

# Native Directions

*University of North Dakota School of Communication Native Media Center*

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two

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**Monday through Thursday,**  
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**Everyone is welcome at the  
Native Media Center.**

We work to improve media  
coverage standards of Native people and issues.  
Since American Indians make up only a small  
portion of all media, it is crucial to produce and  
manage information to protect and advance  
minority rights and culture.



## **Native Directions**

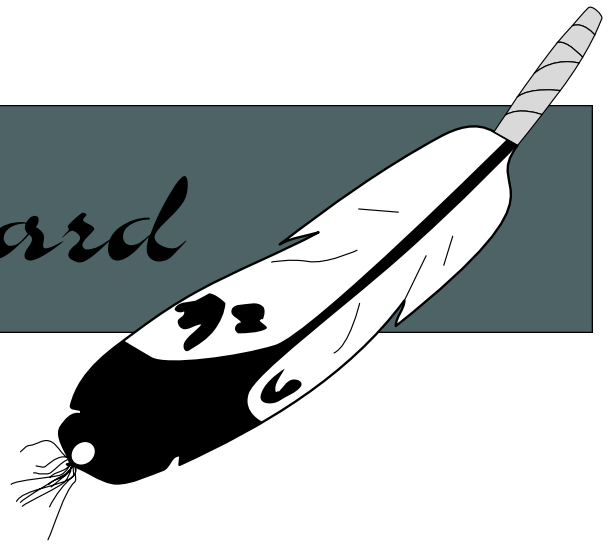
is an award-winning  
publication produced by students majoring in a  
variety of disciplines, but with a common goal: to  
help make multiculturalism a growing reality by  
promoting American Indian  
perspectives, values and culture.

*Storytellers and artists are encouraged  
to submit their work for publication.*

**VISIT our web site at**  
**<http://www.und.edu/dept/nativemedia>**

*The opinions expressed by contributors to this  
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Native Media Center, the School of Communication,  
or the University of North Dakota.*

# Bulletin Board



## Have you ever seen a real Indian?

American Indian College Fund advertising campaign challenges stereotypes

Portland, Ore., March 2 /PRNewswire

The American Indian College Fund announced today the launch of a new advertising campaign that challenges "Indian" stereotypes by profiling strong, successful Native American people. Created by a long-time College Fund advertising agency, Wieden & Kennedy of Portland, the print campaign is expected to appear in April publications. (for a photo see: [www.enwscom.com/cgi-bin/prnh/20010302/LAF032](http://www.enwscom.com/cgi-bin/prnh/20010302/LAF032))

"With the campaign, it is our goal to challenge the American public's notions about who Indian people are and what they can become," said Richard Williams, Executive Director of the Denver-based non-profit organization. "We are very proud of the achievements and contributions of the people featured in our ads and we want to illuminate those positive images."

The campaign's goal, which features accomplished American Indian professionals and tribal college students, is to portray a contemporary and accurate image of Native American people. Photographed by Chris Buck, the ads feature Rick West, Foundation Director, Smithsonian Nation Museum of the American Indian; Dr. Lori Arviso Alvord, Surgeon and Associate Dean, Dartmouth Medical School; Dean Bear Claw, Director/Screenwriter; Jarett Medicine Elk, Business Major; and Carly Kipp, Biology Major. Each full-page, color photograph carries the bold headline "Have You Ever Seen A Real Indian?" The copy will include a short version of each individual's resume as well as a fact about the benefits of Indian Colleges.

For more information and/or to contribute to the American Indian College Fund, call 1.800.880.5887 or go to [www.collegefund.org](http://www.collegefund.org).

## Interested in doing some meaningful community service work during the summer?

If you are interested... Try contacting Charlie Cambridge out in Boulder, Colorado at 303-494-9542 or go to <http://www.bitahni.com/> for more information.

Charlie runs an organization called Kimochi that among other things, runs groups of volunteers on reservations during the summer, usually Pine Ridge and Navajo. The volunteers live in tents, eat beans and weenies, and do real, meaningful projects such as assisting Elders with home renovations.

## Native American music category added to 43rd Grammy Awards

It has only taken 43 years for the Grammy Award people to include Native American music in their 100 categories. Better late than never, I guess.

In Category 64, titled "Best Native American Music Album," the following musicians were nominated:

1. Tribute To The Elders, *Black Lodge Singers* [Canyon Records Productions]
2. Cheyenne Nation, *Joseph Fire Crow* [Makoche Recording Co.]
3. Veterans Songs, *Lakota Thunder* [Makoche Recording Co.]
4. Peacemaker's Journey, *Joanne Shenandoah* [Silver Wave Records]
5. Gathering Of Nations Pow Wow *Various Artists; Tom Bee & Douglas Spotted Eagle* [Soar]

**And the winner was (drum roll please)...**

**Gathering Of Nations Pow Wow – Various Artists; Tom Bee & Douglas Spotted Eagle.**

**Congratulations to the nominees and the winners from your many fans.**

# Hello from Sagaga-bush

by Dean BirdsBill

*Sagaga-bush*

Since the flood of '97, I haven't had the opportunity to contribute to "Native Directions." I sure have missed you all. So much has happened since then it's hard to pinpoint what has had the most impact on the lives of Native People.

I asked the "Native Directions" staff not to correct my spelling and grammar too good. It's like the old joke about tripe. "Don't clean it too good, takes away some of the flavor." (Aye!!) So, if you notice errors in my stuff, that's my style; if I have any.

When I was a little boy, I stayed at a ranchhouse about four miles East of Mandaree, North Dakota. My auntie and her husband lived there with their four sons. Her "Indian" name was "Pink Blossom." People from there will know who she is.

There was a story about a coyote and a buffalo one time long ago. The winter was long and harsh, and there wasn't much to eat. A hungry coyote was out on the prairie and saw a buffalo trying to graze. The buffalo had left behind some road apples, meadow muffins or corral cupcakes and the coyote was so hungry, he dipped his paw in there and tasted it. The buffalo looked around, laughed and said, "hey, coyote you're eating my (you know what)." And the sly coyote, stated angrily, "Yeah, so what; I can still run faster than you!" Buffalo said, "OK, let's race." Coyote said, "let's run from here to that rock over there, and when we get there we'll close our eyes and run really hard." Buffalo said, "OK." When they got to the rock, coyote kept one eye open and stopped at the cliff. Buffalo did not, and fell over the cliff and broke his neck. Coyote took out his bone knife and butchered. The coyote hauled the meat back to his tipi and stacked it all inside. Coyote built a fire and began to cook. Little brother fox came by and asked for some, and the greedy coyote took a long stick from the fire and burned the fox's nose. He yelped and took off. Coyote ate so much his stomach got hard and he went to sleep. Fox went to the others and told them what had happened. While coyote slept a skunk, badger, and all fox's friends thought of a plan. They sent in a mouse to see if coyote was sleeping soundly. Mouse crept quietly into the tipi and coyote was snoring. He touched the coyote and it moved. Mouse took off. They waited a while and later they tried again. This time coyote was snoring really loud

and when mouse touched him he didn't move. That was their chance! They all went in and took the meat. When coyote awoke, nothing was left but a piece of fat. He stirred the smoldering coals and got his fire going good and put the fat directly in the fire. As a lot of people know, if you put animal fat on a hot fire it will pop and sizzle. When the fat got really hot, it popped so hard that a hot ember from the fire shot up and hit the coyote on the nose. He yelped and ran away.

