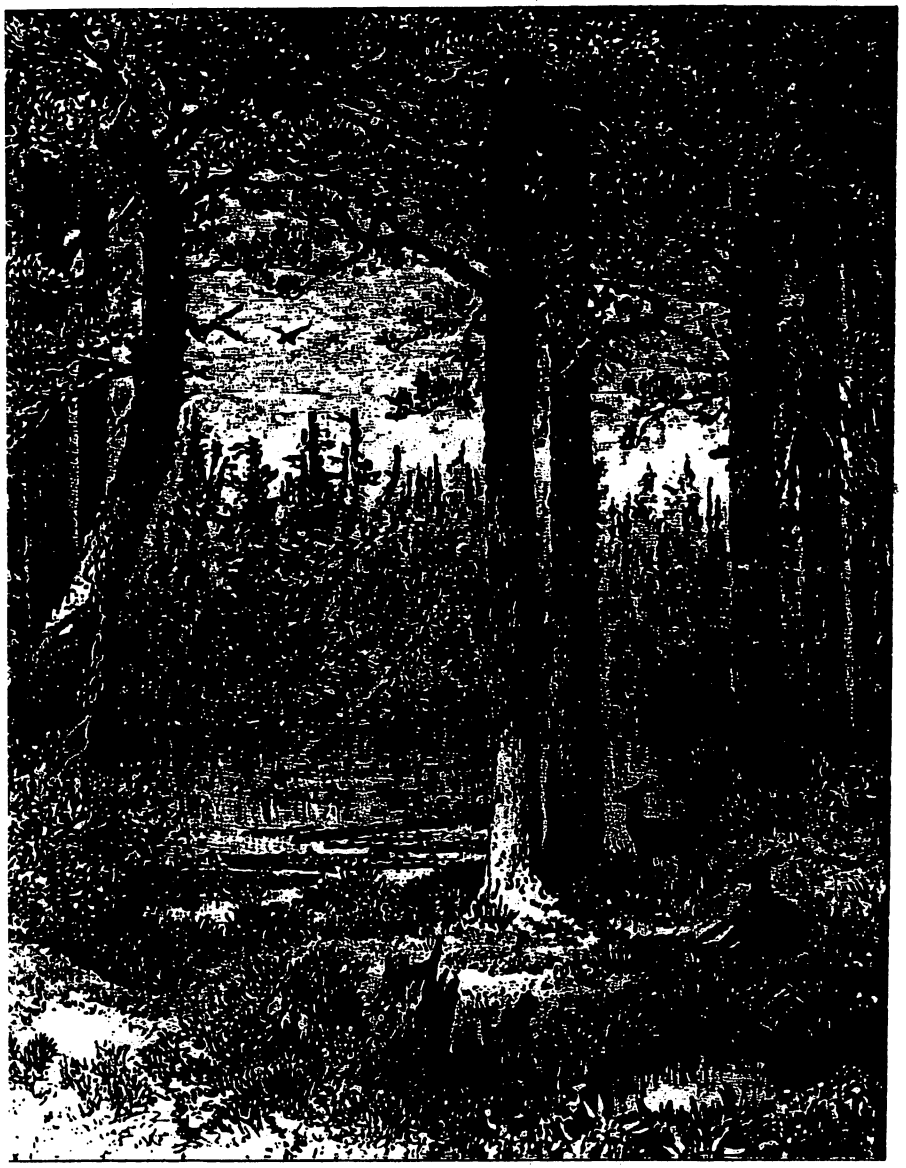

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THE RED HEART WARRIOR

VOL. 3 NO. 2 SPRING 2004



NEWSLETTER OF THE RED HEART WARRIORS SOCIETY (RHWS)

EDITORIAL: Turn the Iron Houses of Oppression into

Schools of Liberation!!

What I remember most from reading Sun Tzu's *The Art of War*, is that to defeat your enemy you must defeat his strategy with your own. It is all well and good to talk about the abolition of prisons, but this requires that first the state itself must be abolished, for you cannot have one without the other.

But to develop a strategy that will defeat the ruling class's strategy of mass incarceration as a means of social control and the criminalization of a generation, we need a strategy that utilizes this reality and makes it work for us. Penitentiaries have always been the universities of the oppressed. Many older prisoners complain that the new crop of prisoners haven't a clue as to the ways of the "Old School." They are for the most part amateurs unlearned in the fine points of the criminal underworld and its ways and customs. The massive increase in the number of incarcerated has forever changed the situation. What is called for is a "New School," not based upon the criminal life style but upon becoming warriors who live lives of service to the people.

Most "ethnic" people are not so far removed from the warrior traditions of their ancestors. These traditions held that a warrior's life was not his own, it belonged to his people, his tribe or his nation. In these societies, the State did not exist. There were no special bodies of armed men, soldiers or police, no prisons and no class ruling over society. Every man, (and some women), was a warrior. When the need arose, he dropped what he was doing to rise to the defense of the people or perform whatever service was needed. Otherwise, he went about his business of providing for his family or neighbors in need.

This is how society worked for many thousands of years, and the virtues of the warrior were the virtues of humanity; courage, loyalty, humility, honesty and reliability. Warriors strove to be their people's pride and to set a good example for the youth and children who looked up to them and learned from them. They did not fear death, only dishonor. To die for the people was an honor.

The strategy of the ruling class is to degrade, demoralize and dishonor the members of the underclass; to turn the young women into "ho's" and the young men into "gangsta's," addicting both to "crack" or "smack" and thereby neutralize them and render them impotent in the class struggle, setting them up for early graves or long prison sentences. They give the Indian nations casinos and call this "sovereignty rights." They turn the urban barrios and "hoods" into war zones, giving the people a choice of colors in fratricidal gang warfare.

Every bit of this is about oppression, even if it puts a wad of dough in your pocket, or it puts you in a flash car or flash clothes for a while. This is all chump change to the ruling class, and you are never going to be one of them. All they will let you be is a Judas Goat with a bell around your neck leading the people to slaughter. What you sell to wear the bell is worth a lot more than what you receive.

Creator made us to be warriors. This is biologically determined. The very gifts that enable us to be strong warriors, strength of body, quickness of mind, and courage are exploited to turn us into "gangsta's" and "hoodlums." We are made into caricatures of what we were intended to be...not the real thing at all!

To be real, we must return to the ways of our warrior ancestors and their traditional spiritual orientation. We must let Creator stand us tall and help us to walk in balance on the Red Path of true warriors. When necessary, we must walk alone, when possible, we must unite as brothers and form warrior circles. Virtually any prison group can become a warrior's circle and help to transform the joint into a "School of Liberation." Every yard and cell block can become a classroom of higher learning.

Education is the key. Those with knowledge and understanding must share it with others. Lifers, who cannot get out, can school those who will. Those who come out can carry the "New School" into the neighborhoods and back onto the reservations. No matter how bad one has been, when turned to service to the people we can all be useful. We can be Giants!

The people who run the prisons talk about "corrections" and "rehabilitation," but it is all a scam. The only ones who care about rehabilitation are the prisoners themselves and their loved ones. The system is rigged to fail. People are expected to...
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15)

Application for Membership

Red Heart Warriors Society
PO Box 4362
Allentown, PA 18105

Name: _____ AKA: _____

Date of Birth: _____ Tribal Affiliation: _____

Address: _____

Tel: _____ E-mail: _____ Fax: _____

Are You a Veteran? ____ A Prisoner? _____ Date of Application: _____

I have read and understand the RHWS Rules of Disciple and agree to abide b them and, to the best of my ability, I will strive to be a credit to the Society and source of pride to the people. Enclosed is my donation of $15 ($2(International) which I understand entitles me to a year's subscription to the Re Heart Warrior newsletter.

Signature: _____

In many cases our members/subscribers are indigent prisoners. If you can afford to, please double your donation and be a "sustaining member." Also we will be publishing collections of poetry, illustrations and traditional Native American Indian recipes donated by our members and supporters to help sustain the newsletter.

Anyone should feel free to make copies of and pass along this newsletter to others. Those who identify themselves as Red Heart Warriors should liberate the ground under their feet and stand tall for Peace, Justice and Liberty for All!

The first issue of Leviathan, the newsletter of the Black Brigade, is now available. Send SASE or stamps to: PO Box 4362, Allentown, PA 18105 - Wanishi!

We have also learned that Leonard can paint your personal portrait on one of his drums; pictures (NOT Polaroid's) should be sent to office and we will send them on the Leonard. The cost for this treasure is $250; please contact us for more details.

The Indian Drums are considered to be the heartbeat of the People; a very sacred symbol to all Native American Nations. Once again, Leonard has made a limited edition set of miniature drums, by hard-to- get materials from his prison cell.

He began by collecting empty Skoal cans, sewing pieces of canvas onto them. He next painted the canvas to resemble animal hide and then painted a miniature painting on one side. He was able to purchase some Pony beads, but had to bargain for some deer hide to make the fringes and finally he was able to sign the back.

These drums have been varnished for a longer, lasting life; something to pass on from generation to generation and all crafted with care by Leonard Peltier.

Don't miss out on this opportunity; contact the LPDC at 785-842-5774 or by email: info@leonardpeltier.org to receive your confirmation number and ensure that you will receive your gift



WE STILL HAVE T-SHIRTS & SWEATSHIRTS LEFT!!!

For those donating $75, we are offering an "Until Freedom is Won" Sweatshirt-Stay warm this winter and still show your support!

For those donating $50, we are offering a double-sided "Free Peltier" shirt-Show your support coming and going!

We have 57 Sweatshirts and 57 T-Shirts left for this promotion, so hurry and reserve your gift today by calling the LPDC or contacting us by email.

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse-

The Leonard Peltier Defense Committee,PO Box 583, Lawrence, KS 66044

The Red Heart Warrior



WHAT PRICE FREEDOM?

By Iron Thunderhorse, Quinnipiac *Grand Sachem*

Freedom is a word synonymous with *America* (Turtle Island). Yet what exactly is *freedom*, and what does it mean? Like everything else in America, it means different things to different people... because of the ingrained "double standard" within the system developed by the United States. Indians have been consistently subjected to this.

Prior to the arrival of the *wapsu* on our ancestral shores, Turtle Island was truly "The Land of the Free," where upwards of 150 tribal councils devised a system of "democracy" still unequaled anywhere in the world. Over a third of these nation's council fires belong to the Algonquian family, known to ourselves as Lenape, or Renapi, or Anishinabe ("We The People").

We shared a common root language, culture, bloodlines, political structure and spiritual orientation. Each nation enjoyed sovereignty, yet throughout the Eastern Woodlands region they were united in confederation along with those of Iroquoian stock.

The *wapsu* had no true concept of democracy prior to their arrival on our shores. From the Algobquian and Iroquoian peoples, who were bound together in the grand *Womanokke* ("Dawnland") confederacy, which extended from Nova Scotia to northern Georgia, and to which the Lenni Lenape ("Original People") were regarded as the "Grandfathers," the colonists drew their inspiration for the Continental Congress and the Articles of Confederation. In fact the word "caucus" was borrowed from our language.

The Continental Congress proclaimed the great Lenni Lenape sachem, Tamanend, the "Patron Saint of America" and proclaimed May 1st a national holiday in his honor.[1] This same Continental Congress authored the Pittsburgh Treaty of 1778, which recognized the sovereignty of the Indian nations over their unceded lands and the right of the nations west of the Ohio to form an all Indian state, and if they chose to, to be represented by the sachems of the Lenni Lenape in the Continental Congress as the 14th of the United States of America.

Nevertheless, the *wapsu* did not fully comprehend or embrace the concept of *Freedom*, nor follow through on this promise, nor did they abolish involuntary servitude or establish equal rights for women or the poor, protect the environment or the working people from vicious exploitation. And so, while concessions have been won through hard-fought struggles by the people over the years, what has prevailed is a system called "Capitalism" based upon social inequality and dictatorship of the rich as a class over the rest of society.

I've heard many compare our traditional ways to communism, anarchism and socialism, yet still I hear our people and leaders say we should commit ourselves to the Democrats or Republicans. I say "No!" Let us RETURN to our traditions and see who will unite with us. This is our homeland and we should stand tallest for its liberation and oppose all oppression.

The *wapsu* double standard can be seen everywhere in America, even in the Bill of Rights. In the First Amendment, it guaranties freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly and religion, but every time our people assembled off the reservation, out came the cavalry. Our religions were outlawed until 1978, and our religious leaders were put in prisons, like the Hopi elders sent to Alcatraz. (continued on page 4)

[1] See *America's Patron Saint* in Chapter 13 of "Native Roots: How the Indian Enriched America" by Jack Weatherford, NY, Fawcett Columbine, 1991.

