### Buffalo and Eagle Wing

(Blackfoot legend, <http://www.native-languages.org/blackfootstory5.htm>)

A long time ago there were no stones on the earth. The mountains, hills, and valleys were not rough, and it was easy to walk on the ground swiftly. There were no small trees at that time either. All the bushes and trees were tall and straight and were at equal distances. So a man could travel through a forest without having to make a path.

At that time, a large buffalo roamed over the land. From the water, he had obtained his spirit power--the power to change anything into some other form. He would have that power as long as he only drank from a certain pool.

In his wanderings, Buffalo often travelled across a high mountain. He liked this mountain so much that one day he asked it, "Would you like to be changed into something else?"

"Yes," replied the mountain. "I would like to be changed into something nobody would want to climb over."

"All right," said Buffalo. "I will change you into something hard that I will call 'stone.' You will be so hard that no one will want to break you and so smooth that no one will want to climb you."

So Buffalo changed the mountain into a large stone. "And I give you the power to change yourself into anything else as long as you do not break yourself."

Only buffaloes lived in this part of the land. No people lived here. On the other side of the mountain lived men who were cruel and killed animals. The buffaloes knew about them and stayed as far away from them as possible. But one day Buffalo thought he would like to see these men. He hoped to make friends with them and persuade them not to kill buffaloes.

So he went over the mountain and travelled along a stream until he came to a lodge. There lived an old woman and her grandson. The little boy liked Buffalo, and Buffalo liked the little boy and his grandmother. He said to them, "I have the power to change you into any form you wish. What would you like most to be?"

"I want always to be with my grandson. I want to be changed into anything that will make it possible for me to be with him, wherever he goes."

"I will take you to the home of the buffaloes," said their guest. "I will ask them to teach the boy to become a swift runner. I will ask the water to change the grandmother into something, so that you two can always be together."

So Buffalo, the grandmother, and the little boy went over the mountain to the land of the buffaloes.

"We will teach you to run swiftly," they told the boy, "if you will promise to keep your people from hunting and killing buffaloes."

"I promise," said the boy.

The buffaloes taught him to run so fast that not one of them could keep up with him. The old grandmother could follow him wherever he went, for she had been changed into Wind.

The boy stayed with the buffaloes until he became a man. Then they let him go back to his people, reminding him of his promise. Because he was such a swift runner, he became a leader of the hunters. They called him Eagle Wing.

One day the chief called Eagle Wing to him and said to him, "My son, I want you to take the hunters to the buffalo country. We have never been able to kill buffaloes because they run so very fast. But you too can run fast. If you will kill some buffaloes and bring home the meat and the skins, I will adopt you as my son. And when I die, you will become chief of the tribe."

Eagle Wing wanted so much to become chief that he pushed from his mind his promise to the buffaloes. He started out with the hunters, but he climbed the mountain so fast that they were soon left far behind. On the other side of the mountain, he saw a herd of buffaloes. They started to run in fright, but Eagle Wing followed them and killed most of them.

Buffalo, the great one who got his power from the water, was away from home at the time of the hunt. On his way back he grew so thirsty that he drank from some water on the other side of the mountain not from his special pool. When he reached home and saw what the hunter had done, he became very angry. He tried to turn the men into grass, but he could not. Because he had drunk from another pool, he had lost his power to transform.

Buffalo went to the big stone that had once been a mountain.

"What can you do to punish the hunter for what he has done?" he asked Stone.

"I will ask the trees to tangle themselves so that it will be difficult for men to travel through them," answered Stone. "I will break myself into many pieces and scatter myself all over the land. Then the swift runner and his followers cannot run over me without hurting their feet."

"That will punish them," agreed Buffalo.

So Stone broke itself into many pieces and scattered itself all over the land. Whenever the swift runner, Eagle Wing, and his followers tried to run over the mountain, stones cut their feet. Bushes scratched and bruised their bodies.

That is how Eagle Wing was punished for not keeping his promise to Buffalo.

### The Study

The first white men we encountered wanted to sail over the edge of the World.   
They were a curious bunch.

Showing up with metal clothes and guns and fire water.

And upon this new land, this frontier, they built cities of light and knowing.

The Indian had just disappeared.   
And in its place the spread of civilization!

It’s easy to forget about the other half of that story.   
About the Indian.   
Where is the Indian?

They’re gone.

Dead?   
Slow down now, there’s no crime here!

But there aren’t an Indians either.   
One little, two little, three little Indians.   
I’m not sure I’ve seen that many.

This topic is about energy.   
But more importantly restrictions.   
Never have I seen less energy than on the reservation.

Never has there been more of a restriction on the energy of our children than in the Boarding Schools.

There is a restriction in debate, too.   
The Indian and their stories were carried on the Wind.   
On the wings of Eagles and in the breezes that rustled through tree branches.

And like the wind, the Indian has blown away.

Vine Deloria explains in 1999, that…

(Vine, For this Land, p. 135 “Men can be provincial in time, AND Cannot form the highest achievement of our species.“)

Men can be provincial in time… …highest achievement of our species.

### The Land Remembers

And so the Indian was forgotten, lying in the shadows of the new EuroAmerican cities.

The Wind no longer blew in the way it used to.

If the Indian is dead, who is to remember the crime?   
The founding sin of the United States was enacted but it was a crime so perfect that there isn’t a criminal.   
A murder weapon that melted like ice.

A murder so perfect that there are no bodies.   
But the Land remembers.

The blood stained its face, and the cities grew like boils on its cheek.

The Indian screamed, and the Land heard.

Every place holds a memory.

Especially this one.

Byrd in 2011.

(Jodi, The Transit of Empire, Assistant Professor of American Indian Studies and English at the University of Illinois at Urbana- Champaign. – Chickasaw, 117-118 )

In 1924 physicist Niels Bohr… …AND brought into being by aurality.

Huton 96

(Flutes of Fire p. 178-179)

Frances Jack, born in 1912… …go to school any more.”

### Love the Master

We are taught to love the colonizer.   
To love our teachers.   
To love our knowledge.   
To love genocide.

It’s not just that Frances Jack can’t speak the Indian language in the schoolhouse, it’s that he should hate himself for wanting to.   
It’s that oral traditions and culture is something of which the Indian should be stripped.

Knowledge must be knowable.   
It must be testable.   
It has to be dissected, cut into pieces and diagrammed.

But with the death of the stories comes the death of the Indian.   
And that is the story of how the Indian was taught to forget.   
To forget everything.   
Memmi in 1965

(Albert, The Colonizer and the Colonized, p. 120-9)

“If one chooses to understand… …who refuses it to him.