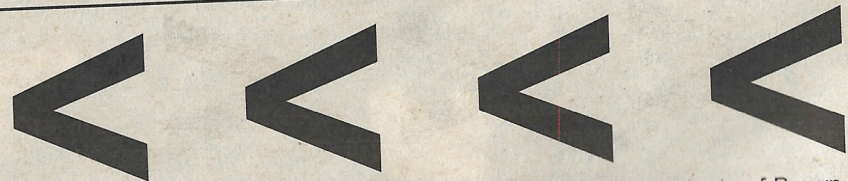




the paper formerly known as
mixed media 7.2

letters



food
not
bombs

This is an open letter to the students of Brown and RISD. It has come to my attention that at the end of the school year many students are left with extra money on their meal plans that they are unable to use- sometimes a lot of it.

I am part of an autonomous group of people that runs a **Food Not Bombs** program in Providence. For anyone who has not heard of Food Not Bombs, here's a brief explanation of what we do:

FNB collects food from grocery stores, restaurants, school cafeterias, etc. that is being thrown away for some reason, but is still good to eat. We then prepare the food and serve it in public to the hungry. The primary purpose of FNB is to illustrate the wastefulness of our society along with its failure to provide for the basic needs of a significant number of its members. This is why we find it important to bring this whole situation out into public view. This is why we serve our meals in Kennedy Plaza downtown.

Food is a right, not a privilege! There is enough food for everyone to eat! Food does not grow on trees! Hunger is not an agricultural problem; it is a problem of distribution! Enough food is wasted every day in America to feed all of its hungry. It is not uncommon to find people living in homeless shelters who actually work jobs whose pay is not adequate to support any other way of living. That's a crime. That's why I ask you to help by donating

LETTERS

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If you are considering helping FNB, please don't wait until the end of the school year- we could use donations now. It's easy and won't take much time on your part. Please contact Anna from FNB at anna.szumowski@mail.com or call 427-3565.

Thanks,

Anna Szumowski
RISD Sophomore

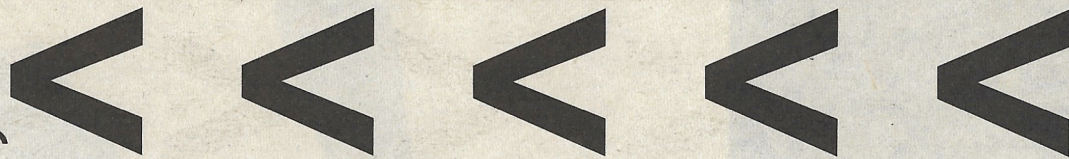
Looking over the last issue of Mixed Media I discovered, to my chagrin, that you had printed one of my articles on the reverse side of a lewd, low, and humiliating *comic strip*: *Philosophy comics starring: the ontological pussies.*

The comic represents one of the ugliest undercurrents in our culture. In the comic, one *pussy* claims that it can't talk to a woman with whom it wants to flirt because its *breath stinks*. The *comic* derives humor by invoking the culture's sexist and derogatory concept of to a woman's vagina as a dirty and sickening thing, something of which women should be ashamed. The term *pussy* has no place as the default term for *vagina* unless the communication is intended to degrade.

To allow this comic to be printed without the author's name is a form of harassment, not only on the part of the author, but on the part of the whole editorial board.

Instead of an opinion for which someone is taking responsibility, this comic becomes an attack whose perpetrator is hiding undercover, allowed to dish out hate without accepting the repercussions of anger and revulsion that would no doubt be directed at the him (or her) from all sides were he to sign his name.

Mixed Media is a student-sponsored newspaper. As a student, I am angry that my money and the money of all of my fellow students has just funded the spread of insidious, anonymous, shame- and hate-producing material.



Dear Jenna Baddeley and RISD,

We understand that the comic "Philosophy Comics Starring the Ontological Pussies!" made some members of the RISD community unhappy. This was, of course, not the goal of the * staff.

We agree with Ms. Baddeley that the degradation of women is an ugly "undercurrent in our culture," and that work dealing with this issue in a questionable manner is absolutely controversial. However, we as editors do not wish to play the role of censors. It is not our position to agree or disagree with the ideologies and viewpoints of our submitters. Our paper is a forum for people to share their work and ideas with the RISD community and let the community form its own opinions about the content.

It is also *s policy to allow for the anonymity of its authors.

No hard feelings we hope.

