their votes, such as the Ballot Interference Prevention Act in Montana.

I was surprised to learn that after she married her second husband and moved to Idaho in the early 1930s, Grandma Cele didn't pursue her political activism.

My Uncle Russ, her one remaining son, has no recollection of Cele expressing any interest in politics after the move to Idaho.

He does recall, however, that she always carried a hatchet under the front seat of her 1934 Chevy Coupe in case anyone messed with her.

Nearly 100 years later, as I learn more about Grandma Cele's remarkable past, her life stands as an allegory for Native women's ongoing battle and advocacy for family, land, resources and physical survival.

Despite her mistakes, Cele never abandoned her stubborn belief that Native people deserved better, that we too are entitled to the benefits of the democratic process.

I like to think she passed along this burning conviction to my mother, Bernice, who despite remaining estranged from Cele her entire life, was fiercely involved in politics and voting rights as a member of several Democratic women's groups.

"I'm sure there were many Native women like your grandma who advocated for women's and voting rights whose history we may never know," says Cahill.

Her upcoming book includes the histories of more well-known Native suffragists such as Gertrude Simmons Bonnin, also known as Zitkala-Sa of the Yankton Sioux tribe and Marie Louise Bottineau Baldwin of the Turtle Mountain Band of Chippewa, laudable women deserving of praise.

But, on this centennial of the passage of the 19th Amendment, let us also praise all the obscure loudmouth Native women like Cele who demanded justice and equity for their people. Although usually overlooked by the White man's history books, they stand tall and brave beyond belief. They blazed the trail for us all.

Mary Annette Pember, a citizen of the Red Cliff Ojibwe tribe, is a national correspondent for Indian Country Today.
Pics At: *https://indiancountrytoday.com/news/perspective-grandma-cele-the-unknown-ojibwe-suffragette-TiZ89mB-7kSvGOkgRvqHYQ*

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Bad times have a scientific value. These are occasions a good learner would not miss."
– Ralph Waldo Emerson