

**Journal #4829**

**from sdc**

**12.11.20**

*Courts Reject Trump's Arctic Drilling Proposal*

*Pathological Consumption Has Become So Normalized That We Scarcely Notice It*

*Coyote Always Got in Trouble*

*The White Buffalo Woman*

*Another Weird Facet of America's Strangest National Park: The Conscience Pile*

*Leonard Ptts, Sr.*



**ecowatch.com | By ECOWATCH**

**Court Rejects Trump's Arctic Drilling Proposal in 'Huge Victory for Polar Bears and Our Climate'**

**Jeremy Lieb, an attorney at the nonprofit law organization Earthjustice, which represented the advocacy groups, praised the court for rejecting the administration's "inaccurate and misleading analysis of this project's impact to the climate." The court determined that the administration hadn't prope...**

*(anyone want to title this pic?!)*

*"Why would you devote yourselves, for women, and your children to destruction?"  
Between the Logs (c. 1812)*

## Fund for Teachers 2021 Information Session (Webinar) 12/16/2020 6:00 PM CST

**Notes: To access this webinar, please register at: [https://fundforteachers.zoom.us/webinar/register/WN\\_2Alrq2v1Qa69GjiHyA0Dlq](https://fundforteachers.zoom.us/webinar/register/WN_2Alrq2v1Qa69GjiHyA0Dlq)**

Fund for Teachers has awarded \$33.5 million in grants to nearly 9,000 of America's top educators. FFT Fellows have traveled to 152 different countries on all seven continents. Fund for Teachers honors the professionalism of dedicated teachers and values their judgment as to what best impacts their practice .

All fellowships awarded are self-designed. To learn more about our teachers and their projects use the search tool provided below. (*once again, search engine provides different results for "native american" and "american indian"*)

[https://fft.fundforteachers.org/applications/fellow\\_search?keyword=american+indian&subject\\_area=0&application\\_year=&school\\_state=&grade\\_level=](https://fft.fundforteachers.org/applications/fellow_search?keyword=american+indian&subject_area=0&application_year=&school_state=&grade_level=)

[https://fft.fundforteachers.org/applications/fellow\\_search?keyword=native+american&subject\\_area=0&application\\_year=&school\\_state=&grade\\_level=](https://fft.fundforteachers.org/applications/fellow_search?keyword=native+american&subject_area=0&application_year=&school_state=&grade_level=)

- The 2021 Grant Application is available for **fellowships in the continental United States**. Teachers in Alaska and Hawaii may pursue opportunities within their states.
- Your path of learning, be it experiential or online, is your choice.
- Fund for Teachers encourages applicants to **focus on topics and issues most directly facing our nation at this time**, including but not limited to equity, diversity, inclusion, climate change and civic engagement.
  - Teachers on the front lines of education see firsthand the challenges facing their students, schools, and communities; we welcome fellowship proposals that aim to resolve these issues, as well.
- **November 1:** 2021 Grant Application Available
- **January 21:** Applications Due
- **March 30:** Award Notifications

<https://fft.fundforteachers.org/>

### ***Additionally:***

Our Fellows have proven that whenever teachers define their own learning opportunities, their students grow and their communities are strengthened. That's why we launched The Ramsden Project to facilitate connections and transformational relationships across a community of FFT Fellows and other educators. <https://theramsdenproject.org/>

*This may sound familiar:*

[Denmark Apologises to 22 Children Taken from Their Families in Social Experiment](#) (Vice)

**Ryan Zinke's Official Portrait A Final Slap In The Face To Native American Tribes**

The painting features the former interior secretary riding a horse through Bears Ears National Monument shortly before he and Trump trashed the protected site.

