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CLARK FORK FREE PRESS

Monday, October 4, 1982

A Student Action Center Publication

Volume 2, Number 1

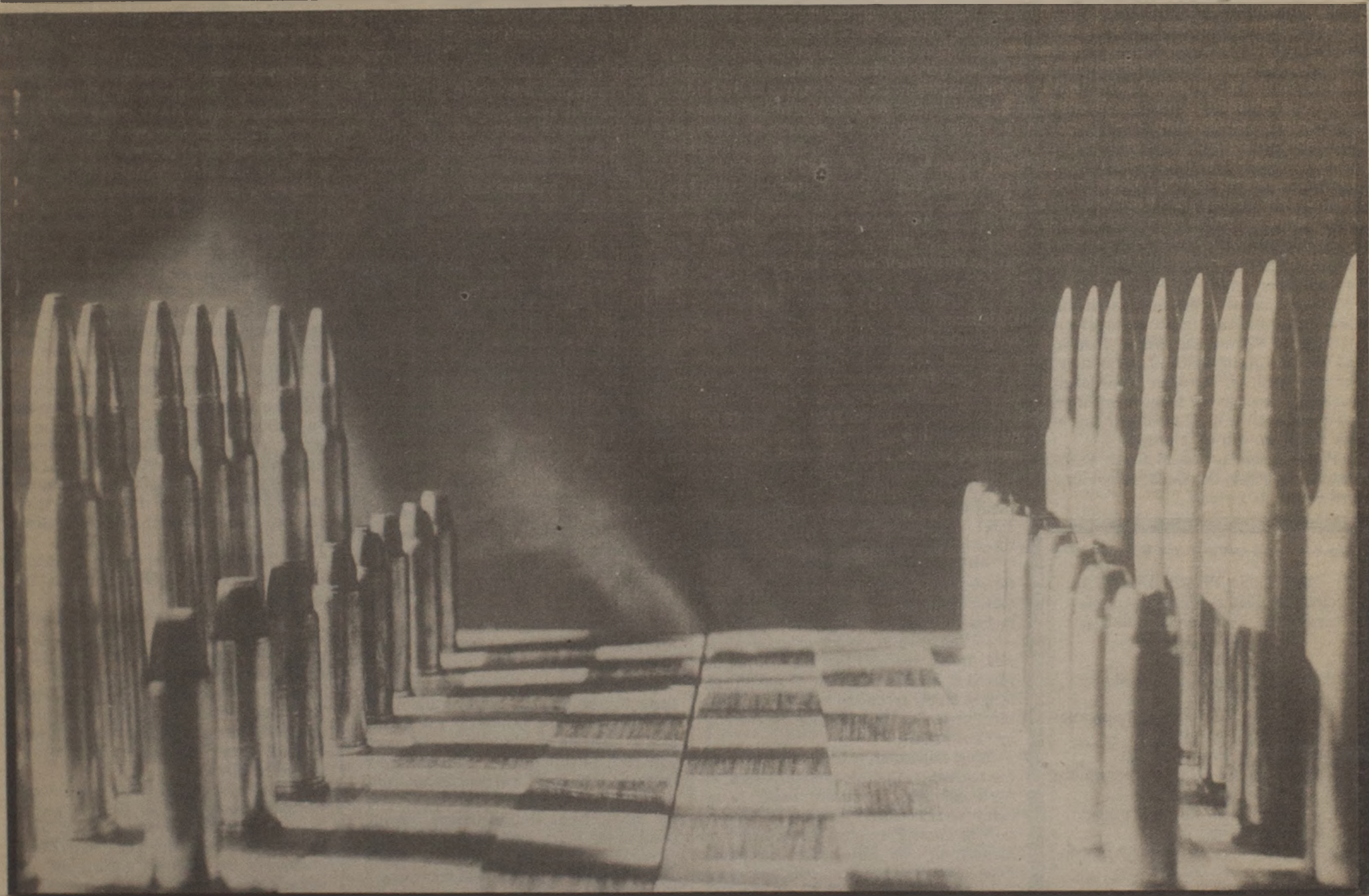


Photo by Steve Saroff



WHOEVER DOES NOT UNDERSTAND THAT WHEN IT COMES TO NUCLEAR WEAPONS THE WHOLE CONCEPT OF RELATIVE ADVANTAGE IS ILLUSORY — WHOEVER DOES NOT UNDERSTAND THAT WHEN YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT ABSURD AND PREPOSTEROUS QUANTITIES OF OVERKILL THE RELATIVE SIZES OF ARSENALS HAVE NO SERIOUS MEANING — WHOEVER DOES NOT UNDERSTAND THAT THE DANGER LIES NOT IN THE POSSIBILITY THAT SOMEONE ELSE MIGHT HAVE MORE MISSILES AND WARHEADS THAN WE DO BUT IN THE VERY EXISTENCE OF THESE UNCONSCIONABLE QUANTITIES OF HIGHLY POISONOUS EXPLOSIVES, AND THEIR EXISTENCE, ABOVE ALL, IN HANDS AS WEAK AND SHAKY AND UNDEPENDABLE AS THOSE OF OURSELVES OR OUR ADVERSARIES OR ANY OTHER MERE HUMAN BEINGS; WHOEVER DOES NOT UNDERSTAND THESE THINGS IS NEVER GOING TO GUIDE US OUT OF THIS INCREASINGLY DARK AND MENACING FOREST OF BEWILDERMENT INTO WHICH WE HAVE ALL WANDERED.



— GEORGE KENNAN

Who Can Stop The Arms Race???

MONTANA PEACE FESTIVAL;

IT'S FOR YOU

by Butch Turk

Peace. Wonderful thought. The entire world at peace with itself. No more vast expenditures on arsenals, no more utterly senseless wars. An impossibility? It's easy to think so, very easy. "Mankind has always had war, and, therefore, will always have wars, it's in his nature," this is the most common argument. It's an easy argument, "We've done this in the past so we'll do this again in the future," and this could be El Salvador, Beirut, Poland or any of, sadly, many examples recent or long past.

We can have a peaceful world though. Above all else this we must realize. Mankind is at the point where without peace we all teeter at the edge of the infinite precipice: extinction. Everyone, hopefully, has heard by now the true danger — of nuclear weapons. The all encompassing lethality of a nuclear war will not leave survivors, not for long at least. "Crisis relocation," or any other such asinine plan, won't save us. All that can save us is to avoid, at all costs, a nuclear war, and if peace is the only way to do this than we must have peace at any cost. We can have peace because we must have peace. We have no other choice.