RESOLUTION OF THE COMMISSION ON THE AMERICAN INDIAN PRISONERS' SPIRITUAL RIGHTS

International Indian Treaty Council

CONSEJO INTERNACIONAL DE TRATADOS INDIOS ("WORKING FOR THE RIGHTS AND RECOGNITION OF INDIGENOUS PEOPLES")

28TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL INDIAN TREATY COUNCIL CONFERENCE

RESOLUTION OF THE COMMISSION ON THE AMERICAN INDIAN PRISONER'S SPIRITUAL RIGHTS

Pu'uhonua o Waimanalo Village, Oahu, Hawai'i
January 18TH - 22nd, 2003

Whereas, we, the International Indian Treaty Council invoking the divine blessing of the Creator upon our efforts and purposes, in order to protect, preserve and perpetuate the inherent sovereign rights of our Indian Nations, rights secured under Treaties and agreements with the United States, do hereby establish and submit the following resolution; and

Whereas, the International Indian Treaty Council is comprised of representatives from different Indigenous Peoples from North America, Central America, South America, and Aotearoa (New Zealand) since June, 1974 and received NGO (non-governmental organization) status from the United Nations since 1977; and

Whereas, there exists a continuing need to protect the free exercise of religious and spiritual practices by the American Indian prisoners and other Indigenous prisoners, as a fundamental human right and an important aspect of rehabilitation of the Native prisoners who will be returning to their respective communities upon release; and

Whereas,cultural awareness and cultural sensitivity training should be given and conducted by Native spiritual leaders and indigenous programs should be designed and conducted for Native prisoners by Native leaders recognized by Indigenous communities; and

Whereas, the Native prisoners have been denied equal access to; a) sweat lodge ceremonies on a consistent basis; b) equal access to spiritual leaders and spiritual advisors on a consistent basis; c) equal access to items and materials such as sage, cedar, sweet grass, tobacco, corn pollen, Pipe, drum, eagle feather and other feathers, medicine bags and pouches; and gourd; d) denied having long hair for religious and spiritual beliefs; e) denied cultural and ceremonial foods such as buffalo, salmon, deer, mutton, moose, fry bread, corn, poi, wild rice and squash, etc; f) Native prisoners are transfer to facilities where his Native religious and spiritual practices and beliefs are prohibited and denied; g) Native prisoners on Death Row awaiting execution are denied equal access to Native Spiritual Leaders, sweat lodge and Pipe ceremonies for worship and denied their Last Rite; and

Whereas, spiritual and cultural programs designed by and for Indigenous peoples are the single most important hope and therapy for the healing, revitalization and rehabilitation of Indigenous prisoners, and through the development and implementation of such programs can the healing and recovery process begin; and

Whereas, the Indigenous prisoners be treated humanely and given appropriate and adequate medical care and legal representation in a timely matter and equal access to due process of international standards as stated in the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights of Indigenous Peoples and the abolishment of the Death Penalty; and

Whereas, the International Indian Treaty Council requests that the Special Rapporteur of the United Nation Commission on Human Rights review and investigate the human rights violations regarding the denial of traditional worship in the United States Prison System; and

Now Therefore Be It Resolved; the International Indian Treaty Council does hereby recognizes the emergency need to protect and preserve the inherent spiritual and cultural rights and afford the Indigenous prisoners equal protection and due process of the law; urges the United Nations Commission on Human Rights to issue directives to the United States Prison System to enforce and comply with existing laws, statutes, and policies to all the free exercise of spiritual practices by the Indigenous prisoners; and

Be It Further Resolved; that the International Indian Treaty Council will continue to support ongoing efforts by the Special Rapporteur of the United Nations Commission on Human Rights to

Subject: Leonard Peltier for President - Press Release

Leonard Peltier Defense Committee
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
Contact Info: (785) 842-5774/ (785) 842-5796 (fax)

Political Prisoner on the Ballot in California
Lawrence, Kansas, February 11, 2004

Kevin Shelley, Secretary of the State of California has announced that Leonard Peltier will be on the primary election ballot as a candidate for the Peace and Freedom Party's Presidential nomination.

Leonard Peltier is deemed as a political prisoner by Amnesty International and has been unjustly incarcerated for nearly 3 decades. Peltier was convicted of committing the crime of murdering two FBI agents, even though the prosecution has since admitted in open court (Oct. 15, 1985) that the government did not have proof of who killed their agents. The courts have also admitted (10th Circuit Court of Appeals) that "the prosecution of Mr. Peltier is to be condemned; they withheld evidence...coerced testimony. These facts are undisputed".

Leonard Peltier is an advocate of peaceful resolution of all issues and has been instrumental in getting people from different tribes with a history of animosity to come together in peace. He has piloted the Leonard Peltier Health Care Reform Package whose intent is to fundamentally alter health care delivery on reservations throughout the US. Peltier has established a scholarship at NYU for Native Students seeking law degrees, has implemented job creation/job training programs and is the sponsoring father of two children in ChildReach. Peltier has sponsored clothing, emergency food and toy drives and distributes to Head Start, halfway houses and women's centers. Peltier serves on the board of the Rosenberg Fund for Children and donates his artwork to several human rights and social welfare organizations, including the Leonard Peltier Charitable Foundation. He has been widely recognized for his efforts and has won several human rights awards, including the North Star- Frederick Douglas Award; Humanist of the Year Award and most recently, is a nominee for the Nobel Peace Prize. View Leonard's candidate statement at www.voterguide.ss.ca.gov/cand/pres_pf.html

Mr. Peltier's choice as Vice-President is Barry Bachrach, lead counsel for Peltier. Mr. Bachrach is a Litigation Partner with extensive experience in managing and handling a wide variety of litigation. He graduated Magna Cum Laude from the University of Maine, School of Law, has authored several legal publications and is currently co-authoring a book about the Massachusetts Constitution. Bachrach has bar admissions in the states of Maine, Massachusetts and Minnesota and in the United Claims Court, Federal Circuit Court of Appeals and the United States Court of Appeals for the 1st Circuit.

Mr. Bachrach has been with the Defense Committee for 3 years and believes that Leonard's campaign will offer hope to the oppressed, bringing back the principles that this country was founded upon, regaining the soul that this country has lost. Bachrach believes that Native Americans are the foundation of this country; spiritual people who cherish the earth, not strive to own it. For more information about the campaign: bbachrach@bowditch.com.

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse

The Leonard Peltier Defense Committee would like to thank everyone who answered our call and purchased one of Leonard's hand-made drums; we have sold out! Fortunately, the office received 50 more today, but due to an increase in cost of supplies and shipping and handling, the price will be $125.



At the instigation of Eastern Lenape Turtle Clan Mother, Doris Riverbird Woman, the Eastern Woodlands Native American Indian Confederacy (EWNAIC) will be conducting an enrollment of those who self-identity as Eastern Woodlands Indians. The government has never undertaken an enrollment of our people. This is not a government enrollment but one taken solely for our own purposes.

We ask that you be truthful. This enrollment may be useful to future generations in tracing their gemology. It will help us to identity one another, to seek out others of our same nation or clan, and to build networks of communication. If you claim ancestry from more than one nation, you will be listed multiply on the rolls.

There is no cost for enrollment, which entitles you to an identification card with your enrollment number and access to the enrollment data bank. A self-addressed stamped envelope enclosed with your application or request for information will be appreciated.

Name: _____ AKA: _____

Address: _____

_____ Tel: _____

Tribal/National Blood Heritage: _____

Tribal/National Enrollment: _____

Clan: _____

Iron-on Logo of Eastern Woodlands Native American Indian Confederacy Available For $2.00.

EWNAIC/Doris Riverbird Woman
No. #37, 1523 E. Newport Road
Lititz, PA 17543
(717) 626-2840
Susqueh@aol.com

The Red Heart Warrior

investigate human rights violations of freedom of religion and worship; and

Be It Finally Resolved; that this resolution shall be the policy of the International Indian Treaty Council adopted at Pu'uhonua o Waimanalo Village, Oahu, Hawai'i, Sovereign Hawai'i Nation, and 28th International Indian Treaty Council Convention on January 18th - 22nd, 2003. ❑

Human Rights Complaints
Mail: Petitions Team
Office of the High Commissioner for Human Rights
United Nations Office at Geneva
1211 Geneva 10, Switzerland
Fax: + 41 22 917 9022
(particularly for urgent matters)
E-mail: tb-petitions@ohchr.org

Mail: Indigenous Project Team
Office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Human Rights, UNOG-OHCHR
CH-1211 Geneva 10, Switzerland
Telephone: + 41 22 917 9434 or 917 9272
Fax: + 41 22 917 9010
E-mail: fellowship_prog@ohchr.org ❑

Iron Thunderhorse (continued from page 2)
Alan Dershowitz, professor of law at Harvard, taught that there still are two sets of laws – the written law and the unwritten law. The rich pay for their justice ("Just-Us"), while the poor are punished for their disenfranchisement. Our people have paid a very high price.

During the '60s and '70s, Indian people started fighting back with occupations, like the ones at Alcatraz, the BIA Headquarters in Washington, D.C. and at Wounded Knee, and blocking crossings in demonstrations against violations of our sovereignty rights. In the Dawnland, some of the leaders then were chiefs Mad Bear Anderson, Sam Gray Wolf, and Adam Fortune Eagle. It wasn't until 1978 that the AMERICAN INDIAN RELIGIOUS FREEDOM ACT was passed.

During this time of "Civil Rights Explosion," all minorities in America were demonstrating against the long-standing oppression of people of color. Blacks and Native Americans demonstrated peacefully, but "big brother" responded with "extreme and often deadly force," so the resistance began to take up arms in self-defense and to protect the elders and children.

It seems the French philosopher of the Enlightenment, Yves Simon, hit a bull's eye when he postulated that the ruling class needs an "accursed group," a segment of the population to tie to the proverbial whipping post. The Establishment stubbornly resisted any change in the status of Black and American Indian people.

Indian protests were not restricted to public places but took place on the reservations too, from Rosebud and Pine Ridge to the little quarter acre of the Paugusset in Connecticut. Someone had to pay the price of getting the *wapsu's* attention. Leonard Peltier and lesser known scapegoats like Dallas Thundershield and Paul Skyhorse were railroaded into prison. And their were plots to neutralize them in prison. One of these plots, to get Leonard Peltier was foiled by Standing Deer Wilson, whom the Feds had recruited to assassinate Leonard. Standing Deer proved to a true "Red Heart," and he was retaliated against by the authorities until his assassination while on parole in Texas last year.

I too was targeted and paraded through a series of highly-publicized trials for crimes the joint task force, (Feds, state & local police, and Texas Rangers), knew I was innocent of. During the trials it was revealed that the government against suspected me of being involved in supplying weapons to these resistance struggles because of my military background and contacts.

When I entered the Texas prison system in 1978, (a year after my arrest), The TDCJ refused to accept my "race" and "religion" as being "Native American." I had come to the TDCJ with "warrior braids" and had won a temporary restraining order to prevent them from cutting them. The warden tore up the TRO, and I was beaten with axe-handles, but I survived to fight again and again for my rights.

After many legal battles, my racial status was changed to "other" and my religion was changed to "Native American shamanism." I was the first prisoner in Texas to win the right to wear a "medicine bag," a bandana headband, and feathers. After 14 years of legal battling, I was permitted to form the first recognized circle of traditional Native American spiritual practitioners within the Texas prison system.

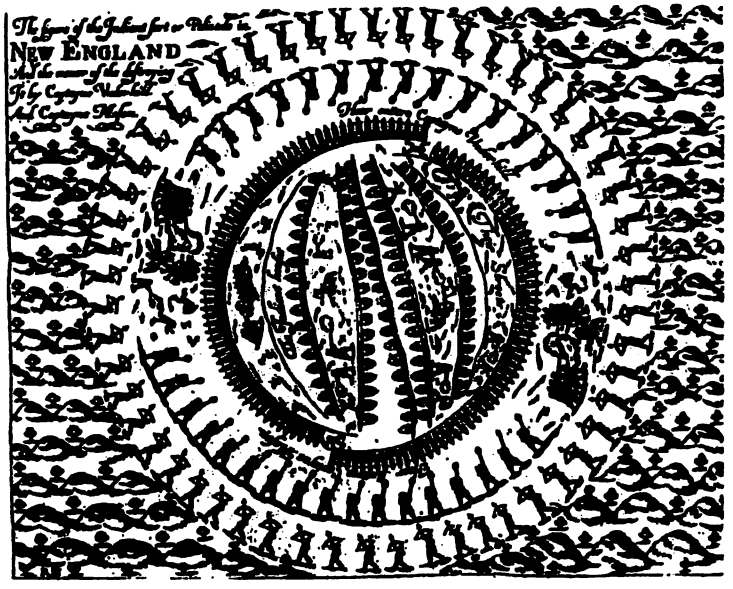
But like the Indian Treaties, the agreements of the Criminal Justice system are subject to changing interpretations by successive administrations and the whims of wardens. I authored the book *Return of the Thunderbeings* and co-founded the THUNDERBIRD ALLIANCE, (a national coalition of prisoner circles and outside supporters.) I began writing for the Thunderbird Free Press, the Alliance's newsletter, and other outside press such as Akwesasne Notes and News From Indian Country.

(Continued on page 12)

The Pequot Massacre

An Exercise in Seeking Truth From Facts

By Tom Big Warrior



Woodcut of Mystic Fort:
from Capt. John Underhill, *Newes from America* (1638)

From Colonial Times down to the present, the story of the "Pequot Massacre" has been told and retold. Virtually every text on North American Indian wars or colonization covers it in the first or second chapter. As the story goes:

> "In 1636 ninety armed settlers went to raid Block Island, off the coast, because a white man had been found killed on his boat nearby. When the armed party landed, they found that the Indians of Block Island had gone into hiding; they burned the villages and crops and returned to the mainland, where for good measure they burned down some Pequot villages. The English went after these Pequots and told them that they were held responsible for the murder. The Pequots had to hand over *'the remaining murderers'* and provide assurances about future behavior. The Pequots *'obstinately'* refused (in the words of an English eyewitness) and in the resulting fight several Pequots were killed and wounded, and their belongings destroyed or carried off. Thus started the Pequot War...
>
> "The outcome of such a war was of course never in doubt. It ended with an attack by John Mason and his men on the last Pequot stronghold, their settlement on the Mystic River. *'We must burn them!'* Mason is reported as having shouted, running around with a firebrand and lighting the wigwams. *'Such a dreadful terror let the Almighty fall upon their spirits that they would flee from us and run into the very flames. Thus did the Lord judge the heathen, filling the place with dead bodies,'* he reported afterward:
>
> "The surviving Pequots were hunted but could make little haste because of their children, Mason wrote, *'They were literally run to ground...tramped into the mud and buried in the swamp.'* The last of

UELN of Tennessee Collecting Food for Appalachian Poor

For many people in rural Tennessee this has been a very hard winter indeed. The cap put on the number of years a family may collect welfare has begun to kick in and cut off families with little or no resources on their own. Unemployment remains high, particularly in the southern Appalachian mountain region where many folks live a marginal existence even in good times.

Chief Donna "Laughing Fawn" Marcum, the daughter of the late Chief Sam "Gray Wolf" Hannah and widow of Chief Mark "Little Bear" Marcum, has for a number of years operated a food bank to help these folks in the spirit of hospitality and in keeping with the *Aims & Goals* passed down to us by our ancestors. In years passed, they held an annual pow-wow to support the effort, but of late, many of the old members have moved away, passed on or are in poor health.

It would be very much appreciated if other Native groups could lend them a hand, either by collecting canned goods or raising money. To find out more about how you can help contact Donna at:

United Eastern Lenape Nation & Adopted Tribal Peoples of Tennessee
387 New Light Circle
Winfield, TN 37892
(423) 569-4960

Oklahoma Delawares Bring Federal Lawsuit Against Pennsylvania to Gain Casino

On January 15th, the two groups of Delaware Indians in Oklahoma filed a federal lawsuit in hopes of claiming a 315 acre tract of land in Forks Township, PA that had been granted to Moses Tatamy by the heirs of William Penn in 1738 for services rendered as a translator. The Oklahoma groups, who have never before claimed to be other than Unami (Downriver) Lenapes, are pushing this claim well to the north of their ancestral homeland and in the homeland of the Minsi Lenape, whose descendents now reside in Ontario, Canada and Wisconsin. Tatamy himself was from New Jersey, and chose to adopt the religion and lifestyle of the whites. He built a European style farmhouse on the land and attended the local Presbyterian church.