It's funny if you compare the Native children's stories to those of Western Civilization. It seems to me that most of the Native stories have a lesson or moral included in each. I think this one has to do with sharing and what can happen to us if we're greedy.

I look at most of the things happening in the world today and compare them with the things that were taught to me from the elders. This is how I analyze this one.

If you look at the political happenings in the past 10 years, you could compare the conservatives with being hungry—starving for something. They tasted defeat of the liberals in the excrement of the last administration. They pulled some shady maneuvers in order to get the incumbents to tumble. Now comes the present-day situation. They have already begun to take more than they need. They are planning to again rape our Mother Earth. They are taking safety measures away from industry that protected workers. They are trying to stall or reverse executive orders for the sake of money and big-business; all at the expense of weaker, less fortunate beings. They should heed the teachings of generations past. They should not teach in movies and television that it's OK to steal and kill. If there is to be a future for our children and theirs, it must be mutual.

I guess one important thing that the courts have figured out is that a lot of "Indian" land and money was stolen by government caretakers of the past. If you're interested in knowing more, there's a website called [www.indiantrust.com](http://www.indiantrust.com). I always try to keep a positive outlook on things—maybe the government will repatriate.

I guess we all can cry and complain about how the new administration got into office, but it will do no good. The deck was stacked before we got to

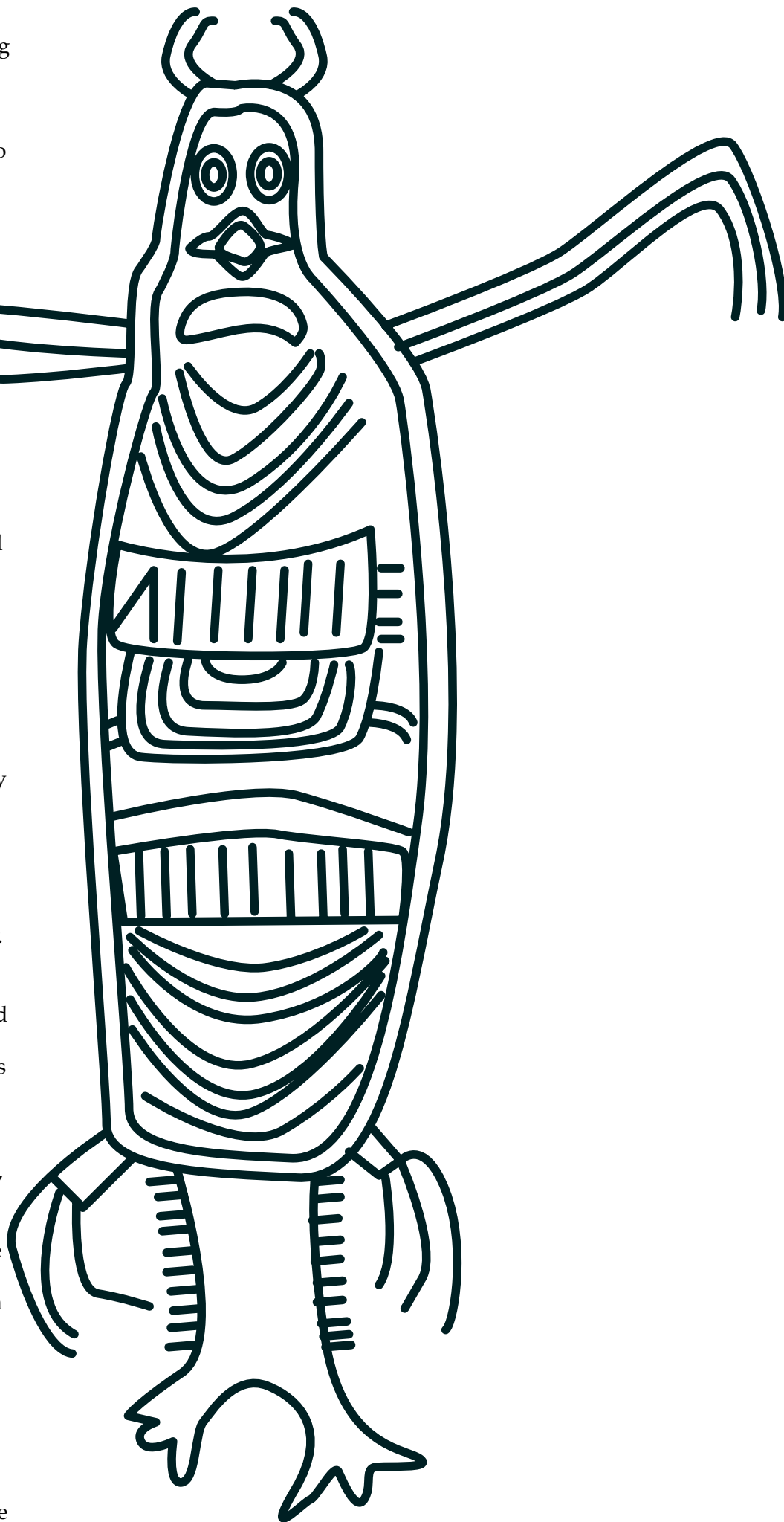
the game. I'm afraid for our young ones because of the "sabre rattling" that's going on lately. I'm a disabled veteran so I'll say this—the administration says we need to rebuild the military and its' morale. So was the case when we invaded Iraq. Many people died for the sake of rebuilding arms-dealers and their morale, and the guy who started it all is still in power. Maybe we can start another conflict and line the pockets of some more company CEOs. We can build a missile defense system for ICBMs but what about the submarines offshore? Many will get through and nobody wins in nuclear war.

I've heard a lot about the "Fighting Sioux" name again. When I was at UND our group was called SOAR, or "Students Organized Against Racism." I guess that name was too radical for some of the more timid students to identify with or else pressure came from funding sources.

People need to realize that North Dakota is one of the few strongholds of racism left in this country. I know this because of treatment we as students received from young people at the university and surrounding areas. These young people did not learn their attitudes by themselves. They were misinformed about us at the dinner table, playground, church social, and tavern, and on farms, ranches, towns and schools.