We would love it if more people sent us letters of concern or interest. * is its submissions and its readers. If you don't like what * is, send us what you think it should be. THIS IS YOUR PAPER, NOT OURS.

thanks so much,
-ED

dear mixed media

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Sincerely,
Jenna Baddeley

response > > > > > > >

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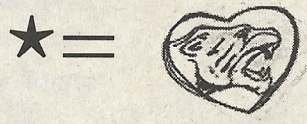
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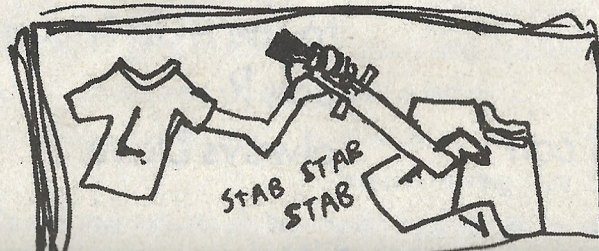
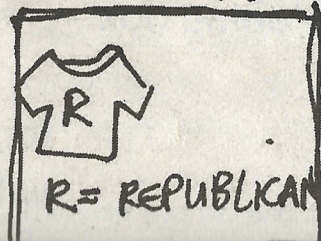
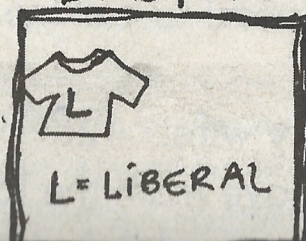


A CALL TO ALL REPUBLICANS!

I would like to have an
open discourse with people
with conservative or different
viewpoints. WRITE HATE
MAIL IF YOU WANT

I like controversy

DRUNK COMIX !!



this essay was written by a friend of mine, Joshua Burrows, who is currently spending the year in Jerusalem, studying to become a rabbi. His course of study included living among a group of Beduin, a wandering Arab tribe. This is his partial account from the reform Jewish standpoint.

-Eric Finkelstein

I have been traveling to the Jahalin Beduins living just outside of Ma'aleh Adumim for five months now (with a two week safety break at the beginning of the Al Aksa Intifada). My experiences with them as an English teacher and, in many ways, a friend, have been some of my most valuable and interesting experiences this year.

In this paper, using my experiences as an English teacher for Jahalin Beduin boys as a guide, I will present some of the major issues surrounding Beduin life in Israel. This paper will be broken down into two parts: Beduin Politics and Beduin Culture.

PART ONE: Beduin Politics;
Observations Of a Stranger

"The Jahalin Beduin of the Judean desert didn't go to the city. The city came to them."

- Isabel Kershner (The Jerusalem Report, 1995)

Medieval Bible Exegesis on Thursday
afternoons late out at approximately

LIVING AMONGS T the BEDUIN.

by joshua burrows.

seven minutes away from HUC-JIR. Once on Yanay St., I wait — while finishing my lunch — for either bus 173, 174, 175, or 176 to take me to Ma'aleh Adumim, the largest Jewish settlement in the West Bank. Already I can feel my pulse quicken and nerves tighten as I prepare myself for my twice weekly sojourn to a different world, the world of the Jahalin Beduin amidst an Intifada torn West Bank.

Transit time between HUC-JIR and the wadi in which the particular group of Jahalin I work with is anywhere from 30 to 45 minutes, depending on my wait for the bus. The bus takes me from the heart of Jewish Jerusalem past the Damascus gate and manic east Jerusalem and into the West Bank on the Jerusalem-Jericho highway. Once past the army checkpoint we begin to wind our way through what one day may be Palestine. Dotted by Palestinian towns, Jewish settlements, burnt out buildings, overturned cars, and

arrive in Ma'aleh Adumim, I exit the bus at the station nearest the entrance to the settlement. From there, I walk out of the settlement and towards a Palestinian town nearby. Passing soldiers guarding the settlement at its entrance, I usually exchange a few words with them.

"L'an?" they ask.

"L'ha ohelim shama.", I respond, pointing to the tents and shacks in the wadi below. Then, anticipation the next obvious question from the soldiers, "Ani moreh anglit bishvil ha'yeladim bedouin sham."

"Lama?"

Drats. I am foiled again. One of the things I've learned about Israel by volunteering for Rabbis for Human Rights is that it is unwise to get into a political debate with anyone, Palestinian or Israeli, without being prepared for the consequences. Hoping to stay out of discussion I answer as non-committally

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Medieval Bible Exegesis on Thursday afternoons lets out at approximately 1:30pm. By this time I am quite hungry and ready to grab a bite or two to eat for lunch. However, being that it is December in Israel and usually getting dark sometime between 4:30pm and 5:00pm, I need to hurry to my destination. For personal safety reasons, I don't like to be where I'm going much past the hours of dusk.