It won't be easy, obviously, and it will mean bringing change into a world resenting change. We are the World, though, and we can control much of our destiny. Through politics, through non-violent revolution, through the sheer momentum and perseverance of humanity trying to save itself, we will have peace.

Please, come to the Montana Peace Festival, Saturday, October 9; its not for a good cause, its for you.

"It was a thought that built this whole portentous war establishment, and a thought shall melt it away."

— Ralph Waldo Emerson

On October 9, 1982 Montanans will have a chance to give that thought a substance that it has not had before. This is the date that has been set for the Montana Peace Festival, which may turn out to be the largest peace gathering in Montana history. People from all walks of life and from across the state will be coming to Missoula to participate in the day's events. All will come with one thought in mind — world peace has become the ultimate human imperative and it is time for individuals to act to realize it.

The Peace Festival's origin can be traced back to the Student Action Center's year-end evaluation and future planning meeting this past spring. What the SAC staff and volunteers saw was a Montana peace movement that had expanded tremendously over the past year. A small, but active peace community, had suddenly developed into a strong, broadly based political force. This expansion was manifested in a variety of ways:

— A Charlo rancher, John McNamer, had started a people's petition which stated Montanans' opposition to placement of the MX Missile in Montana. In a short time over eleven thousand signatures had been gathered.

— The Missoula chapter of Physicians for Social Responsibility, which came into existence in the fall of 1981, had grown to include a quarter of Missoula's doctors.

— Initiative 91, which calls for a nuclear freeze and asks that the MX not be placed in Montana, was on its way to collecting nearly twice the number of signatures necessary to qualify for the November 2nd ballot.

Most important, in SAC's analysis, was the realization that Montana had seen, in April and May, six peace rallies in as many weeks. These included a No-MX rally in Caras Park, civil disobedience at Malmstrom Air Force Base in Great Falls, a church-sponsored rally at Bonner Park, a SAC-sponsored rally on the UM oval and two other rallies in Missoula and Helena.

