



Spring 2000

## The Forum: Spring 2000

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# the Forum

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Daniel Lucy

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*Acrophobia*

I am not a man meant for Heaven.  
Solid ground must meet my feet  
and clouds are weak as wet rice paper.  
This fear weighs on me like cement  
sandals that would punch straight through.

I cannot manage a plane flight, let alone to  
dart about with wings of my own. To watch  
kites as they fumble against the sky  
makes me nauseous. That stairway, forget it,  
I step no higher than the fourth rung

of this ladder. If I were placed among  
that incessant harp music, those gaudy golden  
streets, the slightest breeze could knock me  
off my feet. My knees would be wet  
from crawling about looking for dirt,

and clutching dizzily for anything anchored.  
The whitest things around would be my knuckles.  
Who can enjoy eternity in vertigo, searching for a place  
where the miles of empty space below are out of sight?  
Not I. So, if it must be clouds to be Heaven,

give me my halo and hospital shift, stand me on  
a foggy plateau or a sturdy, gently sloping mountain.  
I can pretend.

Erika Butler

---

## *Luring the Beast*

Imagine crawling out of your nice, cozy bed in the middle of the night, your stomach growling with hunger. In a trance-like state you head for the kitchen. Upon your arrival you notice a huge plate covered with your favorite kind of doughnuts and next to it a big glass of milk. Both are set up in the middle of the counter. Normally you would think to yourself, "Who would leave out my favorite late-night snack food, and why are they sucking up to me like this?" However, you're still too groggy to think, and you begin to shove the doughnuts down your throat. You do not know that there is a clock attached to those doughnuts, and when you grabbed that first one, the clock stopped and showed the exact time of your visit. The next night, same story, only this time you wake up about fifteen minutes later. Right as you're reaching for that apple fritter on top of the plate, you're taken down in a hail of bullets. You hit the floor, where you lie bleeding to death. You can only watch in pure and utter confusion as the attackers, camouflaged as spices, pasta, cereal, and other items commonly found around the kitchen, begin to climb out of your cupboards. They had been expecting you since their clock told them what time you had been there the night before. You stop breathing, and shortly after, these hunters proceed to gut you. The only thing on your mind as you die is "all I wanted was a doughnut."

If something like this were to really occur, I think it would be safe to say that the people in the cupboards would be facing quite a bit of jail time. If this kind of act were legal, I know people around the world would be outraged, and I bet it wouldn't be very long until people would be trying to convict these perpetrators of crimes against humanity. The fact is that something very close to this occurs legally twice a year in the United States. Some people call it "bear hunting."

How does one go about baiting a bear? You simply find a place where it seems a bear is in the area, set up a stand in the trees, lay out a pile of food including doughnuts, cooking grease, honey, stale pizza, rotting fish, any of a bear's favorites, attach a clock to this food, and then leave. When you return, the clock will tell you what time the bear had come, since it stopped when he began to feed. Then you pile up some more food, get into your camouflaged gear, climb up on your stand with your high-powered rifle and wait for the time to come for the bear's return. When it has found

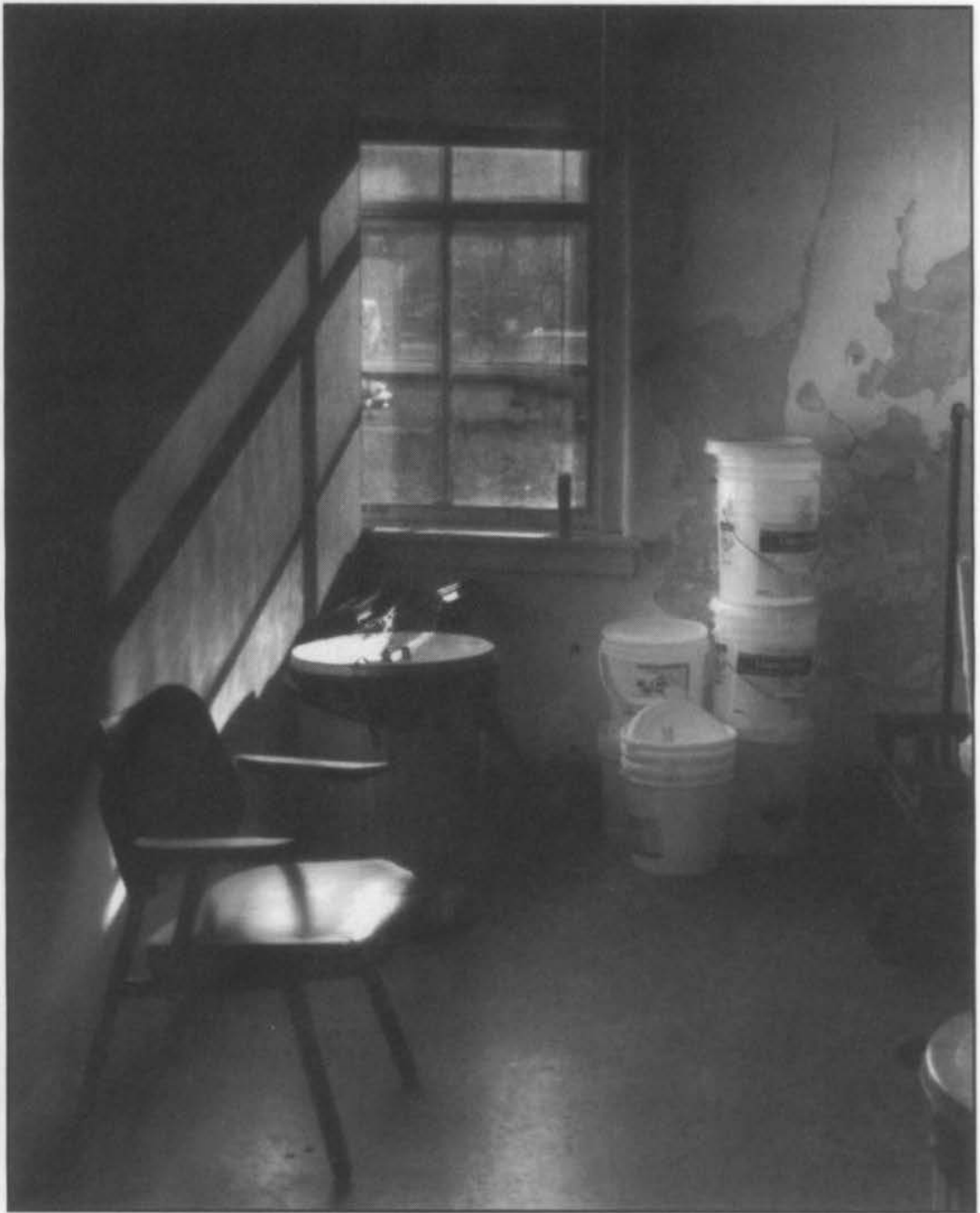


its way to the pile of food, you simply shoot it from your place in the trees. Those who support this kind of hunting state that it is still challenging and not as easy as it looks. It still may take a little skill, but it seems that a lot has been erased just due to the fact that the "hunter" no longer has to go to the bear, but the bear goes to the hunter. And take a look at how it increases a person's odds at getting the bear. In Washington, only twenty-four percent of bear hunters used bait or hounds in 1995, and yet they accounted for half of the bears that were killed that year. That doesn't sound like luck.