Racism is hate passed on from one generation to another. The dominant society has a term used when trying to heal dysfunctional situations, and that is to "break the cycle." A lot a Native People look at the situation and say "let's mend the sacred hoop."

Regardless of what you call it, we need to mend. Let's do that for the sake of our loved ones.  
Ma-za-gi-tadz.



# On-A-Slant Village

by Martha Fickle

*American Norwegian/Irish*

Last summer I had the opportunity to take part in something I have been interested in for quite some time; I was able to participate in an archaeological dig. This opportunity came courtesy of the University of North Dakota Department for Anthropological Research in the form of a six-week field school followed by a six-week paid position as a Research Assistant after completion of the field school. There are two things I want to discuss about my experience: 1) the ethical dilemma I faced in deciding to take part in this project and 2) what we found and why it is significant.

When I first found out I had been accepted to participate in the dig, which took place in Fort Lincoln State Park just outside Mandan, N.D., at On-A-Slant Village, I was very excited. It didn't take long, however, for me to start questioning whether or not I should really be doing this. What right did I, a white girl raised in a suburb of Minneapolis with no connection to the culture we would be studying, aside from my curiosity, have to dig up someone else's past? This doubt was compounded by one man in particular who spoke to my Native American Studies class when I stayed after class to ask him what he thought about archaeological digs in general and those pertaining to Native Americans in particular. He said they absolutely should not be done and are, simply by their nature, disrespectful to the people who lived at the site.

This man proceeded to inform me that anthropology as a field began, essentially, because people were looking for a "scientific" reason why white Europeans were more intelligent than other races. I won't bore you with the details of that particular study except to say that the results of the experiment were skewed and inaccurate and that anthropology has come a long way since that time (I have to defend my chosen area of study, you know). While I know that now, however, it deeply troubled me when I spoke to my class's guest.

Despite my doubts, I went to the field school anyway (partially because I really

wanted to and partially because it was already paid for). We didn't actually begin digging until nearly two weeks into the field school, as it takes a while for people new to archaeology and all the digital toys used to lay out grids and maps, to learn how to shoot points and depths, fill out the necessary forms for each level and how to dig. Yes, there is a correct and an incorrect way to dig at an archaeological site, which I did not realize until I was actually there and doing it—it's more difficult than one might expect, too.

During all this preparation, I was relieved by a couple of things. One was that the site at which we were working was basically a large garbage pit (the pit had originally been used to help fortify the village along with a palisade wall, but after a while people had begun discarding things in it) and we weren't expecting to find anything resembling human remains. Had we found human remains, the dig would have been shut down immediately until we were able to get authorization to continue, which can be a long process involving people from several different organizations and sometimes legal proceedings. Needless to say, we did not want to find human remains at our site.

The other thing that made me feel better about us being there was that there were two students who were Mandan-Hidatsa, a father and his daughter, working with us. The site we were working on was a Mandan site, and the fact that people from the tribe wanted to help out as a way to learn more about their own culture put me more at ease. There was one other thing that happened that finally helped me put aside my ethical questions about being there. Through the Mandan-Hidatsa students, we were able to have someone come out and perform a smudging ceremony at the site to let the spirits of the village know we didn't mean harm or disrespect toward them and to ask their permission to continue our work undisturbed.

After these reassuring events and knowing that I was not there to objectify the people who had lived at On-A-Slant Village but to learn what I could to gain a better understanding of the Mandan culture, I no longer had any qualms about staying on the dig.

When we first started digging, there wasn't really much to see. It took several days before the first of the interesting artifacts started to turn up. Most of what we found lay no more than three or four feet beneath the surface, but when you have to dig in a 1 x 1 meter square and down only 10 cm (about 4 inches) at a time, it takes a while to get even a foot under the ground. The first big thing we uncovered was an old army road. Apparently, when the army came through in the 1800s, they decided to use the abandoned Mandan village as a place to repair wagons (the village was occupied from

about 1600 to 1780). About a week and 1500 pounds of rocks later, we were able to start digging deep in earnest.

Once we reached about 65-70 cm (24-28 inches or about 2 feet) below the surface, the artifacts started popping up all over the place. We found bone and stone tools, large pieces of clay pots, arrow and spear points made of different kinds of flint, beads made of wood and clay as well as small glass trade beads, rusty nails from the army, bullet shells, and even buttons from a soldier's jacket. It really is something to pick up a tool that someone used 400 years ago and know that you're probably the first person to see or touch it since its owner discarded it. One of my favorite finds from a unit I was working on was a bone knife handle, perfectly intact except for

contain. Our field school director, Dr. Dennis Toom, said that we pulled more artifacts out of this site than any other he's been to, and he's been doing this for about 20 years.

The field school is going to be held at On-A-Slant Village again this year, as there is still more to be found. I'm excited that other people will get to have the same kind of experience that I had, and I'm glad that I got to be a part of uncovering this piece of history.



*Photo by Martha Fickle*

a nick on one side. It was made so that blades could be replaced as they became dull and it fit perfectly in the palm of my hand.

Some of my other favorite artifacts were a hoe made from the shoulder blade of a bison, a squash knife that was probably made from a broken hoe, and the potshards, many of which were rim pieces. Rim pieces from pots are useful because the rim is what identifies what time period and where the pot comes. Something else I thought was interesting was the charred corn cobs that were found in concentrations in a couple different parts of the site. It looked as though someone threw out the ashes from a cooking fire after everyone was done eating and there it all was for us to see.

On-A-Slant Village is one of the most significant archaeological sites in North Dakota. Before the field school this summer, no one was really sure just what the site would

Field school participant at the On-A-Slant Village archeological dig, in Fort Lincoln State Park near Mandan, N.D.

# HUMAN BEINGS

by Alva Irwin

*Ft. Berthold Hidatsa*

My dear parents,

I am attending a university  
Where there are people who  
Believe that we, as American Indians  
Don't have feelings, a heart, or a soul  
So we are fighting for our rights as  
Human beings.

I feel sadness and anger when I see  
my friends cry or decide to leave,  
So I look toward the strengths of  
Everyone fighting and struggling with  
Me, and Mom, they are strong and grand individuals.

In our fight, we have been misled, and  
Lied to. It's difficult to find trust.  
During the worst times I feel like  
I'm struggling to climb a steep cliff and  
Trying to hang on  
And when I look down I  
See nothing but infinite darkness and  
When I look up I see light and hope.  
So I keep climbing.

I get tired, and so many times I  
Can't sleep or rest.  
So I pray  
And you, my parents who I love  
And respect wholeheartedly, come to me.  
You hold me and you make me feel so safe.  
I ask you what I should do.  
But you have left that decision to me.