I grab a quick sandwich from the mini-market across the street from Hebrew Union College and eat while walking from campus to Yanay St. — only about

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"There is nothing romantic about the scene. The shacks give the encampment[s] a shantytown look and everything is gray, beige or brown ... And the view would probably have the Jahalin's ancestors turning in their sandy graves." (The Jerusalem Report, June 1995) Once I

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Drats. I am foiled again. One of the things I've learned about Israel by volunteering for Rabbis for Human Rights is that it is unwise to get into a political debate with anyone, Palestinian or Israeli, without being prepared for the consequences. Hoping to stay out of a discussion I answer as non-committal as possible, "Ki hem tzrichim et ze.", and then I keep walking towards the site. The soldiers may call back to me at this point, but by then I'm already on my way and it's too late to pull my into a conversation.

Walking down a dirt road that becomes a muddy river in the rain, I enter the encampment in the Wadi and am either greeted by the yells of my students or quiet Beduin Arabic of the grown men in the encampment. On almost all sides, evidence of the encroachment of Ma'aleh Adumim exists. The red rooves of the 19 year old Ma'aleh

Adumim and the road leading into the settlement eat up two sides of the horizon. To the west, directly opposite of Ma'aleh Adumim, the Palestinian town of Al-Azariyah dominates the horizon. And to the south west, another Jahalin shanty town — this one settled by displaced Jahalin by the Israeli government with the building of Ma'aleh Adumim. There they live in storage containers, half-built homes (some with walls but no rooves, some with rooves but no walls, none with electricity and few with running water), and make shift Beduin tents. In fact, it is only to the south the one can find a somewhat unobstructed view, but even there you can see red-roofed Jewish settlements and flat-roofed Palestinian towns.

The views from the encampment are more than just ugly, they are politically symbolic as well. Israel's Beduins have traditionally been caught between Palestinian and Israeli culture and governments. Being nomadic by tradition, they have little tie to any land and have never really felt akin to Palestinian nationalism and causes. In fact, many Beduin — Jahalin not excluded — have served very valuable roles as trackers and fighters in the IDF

and discrimination from Israelis and the Israeli Government that Palestinians face as well. Furthermore, in the same way the American Indians have faced policies of cultural destruction from the American Government, the Beduin of Israel have faced policy after policy that have eaten away at almost all aspects of their culture.

For these Jahalin Beduin living outside of Ma'aleh Adumim, they have Palestinians on one side who do not like them because they are Arabs who have not cared historically for the Palestinian cause. On the other side, they have Israelis who do not like them because they are Islamic Arabs and consequently are not to be trusted. In the distance they can see the dark future of Beduin life and culture — the urbanization and ghettoization of their encampments. And to the south, they can see a quickly closing corridor to their past — the nomadic and semi-nomadic agriculture lifestyles of Beduin farmers and shepherds.

Historically, the Jahalin have not lived where they are located. As recent as pre-1948 Palestine, the Jahalin were located around where Arad now stands in the Negev. They were semi-nomadic, moving between cultivated lands and grazing areas for their sheep. "Then, in 1950, older members of the tribe relate, they were 'encouraged' by the still-young Israeli army to move across the West Bank, which at the time was under Jordanian control. ..."

They came in the summer and

Since Israel captured the West Bank, "the tribe, which has traditionally lived off its sheep and goats, selling milk, butter and cheese, has seen its grazing ground whittled away. One section was closed for military use as a firing range, and in 1981 the whole area was expropriated as state land. In 1982, the building of Ma'aleh Adumim began, displacing several dozen Jahalin families." (The Jerusalem Report, June 1995). Since then, the settlement has been expanded into an 18,000+ settlement — the largest Jewish settlement in the West Bank to date — and in the process of expanding has displaced most of the Jahalin Beduin living in the area. In fact, the small group I am working with is one of the only group left not displaced, but one look at the development plans for Ma'aleh Adumim and it's not hard to see that it's just a matter of time for them.