It seems that many people view the black bear as a dangerous creature. Many fear it, thinking that these animals are natural "man-eaters." It is not often, however, that someone will come into contact with a black bear in the wild. According to Jeff Wilken, they are "usually timid secretive and most active during the times around dawn and dusk. They are rarely dangerous unless wounded or cornered." Most people who are wounded by a black bear bring it upon themselves by provoking the animal. Take, for example, the teenager who came upon two unattended black bear cubs. He wisely decided that he should grab the two cubs and make a run for it. When the mother, who was fishing nearby, heard the distress calls coming from her cubs, she came running, fast. She soon caught up to the boy and bit him in the butt. Sows protect their cubs rather well and the boy was lucky to get off so easy. For each one of the thirty-five people killed by a black bear in this past century, there are seventeen deaths from spiders, twenty-five from snakes, sixty-seven from dogs (which we still think of as "man's best friend"), 180 from bees and wasps, and 374 from lightning. Still, many believe that when you're out to hunt one of these creatures, you're out to get a ferocious beast.

Real hunting should require some skill and work. This would also leave the hunter with a greater sense of pride over his kill. Animals should at least have a fair chance at escape, and with our increasing technology their chances are lessening. Craig McLaughlin said about baiting that "we impose limitations on our equipment and our conduct to ensure that the animal has a fair chance of escape, and that it is treated with respect." These limitations include a timer on the food so hunters know the time that the bear likes to feed and a high-powered rifle that is accurate at over three hundred yards. The mighty fangs and sharp claws of the black bear are only good within a couple of feet.

Thirty states prohibit baiting bears and the use of hounds. The rest of the states should follow suit and pass similar regulations and put an end to, as Tom Beck calls it, "this harvesting of black bears." These creatures deserve as much protection as the rest of the hunted species, yet they do not get it. Somewhere, a little humanity should be put into these hunts.



*Jason Signalness*

## Andrew Schmidt

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### *Fading*

My memory is often beyond my own understanding, for I know what I remember but not always why. It may be the smell of a fresh spring morning that brings the memories of the ocean, or it could be a simple gesture that reminds me of a friend long forgotten. As I re-experience my past through snippets in my mind, the question of "why did I remember that?" echoes through my thoughts. Furthermore, after an examination of those flashbacks I fail to understand why I have no recollection of my life before the age of six, a time when there was so much happiness and innocence to remember that I will never experience again.

Perhaps through a voyage of my mind I will discover the cause of my "childhood amnesia." Maybe I'll even find that I'm not alone when it comes to forgetting the good times and remembering the bad. Our minds work in mysterious ways and through discovery I may be able to unlock some of those secrets and find a better understanding of the self.

In order to understand a particular part of the memory system, one must have a general overview of the entire process. No great understanding of every part is necessary, but to approach the subject blindly would be impossible. The basic process of remembering is the same at even an early age with the exception of a number of factors. The basic memory sequence consists of the encoding process in which a memory is encoded for storage into your mind. In simpler terms it's like formatting a file on your computer so it can be stored easily. The next step is memory retention, or actually storing the file that you have formatted into your mind for later use. After the memory is stored and you want to use it again you have to retrieve it. Retrieval is just finding of memory when it is needed so it can be used at the particular point in time. Here is an example from my own life: when I went to Europe for vacation I visited Notre Dame. The images of the stained glass and grand architecture of the cathedral were encoded or formatted into a sequence that I could remember. After the memory was encoded it was retained until I recalled it again as I'm writing this paper. The explanation of the memory process above is the most simplified version possible, but that is only because I am concerned with memories from my childhood.

*"Our memories belong to us. They are uniquely ours, not quite like those of anybody else."*

Daniel L. Schacter

My childhood, from what I can remember of it, was a good one. I suffered the normal anxieties of growing up in a middle class family with no real trauma. As I travel back in time, I marvel at all that I can remember and re-experience through my thoughts. As a rememberer I'm able to experience a form of "mental time travel" that frees me from the constraints of the real world. Without the restrictions of reality I am able to jump into the world of fantasy that is my memory. As a "time traveler" I'm able to experience events that took place years apart in only a blink of the eye. It's amazing what the mind can do, but also frustrating in what it cannot do.

As I travel back in time in my mental time machine, I find myself coming to a stop at around the age of six. It seems that memories before the age of six are either inaccessible to me or they are totally gone. I use this age as just a general number because the farther I go back, the harder it is for me to place a memory in a chronological sequence. I may have memories as early as four or five, but they are only brief memories of events. So what is behind my "childhood amnesia"? Is there some deep dark secret that my mind is trying to hide from me?

The fact that very few memories slip through my memory block suggests that possibly something greater is at work. To explain this phenomenon a recent theory suggests that even though our memory appears to shut-down at a certain age it really only opens up. A kind of cerebral development takes place that enhances our long-term memory shaping it into what it is today. This information would be in the form of how long a child can remember a certain event at differing ages of mental development. For example, an average five-year-old can recall a memory for six years after an event occurs, but as we go back to an earlier period of time that memory span drastically decreases. At two and a half years of age the memory retention length is only one year and a half, further suggesting a form of mental development rather than a negative form of forgetting. These developmental ages also coincide with the average age that adults usually report a memory blockage which is between the ages of three and five years old.

Freud attempted to explain the memory gap through his repression theory. While I know that I was never abused or traumatized as a child, I do recognize that it is "the real world" and bad things do happen. In my own life I have had friends that have had to deal with issues such as these. One day they would be normal and the next day they could not look me in the eye and would be afraid to be around me. I later found out that they had been going to therapy for some time and discovered that they had been abused when they were younger. At the same time, I've known people who

were falsely accused of abuse when after therapy their son or daughter "discovered" that they had been abused. However, this is a far cry from actual amnesia. In Freud's original theory he used the word repression as "rejection of distressing thoughts and memories from our conscious awareness," but his theory eventually changed over time. His repression theory further evolved to refer to a mixture of defense mechanisms that operate outside our awareness and exclude anything that would harm our self. However, this is a far cry from actual childhood amnesia where we lose or misplace entire years of our earlier existence. Therefore, the Freudian repression theory can only account for mere instances of our lives and not large amounts of time.

*"frozen forever in photographic form, unaffected by the ravages of time that erode and degrade most other memories"*

Daniel L. Schacter

Flashbulb memories are memories frozen in the instance they occur. The memories can be good or bad, depending on how shocking the memory was. The flashbulb memory works by the principle of the Now Print Mechanism. Hypothetically, the Now Print Mechanism works by preserving the events at the particular moment that we learn of or witness a shocking event.

A day doesn't go by that I don't have a flashback or flashbulb memory of an event that occurred when I was a very young child. One night when we were visiting our neighbors, I was sitting in my rocking chair. The chair was made for a little guy like me so I could easily control its rocking motion. As I rocked away I failed to notice that I had gotten very close to the fireplace. I continued to rock until the chair got caught on another chair and I was flipped out and my head smashed onto the brick ledge. I awoke to the cries of my family and the feeling of a warm liquid running over my face. I sat up, not knowing what had happened, to find myself sitting in a pool of my own blood. Now, this took place when I was only two years old. Most of the details I included were from what I was told, but I do have flashbulb memories of three parts: my final rock in the chair, falling towards the ledge, and sitting in the pool of blood.