I have made my decision so  
I wanted to write this to you because I  
Wanted to thank you both for giving me the  
Courage to keep fighting for the  
Right to be treated as a  
Human being.

Love, your daughter, Alva



# WHO ARE THE SIOUX?

by Violet Phillips

*Standing Rock Sioux Tribe*

Are they a Nation?  
Or are they part of a traditional expectation?  
Does anyone ponder the hurt of a people that have wept?  
Does one feel their pain that was inwardly kept?

Who can dissect the memories  
that have fossilized through time.  
Running in the blood thick  
Functioning the organs prime.

Find the answer from within  
the depths of the soul,  
Make tomorrow a better place  
as a future goal.

As a nation or a tradition  
from years past  
A name can hinder  
the outlook of relations fast.

Combine efforts of cooperation  
to find a solution wise  
By not attaching strings to money  
dictating scholarly achievement ties.

What counts as important – a  
name – chaos?  
Is the mind of the student  
affected – at what cost?

Athletics bring joy to a lot  
but education takes shear will  
So critique the situation with wisdom  
Employ rational and... CHILL.

# I LOVE LUCY

## (OR, DOES RICKY KNOW YOU ARE UP TO THAT?)

by Monique L. Vondall

*Turtle Mountain Band of Chippewa*

*Editor's Note: As the Spring Edition contributors (students of UND) of Native Directions gathered for their first meeting, they decided that a fitting tribute be compiled for Lucy Ganje, who they regard as one of their mentors. According to these contributing writers, graphic designers, and others who assist, this is the proper way to honor a person. Thus, we bring you the following tribute to a great human being.*

Professor Lucy Ganje has become an icon for those Native American students who have taken the time to get to know her. Several issues on campus that affect the equality and quality of education are the focus of this instructor that has chosen to be the leading human rights activist in Grand Forks. This claim does not go without merit. What follows is a tribute to the educator who has touched so many lives, both Native American and non-Native American alike. Certainly, the main recent focus is the nickname issue on the UND campus, but more importantly, her ability to see human rights issues as a whole are what make her, according to philosophy and religious studies Professor Scott Lowe, "the central pillar around which we all evolve."

"Lucy has been an inspiration to us all," Lowe, who serves on the Campus Committee for Human Rights (CCHR) with Lucy as the Chairperson said. "She's been the person who's kept us all together."

Likewise, the respect for Lucy hits a deep note for English Professor Jim McKenzie. "I know that Lucy Ganje shouted Native Directions into existence," McKenzie said. "She worked hard making this work for Native American students."

That is what makes this tribute so fitting, according to most people who were interviewed. Jeanne Anderegg, director of the HONORS Program agreed: "What a great idea."

Lucy's professional career is equally meritorious. "She is so smart," McKenzie said, "and a great graphic designer. She's a wonder."

Lynda Kenney, Professor of Communication at UND, Native Media Center director and Native Directions advisor, has known Lucy for eleven years. "I consider her not only a colleague, but also a mentor and a friend," Kenney said.

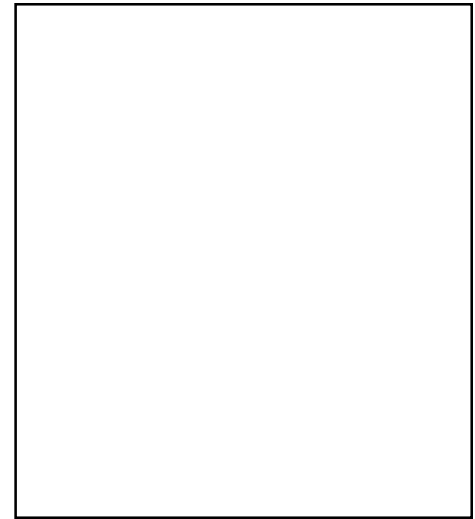
Lucy established the Native Media Center in 1992, according to Kenney and Holly Annis, assistant director of the Native Media Center. "Each day that I've known her is more amazing than the last," Annis said.

Lucy has four children, three daughters and a son. Francis and Holly live here in Grand Forks while Heather and Amber, live in Madison, Wisconsin.

A graduate from the Eagle Butte High School and the Black Hills State College (now the Black Hills State University), Lucy grew up in Eagle Butte, South Dakota. Her parents owned and operated the local newspaper. This inspired her to take an interest in journalism. She later attended the Academy of Art in San Francisco where she earned her M.F.A. in Graphic Design.

Lucy currently teaches visual communication and media diversity courses in the School of Communication and is the founder and president of the Campus Committee for Human Rights.

Jim Grajalva, Professor of Law, serves on CCHR with Lucy. "She is an inspiration because she



*Photo by Lynda Kenney*

isn't afraid to speak about things that affect us," Grajalva said. "Lucy, against all odds, is able to speak her mind — and that is what it's all about to be at a university. She speaks from the heart."

One of the things that distinguish Lucy from the rest is her sense of humor, according to Izetta Lattergrass, senior Psychology major. She recalled a story about Lucy that adheres to her memory. One day, while walking near O' Kelly Hall, Izetta saw Lucy in the distance and called out to her. Instead of looking around her to see who was calling her, Lucy looked directly up, into the blue sky.

"That's when I knew that she knows that God is a woman," Izetta said. "Every time I think of Lucy, I think of that."

Kenney said she is glad that Lucy's office is next door. "I admire her and I respect her. A lot of people have dreams and goals — but not everybody takes action on those dreams and goals. Lucy does."

One thing that all of her admirers agree upon is that the Native Media Center is her greatest legacy to the university and to her career. "What better thing can you do for students than to give them a place where they are welcome and assured that their

# ...and we sat down

Exercising our right  
To protest inhumane conditions  
In a hostile environment

Tired of the taunts,  
the jeers, the verbal violence:  
“go home”, “lazy no good”  
“whiners”, “troublemakers”.

Home? We are home.  
Our Ancestors walked this land  
Knowing it was round  
While yours sat high on  
mighty thrones declaring  
Flatness.

Cultural Diversity, Understanding,  
Honor and Respect.  
Hollow words  
in a land filled with  
Institutional Racism.

If these words rang true  
you would not ‘dress-up’  
and ‘play’ Us.

Your fear causes ridicule  
and pain,  
Did you see the children?  
or the tears in the eyes of our women?

We are NOT toys  
We are NOT costumes  
We are NOT dead  
We are NOT mascots

We live and breathe,  
like you.  
We feel pain and discomfort,  
like you.  
We feel happiness and joy  
like you.

We feel Fear,  
like you.