The descendents of his family, and the little band that formed around them, never emigrated to Oklahoma, and many local residents can trace their ancestry back to them. They did lose control over the land, though, but as the lawyers for the Oklahoma Delawares point out, "the title was never transferred out of Tatamy's name," and at various times the land was reoccupied by his descendents.

Currently, a Crayola Crayon factory occupies the land. Their claim may be spurious, in fact the whole region is unceded Lenape land wrested from the Minsi Lenape through the fraudulent "Walking Purchase" Hoax in 1737, but that doesn't mean that the Oklahoma Delawares are the rightful owners. Their ancestors negotiated away all of their land in Eastern Pennsylvania and unwittingly accommodated the theft of the Minsi Lenape lands in their negotiations with the Penn heirs, without the knowledge or consent of the Minsi chiefs.

This has been a sore point in the history of relations between the two major tribes of the Lenni Lenape, and this lawsuit, (motivated solely by greed), can only rub salt in old wounds. But not all of the Lenape descendents in Oklahoma support this lawsuit or the campaign to open a casino in the East. Some would like to return to the traditional ways. Unlike the tribal leaders, who do not recognize any of the descendents of the Lenape ancestors who remained in the East, (including Tatamy's descendents), they have expressed their sincere desire to be of one heart, one smoke and one mind. To them, we extend the left hand, which is closest to the heart, and say *Wanishi*!("May Your Path be Beautiful!")❑

with lesser amounts. In other words, the degree of white blood was much more important than the degree of American ancestry.

The white blood entitled an Indian citizen to greater privileges, including being able to have "wardship" restrictions removed, being able to sell property, acquire the right to vote in state and federal elections, and so on. Thus it may be that many persons chose to exaggerate their amount of white ancestry when enrolling. Persons without white ancestry were restricted persons, with the Bureau controlling their financial lives.

It was also expected that when a person became "competent" (white enough) he would no longer be an Indian and that process would eventually terminate a tribe's existence. Thus the recording of blood quantum is both a product of white racism and of white social science theories of a racist nature, and also a product of a plan wherein Native nations are expected to vanish when the white blood quantum reaches a certain level (above three-fourths, for example).

For this latter reason alone, the use of blood quantum is exceedingly dangerous for Native Nations today, although the Bureau and some eastern Oklahoma Indians don't seem to care about this danger.

Recently, Kevin Gover issued proposed changes in the way the BIA calculates and invalidates a Certificate of Degree of Indian or Alaska Native Blood (CDIB). The changes were developed by a very small group of Bureau employees and a few tribal representatives, all in eastern Oklahoma.

The changes may seem insignificant to some Oklahoma tribes, however, they should have been carefully reviewed by Indian Country because of their perpetuation of the racist blood quantum ideology, their ignoring of ratified treaties with tribes, and because of the role that they will play in Indians terminating themselves. First, Indian ancestry is to be computed only from so-called Federally-recognized tribes (in spite of the ambiguous status of some tribes at this time).

The changes specifically limit "Indian blood" to ancestry from a Federally-recognized tribe and define the latter as one listed in the Federal Register as a tribe recognized by the Secretary of the Interior. This means that one's degree of Indian blood cannot include * American Indian or Eskimo-Inuit ancestry derived from a terminated tribe, * from an administratively-deleted tribe, * from a Canadian, * Greenlandic, * Mexican * or other non-US group, * or from any state-recognized tribe (as along the east coast), * or perhaps from any newly-recognized tribe.

Thus a person who is 1/2 Inuit from Alaska and 1/2 Inuit from Canada or Greenland can only be counted as 1/2. The possibility exists that numerous persons of full American indigenous racial ancestry will be counted as mixed-bloods and that, gradually, American Indians will be eliminated as a people as they marry non-Indians or currently non-Federally recognized Natives. This is a form of self-termination. If you are concerned about these issues contact Kevin Gover at the Department of the Interior and also Karen Ketcher, BIA, 101 North 5th. Street, Muskogee, OK 74401 or KarenKetcher@bia.gov. Refer to "1076-AD98." This topic will be explored in a subsequent column also.□

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Professor Jack D. Forbes, Powhatan-Delaware, is the author of "Africans And Native Americans", "Only Approved Indians", and "Red Blood".

Founder NAS-UC Davis. Visit Native American Studies UC-Davis
http://cougar.ucdavis.edu/nas/

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E-mail: jdforbes@ucdavis.edu

The Red Heart Warrior

them were shipped to the West Indies as slaves...John Winthrop.. .governor once more, ...[offered] ...forty pounds sterling for the scalp of an Indian man, twenty for the scalps of women and children. The name 'Pequot' was officially erased from the map. The Pequot River became the Thames and their town became New London."[2]

It was this story of Captain John Mason leading his small force of Puritans and their Mohegan and Narragansett allies on a two-day overland march to catch the Pequots by surprise in their fortified village on the Mystic River, which was surrounded and set ablaze killing all inside, that historian/artist, David Wagner, was commissioned to paint by the Mashantucket Pequot elders in the late 1990's. Studying all of the early accounts and walking the ground to conceptualize the events as they happened, he came to realize that they could not have happened as the Puritan "heroes" claimed. In fact he became more and more convinced that the "massacre" never happened. That it was a story made up to cover up a military fiasco.

When, after a year of painstaking research, he returned to Mashantucket to show his findings to the Pequot elders, he was surprised to have his commission cancelled. It seems too much was invested in perpetrating the myth to allow for acceptance of the truth after all these years. Undaunted, he continued with the project without sponsorship, eventually producing over 100 paintings that are now exhibited at the Mohegan Reservation Cultural Center at Uncasville, CT. He also published *The Pequot War: The War That Wasn't*, containing twenty-four color illustrations along with text in 1994. In 2003, Wagner teamed up with his fellow adopted Lenape of the Quinnipiac Tribe, Dr. Jack Dempsey, a published author and college professor, to produce *Mystic Fiasco: Journey To A Most Unlikely Massacre.*

The Pequot War was a war of naked aggression on the part of the English colonists. The *Pequots* ("Destroyers" or "Invaders") were part of the Mahican Confederacy who originally lived along the *Mahicanituck* ("River of the Mahicans,") or Hudson, until not long before the arrival of the English in New England. They displaced other Indians, known now only as the "River Indians," who were related to and probably part of the Narragansett Confederacy. According to Deforest, *History o/the Indians o/Connecticut* (1850), the River Indians fought three battles with the Pequots before their leader, Sequassen, sought refuge among the Narragansetts.

Sassacus, the leader of the Pequots, soon found himself caught between two fires, the Dutch and the English colonizers. As the English were encroaching on territory already claimed by the Dutch, it was imperative that they quickly establish forts and settlements to bolster their claim. The Pequots were in their way.



Sequassen, sachem who ruled the lands conquered by the Pequots after loosing a third great battle sometime around 1590.

According to Lenape history, prior to the European invasion, a grand confederacy of the Eastern Woodlands Indians had been formed, (circa 1450), uniting the Indians of Algonquin *(Lenape)* and Iroquoian *(Meng'we)* nations. According to the Mahican sachem, Quinnauquant, (John Quinney), speaking in 1854, *"This great confederacy, comprising Delawares, Munsees, Mohegans, Narragansetts, Pequots, Penobscots, and many others ... held its Council once a year, to deliberate on the general welfare, ...delegates from each tribe attended; assisted by priests and wise men ...The*

[2] *The Conquest of America: How the Indian Nations Lost Their Continent,* (1993), Koning, Hans, pp. 70-72.

policy and decisions of this Council were everywhere respected and inviolably observed."[3]

Evidence of the success of this arrangement is the lack of archeological evidence of fortifications or defensive works built in this time, though they became common during the Contact Period.

The Iroquoians, who were an agricultural people who had emigrated from the Southwest, settled in a belt from Huronia (above the Great Lakes) to the St. Lawrence River, where they traded tobacco and agricultural products for meat and furs with the Northern Algonquians and wampum made from seashells with the Coastal Algonquians.

Prior to European contact, trade brought nations together, as each could exchange the items particular to their homeland or expertise for desired items from another homeland or crafter while each remained essentially self-sufficient and autonomous. Often the hunters of the North would winter with the Hurons, or other Iroquois, trading their furs and dried meat for corn and beans and other products they could not raise in their homeland. Birch-bark canoes made it possible for them to cover great distances to bring their goods and families down from as far away as Hudson's Bay.

The Hurons, being in the most favorable position for this trade, were the dominant force in their Wyandot Confederacy, and were the "Uncles" of the Great Dawnland Confederacy. The Lenni Lenape (Delaware) Indians, who were acknowledged as the original stock of the Algonquians, were known as the "Grandfathers." Only these two nations could summon the Grand Council of the Nations to assemble.

According to the Iroquois historian, Arthur C. Parker, the Lenape or Algonkian-speaking peoples moved into the Dawnland in four successive waves spread out over thousands of years. The first wave he called the "Archaic Algonkian Wanderers," who hunted big game with javelins and lived in rock shelters. *"The Second Period of Algonkian occupation must have been one of great length in time,* " Parker concluded. *"It may cover several thousand years. Certainly it was subject to a great number of intrusions."*[4] He mentions the "Red Paint People," the "Mississippian Mound Builders," and an early "Eskimo-like" people, among these "intruders."

"The Third Algonkian Period is quite definite in character, and its evidences are found widely scattered throughout the state [New York] *...The people seem to have feared few enemies at first, and to have scattered their hamlets over wide areas... as if the group feared no predatory enemies and felt free to wander within its known limitations. These people must have carried on agriculture to a considerable extent, for corn and beans have been found in their refuse heaps."*[5] Parker also noted that numerous tobacco pipes have been found from this period and evidence of trade, and that, *"On the whole their implements are those of hunting and agriculture and not war."*[6]

The final wave of Algonkian migration was that of the historic parent body, the Lenni Lenape. The prefix *Lenni* (meaning "Original") being used to distinguish them from earlier waves of Lenape who had mixed with others. According to the Moravian missionary, John Heckewelder: *"This was the case of the Mahicanni or Mohicans, in the east, a people who by intermarriages had become a detached body, mixing two languages together and out of the two forming a dialect of their own ...New tribes again sprung from them who assumed distinct names..."*[7]

The capital of the Mahican Confederacy was at *Schodack* ("Place of the Ever-Burning Council Fire") on an island on the west shore of the Hudson below Cohoes Falls. They had a fortified stronghold there at the falls called Moenemines. Beyond that, was the territory of the Iroquois.

Between the time of Jacques Cartier's exploration of the St. Lawrence (1534 - 1542) and Samuel de Champlain's establishment of an settlement at Quebec, (from the Algonkian word for "Narrows"), which was formerly the Iroquois town of Stadscona, in 1608, war had broken out between the Huron and their Algonquian allies and the Laurentian Iroquois. Champlain joined forces with a Huron- Algonquian war party and engaged a large

[3] *The Mohicans and Their Land 1609-1730,* (1994), Dunn, Shirley W., p. 38.

[4] *History of the State of New York,* (1962), Flick, Alexander C., p. 55.

[5] Ibid., p. 56.

[6] Ibid., p. 59.

[7] *History Manners and Customs of the Indian Nations,* (1876), Heckewelder, John, p. 53.

policies that face us all as the corporate world seeks to enslave all, and pit one nation against another.

If you avoid breaking laws and do what you're told and ignore the poor, the oppressed and the downtrodden - you probably won't be bothered. If you try to right what is wrong, however, you will surely meet great opposition and run the risk of imprisonment or death.

I am a Sun Dancer. I took a vow for my people. I chose to seek the Creator's will and to follow it to the best of my ability. I WILL NOT STAND DOWN FROM THAT VOW. I will continue to speak, write and organize until Grandfather himself quiets my life. If I can do this in prison, I have no doubt you can do much better from where you stand.

I encourage you to do your best, be kind to one another, seek harmony and balance with all natural life, enjoy what freedom you have left, and most of all, never, never give up.

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse, - *Leonard Peltier*

Mitakuye Oyasin

Leonard Peltier
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Lawrence, KS 66044
http://www.leonardpeltier.org
Leonard Peltier Defense Committee

Blood Quantum:
A Relic Of Racism And Termination

Native Intelligence, Column by
Jack D. Forbes
Professor, Native American Studies, UC, Davis the People's Voice ~ Monday, November 27, 2000

Many Native People have gotten so used to the idea of "blood quantum" (degree of "blood") that sometimes the origin of this racist concept is forgotten. It's use started in 1705 when the colony of Virginia adopted a series of laws which denied civil rights to any "negro, mulatto, or Indian" and which defined the above terms by stating that "the child of an Indian, and the child, grandchild, or great grandchild of a negro shall be deemed accounted, held, and taken to be a mulatto."

Thus both a person of American race and a person of half-American race (a "half-blood" in other words) were treated as legally inferior persons. Colony after colony and state after state followed Virginia's example in using blood quantum as a way of determining who could have the privileges accorded to white persons. For example, Alabama's code stated that "all negroes, mulattoes, Indians and all persons of mixed blood, to the third generation inclusive, though one ancestor of each generation may have been a white person, whether bond or free; shall be taken, and deemed incapable in law, to be witnesses.... except for or against each other."

North Carolina possessed a code which prohibited marriages between white persons and "an Indian, Negro , Mustee, or Mulatto.... or any person of Mixed Blood to the Third Generation." Such laws meant that a part-Indian of one-eighth American ancestry and seven-eighth European ancestry would not have acquired sufficient European "blood" to be accorded the legal privileges of whiteness. The racist use of blood quantum continued without a break.

In 1866 Virginia decreed that "Every person having one-fourth or more Negro blood shall be deemed a colored person, and every person not a colored person having one-fourth or more Indian blood shall be deemed an Indian." (This is perhaps where the one-quarter blood concept used by the Bureau of Indian Affairs originated). In the 20th century Virginia broadened the term "colored" to include all Indians with any trace of African ancestry, if living off-reservation, and with more than 1/32 African ancestry, if living on either the Pamunkey or Mattaponi reservations.