Another instance of memory stored in a flashbulb form occurred a few months after my head-splitting incident. This memory isn't traumatic like the first one, but it nonetheless left an imprint on my mind that flashes before me. Most of the contextual information will once again be from an outside source, but the memories are mine. I was sitting on the beach in southern Florida watching the turquoise water of the gulf wash along the shore. I was content to watch the water and I slipped into a daze. A woman in a red bathing suit walked by startling me, but she looked down and smiled at me.

The memories that I remember are the blue of the water, the woman in the red suit, and her perfect smile. If only life could be so good all of the time, but at least I have the memory of it. Every time I think of the ocean my mind will slip back to the time I was at the beach, content as a two year old can be.

Earlier I said that the youngest memory I could recall was at the age of six, but I just gave two examples of memories that occurred much earlier than the age of six. The memories were even before the age at which most adults report having a memory block. Besides the age that the memories occurred, the actual context of the memory also plays an important role. The fact that I remembered such a traumatic event and remembered it so vividly reinforces Freud's theory. Personally, however, I believe that I would be better off if I didn't remember the event so clearly or even at all, but I still do.

*"There is no recollection which time does not put an end to it." (Cervantes)*

Robert L. Klatzky, *Memory and Awareness*

As I look back at my past, I'm often glad that I don't remember everything from when I was a young child. In growing one will undoubtedly make mistakes, otherwise one would never learn anything. In those mistakes are a multitude of events that I am glad I forgot and there are many more that I wish I could. Barbara Holstein put it this way, "Often our memories are stressed to help us recall what has not worked in our life, what was dysfunctional or disappointing. We don't emphasize enough how to use our memories to recall what has given us pleasure in the past."

Through the voyage of my mind I have found or least ventured to find the truth in my past, but my reaction is not what I had expected. After learning the truth I feel it is best that my memory is the way it is. I would never wish to remember anything earlier than what I already can, since it wouldn't serve any purpose for me. I have already learned from the mistakes of my past and all of the good things in my life are yet to come. In a way, Freud was right. I am repressing memories of my past because they are no longer of any use to me. I will always remember the good times, even when they have taken place so long ago. As my memory begins to fail me with age, I'll look back at my life and at this paper and probably call myself a fool, but when I'm that old, who really knows? I may end up on that beach again someday. This time I'll have memories of old.



*Kelly Jane Swenseth*

Steven Dennis

---

*Green Eggs & Hamlet, Act II, Scene II*

In Denmark,  
Land of kings and things,  
Princes, fences, crowns, and rings,  
Something oozly was amiss  
With Gertrude's hubby,  
Claudius.

And Hamlet knew!  
He did not like  
How Gertrude married overnight.  
He'd hooler, holler, howl, and shout  
Till Claudius was woozled out.

So Claudius  
Did send afar  
For two of Hamlet's friends bizarre  
To find out why the king's dear sonny  
Had suddenly become so funny.

H: Hey Guildenstern, hi Rosencrantz, how's fortune been?

G & R: We're in her pants!

H: What brings you to this land, old chap?

R: To see you, Hamlet, simply that.

H: Just for me? It couldn't be. Why cross the mucky, yucky sea?

R: Something else has brought you hence, showing up as things get tense.

G: Are things awry? I did not know. Our timing's bad, we ought to go. WE only want to stay and visit, but not if it will make you flizit.

H: I do not like the way you smirk, I do not like the way you lurk,  
I would not trust you in a bind, I would not trust you from behind!

R: Ham, I don't know what to say, you seem so down and blue today.

H: Friend, it's true I'm feeling sad, and even you can't make me glad.



- G: (What do you say? He knows our way!)
- R: (Claudius is such a creep to send us here to our defeat.)
- H: Friends, fear not, although I know I'm acting loony and it shows,  
The king's no fool, he's no buffoon, he knows that I might kill  
him soon.
- R: We do not like the way you pout, we wish that you could help us  
out.
- R: Your sorrows trouble us as well. As for Gertrude, we won't tell.
- G: She's a fizzle fluzzle, too. Don't let her actions get to you.
- R: You should party, have some fun!
- G: Just wait until the actors come!
- H: Actors, when and where and who?
- R: Down the road, they'll be here soon.
- H: I thought they did their plays at home.
- G: I think there might have been a riot. Sounds like fun, we ought to  
try it.
- H: Are they still hip? Are they still fly? Can they still make me  
laugh and cry?
- R: I do not like them anymore, in fact I think they're quite a bore.  
I would not see them on the stage, I would not hear them read a  
page.
- H: They might have fallen, lost their spunk, they may have had to  
pack their trunks.

But a play, a play, that's the thing. To catch the conscience of the  
king . . .

## Adam Paulson

---

### *Candlelight*

She came over and put a candle on my table. There I was, studying my French, and she came over and put a candle next to my cup of coffee. She set it down and then returned to her job. The candle lit my notebook with a flickering light that was making me dizzy, and I couldn't concentrate like I had before. The repetitive words that I was trying to memorize were dancing on the paper, making it hard for me to read. I wasn't accomplishing as much as I had hoped, anyway. I was observing too much. There were too many things for me to look at and listen to. There are few things more random than people, but, on the other hand, they are also so predictable I can guess what they are thinking most of the time.

When Trista put the candle on my table I knew that she was letting her mind wander. It was just part of her job and it required no thought. The coffee shop had become dimly lit, and to add to the atmosphere, this establishment demanded that there be candles on the tables after six o'clock. My watch showed quarter to six, so I knew Trista was being very efficient, making use of the lull in the customer flow to place the candles down before the deadline.

She set the candle on my table and grabbed two more, one in each hand, and placed them on the two tables to my right, then repeated the process until all of the tables had been decorated. Just before this task began she had lit all of the candles with a blue lighter. While she was doing this, I sat at my table and regretted not bringing my camera with me that night. She brought all of the candles out from behind the counter, spread them out in front of her like so many wax peasants, and then began to apply flame to their wicks. The short fat candles, encased in frosted white glass, pulled the flame's light down into their depths, becoming alive with illumination. In the beginning her face was not lit at all. I could barely see her eyes, yet I was only ten feet away. The building was dark, and neither the candles in front of her, nor the lights that were not burnt out, as many of them were along the high ceiling, showed the blank stare she had etched on her face.

Slowly it began to show its color and distinguishing features. The light showed a face with skin that casually led you from one feature to another; a face with lips that demanded crimson attention and could smoothly reveal a smile; a face with almond-shaped blue eyes that were framed by a set of

hand-sculpted eyebrows. The candles reflected in those eyes, hiding their color, and an illusion of fire appeared behind her face. Each small flame was adding to the light that was bouncing off her skin to my eyes, producing an image that was breathtaking. There was something in the way that this primitive light source was surrounding this woman that I just could not get over. The way that the candles's light was giving her skin a soft tone reminded me of warmth and security.

I know that while she was doing this she was thinking of how she hoped no one would come in before she finished her task. I know that I was thinking that I wanted to have my camera there with me. I wanted to freeze her in that position, then show people what I was looking at.

When the candles were all lit, she set the lighter down and looked into the flames. I saw through her eyes and began to think what she was thinking. From her eyes I saw all the small concentrated heat sources go blurry when I let my focus go beyond them. They came together in a moment of blurred vision, and when I refocused my gaze they all became independent once again.