Read in HuffPost: <https://apple.news/ARLFQuFLUQVCeFxCufU3ZGg>

MISS INDIAN WORLD  
INVITES YOU TO A  
*Christmas Cake  
Decorating Contest*

**ARE YOU THE NEXT  
GREAT INDIAN BAKER?**

**Bake and decorate a Christmas themed cake  
and post to Facebook group: MIW's Virtual  
Christmas Cake Decorating Contest and let  
Indian Country decide!**

**AGE CATEGORIES:**  
NATIVE YOUTH UP TO 12  
NATIVE YOUTH AGES 13-17  
NATIVE ADULTS 18+

**DEADLINE TO ENTER  
IS DECEMBER 20TH**

3 WINNERS WILL RECEIVE A  
CHRISTMAS BASKET, CASH  
PRIZE AND BRAGGING RIGHTS

**Pathological Consumption Has Become So Normalised That We Scarcely Notice It**  
By [George Monbiot](#) / [monbiot.com](#) / Nov 14, 2018



Published in the Guardian 11th December 2012

There's nothing they need, nothing they don't own already, nothing they even want. So you buy them a solar-powered waving queen; a belly button brush; a silver-plated ice cream tub holder; a "hilarious" inflatable zimmer frame; a confection of plastic and electronics called Terry the Swearing Turtle; or – and somehow I find this significant – a Scratch Off World wall map.

They seem amusing on the first day of Christmas, daft on the second, embarrassing on the third. By the twelfth they're in landfill. For thirty seconds of dubious entertainment, or a hedonic stimulus that lasts no longer than a nicotine hit, we commission the use of materials whose impacts will ramify for generations.

Researching her film *The Story of Stuff*, Annie Leonard discovered that of the materials flowing through the consumer economy, only 1% remain in use six months after sale<sup>(1)</sup>. Even the goods we might have expected to hold onto are soon condemned to destruction through either planned obsolescence (breaking quickly) or perceived obsolescence (becoming unfashionable).

But many of the products we buy, especially for Christmas, cannot become obsolescent. The term implies a loss of utility, but they had no utility in the first place. An electronic drum-machine t-shirt; a Darth Vader talking piggy bank; an ear-shaped i-phone case; an individual beer can chiller; an electronic wine breather; a sonic screwdriver remote control; bacon toothpaste; a dancing dog: no one is expected to use them, or even look at them, after Christmas Day. They are designed to elicit thanks, perhaps a snigger or two, and then be thrown away.

The fatuity of the products is matched by the profundity of the impacts. Rare materials, complex electronics, the energy needed for manufacture and transport are extracted and refined and combined into compounds of utter pointlessness. When you take account of the fossil fuels whose use we commission in other countries, manufacturing and consumption are responsible for more than half of our carbon dioxide production<sup>(2)</sup>. We are screwing the planet to make solar-powered bath thermometers and desktop crazy golfers.

People in eastern Congo are massacred to facilitate smart phone upgrades of ever diminishing marginal utility<sup>(3)</sup>. Forests are felled to make "personalised heart-shaped wooden cheese board

sets". Rivers are poisoned to manufacture talking fish. This is pathological consumption: a world-consuming epidemic of collective madness, rendered so normal by advertising and the media that we scarcely notice what has happened to us.

In 2007, the journalist Adam Welz records, 13 rhinos were killed by poachers in South Africa. This year, so far, 585 have been shot(4). No one is entirely sure why. But one answer is that very rich people in Vietnam are now sprinkling ground rhino horn on their food or snorting it like cocaine to display their wealth. It's grotesque, but it scarcely differs from what almost everyone in industrialised nations is doing: trashing the living world through pointless consumption.

This boom has not happened by accident. Our lives have been corralled and shaped in order to encourage it. World trade rules force countries to participate in the festival of junk. Governments cut taxes, deregulate business, manipulate interest rates to stimulate spending. But seldom do the engineers of these policies stop and ask "spending on what?". When every conceivable want and need has been met (among those who have disposable money), growth depends on selling the utterly useless. The solemnity of the state, its might and majesty, are harnessed to the task of delivering Terry the Swearing Turtle to our doors.

