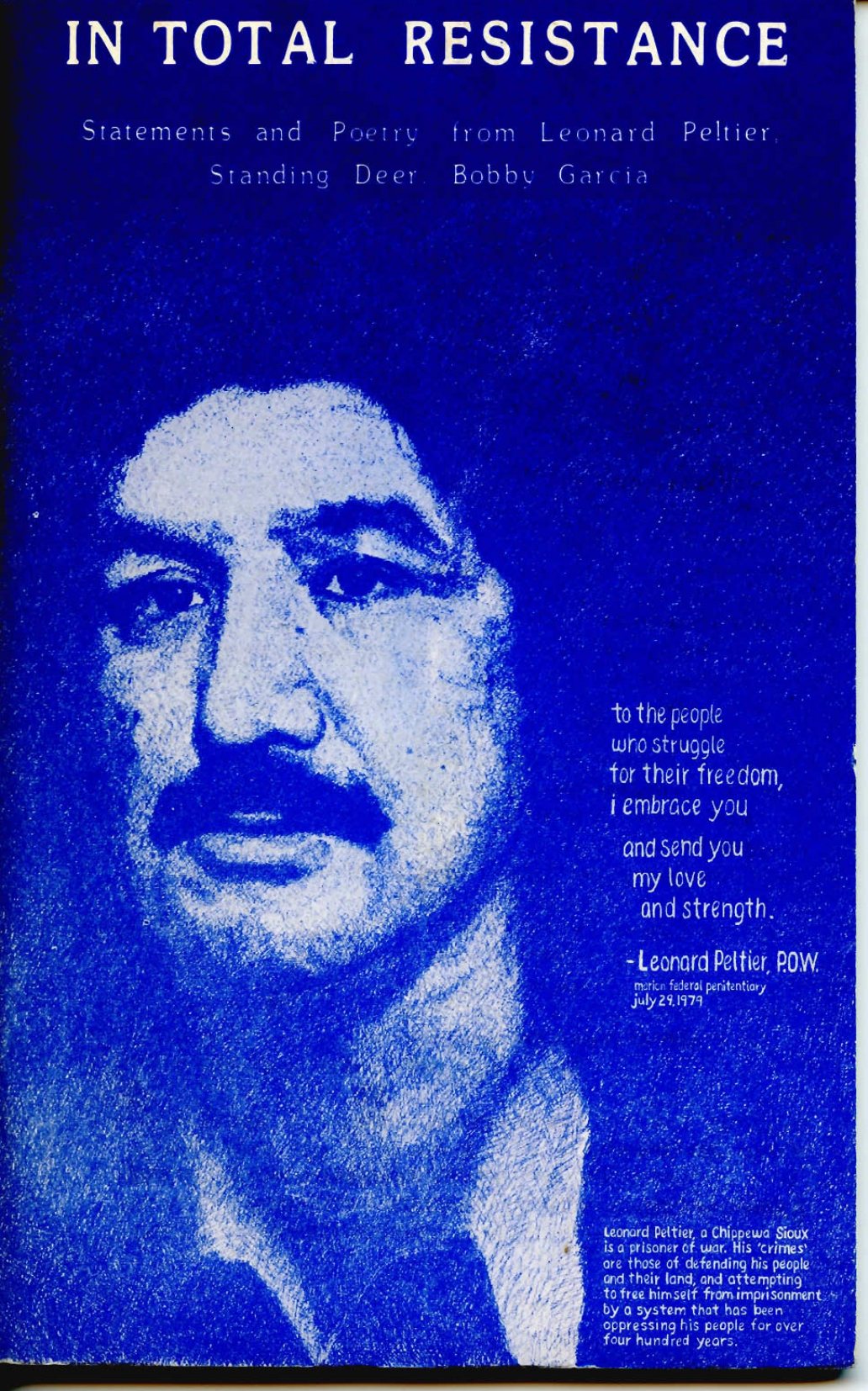


IN TOTAL RESISTANCE

Statements and Poetry from Leonard Peltier,
Standing Deer, Bobby Garcia



to the people
who struggle
for their freedom,
i embrace you
and send you
my love
and strength.

- Leonard Peltier, POW.
merican federal penitentiary
july 29, 1979

Leonard Peltier, a Chippewa Sioux
is a prisoner of war. His "crimes"
are those of defending his people
and their land, and attempting
to free himself from imprisonment
by a system that has been
oppressing his people for over
four hundred years.

\$2.00



This is a Leonard Peltier Support Group Publication.

In Memory Of Bobby Gene Garcia

On December 8th, 1980, we received a letter from Standing Deer in which he wrote: "I have some bad news. Bobby Gene was locked in the hole Dec. 1 and I have asked the Captain, the psychologist Dr. Ramer and a Lt. why he was locked away but nobody will tell me. I am very worried about his safety because he is in much danger in the hole. I hope you will contact a lawyer and check on his welfare. Please see what you can do for him."

Five days later on Saturday the 13th Bobby was found dead in Terre Haute Federal Prison. Since then Standing Deer has been transferred to the Federal Correctional Medical Center at Springfield, Missouri, and prisoners that were in the unit where Bobby was killed have also been transferred to other institutions.

Bobby was found hung to death in what prison officials claim was a suicide. No, Bobby didn't commit suicide any more than did Angel Rodriguez Cristobal, or Andres Baader, or Steve Biko. The word "suicide" and what it implies is used internationally to disguise the execution of a Political Prisoner, or P.O.W., by the state, whether they be North American, South African, Israeli, or West German. . . .

This booklet was compiled while Bobby was still alive and his poems are his contribution to it. He is a part of it, and it really grieves us that he won't be able to see the finished product. In remembrance of Bobby we dedicate this booklet to him and his family. This is a time of mourning for us. We feel Bobby's loss, but in that loss we know that our companero is free. We pray for the People!

— Leonard Peltier Support Group
12/19/80

The U.S. Government will kill me
 where they have killed many
 in their Iron Houses
 Warriors before me
 but I smile a smile
 for I know
 something.

Not an Army,
 certainly not death,
 no one can keep her away from me
 while I bleed and die
 and my blood covers
 Mother Earth

My dreams,
 My hopes,
 Live forever,
 In the People,
 In the Village,
 In the Children.

— Taken from the poem
They Took The Typewriter Today
 by Bobby Gene Garcia
 November 8, 1980



This poem was sent to us by Standing Deer with his last letter that informed us that Bobby had been put into isolation. The poem, entitled *Enemy Of The Sun*, written by a Palestinian named Sameeh Al-Qassem, is a poem that Bobby and Standing Deer liked a lot and related to.

Enemy Of The Sun

I may — if you wish — lose my livelihood
 I may sell my shirt and bed.
 I may work as a stonecutter,
 A street sweeper, a porter.
 I may clean your stores
 Or rummage your garbage for food.
 I may lie down hungry,
 O ENEMY OF THE SUN,
 BUT
 I shall not compromise
 And to the last pulse in my veins
 I shall resist.

You may take the last strip of my land,
 Feed my youth to prison cells.
 You may plunder my heritage.
 You may burn my books, my poems
 Or feed my flesh to the dogs.
 You may spread a web of terror
 On the roofs of my village,
 O ENEMY OF THE SUN
 BUT

I shall not compromise
 And to the last pulse in my veins
 I shall resist.

You may put out the light in my eyes.
 You may deprive me of my mother's kisses.
 You may curse my father, my people.
 You may distort my history,

You may deprive my children of a smile
And of life's necessities.
You may fool my friends with a borrowed face.
You may build walls of hatred around me.
You may glue my eyes to humiliations,

O ENEMY OF THE SUN

BUT

I shall not compromise
And to the last pulse in my veins
I shall resist

O ENEMY OF THE SUN

The decorations are raised at the port.
The exclamations fill the air,
A glow in the hearts,
And in the horizon
A sail is seen
Challenging the wind
And the depths
It is Ulysses
Returning home
From the sea of loss.

It is the return of the sun,
Of my exiled ones
And for her sake, and his,
I swear I shall not compromise
And to the last pulse in my veins
I shall resist,
Resist — and resist.

— Sameeh Al-Qassem

Leonard Peltier is a Sioux-Chippewa man serving two consecutive life sentences in Marion Prison for defending women, children, and elders when two FBI agents, followed by a SWAT team of BIA police, attacked a spiritual Indian encampment on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota on June 26, 1975. Along with the two agents, one Indian man, Joe Stuntz, was also killed in the attack. There has been no investigation into his death. On that same day, corrupt tribal chairman Dick Wilson illegally signed away 1/8 of the reservation to the U.S. Government. This land is rich in uranium deposits.

The FBI issued warrants for four AIM activists on the reservation charged with "aiding and abetting" in the deaths of the agents. Two co-defendants were, in a separate trial, acquitted on the grounds of self-defense and all charges were dropped against Jimmy Eagle. When Leonard was tried, the judge ruled inadmissible 80% of his defense, including all the evidence used to win the acquittals in the earlier trials. Federal authorities have since conspired to murder him in prison. The Government had sought out and gained the co-operation of another prisoner. The prisoner's name is Robert Hugh Wilson, aka Standing Deer. Standing Deer's job was to take part in the "neutralization" of Leonard Peltier. Instead of "neutralizing" Leonard, he neutralized the Government's plan by informing Leonard of the plot. With the knowledge of the attempt on his life, Peltier escaped from Lompoc Federal Prison with Dallas Thundershield and Bobby Garcia. Dallas was killed in the escape, Bobby was captured outside of the prison, and Leonard was captured 5 days later.

Standing Deer is presently being held at the federal prison at Terre Haute, Indiana. Leonard was sentenced to seven years, and Bobby was sentenced to five years for the escape. Leonard had been sent back to Marion and was given an indefinite sentence in the infamous control unit. With the effects of a letter campaign, Leonard was released to the general prison population.



Leonard Peltier — Gwarth-ee-Iass

The Indian Voice

I am the Indian Voice
 I long to be heard across our land.
 I have been a prisoner of war for more than
 two hundred years on my very own soil!
 I am a captive of hate, greed, lies, prejudice,
 indifference, ignorance, injustice,
 by men who outnumber me and my people
 since they have landed on my shores
 and have overrun my home land. They have wrought
 on me their society, their religion, and their laws,
 all of which have caused the number of my people
 to become less today than when he first came
 with his false promises to our shores.

I am the collective Indian Voice
 and I cry out from a million graves of unresting
 souls and another million cries that ask the
 questions: where does my future belong and to whom:
 Does it belong to my people?
 Is it to prosper on the land that is rightfully mine?
 Yes, it does, and it shall, for my voice shall not
 be stilled nor my spirit stopped from soaring
 to the heights of greatness which my people
 have known and shall know again.

I am the Indian Voice —
 I shall be heard and my people shall see
 the coming of a new day.
 The Mother Earth provides and the Great Spirit guide
 so that truth is known from shore to shore
 by the voice of a proud Indian Race.

— Leonard Peltier
 from Oakalla Prison

STATEMENT OF LEONARD PELTIER

Presented to the Canadian Court
on May 13, 1976, by Leonard Peltier

I want to make a statement to the court.

I want to express my feelings about this hearing and the legal actions started against me by the offenses which have been brought against me by the U.S. Government.