The Federal government began to also use "degree of blood" in the latter part of the nineteenth-century, especially in relation to the enrollment of persons before the Dawes allotment commission. The use of "full," "one-half" etc. at that time was both an extension of the previous racist system and also a step in terminating Native Americans. Persons with greater amounts of white ancestry were assumed to be more competent than persons

HE HAS CROSSED OVER - JANUARY 26, 2004



Wallace Black Elk, a traditional Lakota Elder and spiritual interpreter, is a Channupa (sacred pipe) bearing descendent of the legendary Nicholas Black Elk whose visionary experiences were recounted in the book "Black Elk Speaks." Grandfather Wallace was born and raised on the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota and has been trained since childhood in the sacred ways of his people.

One of the original spiritual advisors to the American Indian Movement, Black Elk was present at the occupation of Wounded Knee and was instrumental in the passage of the American Indian Religious Freedom Act in 1978.

An international lecturer, Black Elk taught traditional Lakota spiritual ways of life throughout the U.S., France, Germany, Switzerland, Egypt, Japan, Mexico, New Zealand, and Australia. As a Native American representative to the United Nations, he addressed United Nations Meetings in New York and the International Non-Governmental Organizations Conference in Geneva, Switzerland.

NOW HE IS IN ATTENDANCE PERPETUALLY WHENEVER NEEDED!
OUR PRAYERS ARE WITH HIS FAMILY AND HIS FRIENDS.



Anniversary Statement from Leonard Peltier

Below is Leonard Peltier's annual message delivered in conjunction with the anniversary of his incarceration on February 6th. Please broadcast as widely as possible to as many groups as possible. This is a message to all people regardless of color.

January 23, 2004

Hau Kola,
Hello my friends, my relatives:

You can never imagine the heartfelt comfort it brings to know you're not forgotten in prison. This is my 28th year, and I've seen others come and go and return again. I can't help but feel a great sorrow for many of these young men who keep coming back for one reason or another; most of which are alcohol related offenses. So much has changed since I came here and yet, in many ways, it's still the same. The government, under the pretext of security and progress, liberated us from our land, resources, culture, dignity and future. They violated every treaty they ever made with us. I use the word "liberated" loosely and sarcastically, in the same vein that I view their use of the words "collateral damage" when they kill innocent men, women, and children.

They describe people defending their homeland as terrorists, savages and hostiles, and accuse us of being aggressors. We have never fought a battle or war that was not on our own land; we never fired the first shot...ever. My words reach out to the non-Indian: Look now before it's far too late - see what is being done to others in your name and see what destruction you sanction when you say nothing. Your own treaty, the one between yourselves and the government, is being violated daily; this treaty is commonly known as the Constitution.

With us, they started a little at a time, encroaching on our rights until we had none at all. It will be the same for the Constitution; this is not conjecture, but fact. We are not embattled with the color of man, but with the weakness of man, a mindset that lusts for power and wealth at the expense of life.

Men of all colors, cultures and religions must stand together to oppose the genocidal

The Red Heart Warrior

force of Iroquois on Lake Champlain in 1609, thus beginning hostilities that would last as long as the French were in Canada.

The Laurentian Iroquois apparently displaced the Iroquois who were living by the Mahicans, who in turn invaded the territory of the Minsi Lenapes in the Wyoming Valley and then proceeded down the Susquehanna, becoming known to history as the "Susquehannocks." The Laurentians became known as the "Mohawks."

The first appearance of French traders among the Mahicans may have been as early as 1540, when they are believed to have established a trading fort on Castle Island near Albany. Adrian Van Loon is known to have come down from Canada to trade in 1598. Henry Hudson explored the river for the Dutch in 1609, and in 1614, they established a trading fort at Castle Island.

From the start, the presence of the Dutch traders among the Mahicans excited the envy of the Mohawks, who were determined to displace the Mahicans from the west shore on the river and capture their position in the fur trade. In 1626, a few Dutch soldiers accompanied a Mahican war party that fell into a Mohawk ambush. They were roasted and eaten.[8] After that, the Dutch remained neutral in the Mahican-Mohawk War and traded guns for furs with both sides.

In 1628, many of the Mahicans were driven from their homes on the upper Hudson and in the Hoosic and Hoosatonic Valleys. The invading Mohawks drove as far south as Catskill Creek, where they were turned back by a combined force of Minsi and Mahican warriors, after heavy losses on both sides. The Mahicans stayed in force around Fort Orange (Albany), in a conflict that lasted nearly three-quarters of a century.

The old Dawnland Confederacy was thus pretty well ripped apart by European contact. The new trade, which linked the nations to a global economy of capitalist exploitation, set the nations in competition for goods, that they could not produce themselves; that rendered what they could produce obsolete. Steel knives, tomahawks and guns became essential for survival in the climate of intertribal war that ensued. To get more they over-hunted and over-trapped until their hunting grounds were depleted. Then they had to depend upon trade with nations farther inland, acting the role of middlemen, to get the items they had become dependent on. Thus the fratricidal Beaver Wars began.



Sassacus, the last great sachem of the Pequots

The Pequots were lucky enough to have been spared the ravages of plague and smallpox that decimated many of the New England tribes, and doubtless they were reinforced by other Mahicans fleeing the war with the Mohawks. Sassacus held sway over a territory extending from the border of Rhode Island, the territory of the Narragansets, to the area of New Haven, where the Quinnipiacs resided, and north almost to Hartford. At the onset of the Pequot War, Saassacus could field some 800 warriors, over a dozen of them armed with matchlocks.

The decision to extirpate the Pequots was made in England by the Directors of the Company. Lieutenant Lyon Gardnier, whom they hired to build and command a fort at the mouth of the Connecticut River, knew about it before setting sail. He tried to get the officials in Hartford to delay the outbreak of war until after he built his fort at Saybrook.

[8] Mohawk is derived from the Lenape word *Meng'we* meaning "Eater of Human Flesh."

Sassacus also tried to put off hostilities. When the English accused the Pequots of killing a party of Englishmen on the Connecticut River, even though they knew that "River Indians" and not Pequots were responsible, Sassacus responded by sending a large delegation to Boston with presents to make peace. When this offer was spurned, he attempted to make a confederacy with the Narragansetts, but this was frustrated by the colonial governor of Rhode Island, Roger Williams, who convinced them to remain allied with the English.

Sassacus was also beset by internal rivalry, as Uncas, who strongly favored capitulation to the English, broke away from the Pequots, taking 80 to 100 warriors with him. In the words of Melissa Jayne Fawcett:

"In 1635, *Uncas was a Pequot sagamore* (subchief) *who disagreed with his sachem, Sassacus, about how to contend I with the invading English Unable to resolve their differences, Uncas broke away. He moved to Shantok on the west bank of the Thames River, where his followers declared him sachem. Uncas chose to refer to his group by the tribe's old Lenni Lenape clan name Mohegan,*[9] *meaning Wolf People."*[10]

The killing of a notoriously crooked Dutch trader named Oldman provided the English with the excuse to begin hostilities. They first attacked a village of Narragansetts on Block Island, then following their "commission," the force of 120 Englishmen attacked the main Pequot stronghold at Groton, killing one Indian and setting part of the village on fire. This had the desired effect of enraging the Pequots who laid siege to the unfinished fort at Saybrook for a year and ravaged the plantations of the English up and down the Connecticut River. The stage was now set for an invasion of the Pequot territory

In May of 1637, the colonial assembly in Hartford declared war on the Pequots. John Mason was given command of a force of some 90 men and was ordered to attack the Pequot capital at Groton. He then proceeded down the Connecticut River to the fort at Saybrook, accompanied by Uncas and around 80 Mohegan warriors.

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[9] This is the same word as *Mahican, Mohican* or *Mahikaner*, variously spelled by the different Europeans who came in contact with them. Chief Harold Tantaquidgeon (1904-1989) humorously attributed it to the fact that "Indians didn't talk too good, and the white man didn't hear too good."

[10] *Medicine Trail: The Life and Lessons of Gladys Tantaquidgeon*, (2000), Fawcett, Melissa Jane, p. xi.



Uncas, great sachem of the Mohegans. Losing his bid to lead the Pequots to Sassacus, he then allied himself to the English.

Continued on page 13

Black Indians to Gather

By Wendell "Blaque Sun" Caldwell

Black Indians plan to gather in Norman, Oklahoma this year to discuss the federal government's refusal to recognize their Native American Indian ancestry. They charge the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) with continuing to use the standard of "one drop of African blood" employed against their ancestors in 1890 to rob them of their Indian birthright.

"The conference will allow us to call attention to the fact that the Black Indian faces extinction," says Elenor "Gypsy" Wyatt, the 57 year old spokesperson for the Descendents of Freedmen of the Five Civilized Tribes, which will sponsor the May 29th – June 1st conference.

"We want the public to know that the freedmen descendents are being legislated out of their right to call themselves 'Indians' by the current tribal governments of the Indian Nations." Ms Wyatt charged that, "The BIA backs their segregationist policies!"

A retired registered nurse from Kansas City, Kansas, Ms Wyatt asserts that descendents of Africans were among the Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Creek and Seminole

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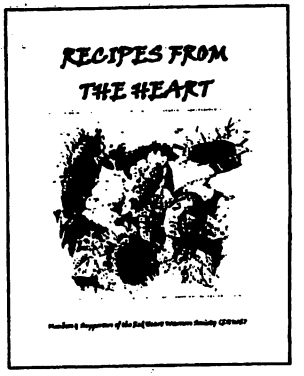

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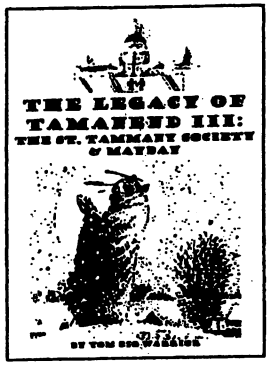

The Legacy of Tamanend III, The St. Tammany Society, and Mayday
by Tom Big Warrior

Reprinted from Vol. 1 No. 1 of The Warrior (1996), this 32 page in-depth account of the Tamanend legacy and its evolution into Mayday is now available in a limited run for $5 plus $2 shipping & handling. Send check or MO to:
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Statue of "St. Tammany" atop Tammany Hall in New York City on 14th Street, "Stand Together," Tamanend told his tribe. "Support each other and you will be a mountain that nobody can move."

During the Revolution, the Continental Congress appointed George Morgan it's special Indian Agent to negotiate a treaty with the Indians on the Ohio frontier. The Lenape adopted him and bestowed upon him the name Tamanend in recognition of their trust in him. The Pittsburgh Treaty of 1778 recognized the sovereignty of the Indians over their unceded lands and their right to form a 14th state, to be represented in the Continental Congress by the Delaware chiefs.

This was sabotaged by George Washington, who had only joined the revolution because he hoped to become fabulously wealthy on speculation in western lands. He deliberately provoked war with the Indians both during and after the revolution to further this ambition. His cronies in the Society of Cincinnati, like Arthur St. Clair and Anthony Wayne, spearheaded the invasion. In fact the town of Cincinnati was planted on the Indian side of the Ohio, and populated with war veterans given land grants in lieu of their back pay, as a deliberate provocation to start a war.

This was to become a pattern of America's Indian policy, to deliberately provoke the Indians into fighting to defend their lands and then calling it an "Indian uprising." In this way the white Americans always posed as the victims in their wars of aggression. Those they invaded and dispossessed were called "hostiles" and "terrorists."



Statue of Tamanend at Front and Market Streets in Philadelphia.

July 26, 1995 was proclaimed "Tamanend's Day" by Philadelphia mayor, Ed Rendell, to highlight the unveiling of a statue of Tamanend by Lenape descendent, sculptor Raymond Sandoval. The event was jointly sponsored by the city and the United American Indians of the Delaware Valley. The plaque with the statue reads:

In honor of the contributions of Native American Indians – the ancestors, the elders, this generation, and the generations to come – this sculpture commemorates Tamanend, a Sakima, of the Lenni-Lenape nation who reside in the Delaware Valley when Philadelphia, or "Coaquannock" was established.

Tamanend stands on a turtle, which represents mother earth. The eagle, a revered messenger of Great Spirit has a wampum belt in its grasp. This belt recognizes the friendship treaty under the Sackamaxon Elm between William Penn ("Miowon"), Tamanend ("the Affable One"), and other leaders of the Lenni-Lenape nation. It reads – 'to live in peace as long as the waters run in the rivers and creeks and as long as the stars and moon endure.'

Penn dealt with the Lenni-Lenape people when he came to the land given him by the King of England. He bought the land from the Lenni-Lenape through a number of treaties. Tamanend was one of the Sakimas who played a prominent role as a welcoming delegate on Penn's arrival in 1682, and in the early treaties of 1683 and 1692.

Tamanend was considered the patron saint of America by the colonist prior to American independence. Tamanend day was celebrated annually on May 1st in Philadelphia and bells were rung in his honor.

Another monument to the great sachem is the Tamanend Tribute Rock in Tamanend Park, Southampton, PA.❑

tribes forced from their lands in the southeastern part of the United States in 1830. "The tribes were forced to march the infamous 'Trail of Tears' into designated Indian Territories in Oklahoma," Ms Wyatt explained.

The only Black Indians to successfully argue against the 1830 government policy that Black Indians must be considered slaves if they relocated to the Oklahoma Indian Territories have been the Seminoles. The Government rescinded the slavery law in the Indian Territories 1866, during the Civil War, however, according to Ms Wyatt, the Dawes Commission of 1890 decided that no one with a drop of African blood was a member of any tribe and the federal government seized their lands.

"The chiefs of the Five Tribes did not speak up for our ancestors, so we are fighting to reassert our rights, not just for us, but for our children. I have children who I want to know their history," Ms. Wyatt asserted. ❑



Wendell "Blaque Sun" Caldwell #AS-1344, 175 Progress Drive, Waynesburg, PA 15370

To learn more about Black Indians in America contact: The Weyanoke Association, P.O. Box 121, Charles City, VA 23030 Tel: (804) 307-8807
Ask about their annual get together in August.❑

Help Wanted Badly!

(Open Message From a Political Prisoner)

My name is Leonard McQuay (AKA: Bro. Khalfani Malik Khaldun). I am a 36 year-old New African man with Apache ancestry as well. I am a political prisoner connected to the liberation movement for all people of color. My prison activism has cost me my "freedom," after having spent close to 16 years in the confines of prison already.