Grown men and women devote their lives to manufacturing and marketing this rubbish, and dissing the idea of living without it. "I always knit my gifts", says a woman in a television ad for an electronics outlet. "Well you shouldn't," replies the narrator(5). An advertisement for Google's latest tablet shows a father and son camping in the woods. Their enjoyment depends on the Nexus 7's special features(6). The best things in life are free, but we've found a way of selling them to you.

The growth of inequality that has accompanied the consumer boom ensures that the rising economic tide no longer lifts all boats. In the US in 2010 a remarkable 93% of the growth in incomes accrued to the top 1% of the population(7). The old excuse, that we must trash the planet to help the poor, simply does not wash. For a few decades of extra enrichment for those who already possess more money than they know how to spend, the prospects of everyone else who will live on this earth are diminished.

So effectively have governments, the media and advertisers associated consumption with prosperity and happiness that to say these things is to expose yourself to opprobrium and ridicule. Witness last week's Moral Maze programme, in which most of the panel lined up to decry the idea of consuming less, and to associate it, somehow, with authoritarianism(8). When the world goes mad, those who resist are denounced as lunatics.

Bake them a cake, write them a poem, give them a kiss, tell them a joke, but for god's sake stop trashing the planet to tell someone you care. All it shows is that you don't. [www.monbiot.com](http://www.monbiot.com)

*"The land we live on our fathers received from God"  
Corlanter, Half Town and Big Tree (Seneca) (December 1790)*



*Coyote always got into trouble.*

Those days all the men carried their thingamajigs in a leather pouch. One night Coyote wanted to go to a dance--that fellow had a big one. He thought, 'The women will be suspicious of my big thingamajig.' He saw Cottontail Man playing out there, playing around and around. So he told little Cottontail, "Let's trade thingamajigs."

Cottontail said, "All right." It was fine with him.

As Coyote traded his big thingamajig for Cottontail's little one, he said, "When I call, bring my thingamajig." And he went inside the roundhouse. The women shoved their hind ends way up in the air and danced with their arms over their faces. Coyote danced around and around with them.

Soon Star Girls came to dance. They saw that little Cottontail running around out there, jumping around and playing. "Gee. Look at the big thingamajig that little guy has." They went over and played with Cottontail. That little guy, he really went to work.

Coyote came out of the roundhouse. He had a pretty woman with him--beautiful. She was all painted up, had her face covered. Coyote wanted to go into the bushes. And this pretty woman wanted to go into the bushes too. Coyote called. Looked around. Called for little Cottontail. He looked everywhere for that little fellow.

## [Our Generation BlackHills- He Sapa Wicouncage Okolakiciye](#)

### **"The White Buffalo Woman"**

The Sioux are a warrior tribe, and one of their proverbs says, "Woman shall not walk before man." Yet White Buffalo Woman is the dominant figure of their most important legend. The medicine man Crow Dog explains, "This holy woman brought the sacred buffalo calf pipe to the Sioux. There could be no Indians without it. Before she came, people didn't know how to live. They knew nothing. The Buffalo Woman put her sacred mind into their minds." At the ritual of the sun dance one woman, usually a mature and universally respected member of the tribe, is given the honor of representing Buffalo Woman.

Though she first appeared to the Sioux in human form, White Buffalo Woman was also a buffalo---the Indians' brother, who gave its flesh so that the people might live. Albino buffalo were sacred to all Plains tribes; a white buffalo hide was a sacred talisman, a possession beyond price.

One summer so long ago that nobody knows how long, the Oceti-Shakowin, the seven sacred council fires of the Lakota Oyate, the nation, came together and camped. The sun shone all the time, but there was no game and the people were starving. Every day they sent scouts to look for game, but the scouts found nothing.

Among the bands assembled were the Itazipcho, the Without-Bows, who had their own camp circle under their chief, Standing Hollow Horn. Early one morning the chief sent two of his young men to hunt for game. They went on foot, because at that time the Sioux didn't yet have horses. They searched everywhere but could find nothing. Seeing a high hill, they decided to climb it in order to look over the whole country. Halfway up, they saw something coming toward them from far off, but the figure was floating instead of walking. From this they knew that the person was wakan, holy.