I see my hearing as part of a whole number of political cases involving Indian people before the courts in Canada and the U.S. This is only a continuation of past North American Governmental policy of oppressing Indians by using the court systems against our people. At present, there exists a dual system of justice: one for the white society and one for the Indian people. Indian people are being attacked and murdered on our reservations and on the streets of the U.S. and Canada and yet no one is being called a criminal in the courts for the commission of these crimes. I know that the criminal is white society.

I know that white society is responsible for the mercury dumped into lakes in Eastern Canada out of which come the fish which our Ojibway brothers and sisters must eat to live. Yet, if we eat fish we will die. The courts have not yet named the criminal who has dumped this mercury. But I know that the criminal is white society.

When colonial white society invades and occupies our territories, these are not called criminal acts. But when the native people stand up and resist, these acts are considered criminal. But these are not crimes. They are political acts in which our people stand for their rights of self-determination, self-dignity, and self-respect against the cruel and oppressive might of another nation.

My ancestors signed what are called treaties with the governments of the U.S. and Canada. These treaties recognized the existence of independent sovereign nations. And Indians continue to

recognize their sovereignty today as is witnessed by the Declaration of Continuing Independence signed in June of 1974 by the First International Indian Treaty Council at the Standing Rock Dakota Nation and by the Dene Declaration by the native people of the Northwest Territories. Let me read from the Declaration of Continuing Independence.

"The United States of America has continually violated the Independent Native peoples of this continent by Executive action, Legislative Fiat, and Judicial decision. By its actions, the U.S. has denied all Native People their International Treaty Rights, treaty lands, and basic human rights of freedom and sovereignty. This same U.S. Government which fought to throw off the yoke of oppression and gain its own independence has now reversed its role and become the oppressor of sovereign Native People.

"Might does not make right. Sovereign people of varying cultures have the absolute right to live in harmony with Mother Earth so long as they do not infringe upon this same right of other peoples. The denial of this right to any sovereign people, such as the Native American Indian Nations, must be challenged by truth and action. World concern must focus on all colonial governments to the end that sovereign people everywhere shall live as they choose, in peace with dignity and freedom.

"We acknowledge the historical fact that Independence of the People of our sacred Mother Earth have always been over sovereignty of land. These historical freedom efforts have always involved the highest human sacrifice.

"We recognize that all Native Nations wish to avoid violence, but we also recognize that the U.S. Government has always used force and violence to deny Native Peoples basic human and treaty rights."

We may have been happy with the land that was originally reserved to us. But continually over the years, more and more of our land has been stolen from us by the Canadian and U.S. Governments. In the 19th century, our land was stolen for economic reasons

because the land was lush and fertile and abounded with food that the greedy white settlers wished to have for their own. We were left with what white society thought was worthless land. Still we managed to live and defied white society's wish to exterminate us. Today, what was once called worthless land suddenly becomes valuable as the technology of white society advances. White society would like to push us off our reservations because beneath the barren land lies valuable mineral and oil resources.

It is not a new development for white society to steal from non-white peoples. When white society succeeds, it is called colonialism. When white society's efforts to colonize other peoples are met with resistance, it is called war. But when the colonized Indians of North America meet this theft with resistance, we are called criminals. What could be more clear than that to treat us as criminals is a farce. We are an Indian Nation and the governments of Canada and the U.S. and the dominant white society they represent have made war against our people, culture, spiritual ways and our sacred Mother Earth for over 400 years. For over 400 years we have struggled against colonial rule, and to reassert our rights as members of an independent sovereign nation within those territories established by treaties. These treaties are sacred documents binding signatory nations to an inviolate international relationship. Yet you force us into your courts, courts that have never been just with Indian people. The high ratio of Native people in North American prisons attests to this fact.

The general political persecution directed at Indian people is specifically focused on representatives of the American Indian Movement. These political persecutions, started in the U.S., are aimed at the American Indian Movement as an organization to crush this Movement and its struggle for the liberation of all Indian people in Canada and the U.S. as well as the colonized Indian Peoples of Central and South America.

It is a struggle to remove the yoke of colonial rule if we are to survive as a people.

But instead of being treated as a colonized people trying to

throw off the yoke of American imperialism, we are treated as criminals. This type of selective political persecution against AIM members is no different than the abuses by the Federal Bureau of Investigation against the Black Panther Party and the Socialist Workers Party as revealed in the Rockefeller and Church reports. For the FBI has abused the American court system by harassing and jailing people who resist their oppression.

This is why I am standing here today before this court in shackles.

What I ask this court is: Will the Canadian system of justice and its authorities, knowing of these abuses, be used as a tool of the corrupt American State?

I am asking this court and this country to grant me political asylum.

STATEMENT OF LEONARD PELTIER
Released from the Sioux Falls State
Penitentiary, Sioux Falls, South Dakota
December 29, 1976

JURISDICTION AND THE RACISM OF THE FEDERAL CRIMES ACT ARE ISSUES THAT ARE OF FOREMOST CONCERN AT THIS TIME. THIS FEDERAL ATTEMPT AT POLITICAL PERSECUTION IS CLOAKED AND HIDDEN BY THE LAW AND ORDER RHETORIC OF THE FEDERAL PROPAGANDA MACHINE.

The federal forces have made accusations against me and have chosen to avoid the issues of the criminal conduct by the BIA and FBI on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. While speaking of justice and the American way, the federal forces have in the past and continue today to deny me my most basic rights.

I RAISE THE ISSUE OF JURISDICTION. I am entitled to a trial by my peers in the community I am accused in. According to your constitution and according to the Treaty of 1868, I cannot legally be denied these rights. We Indian people are the only ones in America who if accused of crimes against whites in our home communities are forced into a venue change and thus tried on the issues of race rather than crimes. The Federal Crimes Act for reservations is nothing more than racism. Racism that is used to turn white against Indian.

You have celebrated 200 years of white freedom and I would like someone to tell me why I as a human being am not accorded the justice that you talk so much about.

I am entitled to a trial on the Pine Ridge Reservation and would like a morally valid answer as to why I am being denied this right.

YOU SPEAK OF 200 YEARS OF FREEDOM AND MY PEOPLE HEAR YOUR ACTIONS OF CONTRADICTION.

HONOR YOUR LAWS, HONOR OUR TREATIES.

STATEMENT OF LEONARD PELTIER
As it appeared in the May 1977
issue of *The Indian Voice*

By the laws of America, I am entitled to a jury of my peers. This was denied to me. By the laws of America, I am entitled to a fair trial. This was denied to me.

By the laws and constitution of America, I am entitled to a neutral judge, yet U.S. district judge Paul Benson showed complete bias against the defence. Again my rights were denied to me. By birth and by gift of Tunkashila, the Great Spirit, Creator of all things, I was born free in a sovereign nation. Yet for 32½ years, my rights as a human being and my rights under the laws of America have been denied to me.

My grandfather and father have fought, as have many grandfathers and fathers of Native people, in what America called its wars for freedom and democracy. My father and many other Native fathers fought alongside these Americans and came home with wounds, and limbs and other parts of their bodies missing. My uncle and many other uncles of Native people gave their lives in these wars for democracy — while their people back home were living in a state of genocide and unrelenting oppression.

Now that the U.S. can no longer practice their war games in some sovereign nation such as Viet Nam, they are using their colonizing police force to continue carrying on the 500-year-old war against Native people. Now Viet Nam is being played on the Independent Oglala Nation in Pine Ridge and Rosebud lands. The government forces are now showing their strength with helicopters, machine guns, armored personnel carriers and troops of gestapo-like U.S. marshals and FBI agents, in a continuation of their policy of exterminating the Native people in America.

I, Leonard Peltier, son of a Chippewa father and Sioux mother, ask you, America: Is your genocide against us any different than the genocide against the Jewish people by Nazi Germany? Are we as

children of Tunkashila, the Great Mystery, Creator of all things and all of us, to continue to sit idle while you take what little we have left and continue to murder us, to imprison us? God never meant for this to happen to our race of people.

My conviction under what you call the system of democratic justice is not a victory for you; it's a victory for me, because it only makes my people stand and fight harder until the yoke of oppression is removed from our shoulders and you, America, from our lands.

Leonard Peltier
Gwarth-ee-lass (Leads the People)



'If you don't like it here in America, why don't you go back where you came from?'

STATEMENT OF LEONARD PELTIER

Presented by Leonard Peltier to the
 Fargo trial on June 1, 1977 sentencing

Judge Benson:

There is no doubt in my mind or my people's minds you are going to sentence me to two consecutive life terms! You are, and have always been prejudiced against me and any Native Americans who have stood before you, you have openly favored the government all through this trial and you are happy to do whatever the FBI would want you to do in this case.

I did not always believe this to be so! When I first saw you in the courtroom in Sioux Falls, your dignified appearance misled me into thinking that you were a fair-minded person who knew something of the law and who would act in accordance with the law! Which meant that you would be impartial and not favor one side or the other in this law suit; that has not been the case and I now firmly believe that you will impose consecutive life terms solely because that's what you think will avoid the displeasures of the FBI. Yet neither my people nor myself know why you would be so concerned about an organization that has brought so much shame to the American people. But you are! Your conduct during this trial leaves no doubt that you will do the bidding of the FBI without any hesitation!

You are about to perform an act which will close one more chapter in the history of the failure of the U.S. courts and the failure of the people of the U.S. to do justice in the case of a Native American. After centuries of murder of millions of my Brothers and Sisters by white racist America, could I have been wise in thinking that you would break that tradition and commit an act of justice? Obviously not! Because I should have realized that what I detected was only a very thin layer of dignity and surely not of fine character. If you think my accusations have been harsh and unfounded, I will explain why I have reached these conclusions and why I think my criticism has not been harsh enough:

First, Each time my defence team tried to expose FBI misconduct in their investigation of this law suit and tried to present evidence of this, you claimed it was irrelevant to this trial. But the prosecution was allowed to present their case with evidence that was in no way relevant to this law suit — for example, an automobile blowing up on a freeway in Wichita, Kansas; an attempted murder in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for which I have not been found innocent or guilty; or a van loaded with legally-sold firearms and a policeman who claims someone fired at him in Oregon state. The Supreme Court of the U.S. tried to prevent convictions of this sort by passing into law that only past convictions may be presented as evidence if it is not prejudicial to the lawsuit, and only evidence on said case may be used. This court knows very well I have no prior convictions, nor am I even charged with some of these alleged crimes; therefore, they cannot be used as evidence in order to receive a conviction in this farce called a trial. This is why I strongly believe you will impose two life terms, running consecutively, on me.

Second, You could not make a reasonable decision about my sentence because you suffer from at least one of three defects that prevent a rational conclusion: you plainly demonstrated this in your decision about the Jimmy Eagle and Myrtle Poor Bear aspects of the case. In Jimmy's case, for some unfounded reason that only a judge who consciously and openly ignores the law would call it irrelevant to my trial; in the mental torture of Myrtle Poor Bear you said her testimony would shock the conscience of the American people if believed! But YOU decided what was to be believed and what was not to be believed — not the jury! Your conduct shocks the conscience of what the American legal system stands for! — THE SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH! by a jury of citizens. What was it that made you so afraid to let that testimony in? Your own guilt of being part of a corrupt pre-planned trial to get a conviction no matter how your reputation would be tarnished? For these reasons, I strongly believe you will do the bidding of the FBI and give me two consecutive life terms.