I believe that Trista was thinking more than what she showed while she focused beyond the candles. She was not just thinking about how they resembled light sources from the sky; she was thinking something else. I couldn't decide if she was being completely random or completely predictable. The definitions of the two aspects became blurry at times.

She could have been thinking about the troubles she was having with her boyfriend. How he hated the fact that she wanted to wait until they were married to have sex. She could be questioning the strength and necessity of her moral decision. I wanted to tell her that it was her choice, and that this man was not the one to be judging her. I wanted to tell her that.

She could have been thinking about her mother, how she was waiting for her time to stop fighting the cancer. How the cancer had diminished her weight to the point where it was difficult to recognize her. I wanted to tell her that her mother would be all right when her time came. I wanted to tell her that.

She could have been thinking about her father, and how his wife's ordeal has brought him closer to his only daughter. How it has forced him to confide in her, and Trista was happy with the new relationship that had been established, but hated what it took to do so. I wanted to tell her that things would be better between them from now on. I wanted to tell her that.

She pulled out of her trance as if from a dream, and then proceeded to the second half of her task—placing the candles on the table. When she broke from the candlelight that had seemed to hold her in place, she came to my table first. As she came towards me I returned to my language until a candle was placed next to my coffee cup, then I looked up in time to see

her face, now mostly lit by the shimmering light from the one candle in her right hand, and I received a smile from her. She gave that to me, but I didn't know what the smile meant. I was now having a hard time getting to know what she was thinking while her presence was so near my own.

I watched her as she seemingly floated from table to table, two candles, then one, then none. The grace that she used while completing her task was not hurried; it was one of fluid motion. When all of the tables had received their flaming light she returned to giving out the drinks she made. She regarded all of the customers warmly, with a smile and a friendly word, but always, as she turned to begin their drinks, the smile would diminish. Her look would change from light to heavy, happy to not. It was not one of professional concentration, but one of depression.

I had now left my foreign language behind, giving all of my attention to her without her knowing it. I wondered what was causing the stress in her night. Was it her job or outside influences, personal or otherwise? The more that I thought about this woman the more I failed to understand her. During the periods when there were no customers needing service, she would move to the end of the counter, drawing herself towards isolation. Sometimes she would sit with her eyes closed; sometimes she would just sit and stare at nothing. Once again I couldn't gather any sort of idea about her. Her thoughts were a mystery to me.

She closed her eyes, let out a sigh, and slumped the weight of her head onto her crossed arms resting on the counter. Her head lay unmoving. Her body was relaxed, her mind was numb. I watched as she did nothing. I wanted to do something, but couldn't decide what.

I knew that some sort of intervention was needed. I couldn't let her go on like she was. I couldn't tell what she was thinking but I knew that something was there, a pain either burning inside her, or a pain that was hiding and couldn't be found. The problem must have been stewing her insides, waiting for the release of conversation.

She seemed so alone in her place. I stood, and began to move closer. I approached her with my coffee cup in one hand and good intentions in the other. Three feet away and on the other side of the counter she continued to sit, not noticing my presence. I stood this close to her as she rested her eyes and mind.

There were so many things I could have said. Many of them would have been helpful; many of them would have been useful. She could have left her head where it lay, opened her eyes and listened to me speak of better things. Things that would have smoothly revealed a smile from behind her crimson lips. More things that would have made her almond eyes crinkle from a smile that grew larger. Even more things that would have lifted her head in a giggle. And finally things that would have made her neck throw back her head and hair in unchecked laughter.

There could have been others that were so deep and meaningful that she would have lifted her head with tears in her eyes asking for an embrace. I would have been able to touch her face as I wiped away her tears. I would have been able to tuck her hair behind her ears with a gentle touch. I would have been able to make her smile a smile that would not go away when she turned her head.

The candles on the table lit the room with a light that didn't quite seem real. The shadows from the dancing flames were showing things quickly, and then hiding them again, giving only a quick glimpse of what was true. A flash in the eyes of a mind that was truly at work. A glimmer in the glasses of a woman that was enjoying her time. Colored light shining through a glass onto rough fingertips. Light that danced on two smiling faces, lighting each for the other to see. And a shuddering shadow that was cast over the girl with her head down and eyes shut.

## Chris Stoner

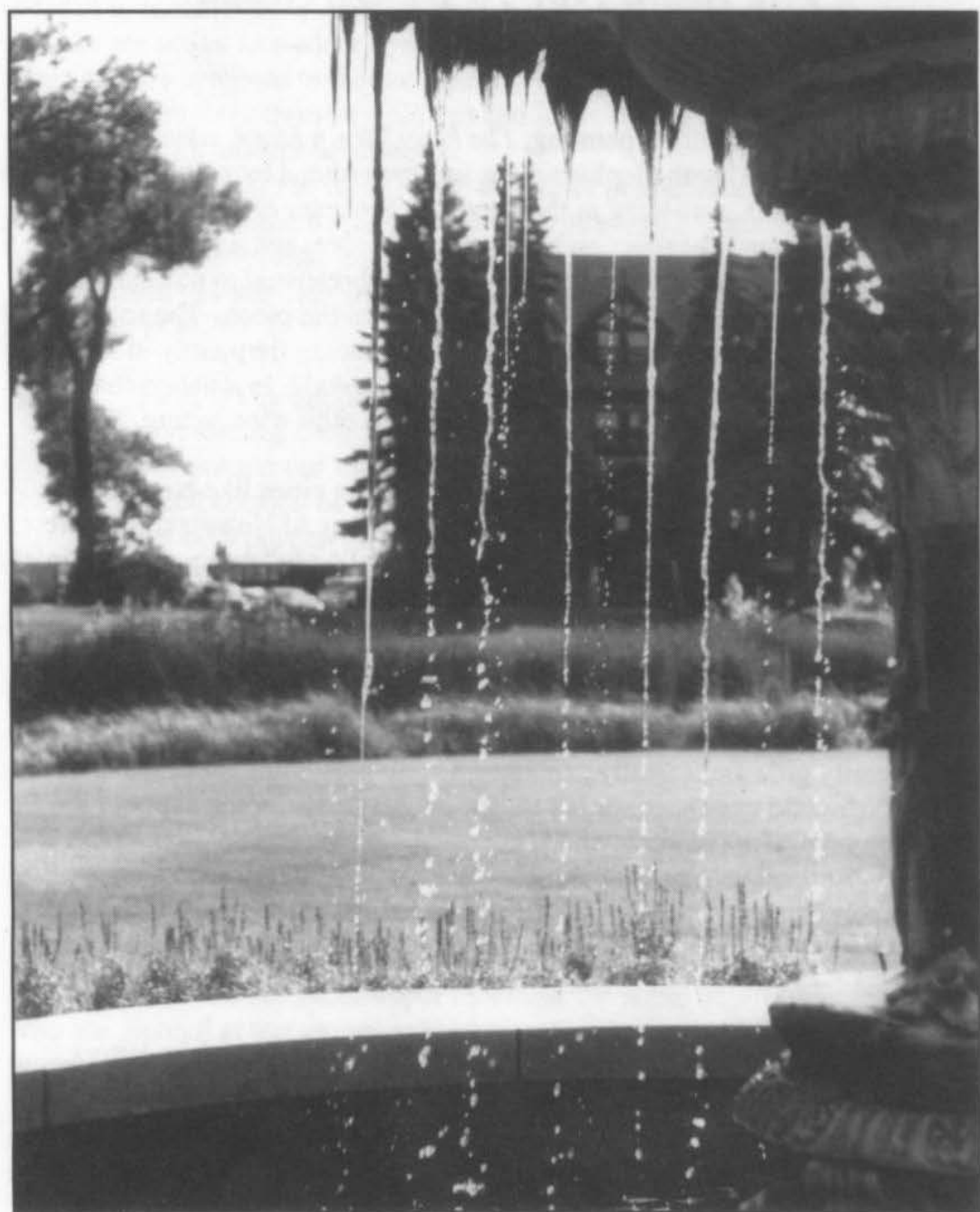
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### *Sticks and Stones*