The Indiana Department of Corruption set me up, preventing my release from prison on a prison-related murder charge. I am in desperate need of outside assistance from conscious, committed activists who believe in justice for all, who will help me expose this frame up and those involved.

Race is unimportant. I am calling for men and women who will write me and dedicate some time to this case. I won't sugar-coat this matter, I'm strong, but I don't want to be counted among the lost and the dead. Your help is wanted and needed. Check out my websites:
www.Prisonactivist.org/Khalfani
www.geocities.com/FreeKhalfani or
http:home4.inet.tele.dk/Lepan/indiana/lxkinfo.htm

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." Hebrews 12:1

FREEDOM, JUSTICE AND EQUALITY
(In the Whirlwind of Innocence)

Unknown to many
Father Time has claimed
Many fallen souls
Our ancestors voices are screaming
For the story to be told

Dance to the drum beat
Connecting all of us
As one nation
One family
A host of tribes

Land is the basis of independence
So let us strive to liberate ourselves
Riding on the whirlwind of innocence
We hear the voices of our ancestors

Father Time will tell the story
And free us from the oppressors
Of all people

Leonard McQuay #874304
P.O. Box 1111 SHU A-207
Carlisle, Indiana 47838

The Red Heart Warrior



Sister Running Deer is an adopted Quinnipiac Renapi (Lenape) of Cherokee ancestry living in Vermont

Daughter of The Sun

mystical eyes ablaze
callow but saged
images of sacred fires
nurtured nigh the rivers
of my childhood
a petite, earthen-colored hand
intertwined within jaded cloth
tenderly painted on lusty hips
stories told through whispering lips
A nu yi-Month of the Windy Moon
a daughter's death comes
all too soon
Father Sun bemoans his loss
Pounding Rain and Winds grow
cross A Shaman journeys
raucous paths
far into the Nightland
the daughter's hand grasped,
held tight
prayers he offers through
blankened night
Raven haired and wild of spirit
transformation, talent, trickery
a bit of wisdom
a slice of wit
cardinal red
a bird emerged
Cedar haired and wild of spirit
The Daughter of the sun
soared free
symbol of beauty, tradition
and spiritual prosperity
our Breath
The Cherokee...

-Running Deer

My Warrior

Whilst yet a delphian-eyed child
sheltered within the sacred hills
of Tennessee
a drumming, healing voice
sang out to me
Daddy interpreted it to be
a message and a vision
Whet MaMa declared' twas merely just a dream
Yet it was there
on those lush river banks
Ogedoda first spoke to me
subsisting on frogs, fish
sweet corn pone and sassafras tea

The Red Heart Warrior



Historians believe Tamanend to have died sometime between 1697 and 1701. In that year, the Lenape *sakemas* sent a letter to the King of England affirming their high regard, love and support for William Penn, who was in trouble with the Crown. Tamanend's mark is noticibly absent. There are many legends regarding his demise. Most commonly he is said to have burned to death in his wigwam. One of them, posted on the Internet by Kurt R. Bell and John R. Malack, places the location in Chalfont, PA's Forest Park.

"The legend states that on Chief Tamenend's last journey his warriors carried his aged and infirm body until they reached their old camping grounds-Forest Park. Too weak to continue, the chief was left at the camp in the charge of a young squaw to await the warriors' return. The following day, Mr. and Mrs. Shewell, traveling over the trail, found Chief Tamanend's dead body, very badly burned. They assisted the young squaw in the burial, leaving no marker of the body's exact location, but it is believed that Chief Tamanend was buried in or near Chalfont. Within the grounds of the park, a tree with an Indian marker still points the way up the North Neshaminy. And along the banks of Indian Creek, on several of the now nearly 300-year old oak and maple trees, are markers dating back over 150 years."

In the 1920s, Henry Mercer of Doylestown believed he had located the site of Tamanend's grave near Chalfont on the banks of Neshaminy Creek and wanted to put a large red concrete turtle there as a maker, but he was unable to convince historians of his theory. He did, however, locate the site of Playwicky, believed to be Tamanend's birthplace. Subsequent archeological finds at this location by Colonel Henry D. Paxson, which are now at the University of Pennsylvania Museum along with the Penn Treaty Belt, confirmed Mercer's theory.

Another local legend places Tamanend's final resting place as under Nassau Hall on the campus of Princeton University in New Jersey. Many legends surround this figure who left a deep impression on the early colonists of the region and on the American republic as it was emerging.

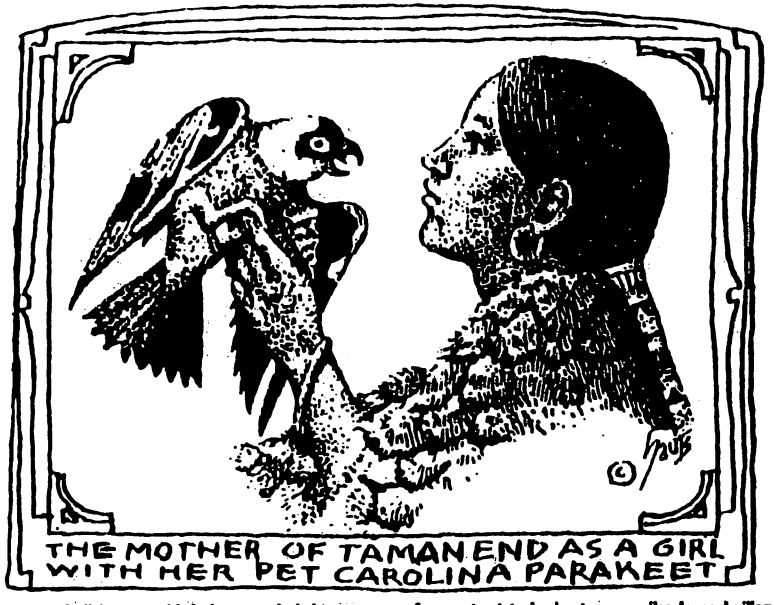
In 1736, a fishing club of Quaker men living at Valley Forge came into conflict with the Penn proprietors over their right to catch shad in weirs constructed on the Schuylkill River, a right they claimed to have been granted their forefathers by "King Tammany." They physically resisted attempts to tear down their weirs and proclaimed Tamanend their "Patron Saint" and May 1st, the start of fishing season, their "Saint's Day."

In the years leading up to the American Revolution, the working people of Philadelphia, and later other cities, celebrated "King Tammany's Day" by taking off work and dressing in makeshift Indian regalia. They would march through the streets to their "wigwam" on the edge of town, where they would drum and perform Indian dances, feast and smoke the "peace pipe," taking turns making speeches imitating Indian oratory about Liberty, the blessings of the Creator and the rights of man.

In 1777, the Continental Congress proclaimed Tamanend the "Patron Saint of America" and declared May 1st a national holiday in his honor. The second holiday after July 4th, Independence Day. Revolutionary War soldiers marched behind banners with his image or that of his totem, the coiled rattlesnake. Often they wore feathers or buck-tails on their caps as they had at the Tammany Day celebrations.

After the war, the rank and file veterans formed an association named after him to counter the influence of the elitist Society of Cincinnati, which was restricted to officers of the regular army and their descendents and the French officers who fought in the war and their descendents. Key issues of contention were over westward expansion into the Indian Territory and the replacement of the Articles of Confederation with the Constitution. The Sons of Tammany rallied people to the amendment of the Bill of Rights to the Constitution and formed the nucleus of the Democratic Republican Party which opposed Washington's and Adam's Federalist Party which favored the wealthy class and the interests of English investors. Tammany Hall became the rallying point for the Jeffersonians in NYC and support for the French Revolution. In time it would become mired in corruption and back room politics, but it was the first organized "Left" in America.

Celebrating the Life and Legacy of Tamanend



The Greatest of all Lenape chiefs have carried the name Tamanend ("Affable One"). The first reunited the people after a period of bad leadership and fractionalization during the long eastward migration. The second established the great Eastern Woodlands confederacy and the town of Shackamaxon ("Where Chiefs Are Made"), sometime around 1450. The third, whom we usually associate with the name, made the Great Treaty at Shackamaxon, (now part of Philadelphia), with William Penn.

In May of 1683, William Penn mounted his white horse and rode north to the Lenape village of Perkasie where he was received by the influential chief Tamanend and his son, Yaqueekhon, with a feast of venison, roasted acorns and hominy. Then a vigorous young man of 39, Penn joined the Lenape warriors in leaping and dancing and beating the drum. He proposed to Tamanend an alliance for peace and friendship, and explained his goal of creating a safe haven for those fleeing persecution because of their religious beliefs.

Under Penn's plan, only he would have the right to purchase land from the Indians, who would continue to enjoy certain use rights for hunting and fishing, a portion of every tract to be kept as woodlands, and village sites to be left undisturbed.

A strip one mile wide on either side of the Brandywine Creek was to be kept open for hunting and fishing and fishing weirs were to left undisturbed. The European system of private land ownership and the indigenous custom of collective ownership were to be made compatible by conscious effort at cultivating friendship and goodwill.

On June 23rd of 1683, Tamanend and five other sachems met with Penn and finalized the treaty, with Tamanend making his mark of a coiled rattlesnake. Tamanend ceded lands, "*lying betwixt Pennapecka and Neshaminehs Creeks and all along Neshaminehs Creek.*" He stayed for several days as Penn's houseguest and attended Quaker meeting with him on Sunday.

Tamanend's name appears in several other documents and treaties up until 1697, where he was recorded as saying: "*We and Christians of this river have always had a free roadway to one another, and though sometimes a tree has fallen cross the road, yet we have still removed it again and kept the path clean and we design to continue the old friendship that has been between us and you.*"

Daddy, MaMa, Babysister and Me
slumbering in a broken-down bus
on the banks of the old Tennessee
walking, praying, dancing
bare feet exploring,
a young mind imploring
seeking answers amidst
whiskey and poverty
There on those lush river banks
Ogedoda first spoke to me
My heart beat,
speaking a bitter valedictory
Daddy, MaMa, Babysister and Me
Journeyed beyond the sacred
hills of Tennessee
lost my ritual, lost my way
lost my brother, lost my say
went searching for my warrior
and then remembered when
he first spoke to me,
my ancestors and kin
in the lush lands
of the Cherokee

-Running Deer

Iron Thunderhorse (continued from page 4)
The price I had to pay was years of segregation and harassment. Eventually an agreement was reached where I would be allowed to practice as a "shaman" (medicine man) and to have contact with other Native American spiritual leaders on the outside and the prison circles on the inside. I would be allowed to keep my original medicine bag and its contents, and my personal prayer pipe. I would even be allowed to keep my braids, if I cut them off and attached them to a headband to be worn under my bandana, but only in the privacy of my cell.

Later on, the TDCJ set up this made-up sanitized religion they call "Native American," complete with assembly line-made "medicine bags" with their own "pet rock" inside, and all-white bandanas. Our late brother Standing Deer wrote a powerful article denouncing this quasi-Christian faith entitled "*Medicine-Bags-R-Us.*"

The TDCJ made several attempts to ramrod this made-up religion down Indian people's throats. First they recruited two women volunteers but they either quit or were let go for resisting the TDCJ's blatantly racist policies. Then they found a willing servant in Chaplain Ronald Teil of Corpus Cristi, who calls himself "Walks In Smoke."

All an inmate has to do is file an I-60 claiming "Native American" heritage and faith to sign up with him. I asked this chaplain what tribal nation he belongs to, and he had no answer. I've been told by others that he is connected with the white racist group called the "Republic of Texas." When I asked him what his position was on Native traditionalists, he said he always tells them to "get out."

I asked how he could claim to be holding "intertribal pipe ceremonies," when no members of any tribe were participating. I am putting this plastic, "New Age" priest on the "hot seat," because some people who are following him don't realize that his purpose is "spiritual sterilization" and preempting a truly traditional program in the TDCJ. The teachings and ceremonies he promotes are a blend of New Age and Christian tenants. Traditional things like *baginos* (sweat lodges), feast days and celebrations are not included, nor is the right to wear long hair.

The TDCJ's one-size-fits-all quasi-Christian made-up religion violates the most basic right of the Indian nations to designate their own spiritual teachers and culture bearers. Back in 1995-96, the TDCJ went tobacco free. You can't buy tobacco products, and it is a crime to smuggle them in. But you can put in an I-60 change of religion to "Native American," and you can smoke tobacco as part of a "Native American spiritual circle."

I am now under attack by this "Walks In Smoke" plastic priest and his boss, Chaplaincy Director Bill Pierce. Recently they had my braids and personal prayer pipe confiscated as a clear act of war to pressure me into changing my official religion from "Native American Shamanism" to their generic "Native American," so they take back what has been won over the years. So as I fast and pursue my legal avenues of redress, I encourage all sovereign Indian nations and true traditionalists to voice their support for me and send letters of protest to:

Warden Smith's Office, Hughes Unit
RT. #2, Box 4400
Gatesville, TX 76597
Fax: (254) 865-6964
Tel: (254) 865-6683

Chaplain Ronald Teel
PO Box 2
Corpus Christi, TX 78403-0002

In the spirit of Tamanend, Teddyuscung and Techumseh, Cornstalk and Pontiac! *Wanishi!*

Iron Thunderhorse
#624391 – Hughes Unit
RT. 2 – Box 4400
Gatesville, TX 76597 ☐

It is recommended that the RHWS members in the TDCJ file I-60 forms to change their religious designation to "Native American Shamanist" in solidarity with Bro. Iron. [ed]



Pequots Continued from page 9

Lt. Gardnier told Mason that his force was too small to attack Groton, but he agreed to help on certain conditions. First he insisted the Mason replace twenty "insufficient" Hartford men with 20 of his "lusties;" Second, he agreed to send along his surgeon, but he insisted on testing Uncas's loyalty before he would let any of his men go along, acknowledging that, "*We cannot well go without them for want of guides.*"[11]

"*You say you will help,*" Gardnier told Uncas, "*but I will first see it. Therefore send you, now, twenty men*" [to the Bass River, off the Connecticut--where] "*...yesternight...*" [the English spotted] "*...six Indians in a canoe, thither. Fetch them now, dead or alive. And then you shall go...* " [to attack the Pequots] "*...else not!*" Uncas' men returned with several severed heads and a captive. Whether they were Pequots or not is never established, but the Puritans mount the heads on the walls of the fort as trophies. Strong evidence suggests that they were not Pequots but "River Indians." The captive was tortured. The Englishmen tied one of his legs to a post, then twenty men pulled on a rope tied to his other leg until he was pulled apart. Underhill finished him off with a pistol shot to the head.