Third, In my opinion, anyone who failed to see the relationship between the undisputed facts of these events surrounding the investigation used by the FBI in their interrogation of the Navajo youths:

Wilford Draper, who was tied to a chair for three hours and denied access to his attorney; the outright threats to Norman Brown's life; the bodily harm threatened to Mike Anderson; and, finally, the murder of Anna Mae Aquash — must be blind, stupid, or without human feelings, so there is no doubt and little chance that you have the ability to avoid doing today what the FBI wants you to do — which is to sentence me to two life terms running consecutively.

Fourth, You do not have the ability to see that the conviction of an AIM activist helps to cover up what the government's own evidence showed: that large numbers of Indian people engaged in that fire fight on June 26, 1975.

You do not have the ability to see that the government must suppress the fact that there is a growing anger amongst Indian people and that Native Americans will resist any further encroachment by the military forces of the capitalistic Americans, which is evidenced by the large number of Pine Ridge residents who took up arms on June 26, 1975, to defend themselves. Therefore, you do not have the ability to carry out your responsibility towards me in an impartial way and will run my two life terms consecutively.

Fifth, I stand before you as a proud man; I feel no guilt! I have done nothing to feel guilty about! I have no regrets of being a Native American activist — thousands of people in the U.S., Canada and around the world have and will continue to support me to expose the injustices that have occurred in this courtroom. I do not feel pity for people that they must live under such an ugly system. Under your system, you are taught greed, racism and corruption — and most serious of all, the destruction of Mother Earth. Under the Native American system, we are taught all people are Brothers and Sisters; to share the wealth with the poor and needy.

But the most important of all is to respect and preserve the Earth, who we consider to be our Mother. We feed from her breast; our Mother gives us life from birth and when it's time to leave this world, she again takes us back into her womb. But the main thing we are taught is to preserve her for our children and our grandchildren, because they are the next who will live upon her.

No, I'm not the guilty one here; I'm not the one who should be called a criminal — white racist America is the criminal for the destruction of our lands and my people; to hide your guilt from the decent human beings in America and around the world, you will sentence me to two consecutive life terms without any hesitation.

Sixth, There are less than 400 federal judges for a population of over 200 million Americans. Therefore, you have a very powerful and important responsibility which should be carried out impartially. But you have never been impartial where I was concerned. You have the responsibility of protecting constitutional rights and laws, but where I was concerned, you neglected to even consider my or Native Americans' constitutional rights. But, the most important of all — you neglected our human rights.

If you were impartial, you would have had an open mind on all the factual disputes in this case. But, you were unwilling to allow even the slightest possibility that a law enforcement officer would lie on the stand. Then, how could you possibly be impartial enough to let my lawyers prove how important it is to the FBI to convict a Native American activist in this case? You do not have the ability to see that such a conviction is an important part of the efforts to discredit those who are trying to alert their Brothers and Sisters to the new threat from the white man, and the attempt to destroy what little Indian land remains in the process of extracting our uranium, oil, and other minerals. Again, to cover up your part in this, you will call me a heartless, cold-blooded murderer who deserves two life sentences consecutively.

Seventh, I cannot expect a judge who has openly tolerated the conditions I have been jailed under to make an impartial decision on whether I should be sentenced to concurrent or consecutive life terms. You have been made aware of the following conditions which I had to endure at the Grand Forks County jail, since the time of the verdict:

1) I was denied access to a phone to call my attorneys concerning my appeal;

2) I was locked in solitary confinement without shower facilities, soap, towels, sheets or pillow;

3) the food was inedible, what little there was of it;

4) my family — brothers, sisters, mother and father — who traveled long distances from the reservation, was denied visitation.

No human being should be subjected to such treatment; and while you parade around pretending to be decent, impartial, and law-abiding, you knowingly allowed your fascist chief deputy marshal to play storm-trooper. Again, the only conclusion that comes to mind is that you know and always knew you would sentence me to two consecutive life terms.

Finally, I honestly believe that you made up your mind long ago that I was guilty and that you were going to sentence me to the maximum sentence permitted under the law. But this does not surprise me, because you are a high-ranking member of the white racist American establishment which has consistently said, "In God we Trust," while they went about their business of murdering my people and attempting to destroy our culture.

The only thing I'm guilty of and which I was convicted for was being Chippewa and Sioux blood and for believing in our sacred religion.

* * * * *

Judge Benson's reply to Leonard Peltier's statement: "You profess to be an activist for your people, but you are a disgrace to Native Americans."

Leonard Peltier was sentenced to two life terms to run consecutively, making him eligible for parole in 30 years.

STATEMENT TO THE PEOPLE OF
THE LONGEST WALK
July 12, 1978

Greetings to you my brothers and sisters:

How I wish I could be there with you today to see your faces, and share the laughter and joy of victory that you have made possible at such great personal sacrifice for so many of you.

My words and feelings hold great compassion for my people when I look at the current bills that Congress is trying to force on my people. The bills and past legislation involve every basic need and take away the human rights and the pursuit of self-determination by our people.

Our Indian tribes and nations are poor, so we cannot combat all the anti-Indian legislation that is occurring nationwide, we can only appeal on the sense of fairness and justice to the ordinary people of America and to the world. I can only hope that these wrongs and those of the past that have been inflicted on my People will be corrected.

My brothers and sisters in struggle have completed their arduous journey to Washington to bring to the people of America and to the rest of the world the truths as they are happening to the Native People of this land.

Our purpose is to bring a spiritual feeling of brotherhood among men. We know our creator intended it to be this way, we do His bidding. We bring the plight of our Indian Nations to the doorsteps of this country, and we ask the people of America and the world to listen carefully when our People speak, for when we speak we speak the truth. If all people do not heed our words, the words of a race of people who have been almost totally destroyed by this system, then who is to remain safe from those few who hold and dictate such powers.

THE LONGEST WALK is ending, but a new stage of our

struggle is just beginning. The need for commitment has become greater because with our victory here today the forces of reaction will increase their resistance to our righteous demands for justice.

With the successful completion of THE LONGEST WALK we have demonstrated to the world in a most convincing manner that the Spirit of the People is indomitable; that we are united as one voice reaching out to the ears of those of good conscience all over the world. We have shown those who would try to deceive the world with words that say one thing while actually meaning something entirely different that label-swindle will no longer work. A good example of what I mean by "label-swindle" is the high-sounding title "NATIVE AMERICANS EQUAL OPPORTUNITY ACT" put forth by Cunningham as H.R. 9054. This bill, which advocates the final termination of Indians, sounds — from the title — like it represents the dawning of a new age of peace, prosperity and opportunity.

The legislation we are protesting is designed to rob us of our most basic human rights. If such racist legislation is passed it will by law — if not in fact — effectively end our very existence as a distinct people. We cannot and will not tolerate this, and neither will the average man or woman living in this country. The rulers want this legislation and they have appointed their servants such as Meeds, Cunningham and Abner to usher it through the House and Senate. We don't think the majority of voters will tolerate such injustice once they become aware of the true facts. Therefore, our job has been one of education; transmitting information to the people of the world about this conspiracy to further the genocidal policies of the u.s. against our People. This has been accomplished very successfully by THE LONGEST WALK. The WALK itself has been a brilliantly conceived example of creative protest politics and blazes the trail showing us valuable direction for our efforts in the future.

My brothers and sisters of THE LONGEST WALK, your completion of this journey has strengthened the will and determination of our people, it has given them a new purpose in life, it has shown them that there are still people among us who are willing to make every sacrifice in search of the freedoms we lost so many years ago.

The brothers of Marion humbly thank you for bringing "TLW" to us and making us a part of this historic event. We thank you for bringing our spiritual leaders to share the Sacred Pipe of your journey. We ask our People of the free world to never forget our brothers and sisters who continue our struggle from other prisons of this country.

Since the coming of the European and our first contact with him, his every promise has turned to lies or deceit. His attitude and morals have not changed toward us in over four hundred years. So I ask you to determine carefully any promises that are made. His pen can be as forked as his tongue. Arrange your meetings with only officials of highest authority. Resolutions can be made at any time by our own official representatives, that is because trickery is not our way, but anything we do that can hold our people to a promise should be carefully weighed and considered. Gaining concessions or promises from these officials to the many important issues can then be carried back to the people at home as authentic.

Many people of the world are closely observing our protests and actions; if we are to seek complete sovereignty and self-determination through the United Nations, then this protest may be another step toward that goal. Our People's conduct must be, as always, with honor.

I am confident we will defeat all this anti-Indian legislation largely due to your efforts and the efforts of the countless unseen brothers and sisters all over the world who were awakened and



inspired by the example of the WALKERS and who have been instrumental in organizing letter campaigns to members of Congress and members of the u.s. government. There are new people lending their support and many coalitions have been formed within the shadow of THE LONGEST WALK. People are protesting and challenging unfriendly Congressmen, and the media has brought the conspiracy of the u.s. before the whole world.

Brothers and sisters, what you have done can be counted as a great victory for our People, but we must not lose sight of the fact that this marker on the road to Nationhood and Sovereignty is closer to the beginning than the end. Each stage of our struggle must be seen as a new beginning. It is the duty of all the People to keep the fire going and to add more wood as the need arises.

It is disheartening to be locked away at a time in history when our struggle is coming alive in so many ways, but when I see your strength and determination it gladdens my heart to know that through your efforts you are guaranteeing that our children and our children's children will have the right to live in the good and spiritual ways of our grandfathers.

My prayers are with you in all that you do as you continue the struggle. All the brothers here at Marion sent their revolutionary love to THE LONGEST WALK. Once again you have shown what courage and determination can accomplish when guided by the Great Spirit.

In The Spirit Of Crazy Horse and
Joe Stuntz,
Gwarth-ee-lass P.O.W.
Leonard Peltier

STATEMENT OF LEONARD PELTIER

Released from Marion Federal Prison

July 17, 1978

Greetings Brothers and Sisters:

Today you are here to add another page of history to the Puerto Rican struggle for National independence. Your love for your people and National leaders can only come from very strong-hearted people and for such bravery and loyalty I would like to express my most sincere solidarity to you and my four comrades, Rafael Cancel Miranda, Lolita Lebron, Irving Flores and Oscar Collazo, who remain political prisoners in the concentration Kamps of the oppressor nation. Also, my special salute and respect goes out to that strong brother in struggle, the recently released Andres Cordero.

I salute you with clenched fist, Brothers and Sisters, for your strong stands and commitment to have your national leaders freed from the dungeons of u.s. prisons. I salute you for your continued struggle to free your people from the strong-arm tactics of imperialism. I know my people salute you for all the courageous stands you have taken in your struggle.

Ever since the u.s. invaded Puerto Rico in 1898, your people have suffered the same types of military-police repression, racist propaganda and right-wing terrorism as have mine.

There are many similarities in the history of the struggle for Puerto Rican independence and the ongoing battle for Nationhood and Sovereignty presently being waged by my people. Of course, the same colonial government oppresses us both, but the similarities go much deeper than that. In the not-so-recent past, one of america's most barbaric murderers, General Nelson Miles, was thought to have crushed my people and Nations on the Oglala Sioux Nation (Wounded Knee, South Dakota), and when his infamous work was completed there he was sent to Puerto Rico so that he could continue to satisfy his murdering lust on the people of Puerto Rico.