~ *Gaabe Niishik Ikwe*





# George Carlin's braindroppings

*An excerpt from George Carlin's  
stand-up comedy routine*

"...Now the Indians. I call them Indians because that's what they are. They're Indians. There's nothing wrong with the word Indian.

"First of all, it's important to know that the word Indian does not derive from Columbus mistakenly believing he had reached India. India was not even called by that name in 1492; it was known as Hindustan.

"More likely, the word Indian comes from Columbus's description of the people he found here. He was an Italian, and did not speak or write very good Spanish, so in his written accounts he called the Indians, 'Una gente in Dios.' A people in God. In God. In Dios. Indians. It's a perfectly noble and respectable word.

"As far as calling them 'Americans' is concerned, do I even have to point out what an insult this is? — We steal their hemisphere, kill twenty or so million of them, destroy five hundred separate cultures, herd the survivors onto the worst land we can find, and now we want to name them after ourselves? It's appalling. Haven't we done enough damage? Do we have to further degrade them by tagging them with the repulsive name of their conquerors?....

"You know, you'd think it would be a fairly simple thing to come over to this continent, commit genocide, eliminate the forests, dam up the rivers, build our malls and massage parlors, sell our blenders and whoopee cushions, poison ourselves with chemicals, and let it go at that. But no. We have to compound the insult.

"... I'm glad the Indians have gambling casinos now. It makes me happy that dimwitted white people are losing their rent money to the Indians. Maybe the Indians will get lucky and win their country back. Probably they wouldn't want it. Look at what we did to it."

## Being Native Is...

- feeding anyone and everyone who comes to your door hungry, with whatever you have
- having every third person you meet tell you about his great-grandmother who was a real Cherokee princess
- being broke all summer long because you try to make every powwow
- loving frybread and dry meat
- masking your emotions in time of stress
- respecting your elders who have earned it
- never giving up the struggle for survival
- trading your surplus commodities for something you are in more need of
- being known for your great sense of humor and having the ability to make jokes and laughter out of the worst situation
- owning land and not being able to rent, lease, sell or even farm it yourself without BIA approval.
- feeling Red Eagle, Medicine Cloud, and Pretty Bear are more beautiful names than Smith, Johnson, or Jones
- watching your daughter give away her only pair of overshoes to somebody who needs them more than her
- playing basketball at the outdoor court on the rez 'til 3:00 a.m.
- either borrowing or lending money to your skin brothers and sisters at least once a week
- having people ask if they can touch your hair or take your picture
- worrying about diabetes
- knowing why the rez car in "Smoke Signals" was funny
- having more cousins than trees have leaves
- cutting the mold off the commodity cheese so you can eat it anyway
- cursing F.A.S.
- knowing the Reservation of Education
- knowing history started before 1492
- laughing with your friends so much your facial muscles hurt
- singing 49 songs using a garbage can for a drum
- road trips cross country... just because
- having the strength to move your family at any given moment, for any given reason of another... and making it
- reading about your ancestors and relations in an anthropologist's paper
- losing your job after the grant ends
- losing your job because you're different
- counting the number of brown people photographed in magazine advertisements.

# Opportunity is knocking, but who's answering the door?

by Jeff Achen

American

**O**ppportunity. Now there's a word that's been thrown around a lot lately. The problem, however, is not whether opportunity exists, but whether it is being seized.

Unseized opportunities have been the norm with the State of North Dakota lately and it's not only unfortunate, it is responsible for the racism, bigotry and ignorance that has been exhibited recently. The question is, how can North Dakotan's truly learn about their state's Native American culture when it is de-emphasized, foreign and stereotyped? Native American programs and university initiatives are all for not, if the average white student or citizen has no interest or link to Native American culture. This is where opportunity comes in.

"One of the most disheartening things is that the stereotypes that exist about Indians are believed," Cynthia Mala, acting executive director of North Dakota's Indian Affairs Commission, said. "There has to be a marketing mechanism to tell the truth."

Technology is such a mechanism, yet any visitor to North Dakota's State Web site quickly realizes Native American culture is only portrayed in artistic representations that adorn the site, while Native American information and Web site links are nonexistent.

At universities such as UND and NDSU there is little incentive to actually learn about Native American culture. Programs that serve the Native Ameri-

can community are to be commended, however programs that promote the Native American community are few and far between.

Can the average white person name the various Native American tribes in the state? What do they really know about the Sioux, the Chippewa or the Hidatsa? Where are they to learn about these things? Unfortunately, most don't care to take the time to find out and why should they? Native American culture does not exist in pop culture, with the exception of the stereotypes, nicknames and logos.

Reactions from the president's office at UND to two racially offensive posters that appeared on campus recently indicate that the positive promotion of Native American culture and heritage is their goal, still, how they intend to do that is yet to be decided.

"To actually move forward with supporting Native American students, that's the biggest part of this whole thing," UND President Charles Kupchella said. "What to do is a pretty major question. Do you require a course? Should we have a Native American cultural interpretive center or a museum of Native American history? These have been proposed. They are all strategies to accomplish informing the greater culture."

Kupchella has also begun forming a committee, whose purpose is just that, however "red tape" may slow down the progress. Once this committee is fully formed and has made recommendations there is funding to be considered as well as approval from the State Board of Higher Education for any new degree requirements. It could be quite a while until Native Americans see the necessary mechanisms for fighting racism, bigotry and ignorance at UND and even longer at the state

**"...Native American culture does not exist in pop culture, with the exception of the stereotypes, nicknames and logos."**

level.

As Chairperson of the Indian Affairs Commission, Governor John Hoeven has a responsibility to North Dakotans in the matter of Native American cultural understanding. What will he do to achieve the commission's goals of "increased awareness of American Indians", "recognizing of North Dakota Indian tribes" and "working for greater understanding and improved relationships between Indian and non-Indians"?

Until something is done, Native Americans will remain de-emphasized, foreign and stereotyped. And unchecked racism will remain a fact of life for North Dakota. I call that an unseized opportunity.

# Northern Plains Indian Law Center gets commitment from UND

by **Monique L. Vondall**

*Turtle Mountain Band of Chippewa*



For the first time in its ten-year history, the Northern Plains Indian Law Center has received committed funding for a full time faculty position from UND. The center is a component of the UND School of Law and with the help of its new director, Professor Stacy L. Leeds, the center promises to be more attractive for prospective students, especially Native American students.

Aside from recruiting Leeds as its first director, the center has revamped its mission statement and has committed to working directly with the Spirit Lake Nation (formerly known as the Ft. Totten Indian Reservation) and other state tribes to recognize their needs.

The Northern Plains Indian Law Center consists of three components: the Native American Law Project, with Larry Spain as its director; the Northern Plains Tribal Judicial Training Institute, with B.J. Jones as its director, and the Tribal Environmental Law Project, with Professor James M. Grijalva as its director. The staff of the center has developed a new mission statement, which commits to working with the area tribes in North Dakota to determine their needs.