Satisfied with Uncas' loyalty, the expedition proceeded to the Narragansett's capital. En route they passed the mouth of the Pequot River. Where they of course were observed by Sassacus's scouts.

The Narragansett chief, Minatanimo, also told Mason his force was too small to go up against Sassacus, but Roger Williams prevailed upon him to send along some of his warriors. According to Wagner, "Mason virtually has no plan other than a vague idea of surprising Sassacus by attacking him from landward side rather than by sea."[12]

Scouts sent out by Uncas reported that Sassacus was well aware of Mason's presence and movements and had concentrated his people at Groton, abandoning the Pequot fort at Mystic. Mason decided to attack the empty fort at Mystic rather than the defended one at Groton. Only Mason, Underhill and Uncas and his scouts knew the status of the Mystic fort.

[11] *Mystic Fiasco,* (2003), David Wagner & Dr. Jack Dempsey, p. 11.

[12] *The Pequot War,* (1994), Wagner, David R., p. 58.

sprung from a common ancestor, made by the Great Spirit from red clay, who will unite their strength to avert a common calamity. This tradition is con- firmed by the common belief, which prevails in our day with all the Indian tribes; for they recognize one another by their color, as brothers and acknowledge one Great Creator.

Two hundred and fifty winters ago, this prophecy was verified and the Muh-he-con-new for the first time beheld the paleface. Their number was small, but their canoes were big.

In the select and exclusive circles of your rich men of the present day I should encounter the gaze of curiosity, but not such as overwhelmed the senses of the Aborigines, my ancestors. Our visitors were white and must be sick. They asked for rest and kindness; we gave them both. They were strangers, and we took them in; naked and we clothed them.

The first impression of astonishment and pity was succeeded by awe and admiration of superior intelligence and address.

A passion for information and improvement possessed the Indians. A residence was given—territory offered—and covenants of friendship exchanged.

Your written accounts of events at this period are familiar to you, my friends. Your children read them every day in their school books; but they do not read-no mind at this time can conceive, and no pen record, the terrible story of recompense for kindness, which for two hundred years has been paid the simple, guileless Muh-he-con-new.

I have seen much myself-I have been connected with more-and I tell you I know all. The tradition of the wise men is figuratively true-that our home at last will be found in the west; for another tradition informs us that far beyond the setting sun, upon the smiling happy lands, we shall be gathered with our fathers, and be at rest.

Promises and professions were freely given and ruthlessly and intentionally broken. To kindle your fires was sought as a privilege; and yet at that moment you were transmitting to your kings intelligence of our possessions, "by right of discovery," and de- manding assistance to assert your hold

Where are the 25,000 in number, and the 4,000 warriors, who constituted the power and population of the great Muh-he-con-new nation in 1604?

They have been victims to vice and disease, which the white men imported. Smallpox, measles and firewater have done the work of annihilation. Divisions and feuds were insidiously promoted between the several bands. They were induced to thin each others ranks without just cause; and subsequently were defeated and disorganized in detail.

It is curious, the history of my tribe, in its decline, in the last two centuries and a half. Nothing that deserved the name of purchase was made. From various causes, they were induced to abandon their territory at intervals and retire farther inland. Deeds were given indifferently to the government by individuals, for which little or no compensation was paid.

The Indians were informed, in many instances, that they were selling one piece of land when they were conveying another and much larger limits. Should a particular band, for purposes of hunting or fishing, for a time leave its usual place of residence, the land was said to be abandoned, and the Indian claim extinguished. To legalize and confirm titles thus acquired, laws and edicts were subsequently passed, and these laws were said then to be, and are now called, justice.

Oh, what mockery to confound justice with law! Will you look steadily at the intrigues, bargains, corruptions and log rollings of your present legislatures, and see any trace of justice? And by what test shall be tried the acts of the colonial courts and councils?

Let it not surprise you, my friends, when I say that the spot upon which I stand has never been rightly purchased or obtained. And by justice, human and Divine, is the property of the remnant of the great people from whom I am descended. They left it in the tortures of starvation and to improve their miserable existence; but a cession was never made, and their title was never extinguished.

The Indian is said to be the ward of the white man, and the negro his slave. Has it ever occurred to you, my friend, that while the negro is increasing and increased by every appliance, the Indian is left to rot and die before the inhumanities of this model republic?

You have your tears and groans and mobs and riots for the individuals of the former, while your indifference of purpose and vacillation of policy is hurrying to extinction whole communities of the latter.

What are the treaties of the general government? How often and when has its plighted faith been kept? Indian occupation is forever next year, or one removal follows another; or by the next commissioner, more wise than his predecessor, repurchased, and thus your sympathies and justice are evinced in speedily fulfilling the terrible destinies of our race.

My friends, your Holy Book, the Bible, teaches us that individual offenses are punished in an existence-when time shall be no more-and the annals of the earth are equally instructive that national wrongs are avenged, and national crimes atoned for in this world to which alone the conformation of existence adapts them.

These events are above our comprehension, and for a wise purpose; for myself and for my tribe I ask for justice-I believe it will sooner or later occur, and may the Great Spirit enable me to die in hope.❑

FOURTH OF JULY ADDRESS AT REIDSVILLE, NEW YORK, 1854

John Quinney (Mahican)

From Great Documents in American Indian History, Edited by Moquin, Wayne and Charles Van Doren (1973)

It may appear to those whom I have the honor to address a singular taste for me, an Indian, to take an interest in the triumphal days of a people who occupy, by conquest or have usurped, the possessions of my fathers and have laid and carefully preserved a train of terrible miseries to end when my race ceased to exist.

But thanks to the fortunate circumstances of my life I have been taught in the schools and been able to read your histories and accounts of Europeans, yourselves and the Red Man; which instruct me that while your rejoicings today are commemorative of the free birth of this giant nation, they simply convey to my mind the recollection of a transfer of the miserable weakness and dependence, of my race from one great power to another.

My friends, I am getting old and have witnessed for many years your increase in wealth and power while the steady consuming decline of my tribe admonishes me that their extinction is inevitable. They know it themselves and the reflection teaches them humility and resignation, directing their attention to the existence of those happy hunting grounds which the Great Father has prepared for all his red children.

In this spirit, my friends, as a Muh-he-con-new, and now standing upon the soil which once was and now ought to be the property of this tribe, I have thought for once and certainly the last time I would shake you by the hand and ask you to listen for a little while to what I have to say.

. . About the year 1645, when King Ben the last of the hereditary chiefs of the Muh-he-con-new nation was in his prime, grand council was convened of the Muh-he-con-new tribe for the purpose of conveying from the old to the young men a knowledge of the past.

Councils for this object especially had been held. Here for the space of two moons, the stores of memory were dispensed; corrections and comparisons made and the results committed to faithful breasts to be transmitted again to succeeding posterity.

Many years after, another and last council of this kind was held; and the traditions reduced to writing, by two of our young men who had been taught to read and write in the school of the Rev. John Sargent of Stockbridge, Mass. They were obtained in some way by a white man for publication, who soon after dying, all trace of them became lost. The traditions of the tribe, however, have mainly been preserved, of which I give you substantially, the following:

A great people from the northwest crossed over the salt water, and after long and weary pilgrimage, planting many colonies on their track, took possession of and built their fires upon the Atlantic coast, extending from the Delaware on the south to the Penobscott on the north. They became in process of time different tribes and interests; all, however, speaking one common dialect.

This great confederacy, Pequot's, Penobscot, and many others [Delaware's, Mohegan's, Manses, Narragansett's) held its council fires once a year to deliberate on the general welfare.

Patriarchal delegates from each tribe attended, assisted by the priests and the wise men, who communicated the will and invoked the blessing of the Great and Good Spirit. The policies and decisions of this council were everywhere respected, and inviolably observed. Thus contentment smiled upon their existence and they were happy.

Their religion communicated by priest and prophet, was simple and true. The manner of worship is imperfectly transmitted; but their reverence for a Great Spirit, the observance of feasts each fear, the offering of beasts in thanksgiving and atonement is clearly expressed.

They believed the soul to be immortal—in the existence of a happy land beyond the view, inhabited by those whose lives had been blameless. While for the wicked had been reserved a region of misery covered with thorns and thistles, where comfort and pleasure were unknown. Time was divided into years and seasons; twelve moons for a year, a number of years by so many winters.

The tribe to which your speaker belongs and of which there were many bands, occupied and possessed the country from the seashore at Manhattan to Lake Champlain. Having found the ebb and flow of the tide, they said: "This is Muh-he-con-new," "Like our waters which are never still." From this expression and by this name they were afterwards known, until the removal to Stockbridge in the year 1630.

Housatonic river Indians, Mohegans, Manhattans, were all names of bands in different localities, but bound together as one family: by blood and descent.

At a remote period, before the advent of the European their wise men foretold the coming of a strange race from the sunrise, as numerous as the leaves upon the trees, who would eventually crowd them from their fair land possessions. But apprehension was mitigated by the knowledge and belief at that time entertained, that they originally were not there, and after a period of years they would return to the west from which they had come. And they moreover said all Red Men are



Throughout the expedition, the Narragansetts kept deserting in droves, believing they were on a "suicide mission."



Mason left thirteen of his men with the boats, along with the surgeon and a reinforcement of forty men from the Plymouth Colony in Massachusetts.[13] The Indians were told that they should keep to the rear when they reach the fort and watch the English in action. The plan was to strike the fort under cover of darkness, but the militiamen oversleep, and the sun was well up before they began the final march to the Indian fort. Though it is the custom of Lenape and related Indians to rise early and offer prayers of thanksgiving to the rising sun, we are expected to believe that on this morning they all slept in and had no guard posted.

The seventy-some Englishmen "surrounded" the fort, hearing only the sound of a lone barking dog inside, and proceeded to pour musket fire through the gaps in the palisades into the wigwams within. The two entranceways into the fort were barricaded with brush, and it took some time to clear them Then Underhill and Mason, with a few picked men, rushed in from opposite sides of the village, while the rest guarded the exits and continued to "surround" the fort. There was still no sign of resistance.

Mason and Underhill outdid each other in claiming to have dispatched hordes of warriors inside, basically single-handedly, while at the same time firing the buildings and picking up a little loot. Afterwards, the English began the trek to join up with their boats, while their Indian allies were fleeing in another direction. Realizing that the fort was empty, they knew this meant Sassacus and his entire force were out there somewhere waiting to strike. Sassacus divided his force to strike both groups and harass their retreat.

[13] The return of these men, who will see no action, occasions the only official "Thanksgiving Day" celebrated by the "Pilgrims."



Wagner compares it to the British retreat from Concord in the Revolutionary War. Having expended much of their ammunition shooting up an empty fort, the Puritans were now hard pressed to defend themselves and took several casualties. When they at last reached the rendezvous point, the Massachusetts militia was reluctant to come in to pick them up, fearing they would be ambushed. Eventually, the pleas of their fellow Puritans prevailed upon them to come to the rescue. The mission had been a disaster. The Pequots were still a formidable force in control of their territory, and Mason's force has been badly mauled. The Indian allies could hardly have been impressed. How were they going to put on spin on this?

But Sassacus had read the handwriting on the wall, and he decided to disband his nation and return to the old homeland on the Hudson. Many of his people joined with Uncas or other neighboring tribes. Purportedly, Sassacus' head was later delivered to Hartford by the Mohawks, where it was put on public display. But who knows whose head it really was? As Wagner points out, it is hard to believe that a Mohawk delegation could have passed through hostile Mahican territory to make such a delivery.

Mason was hailed as a conquering hero, and eventually became Governor General of the colony. Underhill sold his services to the Dutch as a mercenary, and is credited with another massacre similar to that at Mystic, (that should be looked into in light of this new evidence). Uncas continued to play the English and preserve his people's position on Mohegan Hill, where they are to the present day.❑

To learn more and to view the complete collection of David Wagner's paintings on the Pequot War visit the Mohegan Cultural Center at their Connecticut reservation, (follow the signs to the Mohegan Sun), or contact David Wagner: P.O. Box 373, Thompson, CT 06277, Tel. (860) 963-1075, or check out the web site at: Ancientgreece-earlyamerica.com

EDITORIAL (continued from page 1)

...come out more demoralized and dehumanized then they went in. They are expected to re-offend and go right back in, or trip over some technical violation of parole placed in their path.

The reality is there are not enough decent jobs to go around. Globalization calls for exportation of the good jobs elsewhere and importation of cheap immigrant labor to depress wages in the service sector. That's why so many Americans are being

"disrespect", or "tourist attractions" here are the words again in case you forgot them: *"This is a gravesite and should be respected as such. This monument and its inscriptions reflect a dialog and mindset of the era in which it was first erected circa 1889, which was 94 years after the death of Tom Quick. Many stories have been written about Tom Quick but there is not enough documented evidence to separate the truth from fiction. However, research into his life continues to be encouraged by the Pike County Historical Society. This gravesite is under the care of the Milford Borough Council with the approbation of members of the Cree Nation, long recognized as peacemakers."*

5. It reads more like a rebuke to the offended people who vandalized the monument, and now the mighty Cree Nation (a nation of people north of the border 1000 miles away) has stamped their approval to it so leave it alone, and while your at it go visit the Pike County Historical Society to learn more about Tom Quick. Do you really think this conveys the message that you are trying to convince us it does?

6. I am glad that you are at peace with Tom Quick VII. If he wants peace with the Lenape people he must come to them, whether here, Oklahoma, Canada, or Wisconsin. And, again, Michael Quick's Viet Nam loss is admirable and worthy of honor, but irrelevant to this matter.

7. How can you say there is no racism here? This is a monument to honor a man who BOASTED (whether true or not) of murdering innocent men, women, and CHILDREN of a race he despised with a passion. He represents the very racial hatred that saw us as "wild savages" that stand in the way of "progress" and are therefore worthy of extinction. You are really quick to judge this story as fictional, yet admittedly there is no proof what-so-ever for or against the accounts. The only basis for these stories were the words of the only witness to the atrocities, TOM QUICK Jr. It was this man who spread these tales of hate and bigotry. These were stories that he himself started. Whether they are fact or fiction they represent the sickening murderous contempt that Tom Quick held for the Lenape people. For that alone we will never stand still to see him honored.