More recently, the wave of repression following the 6-week

workers' strike at the Aqueduct and Sewers Authority in November 1974, bore striking similarities to the FBI paramilitary operations carried out against my people of the Lakota Nation in June of 1975. In your Nation, the National Guard was mobilized and brutal police search-and-seizure missions were carried out, aided and abetted by the FBI.

In my Nation, my people were brutalized by an invasion force of nearly 300 combat-clad and militarily-armed right-wing terrorists known as the FBI. The monster of imperialism supported them with helicopters and armored personnel carriers. So my people know we have both suffered at the bloody hands of our mutual oppressors.

I have sat and discussed our Nations' struggles many times with a man whom I admire and have the greatest respect for: Rafael Cancel Miranda. We know that even if these prison doors open for us, that we will have not won our freedom. Complete freedom can only come for us when our Nations are set free.

Someday, we will be teaching our children and grandchildren of the centuries of oppression we have experienced under the rule of u.s. imperialism; and we will tell them of the many hard battles we have fought. Someday, our children will be proud to speak our names in public even if our only role fought in our struggle was to transport signs at demonstrations. Every child will be proud to have had such courageous parents and grandparents.

Our struggles continue. The spirit of resistance to colonialism and exploitation is undaunted, and our answer to the oppressor nation — our common enemy — is the clenched fist of solidarity.

To Freedom, Independence, Nationhood and Sovereignty!

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse, Joe Stuntz, and Buddy LaMont,

Gwarth-ee-lass P.O.W.
Leonard Peltier

STATEMENT OF LEONARD PELTIER
Released during the 1979 Supreme Court Vigil

Greetings, Brothers and Sisters:

On December 18, 1976, Ron Basford, Canadian Minister of Injustice, conspired with the international gangsters of the FBI to have me extradited from Canada to the U.S. on the strength of false affidavits and manufactured evidence. I can tell you for sure: IT HAS BEEN A LONG TWO YEARS!

During the 10½ months I spent waiting for Basford's decision, I was denied even the smallest items such as soap to keep my body clean. I learned what it was like to be living in the midst of blind hatred. I believed that the incredibly brutal terms of confinement I experienced in Canadian jails were an example of the worst treatment a political prisoner could expect anywhere in the world. I had heard that Jimmy Carter had been loudly rallying against the horrors of human rights violations taking place against political prisoners in other parts of the world, and so I almost welcomed the idea of being incarcerated in the U.S. since I visualized humane treatment in Carter's haven for human rights. What a cruel joke Carter's lying mass of propaganda turned out to be.

My voice reaches out to you this day from deep within the belly of the beast: Amerikkka's number one concentration kamp for political prisoners in Marion, Illinois. This is a place Jimmy Carter likes to pretend does not exist, because of the indescribable horrors perpetrated against the captives of white racist Amerikkka. This is a kamp which houses the infamous Control Unit where men are caged like animals, 24 hours a day in sealed tombs; tiger cages in spaces smaller than the regulation dog kennels advertised in the Sears catalog, until their minds break. In the past few years nearly a dozen prisoners have killed themselves rather than suffer the horrors of the Control Unit.

The sophisticated mind control techniques used by human rights advocate Jimmy Carter here at the Marion behavior modification center make the cruelest tortures seem pale by comparison.

I stand before you today, in the proud WARRIOR tradition and tell you that I remain UNBROKEN. I refuse to be intimidated by the terrorist tactics of the federal government and my SPIRIT is in TOTAL resistance against our common enemy and I hope yours is too.

Today, it is clear that Ron Basford deliberately conspired with the U.S., in order to get me extradited two years ago. It is also clear that Canada and the U.S. blatantly violated the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights, as well as the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842, by allowing the three false Myrtle Poor Bear affidavits to be used against me for the purpose of extradition when the Minister of Justice knew these affidavits were a tissue of lies dictated by the hands of the FBI.

These past two years have taught me much about the incredible lengths the U.S. will go to crush dissent from Native people. I knew that I COULD NOT receive a fair trial in this country and that was one of the reasons I sought political asylum in Canada. Events have proved this to be true: from the kangaroo kourt tribunal in Fargo, North Dakota, which began on March 14, 1977, where U.S. District Kourt Judge Paul Benson conspired with U.S. prosecutors Sikma, Hultman and Crooks to railroad a conviction through without the slightest respect for due process of law, to the petition for writ of certiorari filed December 4, 1978 before the Supreme Kourt of the U.S.

One quick example will serve to illustrate what I mean. On April 12, 1978, my attorneys found themselves in St. Louis, holding oral arguments on my appeal before Chief Judge Gibson, Judges Ross and Stephenson. After the Kourt had determined that the affidavits of Myrtle Poor Bear used to extradite me were completely false, this dialogue took place between Judge Ross and Prosecutor Hultman:

JUDGE ROSS: But can't you see, Mr. Hultman, what happened in such a way that it gives some credence to the claim of the . . .

MR. HULTMAN: I understand, yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE ROSS: the Indian people that the U.S. is willing to resort to any tactic in order to bring somebody

back to the U.S. from Canada.

MR. HULTMAN: Judge . . .

JUDGE ROSS: And if they are willing to do that, they must be willing to fabricate other evidence. And it's no wonder they are unhappy and disbelieve the things that happened in our Kourts when things like this happen.

MR. HULTMAN: Judge Ross, I in no way do anything but agree with you totally.

That conversation is quoted directly from the record. Here we have a federal judge and a federal prosecutor agreeing that agents of the U.S. government had resorted to fabrication of evidence, obstruction of justice, subordination of perjury and intimidation, and yet, somehow, the kourt upheld my conviction. So much for justice in Amerikkka.

I now await a decision from the highest kourt in the land. February 6, 1979 will mark the passing of my third year in captivity and I now NEED YOUR SUPPORT MORE THAN EVER. There is an ever-pressing NEED FOR FUNDS, so please send what you can to my defence committee. PLAN DEMONSTRATIONS demanding justice in my case. WRITE LETTERS to President Carter on my behalf. EDUCATE your friends and neighbors about the fact that there are political prisoners in these U.S. who SUFFER AS MUCH OR MORE than any of the folks in the countries where Jimmy Carter claims human rights are being violated. IT IS TIME FOR ALL OF US TO COME TOGETHER IN SOLIDARITY WITH Blacks, Chicano/Mexicanos, Puerto Rican and all working class anti-imperialist forces struggling for freedom and self-determination throughout the world. These are the things WE MUST DO with one mind, in order to build a free world for our future generations.

In The Spirit of Crazy Horse, Joe and Anna Mae,

Leonard Peltier No. 89637-132
Gwarth-ee-lass, P.O.W.
Marion Concentration Kamp
P. O. Box 1000, Marion, Ill. 62959

STATEMENT OF LEONARD PELTIER

Released during the Escape-Conspiracy

Trial from the L.A. County Jail

December 21, 1979

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

I have decided to write my letter of appreciation for all your support through this trial now, instead of waiting until a verdict comes from the jury.

Let me say first that because we were blocked by the government and their court from introducing vital evidence which would have revealed the conspiracy to kill me, that the jury is troubled in arriving at a complete verdict which will vindicate us in this escape trial. Without this testimony we can expect the jury to either convict or remain undecided. Of course I as you are hoping and praying for a not guilty verdict. Our hope must lie with those jurors who have seen through the government's attempt to cloud the real issue of this trial. Should those jurors remain strong and act on what they saw and realize that they (the jury) were prevented from knowing the full truth, then we are the winners.

We win because there are still people who recognize lies, frame-ups and plots which hurt Indian People. Without those few people there is very little to hope for. Given the full facts of this trial, I am of the fixed opinion that no american jury would have convicted us. Instead, I believe that they would applaud the action that we took.

Nevertheless, whatever the decision we are the winners. Through this trial we were able to raise people's consciousness, and commitments have been made to expose the genocide that is continuing to this day against Indian Nations.

Friends who work in the media have committed themselves to do various programs on the Indian Struggle and expose the sterilization of our Indian sisters. This is great in winning sympathy. However, sympathy is not what we want. Nor is it enough in exposing the U.S. government's acts of terrorism and genocide against our people.

I for one agree because Indian people cannot afford to indulge in self-pity and self-humiliation.

We must remember all Indian Nations are in political bondage and captives of the U.S. We must struggle for our freedom today using all means of resistance that are available with no fear or guilt.

Without your continued support there is little hope for myself or of Indian Nations surviving the attacks of genocide by the U.S. government.

Thank you.

In the spirit of Crazy Horse and Joe Stuntz,
Buddy Lamont Anna Mae Dallas Thundershield

Your brother,

P.O.W. Gwarth-ee-lass
Leonard Peltier

FREE LEONARD PELTIER

AND ALL

NATIVE AMERICAN

POW'S!

Carlotta My Lady !!

"With" these few words; . . . My Eyes fight back the Tears; . . . Tears that have Long Perished through Generations of Pain upon (Our) People; . . . And Now; . . . Grievously (Sad); . . . with a trembling HEART; . . . like that of a Captive DOVE; . . . I cry out in Anguish for your Understanding and Forgiveness; . . .

"For"; . . . For thousands of years; . . . Long before your Birth the Great Spirit with his Intimate Knowledge Wove together with the Wisdom of the Whispering Winds; . . . The Mirrored Reflection of Father (SUN) and the Blood from the Sacred (PIPE) Stone; . . . He summoned all our Ancestors that have Fought and Died over the four corners of (MOTHER EARTH); . . . To bear witness to the creation of the Lavishing (GODDESS) of LOVE; . . . (you my LADY); . . . Whose Ravishing Beauty could (CHARM) even the Evil Spirits; . . . For even the very (Beat of your Heart) that was composed from the Flow of the Ancient Musical Indian Love Flute; . . . The Ancient Original Indian Language of (LOVE); . . .

"And" now MY Lady; . . . with Misty Eyes like that of a child; . . . I lower my (head) in SHAME; . . . For how could (I) above all; . . . Whom (YOU) have Enrapt and trusted with (LOVE); . . . Forget the day of your (BIRTH); (YOUR BIRTHDAY); . . . MY LADY; . . .

(I) Humbly (BEG) your FORGIVENESS;

Leonard



For BUFFY ST. MARIE:

WARRIOR SISTER

I stood in a corner observing my people as they enjoyed themselves, singing and dancing to our traditional songs of old and new. . . .

When she walked into the room the dim bare light bulbs hanging from the ceiling began to shine brighter, as if the roof had opened up to let Grandfather sun in. . . . the colours painted on the walls began to glow as if by some magical force. . . .

People's faces lite up with joyousness from seeing such an exceptional beauty. . . . The warriors young and old alike began to dance steps they did not know were possible. . . . from the expressions on their faces you could see how their hearts began to beat faster in time with the drumming of the singers. . . . The Sister warriors faces lite up with smiles of proudness of their Sister Warrior. . . . The children stood around her in silence and disbelief of her mere presence among them. . . . THEY FOLLOWED HER EVERY MOVE. . . .

She sang a song from her peoples of old. . . . Her voice made the room sound as if a hundred Sister Warriors were singing. . . . and it gentled the cold winter winds into a warm summer breeze. . . . Her words made the old people young . . . the young people strong in mind and Spirit. . . .

I gave my thanks to the Great Spirit for his kindness in giving life to such beauty and strength in my life time. . . .