The words fall stealthily  
across café booths  
joined back to back to back.  
Unexpected, inadvertent,  
almost innocent.  
Almost.  
Off-hand remarks  
that falter my voice.  
Only once,  
and quickly regained,  
but enough to betray my position as  
“Other”

Frustration builds.  
My end of the conversation  
becomes stunted, irregular.  
I struggle to listen,  
and to not listen.  
Everyone else seems oblivious  
and why not?  
It's nothing extraordinary.  
Just another day and another place  
and another careless ass  
with nothing better to do  
than kick his feet  
at a pile of sticks.

“Faggot . . . Faggot”



*Poppy Fowler*

Sara Hansen

---

## *The Right Not To Be Offended?*

Recently, Chris Olifi's painting, *The Holy Virgin Mary*, which portrays a woman splattered with elephant dung and surrounded by pictures of women's genitalia, was hung in the Brooklyn Museum of Art in New York. Many people found the painting extremely offensive, and a great deal of controversy arose. As a result, Mayor Giuliani threatened to pull government funding of the museum unless they removed the piece. The incident raised a rather heated question that has been surfacing frequently in America today: do people have the right not to be offended? In a nation that prides itself on freedom of expression, artistic or otherwise, where, if anywhere, should the lines be drawn?

These questions aren't merely relevant in large cities like New York; they were raised right here on UND's campus when Al Nowatzki's article "Fraternities and Sororities—They're All Greek To Me" was published in the 10-19-99 issue of the *Dakota Student*. The article was about the negative stereotypes surrounding fraternity and sorority members. The "negative preconceived notions" that supposedly exist in the minds of non-Greeks at UND included the ideas that Greeks are conformists, that fraternity members throw parties to take advantage of intoxicated females, and that sorority girls are sexually promiscuous. In presenting these stereotypes, Nowatzki used some rather vulgar language, including supposedly common labels for Greeks such as "preppies," "cake-eaters," "cocks," and "sluts." To illustrate his point, he also included a "popular joke among non-Greeks" that compared sorority girls to bowling balls. "(Q. What does a bowling ball and a sorority girl have in common? A. You can stick three fingers in 'em, throw 'em in the gutter, and they keep coming back for more.)"

In the weeks following the publication of Nowatzki's article, letters opposing its publication poured in to the editor of the *Dakota Student*. According to Lydia Genner, "This article made some of the most vulgar and demeaning remarks towards women that I have even seen in print." Kent Leier, who filed a complaint against Nowatzki, wrote, "Many students on campus are very upset about the vulgarity and content of the article. Freedom of speech is one thing, but printing a joke comparing women to bowling balls is another."

In addition to pointing out the offensiveness of the article, many writers



noted that Nowatzki overlooked the positive things Greeks do. Jared Eiszimmer explained that Greeks raise money for the blind, heart disease, and Lou Gerhig's disease. Lindsay Davis argued that "Fraternities and sororities teach us to be leaders and give us the confidence and support needed to assume those roles." Kent Leier brought up the fact that many Greeks are active in student government as well as other student organizations and are involved in the community. Many people questioned whether Nowatzki's rather offensive opinions and ideas should have been printed in the university's student publication.

To determine if the editor made a mistake in publishing the article, one must first examine the theoretical underpinnings of freedom of expression. In *On Liberty*, John Stuart Mill argues that opinions of all kinds must be expressed to shed light on the truth. This can occur in one of four ways, according to Mill.

"First, if any opinion is compelled to silence, that opinion may, for aught we can certainly know, be true. To deny this is to assume our own infallibility. Secondly, though the silenced opinion be an error, it may, and very commonly does, contain a portion of truth. Thirdly, even if the received opinion be not only true, but the whole truth; unless it is . . . vigorously and earnestly contested, it will . . . be held in the manner of a prejudice, with little comprehension or feeling of its rational grounds. And not only this, but, fourthly, the meaning of the doctrine itself will be in danger of being lost or enfeebled . . . preventing the growth of any real and heartfelt conviction from reason or personal experience."

Although the "negative preconceived notions" identified in Nowatzki's article are not the full truth about Greeks at UND, they may at least contain elements of truth. It would be difficult to disprove that there are some fraternity and sorority members who only like to associate with other Greeks and who dress and act similarly, or that there are some fraternity members who use alcohol at frat parties as a means of bettering their chances with women. More than likely, there are also some sexually promiscuous sorority girls. Moreover, opponents to the article who felt it was untrue had to develop rational support for their own ideas about Greeks, which helped to reaffirm their beliefs. In disputing Nowatzki's article by using examples of the positive things Greeks do, they were able to argue with real and heartfelt conviction from reason or personal experience. Had Nowatzki's article gone unpublished, their positive ideas about Greeks may have been held in the manner of a prejudice, with little comprehension or feeling of its rational grounds. Also, in offering their own views of Greek life, they were

given the chance to dispel the "negative preconceived notions" that may actually have existed in the minds of many university students by giving positive examples of Greek activities.

Although the article's publication actually had some positive results, the fact remains that it offended people. It has been argued that the opinions expressed by Nowatzki are vulgar and indecent. One could go so far as to say they're not "morally right." However, although morality is a shaping factor in our justice system, the fact that an idea isn't "morally right" doesn't mean an individual should be deprived of the Constitutional "right" to express it. Rodney A. Smolla, author of *Academic Freedom, Hate Speech, and the Idea of a University*, states that opinions and ideas cannot be censored merely because the person or people in authority disagree with them. "Government may not pick and choose among ideas, but must always be 'viewpoint neutral.' All ideas are created equal in the eyes of the first amendment—even those ideas that are universally condemned." They have to cause harm to others before the government can intervene.

In the case of the Nowatzki article, though, one could argue that it did cause harm—emotional harm. Or perhaps the likelihood of emotional harm would have increased if, instead of writing about members of an organization who joined it voluntarily, the article were about actual Greeks, or Jews, or Blacks. The argument could be made that his article was prejudiced, bordering on a hate speech, and resulting in great emotional harm. That raises the question of whether emotional harm is sufficient to require the censorship of ideas. Two sets of ideas that have been influential in answering that question are the harm principle and the emotional principle.

The harm principle is also based on the ideas of John Stuart Mill. It separates harms caused by speech into three categories: physical, relational, and reactive. Physical harms include damage to people or property. For example, "speech may be used to negotiate a contract soliciting a murder, or to commission an arsonist to burn down a building." Relational harms involve interference with relationships, "including social relationships, commercial transactions, proprietary interests in information, and interest in the confidentiality of communications." The harm resulting from Nowatzki's article would fall into the third category, reactive harms. These include "injuries caused by emotional or intellectual responses to the content of the speech."