The UND School of Law has added two more Indian law courses for law students, bringing its number to five classes that include Federal Indian Law, a “must” according to Leeds; Tribal Law, which works with tribal governments in developing much needed policies, procedures, laws, and other necessary documents for free; Indian Gaming; Tribal Environmental Law; and the Native American Law Clinics, which assist tribal members of the Spirit Lake Nation with specific case support.

“To be a well-rounded tribal attorney you have to take that bar exam,” Leeds said. Her best advice to prospective law students is to receive a balanced law school education, and to target courses that will assist in passing that bar exam. UND’s School of Law, like most law schools, sets the first year law student’s class schedule for them. Although it is not possible for a student to attend all five of these classes, Leeds indicated that students are able to tailor Indian law specialization with the help of a wide range of classes.

“We need Indian people to practice all kinds of law,” Leeds said. “For someone thinking about going to law school, it is important for them to look at these options. The foundation needs to be formed in order for students to think properly.”

That is exactly what the first year law student can expect, a well-rounded schedule that will set in motion the tools that they will use in the remaining two years of law school.

Not only does Leeds emphasize these points on the UND campus, it is also accomplished through outreach. Collaborations that the law school has successfully implemented include her teaching clinics and courses at the Turtle Mountain Community College, which is a tribal college on the Turtle Mountain Band of Chippewa reservation in Belcourt, North Dakota. The collaboration was channeled through a program at the University of California, Los Angeles (UCLA). The interaction allowed Leeds to teach three courses and the added bonus is that Leeds is able to recruit law students in the process. Leeds also taught a weekend workshop that focused on contracts and torts with the police officers and employees of the police department on the Turtle Mountain reservation.

In addition to these commitments, the center now has an advisory board, which consists of six North Dakota Native Americans who will serve two-year terms. The first external advisory board members are: Isaac Dog Eagle, who once served as a tribal judge and is now a member of the Standing Rock Sioux Tribal Council; Carty Monette, president of the Turtle Mountain Community College; Ron McNeil, president of Sitting Bull College in Ft. Yates; Judge Mildred Berryhill, Three Affiliated Tribes Court; Doreen Yellowbird, former director and currently column editor for the Grand Forks Herald; Professor Greg Gagnon, UND Indian Studies Department. The advisory board has committed to working with North Dakota tribes and bring to the center findings on what their needs are.

For more information on the Northern Plains Indian Law Center, a clearinghouse for American Indian legal materials, e-mail Stacy Leeds at [stacy\\_leeds@thor.law.und.nodak.edu](mailto:stacy_leeds@thor.law.und.nodak.edu) or call her at the law school at 701-777-3075.

## Shoshone-Bannock Tribes chosen as the Host for Indian Nations attending the 2002 Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City, Utah

The Shoshone-Bannock Tribes has formally accepted an offer from the Native American 2002 Foundation to host all Indian Nations during the XIX Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City, Utah in February 2002.

The Shoshone-Bannock Official Tribal Host Committee, Winter Games 2002 "WG'02", has been established by the Fort Hall Business Council. Currently the Committee is made up of volunteers through out the local communities, but plans are in place now to attract interested members throughout the United States. The Committee is currently establishing sub-committees for

- Information
- Education
- Marketing of Traditional Fine Arts & Native Merchandise
- Marketing of Traditional Foods
- Performances
- Housing
- Transportation

Interested parties, wishing to assist the Shoshone-Bannock Official Tribal Host Committee, Winter Games 2002 please contact:  
Garth Towersap, Chairman  
208.478.3936  
lit\_sage@yahoo.com  
Committee Fax: 208.478.3933  
Toll Free: 888.297.1378

Mail can be sent to:  
Shoshone-Bannock Official  
Tribal Host Committee  
ATTN: Tribal Planning  
P. O. Box 306  
Fort Hall, Idaho 83203.0306

## Monument Valley chosen As Olympic torch relay stop; Navajo Nation given Olympic honor

WIDOW ROCK, Ariz., March 1 /PRNewswire

The Navajo Nation has been selected as one of the first stops for the Olympic Torch Relay as the torch makes its way throughout Utah to the Salt Lake 2002 Olympic Winter Games. The Torch Relay will enter Monument Valley on Monday, February 4, 2002, the first day that the Olympic Flame is in Utah. While in Monument Valley, the Navajo Nation will celebrate the spirit of the Olympics.

"The Navajo Nation is extremely honored that Monument Valley has been chosen as the second celebration site of the Salt Lake 2002 Olympic Torch Relay in Utah," said Navajo Nation President Kelsey A. Begay. "This is the first time that the Olympic Flame has been in Monument Valley. It is fitting that this Torch Relay, which starts in Olympic, Greece, home of the Ancient Gods, travels to Monument Valley, which is the landscape of our ancient Navajo Deities."

The Torch Relay will enter Navajoland from Moab, Utah. After exiting Monument Valley, the Torch Relay team will continue to Bryce Canyon National Park and Zion National Park before passing through other Utah communities.

"Discover Navajo: 2002," the official organization committee for the Navajo Nations, will work with the Torch Relay team over the next twelve months to organize the Monument Valley Torch Relay run and plan activities for this historic occasion.

"Discover Navajo: 2002" is under the direction of Frederick H. White, Tourism Director for the Navajo Nation. In addition to the Torch Relay, Discover Navajo: 2002 will produce a sanctioned, interactive exhibition—Discover Navajo: People of the Fourth World—That will introduce the world to the beauty of Navajoland, its people and its ancient and modern stories. A non-sanctioned companion event, Festival of Nations, will also be presented.

The Olympic Torch Relay will blaze a trail from coast to coast passing through 46 states on its 65 day, 13,500-mile journey. To carry the torch, more than 11,500 torchbearers will run the flame through their communities across the nation. To find out about how to become a 2002 Olympic Torch Relay Torchbearer, visit the web site: [www.saltlake2002.com](http://www.saltlake2002.com) or contact Pam Hait or Martha Hunter at: [strategiesaz@mindspring.com](mailto:strategiesaz@mindspring.com).

# EXPLOITATION OR EDUCATION: *Tourism in the Southwest*

By Martha Fickle

*American Norwegian/Irish*

Every year, thousands of people visit the Pueblo and cliff-dwelling ruins in the southwestern part of the United States. Visiting the remains of these magnificent structures, I believe, can be a fantastic way to learn first-hand about how the Native peoples of the Southwest lived prior to European settlement. As with any national treasure, however, the sheer number of tourists coming through these places poses some unique problems: How do you keep the sites, many if not all of which are sacred to the people who lived there and their descendents, from being exploited? What is the best way to protect the ruins from pets, careless children, vandals and souvenir hunters while leaving them open to the people who come to admire and learn? Is there a way to allow tourists to see these places and still be respectful of the people who built them? I think there is. However, the right balance has not yet been struck at many sites across the Southwest, and there are definitely things that need to be changed.