You misunderstand our intent when you say we seek to divide people or conceal the past. We wish the truth to be known "in context." A monument to the first house built in the area, with the *approbation* of the local Lenape people would be fine in my eyes. Even a monument that proclaims it as the final resting place of Tom Quick Jr., who boasted of murdering innocent Indian men, women, and children in misguided vengeance of his father's death, would be more accurate. But none of this is said, what is said is that he killed "savages" and now your plaque leads the uninformed to believe that this was somehow Cree land and that as the original "savages" have made peace with them. Can your eyes not see why we are bothered by this? Not only is the offending plaque back going back up, but now you have painted a historically inaccurate picture that erases us from the history of the place and events.

Traditionally speaking the resolution of matters in time of war is the role of the women, for a man who lays down his weapon without the intercession of the women was not to be respected or trusted. If you have any knowledge at all of the history of the people you are attempting to speak for, you would know that we were designated as the "woman" tribe by the 5 Nations and the Colonists, the negotiators of disputes between them. (A label that both parties later used against us when the western morays of being woman were imposed onto ours and interpreted to mean "subjugation"). I must also point out that the war and the events in Iraq, Afghanistan, or elsewhere should no have an effect our rights to protect our heritage. My heart bleeds for the families who have lost loved ones in this conflict. I can respect you for your service and the injury that you sustained, but I must point out that you seem to have let that cloud your eyes to what is right. You make many references to the military, war, and people's brave service in your email to Chuck, yet all are irrelevant to the issue. Yet you point to these things as if they somehow should explain things and justify your actions.

I realize that there is little the Lenape people can do now that the betrayal has been committed. Once again the drunken Indian has sold the village and we are just now finding out about it. But I can assure you of this, I personally will not allow this issue to die. This monument, the Milford council, and all those who participated to have it resurrected will be disgraced publicly, in the media, and in the native community. The betrayal will not be forgotten and will be avenged with the conviction of Tom Quick himself. I urge you to reconsider your actions here and do the right thing. This is a Lenape matter and you should publicly apologize to the Lenape people and the people of Milford for acting as though you had the right or authority to speak in this matter.

Ed Bocchinfuso

[The town of Milford sits atop the former Lenape town of Minisink, the political and spiritual capital of the great Minsi Tribe of the Lenape Nation, whose territory extend north from the Lehigh Valley to Catskill Creek and across the Hudson to include the portion of Connecticut west of the Connecticut River. Milford takes its name from the two mills erected by Tom Quick's father, a squatter, who was the first white settler in the Pocono area. This land was never ceded or traded away by the Minsi, but was stolen by fraud and force of which the serial killings of Tom Quick, Jr. played a significant role.

Born among the Lenape people on the edge of Minisink, Tom Quick, Jr. grew up playing and hunting with the Lenape children and spoke their language fluently. He was therefore not suspected for some time as the killings and scalpings were believed to be the work of the Mohawks, who at times raided into Minsi territory. When it was discovered that Quick had been the "Indian Slayer" in their midst, some warriors dug up his grave and took his scalp, but as he had died of small pox, (contracted as a result of his experiments in biological warfare), the infected scalp is said to have killed even more Lenapes then the man did when he was alive.

There is no way to put a good face on this character or the desire of white racists to honor him. It is glorification of genocide and dispossession of the Indian people. It must, and will be resisted by all red-hearted people. – Ed]

Frank's in your home, I remember you and your wife seated by a dim table lamp working on crafts. Over the years, many people have come to me in an attempt to knock your son down, yet I stood by to defend him. He was a young man and as such was entitled to his faults. I still carry Frank's red business card in my wallet that he gave me the last time we saw each other. Now what I have come to face grieves my heart, but it must be said.

I am a person of Lenape lineage. My great-grandmother was taken as a teen from among the Ojibwa people in Michigan (where they had been living in exile after fleeing Kansas) and sent to the Carlisle Indian School. She was enrolled to learn, as the girls did, the "domestic skills" of the whites. As part of this "education" she was sent to live with a wealthy family in Philadelphia as a domestic, (for no pay of course, but it was "for her own good".) It was there that she met a young Englishman who helped her to escape. They left Philadelphia and settled in the Pottstown area. She had a daughter, who had a daughter, who had me. Although all of these women married white men, my lineage is matrilineal and that is the way of our people, so therefore I am Lenape. Each of these mothers made it a point to instill in their children the knowledge of who they were, so that in the end the government attempts to strip my ancestors of their identity would never come to pass.

I have always maintained my independence and voluntarily chose to not take sides as the numerous Lenape groups (real or fake) here in Pennsylvania who divisively sought to undo one another. I have always been a voice of reason and an advocate of unity. When members of the Lenape Nation first spoke to me, and told me of their efforts at recognition, I counseled them that if they succeed they must open their roles to all Lenape in Pennsylvania who can prove their ancestry, including Mike and John Taffe of the EDN. I have broken bread with almost every head of every Lenape/Delaware group in this area and each has been welcomed with an open heart and mind. And all who know me know that they can come to me in their hour of need and I will do what I can to assist them, and as I mentioned this has included on occasion your son.

Although I do not travel as much as I once did, I am still in contact with many of my old friends. I can assure you that when Chuck Demund says that no attempt was made to contact the Lenape Nation I must believe him, for surely I would have heard of it from Bob "Red Hawk" Ruth, Chuck, Jim Bear or Rick Walker. But none knew of this until just a few weeks ago, which is odd given that the Lenape Nation (as I read in the newspaper clippings that I found on the internet) were prominent at the original protest, even drumming the AIM song. Given the oral history preserved by the Demund family, (and their kin in Canada) that members of this family were responsible for the death of Tom Quick, Sr., I feel that he has a vested interest in this matter and must be heard. The fact that the Lenape Nation was not personally invited smells of an attempt to deliberately exclude them from this process. In addition, why did Frank (who knows many Lenape people) not extend an invitation to include them. The fact that the town posted notice, which I can find no record of outside of the River Reporter (which does not serve Chuck's area) is not relevant. Nor did the Allentown television stations run stories on it. So to say that they should have known is wrong, they would only have know if an attempt was made to contact them directly, which there was not. I myself could not tell you what is on the agenda of my towns next meeting unless I purposely go and seek out the "Public Notice" in my local newspapers hidden amongst the zoning variances, notices of judgment, and prayers to St. Jude. So who then is acting like "politicians" as you accused us in your email.

In my counsel to Chuck I reminded him recently that throughout history the Euro-Americans always sought out the most complacent Indian they could find to do business with, regardless if that Indian had the authority to speak for the people to be effected or even if that Indian was a member of the effected community. How many treaties were signed by the village drunk then latter enforced against his unwitting people. Therefore I must say to you (with all respect to you age, military record, & position) that this is not your battle to fight. This is between the Lenape and the town of Milford and has nothing to do with the Burke family, the Cree Nation, or any other native group. You, and your son, should have refused yourself from this matter from the beginning instead of allowing yourselves to become the dupes of the whites. You may now rightfully take your places amongst the other betrayers of the people, for you will not be welcome wherever the rights of the Lenape are respected. As for Dr. Beeler, does he speak for himself or his people? I would be curious to see what the Sand Hill people feel of Dr. Beeler's betrayal.

You itemized your points in your response to Chuck, so I will use your items in my response to you:

1. There is no Monument? All indications are that the monument and plaque are to be resurrected along with a small disclaimer plaque that "puts it in context". Which as I understand you have had the audacity to include the name of the Cree Nation on as if they have any jurisdiction, bearing, or rights in this matter. Do your people back in Canada know what you have put their name to? Do you really hold the arrogance that you speak your nation, "Chief"? Other than your family, how many other Cree's are in this area to support your "approbation".
2. This is a grave site. Yes it is. But it is one that was not his original, have you forgotten that his body disturbed from its final resting place by self important bigoted people and placed in that spot, and deprived of his original grave marker to be honored with one that defames native people. I would also like to point out that the self-important descendant who had this monument erected made sure that his accomplishments were anonymously listed on the plaque as well, a feat that I see you have chosen to follow with the "approbation of members of the Cree Nation" inscription. (Which, by the way, is nice use of an obsolete term that means approval, something the members of the Cree Nation have no right to do in this matter.)
3. Who guards Kwan-oh-wara's grave is irrelevant to the topic at hand. Grant's tomb is protected by the National Park Service, what bearing does this have on Tom Quick, the Lenape people, and racial bigotry.
4. The "Indian pisque" that you have fostered does not say's anything about "putting to bed",

incarcerated for longer prison terms. It has nothing to do with crime rates and everything to do with keeping the underclass down.

The only way to win is to stop playing their game and to turn the tables on our oppressors. Nobody can change a thing about the past. What's done is done! All we can do is determine what we are going to do today and what we aspire to become in the future. Why should we accept the label of our past misdeeds as an identity or put such on others? Pretty near everyone in prison did some pretty awful thing or things to get where they are, but why dwell upon it? Need it determine the rest of one's life?

We can be the sort of men whom others will respect and trust regardless of the start we made in life, if we decide to change our ways and walk a righteous path. We were all given the capability of living up to Creator's expectations.

Sometime you have to leave the path to find it, to fail in order to succeed. We were born in a sewer of exploitation where everything sacred is profaned and selfishness, insensitivity, ruthlessness and greed are promoted as virtues. We live in a world turned wrong-side up. No one on death row killed more people than Lee Iacoca, when with the stroke of a pen he eliminated the option of putting a safer gas tank on the Ford Pinto, and they proclaimed him "Man of the Year."

Compared to the crimes of the ruling class, all the offences of all the prisoners in America taken together pale by comparison, but they go Scott free, or at worst get a slap on the wrist, no matter what their crimes, while the poor are executed or grow old in prison cells. But before there can be an accounting of true justice, the people must be united. Such unity does not fall from the sky, or occur as an instantaneous mystical happening, it must be built up gradually from below. A nation stands upon its warriors, and without them, a people have nothing.

America is not just a nation of prisons, where one in four of the incarcerated people in the world reside, it is a prison house of nations. First and foremost are the indigenous nations whose homelands are occupied. Then there is the nation of Africans in America, of Mexicans and Puerto Ricans in America, and so on. All the nations in America, including the white colonial settler nation, must learn to stand together and to stand tall in opposition to all oppression. Warriors must lead the way!

We are all in the same boat. Our fates are intertwined. To have a future, we must wrest the wheel from Blind Greed and Selfish Ambition and put Reason in command. Who can understand this better than those whose personal lives have been wrecked upon the rocks? It is from within the bowels of the system of injustice, from those stripped of everything tangible, and struggling to retain their humanity and spirit, that hope for the future will be found. In the hard knocks school of prison and on the mean streets of poverty and desperation, the people will find their champions.

Let all who yearn for a day of liberation for mankind take a hand in consciously creating this school. Yes, one day we shall see the abolition of prisons, and of every form of oppression, but not without first raising up a tide of red-hearted warriors who, even under the gravest adversity, have learned how to be free.❑

Come to the ABC 3rd Annual

Prison Abolition Conference

August 13 – 15, 2004

CHICAGO

Build the international network to support political prisoners, end capital punishment, and abolish prisons altogether. Shine the light of liberation behind prison walls and unite with the brothers and sisters yearning to be free. Prison is how the U.S. government controls the citizens in America. It is Ground Zero in the War On The Poor!





The Anarchist Black Cross is hosting a conference for prisoner support activists from around the country and the world to build the growing network of support for the millions who are trapped behind the razor wire and concrete, and for their families. Over the past decade and more, the number of incarcerated people has doubled, tripled and quadrupled and grown from hundreds of thousands into several million. A virtual army of construction workers can barely keep up with the demand for more prisons.

Never has it been more difficult to obtain parole. Deadly infectious diseases like AIDS and Hepatitis C sweep through the prisoner populations, in some measure spread by the handcuffs and shackles that are part of the routine of prison life, which often break the skin and draw blood and are never sterilized or even washed.

But it is not only blood-bourn viruses, TB, diabetes, heart disease and stress disorders that are endemic and "infectious" in the prisons, they are breading grounds for hate and violence, for racism and rage that is unleashed upon society. Prisons do not serve the society by reducing crime, they increase it and its severity.

A society based upon exploitation and class privilege cannot produce a "Justice System," nor can it serve the interests of The People. The extremely high percentage of people on "Death Row" who have been proved innocent by DNA testing in recent years, proves not only that a huge number of innocent people were executed in the past, but that a high percentage of prisoners generally were, and are being, wrongfully convicted.

Only a small percentage of first time offenders, and the prison population generally, committed violent crimes. Inside, however, violence is pushed on prisoners in order to survive and avoid being raped or otherwise victimized. The administrators and guards promote this violent atmosphere of terror and intimidation as a means of control.

The system of prisons, and the atmosphere of terror, war, and intimidation, is the ruling class's means of control over society as a whole. No where is this more true than in the U.S., where one forth of the world's incarcerated people reside. How can we build resistance? How can we coordinate between the Black, Spanish-speaking, Native American Indian and poor white communities? What lessons can we draw from each other's experiences? What is the Prison-Industrial Complex about? And how is the Patriot Act and other recent government measures of repression affecting prisoners? Most importantly; how can we build unity between the inside and the outside and build a broad People's Movement?

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Nora Thompson Dean

Now as they went by the basket, each one tried to grab his own *kelundéwoo*. But because of the confusion each one took the first one he could grab. As they ran off into the woods they put these back on, but it was pretty certain that some of the dogs had gotten the wrong one.

That's why, to this day, the dogs are still looking around for their own *kelundéwoo*. Old people insist that it's the reason dogs smell each other. Each one thinks the other may have his *kelundéwoo*.❑

Milford, PA to Attempt to Restore Tom Quick Monument Again

After agreeing in 1999 not to, the Milford borough council, again plans to restore the monument to local "Indian Slayer" Tom Quick, who purportedly murdered 99 Lenape Indian men, women and children in a series of cold-blooded killings in the mid-1700s, then, on his death bed, begged his friends to bring him one more so that he could make it an even 100. He is also credited with introducing biological warfare in America by deliberately trading smallpox infected clothing and blankets to his Indian neighbors.