BUFFY. . . . SISTER. . . . WARRIOR. . . . THE PEOPLE. . . .
ARE ALL PROUD OF YOU. . . .

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse.

Leonard Peltier

THE LAST BATTLE

AS I STOOD IN SILENCE LOOKING THROUGH THE BROKEN WINDOW OF THE WOODEN SHACK IN WHICH WAS ONCE MY HOME, I COULD SEE THE MISTY MORNING DEW AS IT LAID IN REST, NOT YET AWAKEN BY THE COMING OF THE FATHER SUN. THEN SUDDENLY THERE CAME A FORMILIZING SOUND THAT CARRIED ME BACK TO MY EARLY CHILDHOOD. I HEARD THE SOUND OF SOMEONE CRYING. BUT AFTER A FEW MOMENTS I REALIZED . . . IT WAS ONLY THAT OF THE WAILING WIND, WEEPING OUT AS IF IN GREAT PAIN. THEN AS SUDDENLY AS IT CAME IT DEPARTED. ONCE AGAIN THE COLD SOUND OF SILENCE FELL UPON ME . . . WITH IT CAME BACK SO MANY MEMORIES. IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT I DECIDED TO VISIT THE BEAUTIFUL MOTHER EARTH, TO SEEK OUT HER COMFORT AND LOVE FROM THIS HAUNTING FEELING OF EMPTINESS.

AS I WALKED THROUGH THE HEART OF THIS ANCIENT RESERVATION THE GENTLE MIST SEEMED TO REACH OUT AND CLING TO ME LIKE SOME VIOLENT SPIRIT WITHOUT FORM. AS I CONTINUED TO WALK I CAME ACROSS SEVERAL HIDDEN TRAILS OF NATURE, BUT ALL LOOKED TO BE LONG ABANDONED . . . LEAVING ONLY THE UGLY FOR MEMORIES, AS IF A REMINDER OF THAT THAT ONCE WAS.

THEN THERE SITTING UPON A RIVER BANK, I COULD SEE AN OLD INDIAN MAN, WITH LONG SILVER SHINING HAIR, BOUND TIGHTLY IN BRAIDS THAT REACHED THE LENGTH OF HIS HIPS, AIMLESSLY TOSSING PEBBLES TO THE MUDDY WATER . . . WATER THAT HAD LONG CHANGED ITS COLORS FROM THE WHITE MAN'S POLLUTION, . . . FISH, TURTLES, AND EVEN THE PLAYFUL TADPOLES, . . . SO MANY OF LIFE'S WATER CREATURES, ONCE DEPENDED UPON FOR THE SURVIVAL OF MY PEOPLE, . . . LAID LIFELESS WITH DECAY UPON THE RIVER'S BANKS.

AS I TURNED TO THE OLD MAN, I COULDN'T HELP BUT

WONDER WHO HE WAS, FOR OVER THE YEARS I HAD COME TO KNOW ALL THE ELDERS OF OUR NATION. AND THEN AS IF MY THOUGHTS WERE SPOKEN, HE ROSE UP TO LOOK INTO MY EYES. AS IF HE HAD KNOWN I WOULD COME AND HAD BEEN WAITING. AS HE STOOD THERE, . . . FROM THE MORNING LIGHT I COULD SEE TEARS FORMING IN HIS LIFELESS EYES, AND AS I LOOKED A LITTLE CLOSER I COULD SEE THAT THEY WERE THE SACRED TEARS OF BLOOD, CRIED THROUGH GENERATIONS OF SORROW BY OUR PEOPLE.

THEN SOFTLY I HEARD HIM SAY . . . MY SON, I AM A VERY OLD MAN OF GREAT AGE, SORROW, PAIN IN MANY VISIONS, BUT MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL I AM THE ORIGINAL SEED OF LIFE, HANDED DOWN TO OUR PEOPLE BY THE GREAT SPIRIT.

I AM THE VOICE . . . OF A THOUSAND BATTLES, WHO SPEAKS WITH THE WISDOM AND DIRECTION FROM YEARS OF COUNSELING WITH TRADITIONAL CHIEFS AND OUR ELDERS.

I AM THE VOICE . . . FOR A NATION THAT SEEKS THE BEAUTY OF FREEDOM . . . FREEDOM THROUGH WHATEVER MEANS POSSIBLE, FROM THE RUSTY CHAINS OF BONDAGE, THAT HAS LONG IMPRISONED OUR PEOPLE AND THOSE OF ALL INDIAN NATIONS.

I AM THE VOICE . . . FOR THE PEOPLE THAT HAVE STRUGGLED AND CRIED FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS, THE BITTER TEARS OF BLOOD, THROUGH DEATH, STARVATION, RACIALISM AND SUFFERING UNDER THE VICE OF THE WHITE MAN'S GREED.

I AM THE VOICE . . . FOR THE PEOPLE WHO DEMAND THAT THE WHITE MAN STOP DESTROYING MANKIND, STOP ABUSING OUR BEAUTIFUL MOTHER EARTH THROUGH THE USE OF NUCLEAR ARMS AND EXPLOSIVES.

I AM THE VOICE . . . TO YOU MY PEOPLE OF GREAT STRENGTH AND PRIDE, FOR WE CAN NO LONGER SURVIVE OFF THE WHITE MAN'S PITY. WE MUST STRIKE BACK AND FIGHT . . . IF WE ARE TO PREVENT THE TOTAL ANNIHILATION OF OUR PEOPLE, AND ALL NATIONS.

I AM THE VOICE . . . THAT WILL CARRY WITH GREAT LOVE AND PRIDE YOUR PRAYERS AND CRIES TO THE GREAT SPIRIT FOR FORGIVENESS FOR THE VIOLENT CRIMES BEING FORCED UPON YOU THE PEOPLE TO COMMIT, IN ORDER TO SURVIVE, . . . WITH THE HONOR AND PRIDE THAT SO MANY OF OUR PEOPLE HAVE DIED FOR THROUGH GENERATIONS OF BATTLE.

THEN SUDDENLY AS IF MOTHER EARTH HAD VAILED HIM WITH HER RAVISHING BEAUTY . . . HE VANISHED, LEAVING ONLY A HANDFUL OF PEBBLES, AS IF A REMINDER OF THE VERY GROUND AT WHICH HE ONCE ROAMED AT SOME TIME OR OTHER.

AS I CONTINUED UPON MY JOURNEY ACROSS THE RESERVATION A SMILE CREPT UPON MY FACE, AS I THOUGHT ABOUT THE OLD INDIAN MAN . . . RAVING ON LIKE SOME MADMAN ABOUT THE DESTRUCTION OF MOTHER EARTH.

I FOUND NO SUCH DESTRUCTION. AS I SHRUGGED MY SHOULDERS IN DOUBT . . . FOR I THOUGHT PERHAPS IT WAS JUST THE HEAVY MIST, OR COULD IT HAVE BEEN I WAS JUST HALLUCINATING? WITH THIS THOUGHT IN MIND I BEGAN TO LOOK AROUND ME, SEARCHING FOR LIFE, AND MORE AND MORE I NOTICED SEVERAL OF THE GREAT SPIRIT'S CREATURES LAYING ABOUT MOTIONLESS, OTHERS STAGGERING FROM DEFORMITY, QUIVERING FROM PAIN UNDER THE SLUMBER OF DEATH.

GRIEVOUSLY SAD AND BEWILDERED, I BEGAN TO WONDER WHAT COULD HAVE POSSIBLY INFLECTED SUCH A WIDESPREAD DESTRUCTION UPON MY FOUR-LEGGED BROTHERS. . . . WHY?? AND WHERE ARE MY BELOVED SISTERS THE DEER AND ANTELOPE THAT ONCE GRAZED IN

MULTITUDES AND ROAMED FREELY ACROSS THE VAST PLAINS?

AS I CONTINUED TO GAZE ABOUT I BEGAN TREMBLING VIGOROUSLY. . . . THEN AS IF IN DESPERATION, MY EYES TURNED TO THE SKY, SEARCHING FOR THE BEAUTIFUL WINGED ONES THAT ONCE FLEW WITH ENORMOUS SPEED AND GRACE, . . . BUT THEY TOO COULD NOT BE FOUND. . . . FOR THEY ALSO LAYED CRIPPLED, INFECTED OR MOTIONLESS UNDER THE SUMMER HEAT OF OUR NOW BARREN MOTHER EARTH.

WITH EXTREME HATE AND VENGEANCE, I LOOKED ONCE MORE UPON THIS HORRIFYING SIGHT, . . . THAT HAD ONCE BEEN THE BEAUTIFUL MOTHER EARTH, SO ABOUND-ED WITH LIFE AND ENORMOUS BEAUTY. WHILE LOOKING UPON THIS MONSTROUS DESTRUCTION CREATED BY THE WHITE MAN'S GREED . . . I BEGAN TO SMELL THE REPELLING ODOR OF HUMAN FLESH BURNING, SO FOUL A SCENT THAT MY EYES BEGAN TO BURN, AS MY HEART BEAT UN-CONTROLLABLY . . . VIOLENTLY FIGHTING TO BE FREE FROM ALL THIS DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.

AS THE ODOR OF DEATH FILLED MY LUNGS I STARTED TO RUN. AS I APPROACHED MY VILLAGE IT APPEARED TO BE DESERTED, FOR I FOUND ONLY THE MUTE SOUND OF SILENCE. I COULD NOT HEAR THE BARKING OF THE DOGS THAT NEVER FAILED TO WATCH OVER OUR VILLAGE, THERE CAME NO SOUND OF LAUGHTER FROM THE CHILDREN THAT NEVER FAILED TO PLAY UNDER THE WARM FATHER SUN, OR OF THEIR MOTHERS THAT WOULD CALL OUT TO THEM, I FOUND ONLY THAT OF A DREADFUL SILENCE. . . . A COLD CHILL BEGAN TO RUN THROUGH ME AS THE MIGHTY FEAR OF LONELINESS CLINCHED ME WITHIN ITS POWERFUL HANDS.

OVERPOWERED BY PANIC . . . I FORCED MYSELF TO RUN TO THE VERY FIRST INDIAN HOUSE THAT WAS NEAR. AFTER ENTERING A FEW FEET I FROZE . . . FOR THERE BEFORE ME WERE THE MUTILATED BODIES OF MY PEOPLE, MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN LAYED ON THE FLOOR,

MASKED BY THE FACE OF AN AGONIZING DEATH. AS IF SHACKLED TO THE VERY PIT OF PAIN I BEGAN TO SCREAM AS TEARS ROLLED DOWN MY CHEEKS. AND WHEN I CAME UPON THE LAST HOUSE IN MY VILLAGE, I FOUND THE SAME AS THE FIRST, TWISTED BODIES DEFORMED BEYOND RECOGNITION.