In the **mid 90s**, the

Jahalin began to fight back within legal boundaries. With lawyers provided by assorted human rights groups (such as the Association for Civil Rights in Israel and the Jewish-Arab Economic Development Fund), they began to demand compensation for the land. While they did not feel a connection with any specific land, they were not being offered reasonable compensation by the Israeli government and were not being settled in reasonable environments for their lifestyle. In fact

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cause. On the other side, they have Israelis who do not like them because they are Islamic Arabs and consequently are not to be trusted. In the distance they can see the dark future of Beduin life a culture — the urbanization and ghettoization of their encampments. And to the south, they can see a quickly closing corridor to their past — the nomadic and semi-nomadic agriculture lifestyles of Beduin farmers and shepherds.

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They came in the summer and told us to move within three days,' recalls Turfeh, the matriarch of the Abu Ghalia clan, leaning on her wooden stick. 'I was around 25 at the time.'" (The Jerusalem Report, June 1995) After a short time in the area of Hebron, the Jahalin moved to where they are now and have stayed put ever since. At the time, the land they live on was owned by Arabs from the nearby town of Al-Azariyah and Abu Dis. In 1967, however, that all changed.

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ings and phone services. The Israeli government had finally recognized the Beduin right to coexist within the borders of Israel as well as the government's duty to take responsibility for the people they displace in order to continue the growth of the Jewish state. Unfortunately, the compensation the Beduins received were simply not enough for them to build what they needed. And even more unfortunate, the decision was precedent setting. For their part, the Israeli government gave what they promised — appropriated land, shelter, money, electricity, water, and two buildings. Specifically, the Jahalin were given shipping containers as shelter, only enough electricity and running water for one house, money that has long since run out, and land on top of a hill which does not offer the shelter from sometimes extreme Jerusalem winters that is offered naturally in wadis.

Furthermore, there is little chance of expansion for the Jahalin living there. With so many children being born

(the Sheik alone, with 3 wives, has 26 kids

ranging from the age of 4 to 30), overcrowdedness has quickly become an issue in their little shanty town. They certainly were not given enough land and resources to continue shepherding to the same extent which they had done before. Accordingly, "Not all Beduin are impressed by the settled life offered to them. Many see this

sents them, "have many social problems because they are not a part of the Palestinian Authority and they don't belong to Israel.", says Lecker, 'They don't have enough resources for education and health services.'" (The Jerusalem Post, Friday, July 23rd, 1999)

What will be in the future for the political welfare of the Jahalin Beduin? It truly is impossible to say at this point. It depends on so many factors — not the least of them being the outcome of the Oslo Peace Accords and the eventual legitimization of their citizenship either within the future Palestine or West Bank Israel. One can only hope that whatever will be, the government that is eventually responsible for the Jahalin Beduin will give them the support they need to make the important decisions about the maintenance of their culture and lifestyle.

PART TWO: Beduin Culture; Measured Extremists

"At one time, a Beduin would have known a different word for every few inches of camel."

Isabel Kershner (The Jerusalem Report, 1991)

I've heard it said that the Beduin are, in many ways, like the ancient Jews of the desert. When Rabbis for Human Rights first approached them to begin a working relationship and to offer help for the politi-

unteers come to the Beduin encampments near Ma'aleh Adumim a few times a week to work with the children in English and other subjects.

A high value placed on education is not the only way in which traditional Beduin life resembles that of the ancient Hebrews. One can easily imagine, entering a Beduin encampment, what it must have been like in the encampments of the nomadic and semi-nomadic Hebrews. I can't help but feel like a time-traveler sitting in a Beduin tent of meetings and breaking bread with the elders of the tribe. I feel, in some way, that I am sitting with my ancestors; and if I look close enough at the quiet Jahalin surroundings, I can see reflections of myself.

I make no announcements of my arrival as I walk into the wadi encampment. Nor am I greeted with any type of pomp and circumstance. Rather, in typical quiet Beduin fashion, a half-whispered "Ma'Salaam ahalan" and respectful "Qef Ahlak, J'dosh?" (**the children have a hard time pronouncing "Josh"**) and consequently my Beduin name has become "J'dosh").

"Ham'da'lilah.", I answer as respectfully as possible — overpronouncing my 'h's' in as Arabic an accent I can

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ranging from the age of 4 to 30), overcrowdedness has quickly become an issue in their little shanty town. They certainly were not given enough land and resources to continue shepherding to the same extent which they had done before. Accordingly, "Not all Beduin are impressed by the settled life offered to them. Many see this offer as a means by which the state forces them to give up their former lifestyle for political, rather than socio-economic reasons." (The Jerusalem Post, Sunday, November 6th, 1997)

"Unlike the Beduin in the Negev and the Galilee who are Israeli citizens, the Beduin in the West Bank do not have access to government welfare services." (The Jerusalem Post, Friday, July 23rd, 1999) The Jahalin, according to Shlomo Lecker, a lawyer who repre-

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breaking bread with the elders of the tribe. I feel, in some way, that I am sitting with my ancestors; and if I look close enough at the quiet Jahalin surroundings, I can see reflections of myself.