I am fortunate to be able to travel to Arizona nearly every year as my grandparents spend the winter in Phoenix and I have had the opportunity to visit several Pueblo and cliff-dwelling sites over the past few years. Generally speaking, visiting the cliff-dwell-

ing sites is an experience where it is relatively easy to be respectful, both from a tourist's perspective and a management perspective. I think, if for no other reason than because they are located too far off the ground for people to easily destroy, no matter how many visit each year. Because of this, I am going to focus on Pueblos rather than cliff-dwellings.

There is one major problem that I can see with trying to manage a Pueblo site respectfully—people can get to them, climb in them, take pieces of walls, etc., without much effort. It would seem the simplest solution, then, would be not to allow people to go near these sites at all. While that may be the simplest solution, I don't believe it is necessarily the best solution. There are some things that you can only learn about a culture different from your own by experiencing it firsthand. I think that being able to visit Pueblo sites and see in what kind of surroundings a group of people lived is a large part of beginning to understand the culture of the Southwestern Native Americans for many whites, and that it is important for everyone living in the United States today to understand and respect Native American cultures and traditions. It still remains, however, to attempt to find a better way to keep these places: 1) respectful and non-exploitative and 2) a place where first-hand learning can occur. As

an example of what I'm talking about, I'd like to tell you about a Pueblo I visited during my trip to Arizona last spring.

One of my favorite places visited was a Pueblo called Wupatki. What really struck me about this particular Pueblo was the genius and beauty with which it was built. It is constructed entirely of stone chinked together and covered with adobe that blends into the surrounding landscape so well that it is difficult to tell it's there until you're about 100 yards away. What is left of it today is about 20 rooms, a ball court, and a ceremonial Kiva. A ceremonial Kiva (at least at this site) looks similar to a ball court, but it's purpose is to have a place in which to perform ceremonies the whole community could participate in. A ball court is a circular structure in which games were played and town meetings carried out, etc. It's something like a church, mosque, or temple in nature, from what I understand.

There were two things in particular about this Pueblo which disturbed me. The first is that the ceremonial Kiva was not closed off. It was perfectly open for people to walk into it and have a look around. While I wouldn't especially mind people touring the church where I grew up, I acknowledge that a white European Christian has a somewhat different take on the sanctity of a place and what is appropriate behavior in



Montezuma Castle in Arizona

*Photo by Martha Fickle*

such a place than a Hopi, Navajo, or Zuni. While having a respectful, solemn attitude is a good start, I don't know nearly enough about the religious and ceremonial life of the people who lived at Wupatki to feel comfortable poking around in one of their sacred places.

While having the ceremonial kiva open disturbed me, one thing in particular angered and even somewhat repulsed me. In the interpretive guide we were given before starting down the trail, there was only one room listed where tourists were allowed to enter. This room, however, also happened to be the one room of the Pueblo in which missionaries from the 1920s had found a buried body. I know enough about the spiritual practices of the people who lived at Wupatki to under-

stand that pointing out a burial in a room as a tourist attraction is disrespectful to say the least.

While I'm not sure exactly how the management of sites like Wupatki could improve, it seems to me that not allowing people into the ceremonial kiva and into a room where someone was buried would be a step in the right direction. At the very least they should not encourage people to enter rooms that have had someone buried in them, even if the body has been removed. Maybe I'm off base about this issue, but I really believe some changes need to be made in the attitudes of the people running and visiting places like Wupatki to turn them from a tourist attraction into an opportunity for people to gain understanding of and respect for the people who built and lived in these amazing ancient dwellings.

# Journal Entry

by **Melanie C. Schmucker**

*Canadian Anishinaabeg/Norwegian/Welsh*

I would like to be able to write an insightful journal entry or two on all of the wonderful women writers we have been reading in class, but I find that I cannot. Maya Angelou, Sylvia Plath, Louise Erdrich, Gertrude Bonnin, Lucille Clifton and Alice Walker are just a few of the women we have covered and discovered in our readings, and all are fantastic writers. However, in this time of controversy and confusion, I find myself thinking about different women: Holly Annis, Regina Laselute-Baker, Wastewin Young, Anjanette Parisian, Keely Thomas, Lisa Lone Fight, Anne Barthel, Martha Mead, Sasheen, Gina. This list is long and distinguished, and by no means complete. They are not nationally published authors or famous in any way, these are the women of our time, of our place, who are making a difference. These are the women fighting to protect their children and their way of life.

You probably do not know many of the names, but if I introduced them to you, you would recognize them. It may not even be their faces you would recognize; it would be their eyes. The eyes of these women would tell you a story so heart-wrenching it would make you cry to even glance into their souls. Their eyes cry out to be heard. The pain and sorrow that emanated from their eyes is, at the same time, surrounded by pride and determination. Even now, as I write, I struggle to hold back the tears that are determined to flow down my cheeks.

As I said, these are the women of our time. The war they are fighting puts them in danger, yet they push on, demanding change in a community that seems to not understand that change can be good. They did not ask for this fight, it has been handed down to them across their lifetimes. Many were not even born when the war against institutional racism began, thirty

years ago. These are women who came to a university to learn and to gain the knowledge they need to return home and help their people. They came from all across the country and from all walks of life. What they found when they arrived here was anything but what they expected. They found that they had to work ten times as hard as anyone else on campus just to receive the same credit. They found that people who are supposed to be their peers do not wish to do group work with them or participate in science labs with them. They found that people whisper behind their backs and stare at them and their families. What they found was that the university, which is devoted to higher education and diversity, describes these things as Honor and Respect. How can anyone call that Honor and Respect? In our way, when you hurt a woman so badly that she cries, you have disrespected yourself as well as that woman. If, by your actions, you make a woman scared to walk alone that is not Honor or Respect that is Abuse and Oppression! You might as well take a bat and beat these women, because that is how we feel, like we've been physically abused.

Let me tell you more about these women. They are mothers, and wives, and children, and scholars, and beautiful. They hold the future in their hands. One is pregnant, and we joke that her baby will come out holding a protest sign. My prayer is that that child never consciously remembers what this brand of Honor and Respect feels like. My prayer is that we will not have to hand this war down to yet another generation.

Someone said to me today, 'I'm so tired of being angry.' We all are. We don't like doing what we are doing. We have better ways to spend our energy. We have children to care for and partners to love.