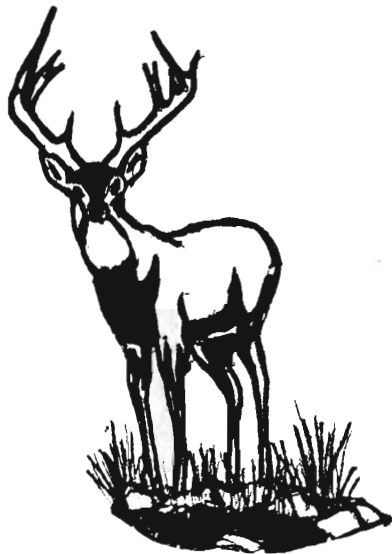
LOST AND ALONE, I WALKED AS IF IN A TRANCE TO THE CENTER OF THE VILLAGE. THEN I HEARD A TERRIFYING EXPLOSION THAT DEAFENED MY EARS AND RAPIDLY VIBRATED MY ENTIRE BODY. AS I LOOKED UP INTO THE SKY I SAW A FLASH OF LIGHT, SO BRIGHT IT BECAME BLINDING TO MY NAKED EYES. . . . WITH EXTREME PAIN I CONTINUED TO WATCH AS AN ENORMOUS MUSHROOM FORMED.

NOT ABLE TO LOOK ANY LONGER I TURNED MY EYES UPON THE GROUND, AND CAST FROM MY SHADOW CAME THE MIRRORED REFLECTION OF THE OLD INDIAN . . . WEEPING AND WAILING BITTER TEARS OF SORROW OVER OUR PEOPLE.

BLISTERED AND WEAK I FELL TO MY KNEES . . . AND THERE UPON THE GROUND WAS A POOL OF BLOOD . . . THE OLD MAN'S WEEPING TEARS.

BY: Leonard Peltier





A MESSAGE FROM THE HOLE
TO THE PEOPLE — FROM STANDING DEER
November 24, 1979

Out of this deep well of frustration springs a yearning for the fresh seeds of springtime. Images of growing, to alter the feelings of stagnation; to renew the growth of spirit being slowly stifled in yet another day in this dungeon built by greed. There is spirit and there is Spirit, just as there is greed and there is Greed. The Spirit, with a capital "S," is what the original Peoples of this land use to fight the Greed, with a capital "G."

THE GREEDS: the takers of the fat know from whence I speak.

On a sunny day in May, in a spot intended to be a warm nesting place for four leggeds, but where instead the Wasichu had pierced the dawn with their dying shriek of vengeance heard in all the ritualistic places where slaughter and laughter go hand in hand (heard by the babies spitted on bayonets during the "Indian Wars"; heard by babies bombed sedately by computer in a jungle hut in Vietnam),* the ban-shee shriek of the christian god who wails for the enrichment of those deodorized plastic mannikens with the stiff and painted smiles of doom forever emblazoned on the ugly starkness of their greed. In that unlikely place, in a hospital room more like a dungeon, the Deer who Stands was offered the opportunity to become a hired gun in service to a people who were choking out their dying gasp on the scales of geological time, but who imagined in their utter simplicity that they would somehow live forever.

At Marion prison in Illinois, Greed said if I would deliver my brother to the sacrificial altar to be slaughtered, as were our grand-fathers and their fathers before them, I would win a prize. If not my freedom, certainly, very nearly so. There was a time when I thought I would do anything to win my freedom. Freedom seemed to be the most precious thing in the world to me. What price to do the dirty work of Greed? The life of a man seemed a meagre price indeed! To me, who had been raised as a Greed (though a full-blood Skin), it seemed the price of Greed was no price at all.

I could hardly believe my good fortune. I must hurry before they change their minds, I thought. What a conceit to imagine one's self a free agent while existing on 24-hour-a-day deadlock solitary confinement in a tiny sealed-tomb tiger-cage. Conceit or delusion. The founders of this hell on earth must know how helpless are their victims to choose: "... like bugs trapped in amber."** I sadly concluded I would deliver this man, this Leonard Peltier. I could collect my thirty pieces of filthy lucre and be gone. Couldn't I? If not, why not? Stick around and I'll tell you why not.

On a hot 4th of July afternoon, I met Leonard Peltier on the yard at Marion. People were eating hamburgers and hot dogs cooked on the yard over an open fire. Grandfather sun had outdone himself, and it felt good just sitting and talking the afternoon away with him. As we talked, I could see the intensity and emotion beneath the surface of this man when he discussed the problems of his people. I could sense, rather than hear or see, the degree of love and total commitment he felt for the people. I saw the marks of flesh offerings and the piercings of the Sun Dance on his body, and I listened in awed reverence as he quietly told me and the other Skins about sacred matters. As I listened, I realized what a deeply religious man he was, and I thought what an upside-down world we live in when the criminals of this world portray the victims as criminals and make 90% of the sleeping future victims believe in their charade.

Leonard told me about how things were when he was growing up on the Ojibway reservation. Hunger, disease and alcoholism were rampant. Poverty was everybody's lot, and the people were holding weekly meetings in an effort to solve the worst of the conditions. There was little food to eat and there was hunger each and every day for everybody. After the meetings the people would all sit together and share what little food they would have been able to collect.

One day, when Leonard was 14 years old, he saw and heard this Ojibwa woman stand up and speak with tears in her eyes, pleading for someone to help because her children were at home slowly starving to death. She asked if there were no more warriors among our men. She said, if there was why did they not stand up and fight for their starving children. Leonard said that was the day he vowed to

help his people for the rest of his life.

As I listened to Leonard I thought of my own life. Full-blood Oneida/Choctaw raised as a whiteman with the whiteman values. Total cultural genocide. All the Indian beaten out of me by the time I was six years old. Spanked for remembering my grandfather and the stories he used to tell me. Forbidden to sing the Indian songs my grandmother taught me. Brown wasichu, me.

Once again I asked myself: "What price to do the dirty work of Greed?" The price would be to end the journey of the fearless warrior, Gwarth-ee-las, who sat before me. Would all the remaining days of this man called Standing Deer be worth a twinkling flash in the life of this man whose love and dedication to his people — my people — was so intense; so pure; so total?

Although I had not come to the yard with settled intentions of telling him that the u.s. was planning to take his life, I found myself revealing the plot to him in all its sordid detail. I didn't know what reaction to expect because in my heart I was not pure. I reeked with shame. I harbored guilt because I wasn't sure I was going to tell him until the moment I did it. Leonard Peltier shook my hand and looked in my eyes with total love and trust. He smiled as he softly said, "Thank you for telling me." It was then I knew I was coming home to my People.

The few months I spent with Leonard Peltier in Marion prison were the most important days of my life. Leonard re-centered my life. He put me in touch with my roots and started me on the road to recovering the humanity that had been buried most of my life under the conditions of wasichu greed.

Crazy Horse was in a spirit of total resistance until the day he was murdered in the whiteman's ironhouse after being taken captive. Leonard is in the Spirit of Crazy Horse. When Greed hears his words and gazes upon his warrior image, he can see the Spirit of an unconquered People waiting to be unleashed. And Greed is afraid of unconquered People.

Frederick Douglass said, "Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never has, and it never will." Leonard Peltier has become the symbol of native freedom fighters who are making that demand. Leonard represents the Spirit of resistance. The Spirit of a People to say: "NO! ENOUGH! NO MORE! You've taken all you're gonna get!" That's Spirit with a capital "S."

Greed wanted Crazy Horse dead. Greed wanted Sitting Bull dead. Greed wants Leonard Peltier dead. Greed had his way with Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull, but he ain't gonna get Leonard.

FREE LEONARD PELTIER !!!

— Standing Deer

* Thanks to Marge Piercy: "Each opal secretes the milky grief of babies bombed sedately by computer or spitted on bayonets in the Indian Wars."

** Thanks to Kurt Vonnegut Jr.



ON BEING IN THE MARION CONTROL UNIT

A Message From the Hole To the People
From Standing Deer, December 2, 1979

For me, existing for three months in the Control Unit was the most nightmarish experience of my entire life. To wake up day after endless day in a tiny 6' x 8' sealed-tomb tiger-cage completely destroyed my will to live. I would have killed myself, but 24-hour-a-day deadlock solitary confinement produced so much apathy that even suicide required more interest than I could muster.

I spent the first four days in total darkness in the soundproof sensory deprivation chamber known to the prisoners as "The Box-cars." Those four days seemed like weeks. It was like living in a bathtub with a roof over it. I lost all sense of time, and the only way I could keep track was by trying to remember how many times the door had been opened to put a food tray in the food slot. Each time the door opened, the light produced stabbing pains in my head, and the guard's silhouette in bright red would be imprinted on the retina of my blinded eyes for several minutes after the cell would return to darkness.

On the third day I became disoriented and could no longer tell if I was standing up or sitting down or laying on the sleeping slab. Before the fourth day was over, I didn't know whether I was awake or asleep. I began either dreaming with my eyes open or dreaming I was dreaming with my eyes open. I was obsessed with a dreamlike image of black blood oozing from a butcher's block.

I heard voices from my past, and entered into an experience where I would hallucinate whole periods from my life. I was on the brink of insanity. Even after they opened the outer door on the fifth day, I continued having headaches and constant nausea. Every time the door to the boxcars section would clang open or closed, my stomach would cramp with fear. The walls of the cage seemed to be crushing the life out of me, and it felt as if the foetid air was smothering me with every breath I took.

Until the Control Unit, the worst mental pain I had ever known was when my brother died. I felt so grief-stricken I wanted to jump into the grave with the casket. If I hadn't been restrained by my mother and father, I would have done so. Imagine the worst you ever felt in your entire life. That's how I felt every single minute when I was in the Control Unit.

Somewhere I read about a creature called the Hunting Wasp. The female hunts for spiders and when she finds one she stings it in the large nerve ganglion at the base of the thorax so that it is not killed but only paralyzed. She then lays eggs just under the skin of her helpless victim, and when the larvae hatch they begin eating the spider, consuming the non-vital organs first, allowing the paralyzed spider to live a good many days while being eaten alive. Eventually, of course, they eat too much of their unwilling host, allowing it to die. But all during the long hideous process of consumption, the victim cannot cry out, fight back or defend itself in any way.

A Control Unit victim is very much like the spider in this analogy.

The Greeds intend to put Leonard Peltier, Bobby Garcia and possibly Roque Duenas in the Control Unit. Only the people can prevent this gross act of inhumanity from taking place. We must gather our strength for a combined effort to demand justice for these courageous warriors.

FREE LEONARD PELTIER !!!
FREE BOBBY GARCIA !!!
FREE ROQUE DUENAS !!!

— Standing Deer
from the Federal Concentration
Kamp at Terminal Island, Calif.



A MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE FROM
THE CAPTURED WARRIORS AT THE
U.S. CONCENTRATION KAMP
IN TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA
Released in the Winter of 1980

Greetings to our beloved sisters and brothers who struggle in Unity for the sake of our unborn generations. We are the captured Prisoners of War. We would like to extend our love and solidarity to all our people and say a few words that are in our hearts. The words we write are all we can share with you at this time because we exist in the Ironhouse of Greed. But these words are true expressions of our thoughts, dreams and desires; since words are all we have to offer, this we can do, and so we will.

First, we would like to embrace our brother — our Warrior/Chief Leonard Peltier — with Grandfather's protection through our prayers. We ask that all who hear our words remember this generation's Crazy Horse in their prayers. Leonard is in the hole at Marion Prison, awaiting his removal to the dreaded hell hole called the Control Unit, where they attempt to "modify" the "behavior" of men through sophisticated mind-control techniques, administered by brutal and sadistic guards whose humanity has long ago been sacrificed at the altar of Moloch — the stealer of the Spirits of human beings.