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"Ham'da'lillah.", I answer as respectfully as possible — overpronouncing my 'h's' in as Arabic an accent I can muster so that I don't sound like too much an idiot. We exchange pleasantries for a few minutes with what language barriers we have and then, as is Beduin tradition, just sit quietly in the tent of meetings. Usually (when it is not Ramadan) I am offered a delicious Beduin mint tea called shy as well as a flat Beduin bread known as Saj. If there is not any elder men in the area, **I am served by the women and children** and often the

matriarch of this particular encampment will even sit with me. Often, however, I am greeted by Abdullah, one of the elder sons of the Sheik and the eldest male of this encampment. Occasionally, I am even graced by the presence of the Sheik himself. When either Abdullah or the Sheik are in the encampment, I will rarely even see the women and am served by the children at the request of the oldest male.

When visiting the encampment, I usually arrive with gifts. I bring an English newspaper for Abdullah and my fellow students to practice reading — as well as

kindling for the fires

in the encampment. I always bring pencils for the children to use in school and in our lessons and try to bring (when appropriate) chocolate and cola for the kids as well. Whatever change is left over from the gifts I buy is eventually given to the children as well. It's always a sense of amusement to me at how much lighter I am leaving the camp than entering it!

The Sheik has three wives and three main encampments in the area of Ma'aleh Adumim. As far as I can tell, he has over 26 children ranging from

proof of this, I think it would be uncouth of me to start my lessons the moment I arrive — it would perhaps be as if I am only there to teach and not enjoy the company of my hosts.

My goals and expectations for my work as an English teacher have changed drastically since I first began volunteering with the Jahalin. In the beginning, I wanted my students to be able to hold basic conversations with me by the end of the year. Now, I will be happy if they can sound out **three syllable words** and recognize English letters by sight without having to see them in order. My students number six in all and are only the boys of the encampment. Ranging from the age of five to twelve, they are all, sadly, on exactly the same English skill level — despite, perhaps, years of training in the local Palestinian school. When I first began teaching them, none of my students could recognize a 'V' without the context of 'Q-R-S-T-U' leading up to it.

Yet, within Beduin culture, there is a growing elite of white-collar trained workers. Certainly the majority of Beduin males today hold blue collar jobs such as construction work, their value in education is creating a highly educated middle class willing to give back to their communities.

The difference between the generations within Beduin culture is

drastic. The Sheik and

men of his generation still wear somewhat traditional Beduin clothing. I have never seen his head uncovered nor have I ever seen anything on his feet but sandals. His sons, however, can be seen more often in

In 1967 a man by the name of Clinton Bailey began collecting recordings of Beduin folk poems. Over the years he collected over 700 poems and developed a very important study designed to preserve the rich Beduin oral tradition. It did not take long for Bailey to realize that the increased settlement and urbanization of Beduin culture would soon have huge and irreversible effects on tribal language and lore.

Beduin poetry itself is an art of subtleties using references to give layer to the hidden meaning of the verses. Beduin poets are known for using "a particular word or phrase to echo a finer point of ancient Beduin etiquette." (The Jerusalem Report, September 1991) For example, in Beduin culture, offering hospitality to travelers is considered the height of manners. So, to refer to one's camp as

“near the highway”

is the subtle Beduin way of expressing respect for a family. "The mention of a specific plant may indicate a locale, or the wealth of a tribe in grazing land; the appearance of a particular constellation in the sky points to the onset of the rainy season, conveying an auspicious atmosphere for a tale about to be told." (The Jerusalem Report, September 1991)

To give an impression of just how subtle Beduin use of language is, the following poem tells of the poet's family's search for better grazing land — a search which ends

English newspaper for Abdullah and my fellow students to practice reading — as well as

kindling for the fires

in the encampment. I always bring pencils for the children to use in school and in our lessons and try to bring (when appropriate) chocolate and cola for the kids as well.

Whatever change is left over from the gifts I buy is eventually given to the children as well. It's always a sense of amusement to me at how much lighter I am leaving the camp than entering it!