In the late 1980s, local Indians attempted to persuade the Milford Borough Council to remove the monument because of its racist message. They were rebuked by a councilmember, a descendent of Tom Quick, who said, "Who cares about a few redskins?" In 1997 the monument was vandalized by local youth with sledgehammers, and a jar containing Quick's remains was unceremoniously dumped in the Delaware River.

When, at the insistence of some of Quick's descendents, the Council announced its intention of restoring the racist monument in 1999, an ad hoc organization called the Native American Historic Truth Association (NAHTA) was formed to block this. NAHTA's position was that the remains of the cast zinc monument should either be put in a museum or a toxic waste dump. A noon-time rally in the little town of Milford on Sunday, June 13th drew over 200 people to protest the proposed restoration, including speakers from the Lenape Nation of Pennsylvania, the Traditional United Eastern Lenape Nation (TUELN) and the United Eastern Lenape Nation (UELN), which brought its drum. Mary Chudley, a local high school honor student of Lenape descent, was honored by NAHTA for her academic achievement and performed as head dancer at the rally.

Faced with this strong opposition and negative media coverage, the racists of the Milford Borough Council agreed to scrap the idea of restoring the smashed up monument. But now they are at it again. This time they have found a couple of "Uncle Tom Toms" to help them. Claiming to represent the Cree Nation of northern Canada, Wounded Bear Burke and his son, Frank Little Bear, who live about 10 miles away, were enlisted by the council to put an Indian stamp of approval on the restoration of the "Indian Slayer" monument.

The following is an open letter sent by a Lenape brother in response to an e-mail sent to Chuck "Gentle Moon" Demund,<moonman3@ptd.net> acting chief of the Lenape Nation of Pennsylvania, by the Burkes.❑

Hey everybody here is the response that I sent to "Chief Wounded Bear"

Chief "Wounded Bear" Burke,

You may not know me by name as we have only met once. I have known your son for many years as a friend. Whenever our paths crossed at a pow wow or elsewhere we embraced as brothers, and if ever he was in need of anything, my wife and I willingly gave it to him. Early in knowing Frank, he was a pawn used by Billy Lazure by asking for packets of glass wampum which he assured me that Billy would pay me for, I was never paid, but I forgave Frank the trespass. My respect for your son was so great that we asked him to honor us by teaching my rather awkward teenage stepson the basics of men's traditional dance. At one time, I was even a guest of



The Wolves and the Dogs

Reprinted from *The White Deer: and Other Stories Told by the Lenape*, (1995), edited by John Bierhorst

In the old days dogs were a part of every family. At birth each child was given a pet dog, and it was said that if the child became sick, the dog itself would take the illness in order to spare the child. From archaeological evidence we know that people in the old Lenape homeland kept dogs as pets thousands of years ago. Here's a story of how the first dog came to live with the Delaware, as told by Nora Thompson Dean.

A long time ago, when this world was new, wolves and dogs were friends. But now, at this time, everything is different.

Back then, when it got to be wintertime, the wolf said, "I am cold and hungry. Who is there who would go and get a firebrand, so we could make a fire?"

The little mongrel dog said, "Oh, my friend, I will go get the firebrand."

The wolf said, "Alright, so be it."

The little dog went to get the firebrand, saying, "We will soon have a good blazing fire, we will be warm." So he left and went to where the Delawares lived.

When he got near, suddenly a girl said, "Oh, there is someone who is very cute! I want to go see him. This is surely a little mutt!"

The girl began to pet the little mutt. She told him, "Come here, come here, you are cold. Soon I will feed you, I will give you meat and bread."

Oh, the little dog was happy, and he went into the bark house.

But he forgot to bring the fire brand. Finally, the wolf gave up saying, "That old dog is a big liar. I'll knock him in the head if I ever see him."

For that reason wolves and dogs are afraid of each other to this day.❑

Why Dogs Sniff Each Other

As told by Nora Thompson Dean

There is another story about dogs, but I don't know if I should tell it. Maybe for children's ears it wouldn't sound so good.

[Listener interrupts:] "But you heard it as a child."

Yes, they told the same story to me as a child. You know, you see dogs, they smell each other when they meet. Well, they're looking for something.

❑ ❑ ❑

Once there was a group of dogs—they were all related to wolves at one time. The dogs all lived together, and one day the sent one of the dogs after some firewood. They were getting very cold.

Well, this dog went to the camp of the Delawares to steal fire sticks, but the people became very fond of him and started to pet and feed him.

Well he just decided to stay with the people and not take the firewood back. Meantime the wolves and dogs waited and waited, and he did not ever show up with the fire sticks. Finally they realized he'd just forsaken the dogs and wolves. And then after a while, they separated—the dogs and the wolves—because this dog lied to the wolves, and they became enemies.

So they called a council one day, the dogs did, and said, "We will hold this council to see what we can do about the wolves; they fight us every time they see us. So since our council house is clean and holy, we can't bring anything unclean into the council house. From now on, all of you dogs must detach your *kelunalschoo* and put them in the basket by the door."

So they all did. They threw them into the basket and went into the council house and took their seats.

Now the long dog, we call him *chilinghow*, a long dog with a long shape—he's said to be the smartest of all dogdom—he made his opening remarks. He stood up on his hind legs and said, "Well, *mwelanaxutut*"—that means fellow dogs—"I want to hear from each of you. What have you to say about the wolves?"

When he closed his speech he sat back down and the other dogs got up from time to time and made their remarks.

Then, during one of the speeches, a huge wolf stuck his head in at the door of the council house. The dogs became so frightened that they all ran out of the council house, knocking each other down as they bumped into each other. The whole place was in confusion as they all tried to squeeze out of the doorway.



In Loving Memory - Samuel Angel Coley

Samuel Angel Coley passed away last month as a result of Hepatitis-C, a disease he most likely contracted from the guards use of dirty handcuffs and shackles in transporting prisoners. Angel spent most of his life in prison on a bogus charge of robbery-homicide, even though two of the three witnesses used against him later recanted their testimony, claiming they had been pressured and threatened by the Philly police and DA's office to bear false witness against him. The third "eyewitness" claimed to identify him from a block away, but could not say if he had facial hair or not.

Angel Coley had been the organizer of the Black Panther Party's Free Breakfast for Children Program in Philadelphia. Like many other young activists of the '60s and '70s, he was targeted by the FBI's COINTEL program of domestic spying, infiltration, frame-ups and assassinations. He was one of hundreds of their victims.

Throughout his stay in the PA Dept. of Corrections, he was frequently moved around and kept isolated from other prisoners. Still he struggled to educate those he did come into contact with and to use his time to better educate himself and others. In his last years, he joined the Red Heart Warrior Society, and together with Brother Nathaniel Lee, he was a founding member of the Black Brigade.

He will be missed, but his indomitable spirit will live on through us. All Honor to You Brother Coley!

I SEE YOU, BUT YOU DON'T SEE ME

by Samuel Angel Coley

Reprinted from: The Red Heart Warrior Vol. 2 No. 3, Spring/Summer 2003

"Lord Coke Gravly, has informed us, that corporations cannot be excommunicated, because they have no souls, and they appear to be as destitute of every feeling as if they also had no bowels. There is in truth but one point through which they are vulnerable, and that is through the keyhole of the cash box."– Grotius, De Jure Belli et Paris, 1654

I am an incarcerated African citizen of this country. I am over 50 years of age, serving a life sentence for 2nd degree murder, with 27 years served so far. I have been writing for a number of years asking those of you who profess to be in solidarity with Black prisoners and prisoners in general, "Just what do you think the reasoning is behind the proliferation of all these newly built maximum security lockdown units, or sensory deprivation control units, popping up all over rural Pennsylvania and elsewhere?"

In my opinion, the issue is not about containing so-called "violent" criminals nor a response to an imaginary security lapse. It is about corporate greed and racism. I believe that the issue of crime is being deliberately hyped and manufactured to fuel the profits of the prison industry. Construction contracts for these high-tech dungeons are juicy plums.

Take a look at the medical services in the correctional systems. It is a multi-million dollar scam. The doctors get paid, the nurses get paid, and the administrators get paid, but the prisoners rarely get the medical treatment that they needed and requested. Sometimes the treatment is given to an employee but documented as having been given to a prisoner.

At most of the prisons in Pennsylvania, Wexford Health Services, a for-profit corporation, provides the health care services. The awarding of contracts is ethnically biased. Most all of the doctors and nurses are white, when everybody knows that most of the prisoners are Black.

In most cases, the white doctors and nurses don't see the Black prisoners as patients as they should. Their white racist worldview gets in the way. They tend to look for ways to cheaply provide temporary relief, while a Black doctor, knowing he is being looked at under a microscope all around, is more inclined to look for real cures.

If any nurse or doctor does act in a professional manner and takes a real interest in the prisoners' health care, they soon find a way to get rid of them. They are more interested in cutting costs than the human rights of the inmates. Out of date medications are stocked in the prison pharmacies and given to the prisoners. They only throw them away if there is an investigation or an AC.A. accreditation is about to take place.

The nurses are often poorly trained and under paid. Some of them only took the job because they were fired from a regular hospital. They often take out their resentment on the sick men. who are at their mercy, as do many of the guards.

Most prisoner health problems are stress related, but the stress factor is ignored because stress is propagated throughout the system as a means of control. The system promotes racial tension as a means of keeping the inmates divided.

The guards who are hired have a certain worldview prejudicial to other cultural and ethnic groups. The way they look at situations reflects this. A prisoner can be right legally, ethically and morally, but because of prejudice, he is judged to be in the wrong.

Because the cops, prosecutors, judges, administrators and guards are mostly white, there is a tendency for them to think white is right and people of color are automatically wrong. In the absence of outside scrutiny, they tend to get to thinking that they are the law, and anything they choose to do is alright.

Infectious diseases like Hepatitis, TB and my are already out of control under the conditions of over-crowding and willful neglect. What is going to happen when SARS gets into the prisons? How much concern will there be for us in a pandemic? In this mean-spirited environment, some will say, "Let them Diggers die. Who needs a death penalty when lack of proper medical care kills them faster than the state can execute them?" Many are already dying because of neglect and substandard health services.

There is a great need for people in the community to get involved with organizations like the Pennsylvania Prison Society and for them to demand oversight by their legislators. Many who are imprisoned would be free if they had proper legal representation. Many are confined at a higher security level than they need to be. And many are passed over for parole because it is more profitable to build new prisons than to fund halfway houses and programs to help ex-offenders reintegrate into the community.

We prisoners are part of the people. We are your sons, fathers and brothers, your sisters and daughters. If this is not the case today, it could be tomorrow. In time, most of us will return to the street. It is in everybody's interest that prisoners be humanely treated and that they leave prison properly motivated.

You can't pay a debt to society by being punished, only by serving the people. Support the Black Brigade and the Red Heart Warriors Society. Power to the People! ❑

COMPEN$ATION!

Former Black Panther Party leader, Geronimo Pratt, who was falsely imprisoned as a result of a COINTELPRO frame-up and spent 27 years in the California prison system, has come to an agreement with the LAPD and FBI who conspired to frame him. The City of Los Angeles will pay him 2.75 million dollars, and the FBI will pay another $1.9 million for its role. It is hoped that these large award will help to discourage the police from railroading other activists for social change. Geronimo continues to serve the struggle, traveling and speaking out on behalf of Mumia and other falsely imprisoned revolutionaries. But we must ask, when will the lying, murdering cops and politicians be brought to justice and made to pay for their crimes?❑

Secret Genocide

Prison is listed as one of the frequent causes of Hepatitis C infection, right up there with intravenous drug use and blood transfusions before 1992. Quite simply, the routine cuffing and shackling of prisoners without sterilizing the cuffs and shackles is a major cause of the spread of this deadly disease. Of course, the guards take precautions to see that they don't get infected by wearing rubber gloves when handling these implements. But generally no precautions are taken to protect the prisoners.

Hepatitis is spread by blood-borne viruses, and it attacks the liver. This causes the liver to weaken and die, setting the stage for cirrhosis and cancer. Your liver transforms food into useful chemicals like proteins. It also stores carbohydrates. It changes toxic chemicals, like alcohol, into non-toxic chemicals, (though it takes on damage in the process). In short, you can't live without your liver.

Sometimes your body is able to rid itself of a hepatitis infection, but 85% of the time it can't. Some 4 million people in America are believed to be suffering from chronic hepatitis C infection, though many do not know it. It may take years for the symptoms to become apparent. At first the victim may just feel tired and fatigued or develop flu-like symptoms, like nausea or loss of appetite. Only a series of special blood tests will show for sure.

It is possible to get hepatitis C from snorting coke or other powdery drugs using the same straw or rolled up bill as someone who has it, or shaving with the same razor. You can get it from a non-sterile body piercing or tattoo, from unprotected sex, or fighting, but the routine cuffing and uncuffing of prisoners is probably the way most prisoners become infected.

This conscious neglect amounts to an act of genocide in the War on the Poor. Infected prisoners not only infect each other but their family and friends when they get out, and so it spreads far beyond the prisoner population. Little effort is made to detect it, or to cure it. The treatments are expensive and could involve liver transplants.

Therapy involves a 48-week program of injections and pills that can have potentially serious side effects including mental health problems and suicidal urges, heart problems, lung problems, other organ damage, thyroid problems, diabetes, infections, hair loss and skin rashes. It is recommended that patients be treated in a stress free environment, where they can get plenty of rest, eat small, well-balanced meals throughout the day, use relaxation techniques like meditation and breathing exercises, listen to relaxing music and take pleasant walks and spend time on hobbies while remaining alcohol and caffeine free.

This is unlikely to happen in a prison setting, even i the proper drugs are administered for the prescribed length of time, nor is it like the patient will receive a liver transplant if the drug treatment fails to work. Clearly the best approach would be prevention coupled with segregation of those who are already infected in a secure medical facility where every effort is made to effect a cure. Like HIV and AIDS this disease is a killer that must be stopped. To unleash it on the poor by intent or willful neglect is a war crime!❑



SUPPORT THE REPEAL AND/OR AMENDMENT OF PA ss9545 (b)

Amendments to the PCRA law in 1995 effectively gutted the post-conviction relief in Pennsylvania which had existed for over two decades. The original intent of the post conviction law was to supplant the state Writ of Habeas Corpus and make the post-conviction Relief Act the exclusive means to challenge the legality of convictions and sentence. However, the 1995 Amendment entirely frustrated this intent and made access to the Courts nearly impossible for the vast majority of inmates.

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