At this point in time, the government can curtail speech if it either causes or has the potential to cause physical harm, as is the case with "fighting words," in which "a verbal attack directed at a particular individual in a face-to-face confrontation . . . presents a clear and present danger of a violent physical reaction." It can also curtail speech that causes relational harms, such as false advertising or copyright infringement. However, reactive harms are not justifications for regulating speech.

The reasoning for this ties in with the emotional principle, which extends first amendment protection not only to the content of speech, but to its emotional components as well. According to Smolla, "Speech does not forfeit the protection that it would otherwise enjoy merely because it is laced with passion or vulgarity." This was partly the result of the Supreme Court's decision in the case of *Hustler Magazine, Inc. v. Falwell*, in which Chief Justice Rehnquist stated that "amorphous pejoratives such as 'outrageous' or 'indecent' were too subjective to withstand first amendment requirements. To permit a jury to impose liability for mere 'outrageousness' would invite jurors to base liability on the basis of their tastes and prejudices." In other words, to pass laws censoring speech on the basis of what is "indecent" or "emotionally harmful" would be nearly impossible because different people are offended by different things, and one could argue that nearly any speech is causing emotional harm in some way, shape, or form. Also, what could be censored would be relative to the arbitrary feelings of jurors, which would result in judicial inconsistencies and censorship based on individual beliefs and desires.

These categorizations may seem to leave the door wide open for hate speech; however, hate speech, in many cases, can be curtailed if it violates other laws. If a hateful message is written in the form of graffiti, property damage laws come into play. Fighting words are outside of first amendment protections, and speech that violates the equal protection clause, civil rights acts, or labor laws can also be restricted. According to Smolla, "As long as it is the underlying discriminatory behavior and not the speech that is being regulated, the first amendment is not offended." Hate speech against an individual could be subject to laws against libel or invasion of privacy. Finally, there have been distinctions drawn by the courts between the protection of public and private speech. Hate speech connected to issues of public concern are protected, but, as Smolla writes, "a gratuitous racial epithet uttered to a passerby in a context devoid of any plausible patina of intellectual content might be a different matter entirely." This is defined as "language that requires no more thought than the ability to spell; language that states no fact, offers no opinion, proposes no transaction, attempts no persuasion," and so on.

If, then, Nowatzki did have the constitutional right to voice his opinions, he chose to do so in a newspaper, which has its own ethical parameters. In recent years, there has been a resurgence in questioning the ethics of journalists and editors, both from society at large and among members of the media themselves. A great emphasis has been placed on getting the facts, and "not only the facts, but also the truth about the facts." Journalists are supposed to be accountable for what they write and the truth of their information. Theodore Peterson, co-author of a series of essays about the social responsibility doctrine in journalism, wrote, "Under the social re-

sponsibility theory, freedom of expression is grounded on the duty of the individual to his thought, to his conscience. It is a moral right . . . Freedom of expression is not something which one claims for selfish ends. It is so closely bound up with his mental existence that he ought to claim it. It has value both for the individual and for society."

These ideas would seem to imply that Nowatzki should have researched his statements and wrote them to benefit the community in some way or another. However, it is extremely important to note that his article was printed in the "Opinions and Editorials" section of the paper. One's opinion is distinctly different from fact. The article was not necessarily written with the goal of informing the community; it was written as a means of entertainment. Opponents who choose to argue that the article had value neither for the individual or for society would be overlooking the fact that many people found it witty and humorous. Also, the fact that it sparked a dialectic of ideas both about the article and about journalism itself was beneficial to the community, causing students to evaluate ideas about free speech and sparking intellectual conversations about morality and rights. The controversy also got more people to read the *Dakota Student*, promoting further intellectual growth and stimulation. It is true that these may not have been Nowatzki's goals in writing the article, but they occurred nevertheless. One could hardly argue that the article's publication had no beneficial results.

While the U. S. Constitution doesn't include the right not to be offended, UND students do have the right to choose what they do and do not want to read, as well as to decide which opinions they agree with and what they believe is moral. Leaving these choices up to the students emphasizes one of the most important goals a university can achieve: creating well-rounded, educated students who can examine all sides of an argument and decide what is right for themselves as free, independent thinkers.

## Jessica Gunderson

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### *Richer*

**T**hat summer we lived in a haunted house. Of course, Nick didn't believe that it was really haunted, but he wasn't there a lot. I usually heard the ghosts during the day when Nick was at work. They seemed to quiet down an awful lot at night. I suppose they were sleeping. Or maybe they just didn't like Nick. In any case, he would blame any noises he heard on the wind or the creaking of the boards, or some other reason like that. Nick was pretty skeptical about a lot of things. I told him that the only thing that creaked in the house was the bed. His bed was so old and it creaked every time we had sex on it. Pretty soon we quit having sex on the bed and we just did it on the floor. Sometimes we'd even fall asleep there, naked, and wake up cold and have to quick jump into the bed. But the ghosts, they really weren't too noisy, although sometimes one of them would sneeze and wake me up from my naps on the couch. That didn't happen too often. Usually I sleep pretty sound. Mostly, though, they just sighed. That's what I remember most, I guess, their sighs.

The house wasn't really what you would call a creepy house. It was just a normal old house. A lot of the houses in Richer were probably haunted, though, now that I think about it. Richer was an old mining town in northern Minnesota, and most of the houses there were built during the 1920's, maybe even earlier. I don't know exactly. But they were all really old, and really big. Downtown, the buildings all had those fake fronts, the kind that stick out on both sides and make the buildings look square on top when actually they have slanted roofs. I still don't know what the purpose of those fronts is. The houses around ours were all really old, too. I don't even think there were any houses built there in the last twenty years. But that's what I remember most about Richer, all the big old houses. I suppose most of them were haunted, now that I think about it.

Richer wasn't really much of a town by the time I moved there with Nick. I think it used to be beautiful, when all those old houses were new. But nobody really lived there anymore. They had all moved to Hibbing or Duluth or someplace a little bigger. The houses weren't being taken care of very well, either. I suppose that made the old dead miners mad, and that's why they decided to stick around and haunt the places. Anyway, our place was pretty big, although it seemed to get smaller the longer I lived there. We were in the upstairs of the house, and it had long windows that were

really bright in the morning because Nick didn't have any curtains. I kept telling him that we should at least hang some sheets over the windows of the bedroom, but he said that no one could see up that high. Our house was pretty tall, I guess.