Please remember that we are strong. Women always are. We lay our heads on our pillows each night and we rejuvenate ourselves while we dream. My Elders tell me that the spirits will always come to women first; maybe that is because we need them to, so that we can remain strong. And we will remain strong.

You may not always agree with what these women say or do; and that they will not argue. However, you must understand that if you continue to hurt these women, if you continue to dishonor them, they will rise up in a way that commands attention and action. Although they may be afraid to walk alone in this hostile environment, they are not afraid to walk together. And together they are an impressive sight and a powerful voice that will be heard. It must be understood that these women will not stop and they will not go away; and if necessary, their daughters and their nieces will come and carry this fight until true Honor and Respect are gained.

My name is Gaabe Niishik Ikwe (Hawk Woman) I come from the Mikinaak (Turtle) Clan of the Anishinaabeg. I am an Ogichidaa Ikwe (Warrior Woman). My Sisters and I are strong. We will not stop until true Honor and Respect are acknowledged.

Change the Name.

*authors note: I would like to mention that this piece was written in lieu of a journal entry for a class titled "Woman Writers and Readers." As I sat down to prepare my last journal for class, in December of 1999, I found the current issues were prevalent in my mind at the time and for me they seemed more prudent. The child I spoke of has since entered the world; a girl, imagine that. She has, at the tender age of seven months, been exposed to the hostile environment on this campus; a toy gun aimed and shot at her and her mother by a young man dressed up and "playing" Indian. Some of the women I mentioned have moved on to other schools, the rest of us are still here fighting for human rights and praying for understanding that the only true Honor and Respect will come through change.*

# Gone far for a Rez girl

by Monique L. Vondall

*Turtle Mountain Band of Chippewa*

The other day somebody said to me that I make my own destiny and, because I am an activist, they think that is the activity that I should not take part in anymore. It got me thinking about my life in a way that made me think about identity. I wondered about my identity. I am amazed at how destiny has led me to take the “road less traveled” as that famous poet once said.

For beginners, I was headed down a path of complacency, which, if you are from the reservation that I am from, it is not such a bad thing at all. Sure, it was noticeable that I was not like the other students in my school. I didn’t like the “cliques” that everyone else fit into and I did not like to pass up the opportunity to meet new people. The other students seemed to fit into these cliques quite comfortably. I, however, thought that if one did not open up the mind, then that person would not be reaching their full potential.

Now, as I sit here, on the campus of the “Fighting Sioux,” I recognize that for once in my lifetime I am finally sure of my destiny. I have aspirations and goals beyond the wildest imagination. I have hope that people can change — which isn’t sparingly exemplified in this community.

As a child, I remembered seeing Ralph Nader on television. I remember asking my mother who he was and she said, “he’s a man that looks out for you and me.” That embedded in my mind above all else and I wanted to be like him. I wanted to shake his hand someday — and I did. I was at a parade in Dallas when he walked by my family. He put his hand out to me and I smiled at him and shook his hand. He rubbed my head and kept on walking.

What would be twenty years later I walked into a Federal Courthouse to deliver papers to my boss, an Indian lawyer, and ended up listening to the hearings on Leonard Peltier for half an hour. Not really having what I would consider to be an opinion on the Peltier issue, I left the courthouse to be greeted by a mob of Indian people outside. They had gathered to support Leonard Peltier and I, realizing the importance of the moment, took up my one hour lunch break to say hello to friends and listen to what was being said. There were leaders from the Indian community, the black

community and the Hispanic community all gathered in once place to support a human rights issue: To Free Leonard Peltier. I soon found myself supporting the speakers and clapping and cheering them on. From that day, and from the day when I was five years old, there was no turning back. I had entered a realm of consciousness that led me to take actions in life to control my own destiny and the destiny of my children.

Now, as a name change supporter, I realize that a new civil rights movement is upon us as citizens of the State of North Dakota. I am adamantly against the violent actions and threats that have been done to my fellow name change supporters. I respect the right to freedom of speech, except when it inherently violates the right to a safe environment. Looking back at this history and the pride that swells from within by knowing that I took a stand for what I believe is right is something that sets me above the rest. Therefore, I plead to the students on this campus to respect one another for who we are, for what we believe in.

Destiny only knows what will become of the nickname issue here at UND. Destiny only knows that the torch of this issue must be passed on to other leaders. In times of war and confusion there emerge great forces of leadership, which are amazing sights to see. Nathan Teske and Matt Graber, although they are non-Indian, have been a support line for many students who believe that this issue is important for all people. Instead of threats and vandalism, they should be rewarded with meritorious service to the community from the Mayor of Grand Forks (are you listening Mr. Brown?).

Therefore, on behalf of the Native American students who believe in equality, justice and civil righteousness, I thank these two fine examples of what America should be and hope that I will encounter them again in my life. Their hard work, dedication and sacrifice make them incredible human beings.



# Cover Art

## I am Me

Etching (edition of 30)

12" x 9" (Image size)

Copyright 1999, by Hopi Artist

Richard Lomahinma Dawavendewa

## Premise

An unlikely businessman of sorts: A *Tsuku* (Hopi clown) perhaps disguising himself and trying to blend into mainstream society. In truth, a *Tsuku* is an entertainer, educator and a helper. He is an entertainer of people, an educator of cultural values and an overall helper of traditional ways.

Perhaps this is a self-portrait; I am full-blooded Hopi with a goal of teaching art in today's society while still fulfilling my cultural responsibilities.

I wanted to reflect the situation of the Native Americans that balance the traditional teachings of their heritage and live in today's modern technological world. As with a business suit that doesn't quite fit, Natives often have the same problem dealing with mainstream society. However, the strength of any Native community relies on people who can be successful in their lives and continue to uphold their cultural heritage.

## Social Commentary

Being a Native American in a dominant society, we are forced to deal with issues and historical aspects of the United States which are often overlooked, ignored or covered up to hide the truth. The idea of this print was to look at the historical aspects that most, if not all, Native American peoples had to endure; the process of assimilation, genocide, advance of Christianity and the forced removal from traditional lands.

In working on this idea, I immediately thought of the assimilation factor because my maternal grandparents were part of the forced boarding school movement. Their generation was forcefully rounded up by the Bureau of Indian Affairs (founded by white people) to civilize and Christianize the Native peoples who practiced "paganistic" beliefs. The Native children were "cleaned up" by the cutting of long hair and forced to wear white man's clothing. I read and heard stories of this period and I shudder to think that the white society, at that time, actually thought they were doing something right on behalf of Native peoples.

Being an optimist, I realized that something good did come out of this; my grandmother who is in her late 80's, graduated with a high school diploma. After moving up here from Arizona, it was a happy day when I received a hand-written letter from my grandmother informing me that everybody is doing well but grandfather is restless during winter because he can't tend to his fields.

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