Through Grandfather's unerring wisdom, BOBBY GENE GARCIA and STANDING DEER share a 6' x 9' cage of concrete and steel in this concentration kamp. Daniel Bear Webster of the Menominee Nation is our powerful Warrior/Brother whose cage is only 20 feet away. Each day we become stronger than the day before, and our purpose and commitment to the liberation of our people becomes intensified. It is a long hard struggle, but we will come out victorious without a doubt.

The trial of LEONARD PELTIER, BOBBY GENE GARCIA and ROQUE DUENAS has ended with a victory; Roque now can walk the sacred lands of his ancestors as a free man rather than a man encased in chains with a \$250,000 ransom demand on his head.

This is as it should be.

The government conspiracy to assassinate Leonard Peltier has been exposed to the public eye, which may help to protect the life of our leader for a while. Murder plots against our leaders must be carried out by the u.s. under cover of darkness. So long as the masses of good people — who far outnumber the greedy and the corrupt — are aware of the truth that their appointed representatives conspire to commit illegal acts, those who are intended to be victims receive a degree of protection, at least until the people themselves forget to demand that their government refrain from extralegal means to silence political dissent. The victory of freeing Roque Duenas was a hard-won victory because many people put their lives on the line from prisons; many more worked hard and long with no thought of personal gain from the streets. The lawyers, the Defense Committees and the ordinary people fought a hard battle to bring this small measure of justice into our lives. This victory, as all victories, was not an easy one, and in the words of Amilcar Cabral, we must remember to "Tell no lies. Claim no easy victories."

I am saddened to report to the people that two courageous men whose names are little known have already paid dearly because they submitted affidavits to the court in the Peltier case, testifying to their knowledge of the plan of Greed to murder Leonard. The names and present addresses of these brothers are:

Donald Gene Richardson
No. 01523-164
P. O. Box 1000
Marion, Ill. 62959

and

David Owens
No. 20061-148
P. O. Box 1000
Marion, Ill. 62959

On January 14, 1980 David Owens was brutally beaten by seven "Correctional Officers" in the so-called "Side-Pocket" in the Segregation Building (hole) in the u.s. Prison at Leavenworth, Kansas. David was beaten, not once, but twice in the same day. His only

"crime" was submitting an affidavit to the court verifying the conversation he heard while in the Segregation Building at Leavenworth, between Standing Deer and the former Associate Warden R. Lippman. The conversation showed that Lippman had constructive knowledge, in January of 1979, that a government conspiracy existed to murder Leonard Peltier. David Owens was beaten into unconsciousness twice and on both occasions the five Correctional Supervisors, plus officers EVANS AND CALTABIANO, waited until he was able to regain consciousness before commencing with the beating. The sadistic EVANS stomped on David's leg until it swelled up like a balloon. Standing Deer saw David two weeks later on the bus trip from Leavenworth to Terre Haute on January 29, 1980, and even though it had been two weeks since the beatings, David's leg would bend no more than 90 degrees, and his body was still a mass of bruises. That was part of the price Greed charged this courageous brother for telling the truth.

On March 7, 1980, seven guards beat Donald Gene Richardson by entering his cage in the segregation unit of Leavenworth. Don had submitted an affidavit testifying to his important knowledge of the Peltier murder conspiracy, and Don is the only witness besides Standing Deer who knows the identity of the government agent who proposed the plot to assassinate Leonard.

Only the people can stop this sadistic behavior before we are murdered. There is a thin line between beatings and death, and it is important for people to write letters of protest to: Norman A. Carlson, Director, u.s. Bureau of Prisons, Washington, D.C. 20537.

The following poem was released along with the above Message To The People. The poem is dated March 19, 1980.

In the Ironhouse of Greed
we are in chains, in fear but we
have a dream for our people
and we must resist till we are free.

My choice is the Song of Truth
while Truth causes my isolation
but I, in this prison have
another song of truth.

We are Warriors
there is no fault to be a Warrior
We are Men
who are charged to protect our brothers
and sisters

On top of the high Mountain
comes a Thunderbird
With no complaints from his wounds
he laid his head on a rock and died
While his blood flowed
like a fountain.

In the Ironhouse of Greed
We are in chains, in fear but we
have a dream for our people
and we must resist till we are free.

On top of the high Mountain
an exhausted deer stands by a tree
Sad with broken hands and legs
his hands and legs are broken
but it is not as painful as his
broken heart on this lonely Mountain.

We hate this Woman called Marion
She is prideful, jealous and without
conscience
She enjoys and destroys all Men
Oh! Great Spirit there is no fault
to be a Man.

Spring and Summer will arrive
Our brother left the Mountain
He returns to our culture for nourishment
He is free

He is free.

— Bobby Gene Garcia
Daniel Bear Webster
Standing Deer



A MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE
Terre Haute Concentration Kamp
September 9, 1980

“ BETWEEN THE IDEA AND THE REALITY . . .
FALLS THE SHADOW . . . ”

BOBBY GENE GARCIA, the man who on July 20, 1979 made the heroic bid for freedom with the fallen Warrior Dallas Thundershield and Leonard Peltier from the federal prison at Lompoc, California, now walks the yard at the concentration kamp at Terre Haute, Ind. Nothing has changed. Nothing ever changes in the tomb-like atmosphere he has endured for so many years. His spirit is yet undaunted and he walks with head held high with his pride intact.

This is the dead land
This is the cactus land
Here the stone images
Are raised, here they receive
The supplications of a dead man's hand
Under the twinkle of a fading star.

Is it like this
In death's other Kingdom
Walking alone
At the hour when we are
Trembling with tenderness
Lips that would kiss
Form prayers to broken stone.

T. S. Eliot had something else in mind when he wrote those lines, but words are only symbols given meaning by the mind, and in a larger sense and in another context the meaning belongs to Bobby in his lonely struggle to survive the situation he now finds himself in.

Standing Deer walks the prison yard with Bobby, and together they await what fate the united states has in store for them. Death at the hands of the government will be the inevitable reward for exposing the government conspiracy to assassinate Leonard Peltier.

There are two other actors in the Peltier drama whose names are little known. They are DONALD GENE RICHARDSON and DAVID OWENS. Both of these brothers submitted affidavits exposing the plot to murder Leonard, thereby putting their lives and safety in peril. For their courageous actions, both have been beaten twice by prison guards. Don is in the infamous Control Unit at Marion, where on April 28, 1980, prison guards beat and sadistically tortured him. A 1.2 million dollar lawsuit is pending against prison officials as a result of that beating. In January of 1980 Don was beaten by seven prison guards while in the hole at Leavenworth federal prison, immediately following the Garcia-Duenas-Peltier trial in Los Angeles.

DAVID OWENS and BARRY MILLS were beaten two times in the same day in January of 1980, and to add insult to injury they were charged with assaulting the very guards who beat them. The prison official who had constructive knowledge of the murder plot against Leonard Peltier was the Leavenworth Associate Warden in charge of custody when David and Barry were beaten. That same prison official has now been promoted to Warden of Terre Haute prison and has control of the lives and destiny of Bobby Garcia and Standing Deer. The official's name is Ray J. Lippman, and David Owens filed an affidavit against Lippman in the Peltier case.

Two days before Lippman took over as warden of Terre Haute, Standing Deer was thrown in the hole, where he remained for ten days charged with "investigation." On July 23, 1980, 18 brown-skinned people — all brothers of Standing Deer and Bobby — were shipped from Terre Haute to the concentration Kamp at Marion, Ill.

On August 1, 1980, Standing Deer was taken from Terre Haute to the Leavenworth County Jail, where on August 16, 1980 he was attacked by deputy sheriff J. D. Coates and a renegade turncoat trusty in an effort to collect the price the federal government has placed on Standing Deer's head. Fortunately, Standing Deer was able to wrest the knife out of the jailer's grasp and save himself from certain death. Standing Deer suffered only minor cuts in this attempt on his life. Standing Deer was in the Leavenworth County Jail in order to testify on behalf of David Owens and Barry Mills on the January guard assaults. The jury was hung 8 to 4 in favor of acquittal — a

heroic feat in that David and Barry acted as their own lawyers. The government set a new trial date for September 25, 1980.

In every drama there must be the star and the bit players. Leonard is our star because he represents the Spirit of Total Resistance of our people. More than that, he represents the future of our unborn generations. What happens to the minor players is of little consequence. The only concern of the people must be the freeing of Leonard Peltier. Forget the rest of us, for:

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw, Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass
In our cellar

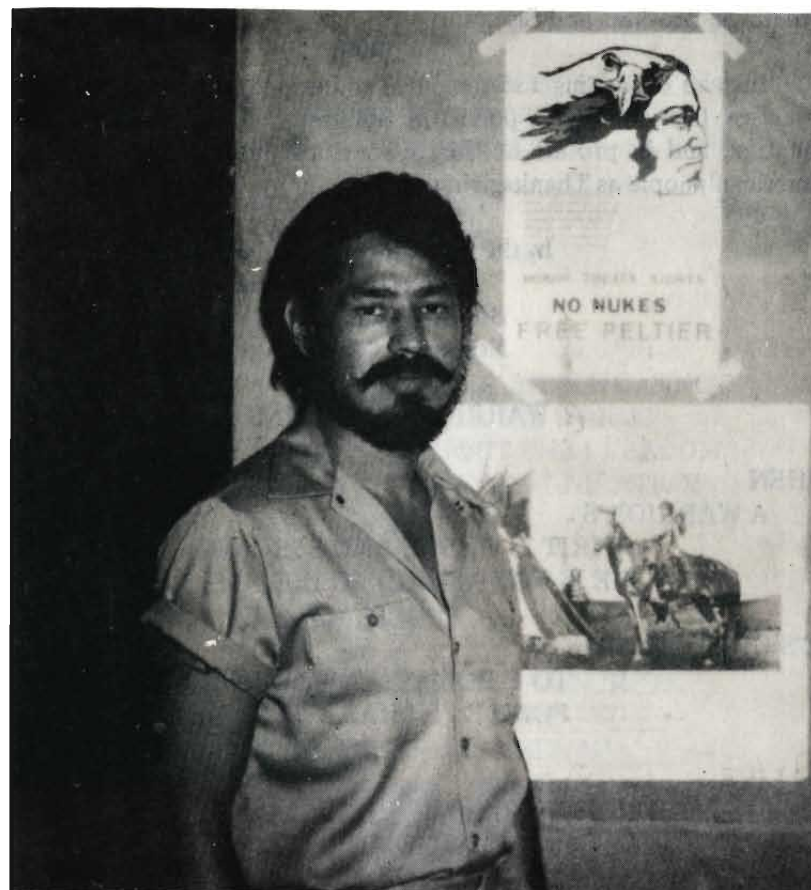
Shape without form, shade without
color, paralyzed force, gesture without
motion;

Those who have crossed
With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom
Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men
The stuffed men.

— T. S. Eliot

WE REMEMBER YOU, DALLAS THUNDERSHIELD !
WE REMEMBER OUR BROTHER LEONARD PELTIER !!!

WE PRAY FOR THE PEOPLE !
FREE LEONARD PELTIER !!!



Greetings, Brothers and Sisters:

Instead of writing a statement, I've decided to express myself in my own fashion with a poem. In Solidarity in the anniversary of Alcatraz, and in protest of this hypocritical holiday known to the American people as Thanksgiving.