The Sheik has three wives and three main encampments in the area of Ma'aleh Adumim. As far as I can tell, he has over 26 children ranging from the ages of four and perhaps up to thirty. I know that the Sheik has at least one wife and some children in Jordan as well, but I have no idea how many. Abdullah is my age and married with a child of his own (only recently born).

After sitting quietly for a few minutes together, the eldest male in the tent will give me a nod signifying that my English lessons are to begin for the children. Although I have yet to find written

are only the boys of the encampment. Ranging from the age of five to twelve, they are all, sadly, on exactly the same English skill level — despite, perhaps, years of training in the local Palestinian school. When I first began teaching them, none of my students could recognize a 'V' without the context of 'Q-R-S-T-U' leading up to it.

Yet, within Beduin culture, there is a growing elite of white-collar trained workers. Certainly the majority of Beduin males today hold blue collar jobs such as construction work, their value in education is creating a highly educated middle class willing to give back to their communities.

The difference between the generations within Beduin culture is

drastic. The Sheik and

men of his generation still wear somewhat traditional Beduin clothing. I have never seen his head uncovered nor have I ever seen anything on his feet but sandals. His sons, however, can be seen more often in jeans and sneakers than a head covering and sandals. Many young men of Abdullah's generation aspire to urban life while many traditionalists his age reject city life and are trying as best as possible to preserve the traditional Beduin lifestyle. Make no mistake, Beduin culture is defi-

nately one in **flux!** It is a tradition

laden with transitions right now. There are efforts within Beduin society and without, however, to preserve the desert culture.

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To give an impression of just how subtle Beduin use of language is, the following poem tells of the poet's family's search for better grazing land — a search which ends in disaster when a panther attacks his flock: “When I came to high Ghadir, that mountain thick with shrubbery lay; So we broke camp, got under way, and stopped at Asbah's tomb to pray.” Or, as another example, the following is a poem sent to a man named Anez in prison telling him that two of his three wives had left him for kinsmen: “Oh Anez, drop those whose first love is clothes. Heed me, Anez, as I tell you your woes: Your spring's a pasture for oxen become. They ruin what's sown free to go and come.”

Beduin

culture, however, does not always sit well with our Western sensitivities. In the mid 90s, an Israeli woman made the news with her one-woman play called, "Na'ami" — about the plight of a Beduin woman fleeing from her husband and

female circumcision

(a practice still alive today within certain Beduin tribes). Indeed if the men of Abdullah's generation are more often than not seen in jeans and sneakers, the women have not changed a bit. As a teacher, I am not allowed to teach the boys and the girls together. If the girls, often better students than the boys, try to approach me, my male students will throw rocks at them until they go away. Women do most of the work around the encampment and are expected often to drop out of school and marry at a young age.

Things with Beduin women are changing as well, however, though certainly slower than as with the men. It is not uncommon for a Beduin woman to now have some say in who they marry. This would have been unheard of in any Beduin tribes not more than fifty years ago. A typical Beduin male would say, "Well, I do not want her to give me a headache with guilt for being unhappy. Now her own unhappiness is her responsibility." Sexist? Sure. But certainly we are seeing a change in the status of women in a very male dominated society here.

Modern Beduin life is by no means the romance in the desert we so often imagine. Nor is it the opposite — a dying culture of homeless, dirty people. Beduin culture as with Beduin politics, is in a very interesting transition period. From here, it's easy to imagine it going either way — a return to the traditional, or an adjustment to the modern.

Either way, however, I believe it is our responsibility as Jews in a Jewish State to take responsibility for the lives and cultures we effect in this manifest destiny of ours. The father of Zionism, Herzl, once called the land of Palestine, "A land without a people for a people without a land". It is so very painfully clear to us now that he was wrong. While we certainly cannot return to the past to change things that have been done, we need to take responsibility for the people within the boundaries of our State.

Indeed, if to save one life is like saving the world entire, then to destroy a life is akin destroying the world entire. How much more so is it a tragedy when entire cultures are destroyed?

The Jahalin Beduin are here and will be here in some form or another as long as we are. If we do not take appropriate responsibility and support them in the way citizens have the right to be supported by

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The Jahalin Beduin are here and will be here in some form or another as long as we are. If we do not take appropriate responsibility and support them in the way citizens have the right to be supported by their government, we may soon see the disappearance of a beautiful culture — indigenous to the lands of our ancestors ... and that, would truly be

a tragedy.