At first they could make out only a small moving speck and had to squint to see that it was a human form. But as it came nearer, they realized that it was a beautiful young woman, more beautiful than any they had ever seen, with two round, red dots of face paint on her cheeks. She wore a wonderful white buckskin outfit, tanned until it shone a long way in the sun. It was embroidered with sacred and marvelous designs of porcupine quill, in radiant colors no ordinary woman could have made. This wakanstranger was Ptesan-Wi, White Buffalo Woman. In her hands she carried a large bundle and a fan of sage leaves. She wore her blue-black hair loose except for a strand at the left side, which was tied up with buffalo fur. Her eyes shone dark and sparkling, with great power in them.

The two young men looked at her open-mouthed. One was overawed, but the other desired her body and stretched his hand out to touch her. This woman was lila wakan, very sacred, and could not be treated with disrespect. Lightning instantly struck the brash young man and burned him up, so that only a small heap of blackened bones was left. Or as some say that he was suddenly covered by a cloud, and within it he was eaten up by snakes that left only his skeleton, just as a man can be eaten up by lust.

To the other scout who had behaved rightly, the White Buffalo Woman said: "Good things I am bringing, something holy to your nation. A message I carry for your people from the buffalo nation. Go back to the camp and tell the people to prepare for my arrival. Tell your chief to put up a medicine lodge with twenty-four poles. Let it be made holy for my coming."

This young hunter returned to the camp. He told the chief, he told the people, what the sacred woman had commanded. The chief told the eyapaha, the crier, and the crier went through the camp circle calling: "Someone sacred is coming. A holy woman approaches. Make all things ready for her." So the people put up the big medicine tipi and waited. After four days they saw the White Buffalo Woman approaching, carrying her bundle before her. Her wonderful white buckskin dress shone from afar. The chief, Standing Hollow Horn, invited her to enter the medicine lodge. She went in and circled the interior sunwise. The chief addressed her respectfully, saying: "Sister, we are glad you have come to instruct us."

She told him what she wanted done. In the center of the tipi they were to put up an owanka wakan, a sacred altar, made of red earth, with a buffalo skull and a three-stick rack for a holy thing she was bringing. They did what she directed, and she traced a design with her finger on the smoothed earth of the altar. She show them how to do all this, then circled the lodge again sunwise. Halting before the chief, she now opened the bundle. the holy thing it contained was the chanunpa, the sacred pipe. She held it out to the people and let them look at it. She was grasping the stem with her right hand and the bowl with her left, and thus the pipe has been held ever since.

Again the chief spoke, saying: "Sister, we are glad. We have had no meat for some time. All we can give you is water." They dpped some wacanga, sweet grass, into a skin bag of water and gave it to her, and to this day the people dip sweet grass or an eagle wing in water and sprinkle it on a person to be purified.

The White Buffalo Woman showed the people how to use the pipe. She filled it with chan-shasha, red willow-bark tobacco. She walked around the lodge four times after the manner of Anpetu-Wi, the great sun. This represented the circle without end, the sacred hoop, the road of life. The woman placed a dry buffalo chip on the fire and lit the pipe with it. This was peta-owihankeshini, the fire without end, the flame to be passed on from generation to generation. She told them that the smoke rising from the bowl was Tunkashila's breath, the living breath of the great Grandfather Mystery.

The White Buffalo Woman showed the people the right way to pray, the right words and the right gestures. She taught them how to sing the pipe-filling song and how to lift the pipe up to the sky, toward Grandfather, and down toward Grandmother Earth, to Unci, and then to the four directions of the universe.

"With this holy pipe," she said, "you will walk like a living prayer. With your feet resting upon the earth and the pipestem reaching into the sky, your body froms a living bridge between the Sacred Beneath and the Sacred Above. Wakan Tanka smiles upons us, because now we are as one: earth, sky, all living things, the two-legged, the four-legged, the winged ones, the trees, the



grasses. Together with the people, they are all related, one family. The pipe holds them all together."