In the Spirit of
Crazy Horse and Emiliano Zapata
Bobby Garcia
November 12, 1979

A WARRIOR IN CHAINS

WHEN

A WARRIOR'S

SPIRIT IS WHOLE AND STRONG
HE IS NOT AFRAID TO DIE

IT'S OF NO AVAIL

TO THREATEN A WARRIOR WITH DEATH
FOR DEATH HAS LITTLE MEANING

TO LIVE

A WARRIOR NEEDS

FREEDOM

FOR IT IS THE
INDIAN WAY

TO ENDURE

A WARRIOR NEEDS

THE RIGHT

TO FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

A WARRIOR TAKES

CONSOLE IN THE

SACRED PIPE

FOR IT IS HIS
RELIGION

LIKE A DIEING POOL

OF WATER

A WARRIOR BECOMES STAGNANT
WITHOUT THE FREEDOM
OF EXPRESSION

FOR IT IS

THE

INDIAN WAY

A WARRIOR PERISHES SILENTLY

ALONE

FOR HIS PEOPLE CANNOT
HEAR HIS WORDS
WITHOUT THE FREEDOM
OF COMMUNICATION

IN PRISON

THERE ARE
FEW

HUMAN RIGHTS

MY BED HAS BEEN A CONCRETE
FLOOR

MY BLANKET HAS BEEN MY
OWN BLOOD

I SURVIVE

WHILE THOSE THAT
ABUSE ME ARE
HONORED

BUT I AM NOURISHED BY

THE GREAT SPIRIT

EVER TRUE AND UNWAVERING

I DO NOT FEEL LOST

I AM NOT ALONE AND WEAK

MY PRINCIPLES REMAIN
STEADFAST

MY BELIEFS REMAIN THE
INDIAN WAY

For Freedom

Great Spirit, I chant for your help
once again.
The strength of the four winds braced,
my mind.
My song set me free for I have
dared to dream
before of life-giving
freedom.

I'm free as an Eagle flying over
spacious prairies
that stilled the soul.

Unconstrained,
life-giving freedom
soaring under the
aspect of eternity.

Mountains and seas are no match
for my wings.

What matters if I fly alone?

Where freedom lies
there I find
home.

— Bobby Garcia
January 7, 1980



To the Red Nations:

The Indian People are accustomed to suffer, but when sequences of abuses by farce and without rights, it shows plainly a design to reduce the Indian Nations under absolute Bureau Rule, it becomes their right, it is their duty, to throw off such a Government, and to provide new guards for their future security.

The Indian Nations are armed in the cause of Human Rights. We are not weak and no one will raise up to fight our battles for us, effectual resistance can not be gathered by irresolution and inaction nor by the delusive phantom of hope. Our enemies are not killing us by hopes; We are killing ourselves. Our battles must be won by the vigilant warriors, the active warriors, and the brave warriors. If need be let us be sacrificed upon the altar of Human Rights. We have declared our cause which impels us to resist.

In the Spirit of
Crazy Horse and
Emiliano Zapata

— Bobby Garcia



Morning Song

Oh! Heart. You are my eyes for
I can not see through steel
and concrete walls.

Oh! Sun who caresses and warms
me in my dreams. Shine on
her your Sunshine for I give her
My heart with all my sorrow.

The breeze is walking in the valley
and caressing all the flowers.

This is the first morning song in the
world and I am listening to you
from deep in my heart.

My intoxication of this morning
is beyond belief that this terror
of sorrow can drink water with
the flowers.

You don't have to wait my love
you can listen to the most lonely
advice of self counsel but do not
resist, let the future find the way
inside of you, gently and slowly

Now this glorious morning has matured
and is escaping behind
time shadows, and all my phantom
fears give themselves to my pen
And to love.

Oh! Sun caress me.

— Bobby Garcia
February 11, 1980

INDIAN

I plant my own garden
they come to me.
beautiful people wearing saccharine
smiles and their voices plant
deceitful seeds.

I laugh at their foolishness
their seeds will not grow.

My hair is short
My life-style is Mexican
I do not apologize
for my pride is like a mountain
Some call me:

Mexican,
Mestizo,
Chicano.

Or whatever their prejudices
dictate.

I am a noble warrior by heritage
My blood is Indian.
Tomorrow ignorant people will
invent new names to divide us.
My people will use them unwisely,
but I am Indian
and my hair is still short
I do not apologize.

My people march fast as the wind
and I serve them, as:
Mexican,
Mestizo,
Chicano.

My blood is Indian.

II

My mother's religion was Catholic
 I spurn no religion.
 My belief is in the Great Spirit,
 the light of the sun enlightens.
 Humility is my credence but
 I do not seek permission
 or approval.

Where is Unity.

My heart is pure as the red
 blood in my veins.
 The Great Spirit keeps my feathers
 while foolish people adorn
 and count their prayers.
 Apples and walnuts grow on trees.
 The Great Spirit keeps my feathers.
 My spirit is awake
 for I see beauty where there is none.

My judges wear black
 so they dress me black
 like them,
 but
 the Great Spirit's brilliant light
 illuminates my path
 and dresses me red
 for

No one! can sit at the center of
 my sacred fire.
 I am happy Great Spirit
 I am Indian.

III

Where is Unity?

For those who do not trust
 enough will not be trusted.
 there is unity in the Sacred Pipe
 while others are but reflections.
 True peace is within each of us.
 There is unity the circle is unbroken.

I plant my own garden
 they come to me.
 Beautiful people wearing saccharine
 smiles and their voices plant
 deceitful seeds.
 I laugh at their foolishness
 their seeds will not grow.

Where ever life goes
 Unity goes with me.

— Bobby G. Garcia
 L. A. County Jail
 February 28, 1980

INDIO

Yo planto mi propio jardin
ellos vienen a mi
bellas personas que llevan falsas y dulces sonrisas
y sus voces plantan
semillas de mentiras
Yo me rio de sus tonterias
porque sus semillas no creceran.

Mi cabello es corto
mi estilo de vida es Mexican
Yo no me averguenzo
porque mi orgullo es como una Montana
Algunos me llaman:
Mexican,
Mestizo,
Chicano.
O como sus perjuicios les
dictan.

Yo soy un guerrero noble por herencia
Mi sangre es India
Manana, gente ignorante inventaran
nuevos nombres para dividiron
Mi gente los usara ignorante mente
Pero yo soy Indio
Y mi cabello es aun corto
Y no me averguenzo.

Mi gente marcha rapido como el viento
Y yo los sigo de tras
para servirles, como:
Mexican,
Mestizo,
Chicano.

II

La religion de mi madre es Catholica
Yo no desprecio ninguna religion
Mi creencia esta en el Gran Espiritu,
la luz del sol me ilumina.
Humildad es mi creencia, pero
Yo no busco permiso
o aprobacion.
Donde esta la Unidad?

Mi corazon es puro, como la sangre
roja en mis venas.
El Gran Espiritu guarda mis plumas
~~mi~~ mientras gente ignorante se adornan con ellas
y ~~cuencan~~ sus oraciones.
Las manzanas y las almendras crecen en los arboles
El Gran Espiritu guarda mis plumas.
Mi espiritu esta despierto
porque yo veo la belleza donde no la hay.

Mis Jueces se visten de negro
asi, ellos me vistieron de negro,
como ellos,
pero
la brillante luz del Gran Espiritu
ilumina mi camino
y me vistio de rojo
porque
nadie, puede sentarse en el centro de
mi fuego sagrado.
Yo soy feliz Gran Espiritu
Yo soy Indio.

Donde esta la Unidad?

Aquellos que no confian demasiado
no podran confiar en ellos.

Hay unidad en la Pipa Sagrada
mientras que otras son nada mas que reflexiones.

La paz verdadera esta dentro de cada uno de nosotros
Hay Unidad dentro del circulo que es inquebrable.

Yo planto mi propio jardin

ellos vienen a mi
bellas personas que llevan falsas y dulces sonrisas
y sus voces plantan
semillas de mentiras.

Yo me rio de sus tonterias
porque sus semillas no crecieran.

A donde me lleva la vida

La Unidad va conmigo.

— Bobby G. Garcia
L. A. County Jail

Oh! Great Spirit

hear my mournful chant
for the Village
and the Children

When my bloody eyes look at the Sun
they see freedom
but I can not
fly

My heart is heavy like a stone
in a Desert Canyon
wearing away by the Wind
and time
My soul has become
Weary
behind these walls

Freedom in my thoughts
I walk unchained
and tall

I am a human being
Great Spirit
forget that I'm
human

Listen to my song

for it is for the people
the village
the children
that still live
in my heart

Give them the courage
that you gave me

keep them strong
the days are many and
long
and give them eyes to see
the beauty around them
and the beauty inside
of themselves
Carry my words Great Spirit
to all directions
let my words be like the
Smoke of the Sacred Pipe.
let there be peace
and happiness.

— Bobby Garcia
August 1980
Terre Haute Federal Prison



- 1) Have your group or organization adopt Leonard as a P.O.W.
- 2) Write individual or group letters to members of Congress on the Judiciary Committee. Ask for congressional hearings into F.B.I. misconduct and abuse. Demand a new trial for Leonard Peltier.
- 3) Write letters to the Warden at Marion demanding that Leonard's normal visitation rights be restored. Presently his visits are "controlled" by the prison administration without just cause. Further, demand the closing of the Marion control unit.

Direct letters to:

Norman A. Carlson, Director, Bureau of Prisons
320 First Street, N.W.
Washington, DC 20534

and

James D. Henderson, Regional Director, Bureau of Prisons
K. C. I. Bank Bldg.
8800 N.W. 112th Street
Kansas City, MO 64153

and

Harold Miller, Warden, U.S. Penitentiary
P. O. Box 1000
Marion, IL 62959

- 4) Write letters to the warden of Terre Haute expressing your concern over the safety and welfare of Standing Deer. Direct your letters to
Ray J. Lippman, Warden, U.S. Penitentiary
P. O. Box 33
Terre Haute, IN 47808
- 5) Write letters to Leonard and Standing Deer:
Leonard Peltier
No. 89637-132
P. O. Box 1000
Marion, IL 62959

Robert Hugh Wilson (aka Standing Deer)
No. 01499-164
Federal Correctional Medical Facility
P. O. Box 400
Springfield, MO 65802

"In your letters to the various people be sure to request that they respond in writing by return mail or the Bureau will simply ignore your position altogether."

Leonard

- 6) Publicize the case. Write to the defense committees for more information. Reproduce the materials you receive and start letter-writing campaigns in your communities, schools, etc.
- 7) Send donations and hold fund-raising activities to support the defense and support committees. See address below.
- 8) Educate yourself and others about the role of prisons in this country. Check out the prisons in your area and build support networks among families and friends of prisoners.
- 9) Stay abreast of the unfolding struggles in Indian Country by subscribing to the Native newspaper *Akwesasne Notes* at:
The Mohawk Nation
via Rooseveltown, NY 13683
Subscriptions are \$6.00 a year, \$12.00 express.

Leonard Peltier Support Group
P. O. Box 176
Mohegan Lake, NY 10547
(914) 737-5614



FREE LEONARD PELTIER



*"Hear me Brothers and Sisters:
of all Indian Nations, as warriors
of our Nations we must show the People
the Spirit of Crazy Horse so they may
raise off their knees."
- Leonard Peltier*

**FREE
PRISONER
OF
WAR**



**LEONARD
PELTIER**