The people who lived downstairs gave me the creeps when I first moved in. I think they ran a drug ring, or something, because there were always people around. I could never keep track of who lived there and who didn't. They were really nice people, though, once you got to know them. I went down there one night because I ran out of weed. And they gave me some for a really good price. I was glad because that meant I didn't have to drive all the way back to North Dakota just for weed. The drive back to North Dakota was so long and I always got scared when I drove through the Chippewa Forest. Especially when I drove east. I don't know why, really. I just remember the trees. They had such skinny trunks and when I looked at them they always reminded me of thousands of Indian legs. And the bursts of leaves or pines at the top were their feathers. So I was glad I didn't have to drive through all that and all I had to do was go downstairs. The people down there all seemed really nice. Some of them didn't talk to me much, but there was one lady, Paula, who always talked to me about anything. Sometimes I sat there for an hour or two and talked to her without even realizing the time that went by. She talked about her brother Joney a lot. Joney was a pretty weird guy. He reminded me a lot of a guy back in North Dakota named Ronald who used to come into the mall when I was working. Ronald only had two teeth but he still smiled all the time. He asked everyone what their names were. You'd tell him your name and the next day he'd ask you again. But pretty soon he got to know my name. He'd always walk up to me and say "Hi, Esta!" It bugged me that he couldn't pronounce his R's, so I finally told him to call me Essie. So when Nick started calling me Essie it made me think of Ronald because nobody but him had called me that for years. Anyway, Joney reminded me of Ronald because he used to take his little cart and walk to the gas station to get milk every day, and whenever he'd see anyone he'd say, "What's your name?" And usually people wouldn't answer him. People in Richer were pretty rude. It annoyed Paula that people were rude to her brother. She told me that every time I went downstairs.

I didn't really do much that summer during the day when Nick was working. Nick used to tell me that I should get a job instead of sitting around smoking weed all day. But I didn't need a job then because I had a lot of money in my savings accounts and I paid all of the rent. So he finally quit bugging me about getting a job. I told him I was doing him a favor by moving in with him and paying all the rent when I was only nineteen and he was twenty-four. My parents had been dead since January and everything had been split right down the middle between my sister and me so I

had lots of money to spend. My sister usually didn't bug me too much about anything, and she was pretty busy out in Wisconsin with her kids and her husband. She had wanted me to move in with her for the summer but I really didn't want to wake up to shouting every morning. And I liked to spend the day just sitting around until Nick got off work. He had to work at six in the morning every day, and I slept until ten. Then I got up and smoked and watched soap operas. They can be pretty fun when you're stoned. Nick came home at one and we'd have sex for a while until he was tired. Then he slept until five and went back to work. Sometimes I'd try to sleep when he did but that's when the ghosts were at their noisiest. So I'd usually get up and walk around with them. Once in a while I had to get away from them so I would go out and drive around in the hills outside of town and look at the trees. The trees were shorter and stumpier around Richer and not so scary. I always left my CDs on for the ghosts though. I guess I thought it helped them sleep at night.

Anyway, that was our usual routine and it worked out pretty good. The only problem I had was that I forgot to take my pills a lot. I tried to take two the next day to make up for it, but a lot of the time I forgot that too. So it didn't surprise me that I was pregnant by the middle of the summer.

One day in August I drove to North Dakota and back to get rid of it. I remember that day, it was cool for being August. I think it rained a little that day, too. But I was glad it was cloudy. I hate to drive in the sun. So it was a nice drive and it didn't seem to take as long as it used to. I smoked onies the whole way there and back and listened to my CDs really loud. I didn't even have to stop and sleep a while like I thought I would. I made it back to Richer by 3 a.m.

Something didn't seem right about the house. I thought it was just because I was really stoned and getting a little sleepy, but when I walked upstairs Nick was still awake. He was drinking Jim Beam and Coke.

"Hi Essie. How was your trip?"

"Fine, I guess."

"Did you get into all the classes you need?"

"Yeah. Expect for that one. I still need an override, or whatever you call it."

"You better make sure to call about that."

"I will. Remind me tomorrow. Can I smoke the rest of this onie in here? There's just a little left."

"Yeah, I guess. You always smoke weed in here all day anyway, so I guess it doesn't matter tonight. Besides, the cops have already been here."

"The cops have? What for?"

"I don't really know. I was pretty wasted. That guy downstairs is dead."

"Dead? What guy?"

"I don't know. The retarded one."

"The retarded one? Joney?"

"Is that his name? Yeah. Him."

"How did he die?"

"I don't know. I think somebody shot him, or stabbed him. I don't know which."

"Who would do that? Why don't you know? Where were you?"

"I was at work. And then we got wasted, at the bar. You were gone, you know. By the time I got back there were a bunch of cops here. You're lucky you took your weed with you."

"Yeah. That was lucky. Where was Paula?"

"Who is Paula?"

"Paula. The lady downstairs."

"Oh. I don't know which one she is."

"The dark haired one? You know? The one who wears that blue scarf in her hair? You know?"

"Oh. I don't know. It was dark. I was pretty wasted."

"All right. Well, I'm smoking this onie and going to bed."

"Yeah. Me too. I'm pretty drunk."

Two weeks later when I was packing my things to move back to North Dakota I found a gold cross necklace that my mother had given me in high school. I decided to wear it just to keep the ghosts away. I thought maybe they were going to hide in my things and come with me. I really didn't want that to happen so I kept that cross around my neck. I kept it on until I had crossed the river into North Dakota and then I finally took it off. I was really glad I had that cross.



## Poppy Fowler

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### *A Stitch In Time*

**B**urtness Theatre resides where it always has, south of Gamble Hall on Centennial Drive. The beginning of each new semester at the theatre is always busy with auditions, set design, and costume preparation for the upcoming shows that will be held there.

Burtness is definitely a wonderful place. Trust me—I know. For the past two years I have worked as a costume shop assistant to Kathy Jacobs in the costume shop (or as I referred to it, the Dungeon).

Down in the basement of Burtness I have spent many hours stitching my life away just for the satisfaction of being able to annoy whoever had accompanied me to the latest performance. Every five minutes I would reach over and poke my companion just to let them know: “I made that,” “I sewed the hem of that,” or “I put the sleeves on that.” Needless to say, everyone loved going to the theatre with me.

Working at Burtness always had its perks. The people I met while working there are some of the most interesting and exciting people I know. I also got two free tickets to each performance. However, sewing could also be extremely dangerous. One show that we were working on had the entire cast dressed in tight, black vinyl. I despise sewing vinyl! The pins would not stay in the fabric. The zipper would not stay straight in the machine. It was good the costumes were black, because after hours and hours of fighting with pins, needles, and material, I had bled on the costumes. Blood, sweat, and tears became all too literal. But the pain and suffering is all worth it when I am able to see the costumes on stage fitting the actors and actresses perfectly.

Unfortunately, I am unable to work at Burtness this year. My shortage of work study money forced me to discontinue my costume services. How I miss being a seamstress. Instead, I get to spend all my time with my fellow honors students. But, I will still make sure I support the theatre and attend all of the performances I can. And I always pay special attention to the costumes.

## Daniel Lucy

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### *Eighty*

*"In dreams you are never eighty."*—Anne Sexton

Oh, often I am and past all this;  
past the impossible truths of youth,  
past falling asleep with the certainty in mind  
that I will awake able to remember  
yesterday's happenings, what I dreamed  
last night. Past the certainty of waking at all.

In these dreams eighty is a slow pulsing  
beneath skin that sags like a basket of laundry,  
a mind confused and tangled as wet shirts.  
Memories are long since spun and wrung free of their  
once familiar shape by an indiscriminating machine.  
Thoughts are twisted as sleeves and cling to each other.

In losing my mind, I may know myself—  
I can't promise to recognize your face, brother.

In these dreams eighty comes unpredictable as weather—  
settling in calmly, or riding a sudden pinch-bitter wind  
that makes me aware of my ears, my fingers, my toes  
as if for the first time. All is brand new.  
When I awake, that is, if I do,  
my breath comes out cold, and it hurts.