"Look at this bowl," said the White Buffalo Woman. "Its stone represents the buffalo, but also the flesh and blood of the red man. The buffalo represents the universe and the four directions, because he stands on four legs, for the four ages of man. The buffalo was put in the west by Wakan Tanka at the making of the world, to hold back the waters. Every year he loses one hair, and in every one of the four ages he loses a leg. The Sacred Hoop will end when all the hair and legs of the great buffalo are gone, and the water comes back to cover the Earth.

The wooden stem of this chanunpa stands for all that grows on the earth. Twelve feathers hanging from where the stem- the backbone- joins the bowl- the skull- are from Wanblee Galeshka, the spotted eagle, the very sacred who is the Great Spirit's messenger and the wisest of all cry out to Tunkashila. Look at the bowl: engraved in it are seven circles of various sizes. They stand for the seven ceremonies you will practice with this pipe, and for the Ocheti Shakowin, the seven sacred campfires of our Lakota nation."

The White Buffalo Woman then spoke to the women, telling them that it was the work of their hands and the fruit of their bodies which kept the people alive. "You are from the mother earth," she told them. "What you are doing is as great as what warriors do."

And therefore the sacred pipe is also something that binds men and women together in a circle of love. It is the one holy object in the making of which both men and women have a hand. The men carve the bowl and make the stem; the women decorate it with bands of colored porcupine quills. When a man takes a wife, they both hold the pipe at the same time and red cloth is wound around their hands, thus tying them together for life.

The White Buffalo Woman had many things for her Lakota sisters in her sacred womb bag; corn, wasna (pemmican), wild turnip. She taught how to make the hearth fire. She filled a buffalo paunch with cold water and dropped a red-hot stone into it. "This way you shall cook the corn and the meat," she told them.

The White Buffalo Woman also talked to the children, because they have an understanding beyond their years. She told them that what their fathers and mothers did was for them, that their parents could remember being little once, and that they, the children, would grow up to have little ones of their own. She told them: "You are the coming generation, that's why you are the most important and precious ones. Some day you will hold this pipe and smoke it. Some day you will pray with it."

She spoke once more to all the people: "The pipe is alive; it is a red being showing you a red life and a red road. And this is the first ceremony for which you will use the pipe. You will use it to Wakan Tanka, the Great Mystery Spirit. The day a human dies is always a sacred day. The day when the soul is released to the Great Spirit is another. Four women will become sacred on such a day. They will be the ones to cut the sacred tree, the can-wakan, for the sun dance."

She told the Lakota that they were the purest among the tribes, and for that reason Tunkashila had bestowed upon them the holy chanunpa. They had been chosen to take care of it for all the Indian people on this turtle continent.

She spoke one last time to Standing Hollow Horn, the chief, saying, "Remember: this pipe is very sacred. Respect it and it will take you to the end of the road. The four ages of creation are in me; I am the four ages. I will come to see you in every generation cycle. I shall come back to you."

The sacred woman then took leave of the people, saying: "Toksha ake wacinyanktin ktelo, I shall see you again."

The people saw her walking off in the same direction from which she had come, outlined against the red ball of the setting sun. As she went, she stopped and rolled over four times. The first time, she turned into a black buffalo; the second into a brown one; the third into a red one; and finally, the fourth time she rolled over, she turned into a white female buffalo calf. A white buffalo is the most sacred living thing you could ever encounter.

The White Buffalo Woman disappeared over the Horizon. Sometime she might come back. As soon as she had vanished, buffalo in great herds appeared, allowing themselves to be killed so tha the people might survive. And from that day on, our relations, the buffalo, furnished the people with everthing they needed, meat for their food, skins for their clothes and tipis, bones for their many tools.

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### **Another Weird Facet of America's Strangest National Park: The Conscience Pile**

People mail stolen rocks back to Petrified Forest National Park, but they can't be returned to their original sites



Jasper Forest, a part of Petrified Forest National Park.

(National Parks Service)

By [Kat Eschner smithsonianmag.com](http://www.smithsonianmag.com) December 9, 2016

**Sometimes, it is too late to say you're sorry.**

Petrified Forest National Park, which was designated as a national park on this day in 1962, is astounding. Its beauty has prompted thousands of visitors to the park to, well, pick up some of the rainbow-hued fossils that are all that remains of a prehistoric forest. And, well, take them.

In recent years, the staggering figure that a ton of glittering petrified wood was stolen the park every month from has been shown to be a myth, [writes](#) Brian Switek for *Smithsonian Magazine*. Park superintendent Brad Traver and park paleontologist William Parker debunked that one. But people have still stolen from the park, and the wood once removed can't be put back.

Hence what park employees call the “conscience pile,” [writes](#) Nicola Twilley for *The New Yorker*:

About the size of a pickup truck, it is a jumble of chunks of petrified wood, the fossils of trees that fell more than two hundred million years ago, the cells of their bark and wood slowly replaced with minerals of every colour--purple amethyst, yellow citrine, smoky quartz. These are all the rocks that have been stolen and subsequently returned by light-fingered visitors who came to regret their crime.

Many of those delinquent visitors accompany their returned rocks with a letter. Some are poignant, and many are from kids, [writes](#) Conor Knighton for CBS News. “To park ranger, I am so, so sorry for taeking [sic] the petrified wood. I didn't know it was so speshall [sic],” he quotes one as reading.

Some others are from people afraid of an alleged curse carried by the wood. The park used to make a big deal of the curse, Knighton writes, displaying letters about the wood's return in the visitor centre. Perversely, the display prompted more letters, and presumably more theft. In fact, a 2006 [study](#) found that messages in the park stating how much wood was taken led people to take more wood by normalizing the behaviour.

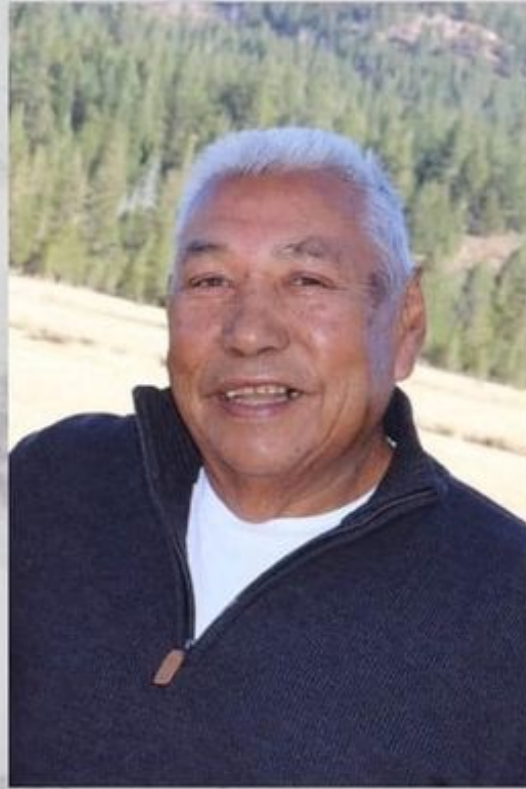
Today, the park's messaging focuses on how beautiful and accessible the park is. “By trusting visitors and showing them how to best enjoy the prehistoric beauty, Petrified Forest has given people a new reason to care about this slice of prehistory in the Arizona desert,” Switek writes.

Sadly, though, the conscience pile can't be undone, and even the letters that contain detailed maps of where a particular rock was taken from don't enable park stewards to return it, Twilley writes. Doing so would spoil that piece of the park for research purposes, artist Ryan Thompson [writes](#) in the introduction to *Bad Luck, Hot Rocks*, his book about the phenomena.

The good news is, most visitors don't take things and the park is mostly intact. “People get the same experience as if they came here in 1880,” Parker told Switek.

- [When Dinosaurs Roamed the \(Not Yet\) Petrified Forest](#)

*It had long since come to my attention that people of accomplishment rarely sat back and let things happen to them. They went out and happened to things.” — Leonardo da Vinci*



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