In these dreams youth seems a place of smoke and mirrors—  
inconceivable as a pyramid, distant as moon-landing.  
I'll believe it when I can hold it in my hand,  
hear it with my ears, or feel it like sand between my toes.  
When that morning comes, that is, if it does,  
memories will seem less illusion, less trick photography.

Until then the world will turn slow and be weighty.  
In my dreams I have known what it is to be eighty.

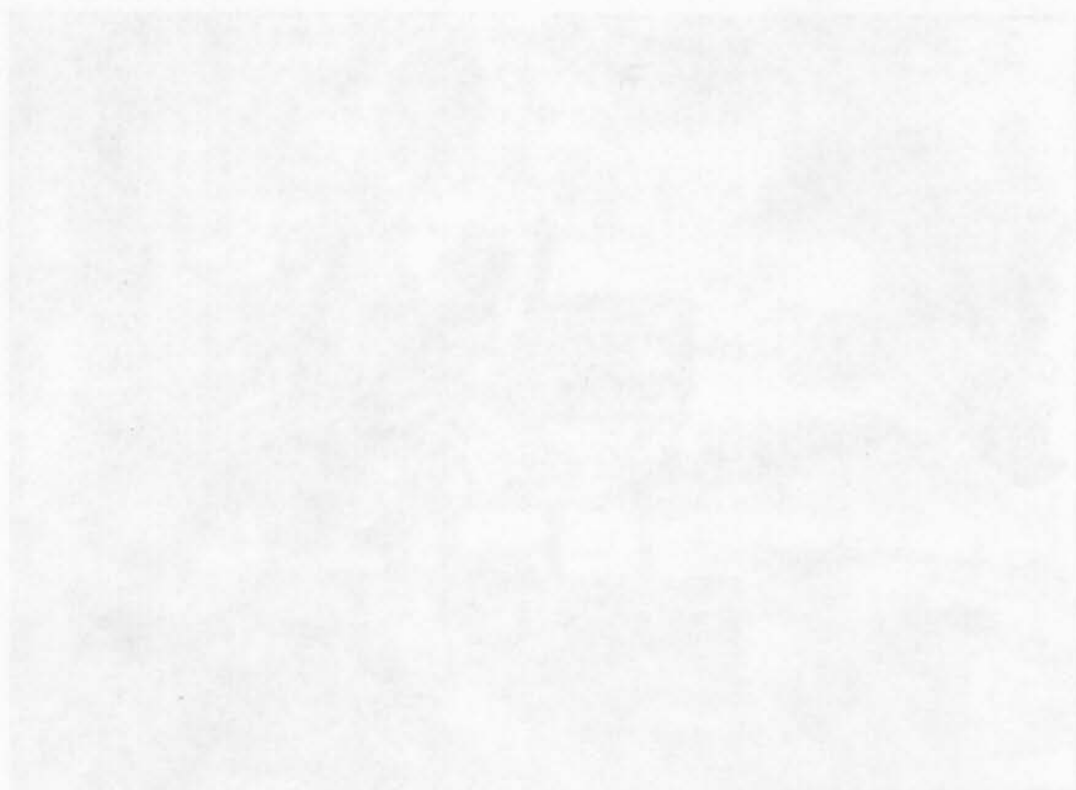


*Kelly Jane Swenseth*

# Samuel Taylor

## Eighty

Eighty and the world is still the same



Eighty and the world is still the same

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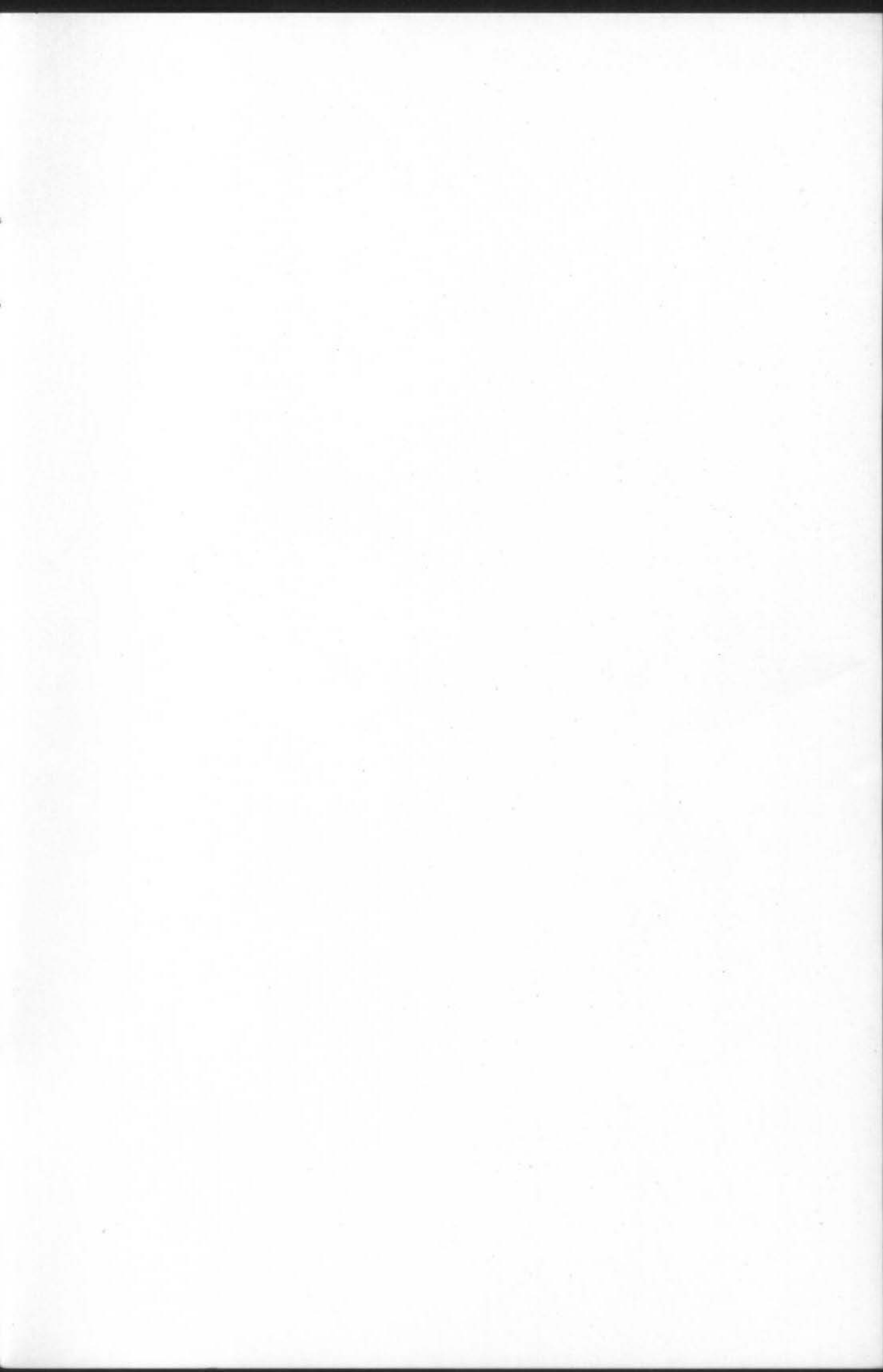
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