Obviously, the peace movement was flourishing, but the need for coordination and mutual cooperation had become apparent. That this cooperation could occur was proven by an event that made headlines throughout the world. On June 12th, due to the efforts of over 100 groups working together, more than three-quarters of a million people took to the streets of New York City to non-violently state their desire for peace. It was as if the entire population of Montana was marching in New York that day.

The dream of SAC was that something similar could happen in Montana. Rather than have one group sponsor a rally and invite everyone to attend, the decision was made to try and pull together a coalition which could turn the dream into reality. Many community groups were contacted, including some who's primary functions were not peace-related. The response was overwhelming. At the first planning meeting, early in July, such diverse organizations as Missoula Women

for Peace, St. Anthony's Parish and the Flathead Resource Organization were represented. The idea of staging an afternoon rally was immediately expanded to one which, lasting throughout the day, would also involve workshops, a march, and exhibits.

By the end of the second meeting nearly 30 groups were actively participating in the planning of the Peace Festival. It was decided that the focus would not solely be on the horrors of nuclear war, as has generally been the case with past rallies. Instead, the primary purpose of the Festival is to show people that they can personally take actions which will make a difference in the struggle for peace. Robert Kennedy wrote, "Each time a person stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, sent forth is a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring, those ripples build a current that can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance." In keeping with this sentiment, the Festival will be an opportunity for people to learn about peace, to discover a variety of strategies through which they can work for peace and to demonstrate that by working together a peaceful world can be created.

The day will begin at 9:30 a.m. with a series of workshops designed to show the many avenues people can take to seek peace. Presentations will be made by educators, lawyers, members of the religious community and others. Topics covered will include the initiative campaigns, civil liberties, peace and the USSR, and many more. (See box.)

At noon the workshops will end and there will be an hour break in the day's activities to allow people to eat lunch, look at exhibits and literature, and meet with each other informally. Following this break, at 1:00, there will be a march from the corner of Brooks and Higgins (across the street from Hellgate High School) down to the Fairgrounds. This march will be the day's best opportunity for Montanans, in solidarity, to demand peace. Dwight D. Eisenhower said, "People want peace so much that one of these days governments had better get out of the way and let them have it." If that time comes a little bit sooner due to actions such as this, it will have been worth it.

When the marchers arrive at the Fair-



grounds, at 2 p.m., a rally will begin which will last until 5 p.m. Along with music and political theatre, there will be a host of Montana speakers representing a variety of viewpoints on peace.

Also, there will be two keynote speakers, Howard Morland and Cecil Garland.

HOWARD MORLAND gained national notoriety in 1979 for writing the article "The H-Bomb Secret: To Know How is to Ask Why," for the Progressive Magazine. This article challenged the system of secrecy that perpetuates the production of nuclear weapons and conceals the dangers of nuclear war. Even though he got all his information from public sources, on March 26, 1979, a Wisconsin judge stopped publication of the article. This made him the first writer in American history to be silenced by a Federal injunction issued on "national security" grounds. Six months later the government's case for censorship collapsed, the injunction was lifted, and the story was published.

Mr. Morland is now disarmament coordinator for the Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy and is the author of the book, *The Secret That Exploded*.

CECIL GARLAND is a former Lincoln Montana storeowner and Montana Wilderness Association president. In this capacity he led the successful fight to have the Scapegoat declared a wilderness area.

After moving to Utah, he discovered that the United States Air Force wanted to place some of the MX Missile's "race-track" on his ranch. He became an outspoken critic of the MX in Utah and has carried the fight against it throughout the west. In the fall of 1982 he traveled through Montana with the MX Road Show.

Mr. Garland will be one of the ranchers traveling to the USSR as part of a Citizen's Detente.

Throughout the day there will be exhibits, booths, displays, a children's program with New Games and some food concessions. If the weather is poor, all events will proceed as scheduled since large indoor space is available at the Fairgrounds. It is requested that no alcohol be brought to the Fairgrounds and none will be served there.

As plans for the Montana Peace Festival have progressed and become widely known, support has come from many sectors of society. The Missoula County Commissioners, the Libertarian Party and environmental, social service, religious, women's, professional and peace groups have all joined hands to make the Festival a success. As we go to press endorsements have been received from over fifty local, state and national organizations. Also, the Peace Festival received a major boost when the Mayor and City Council of Missoula decided to declare October 9, Missoula Peace Day.

If, as is hoped, large numbers of people decide to make a stand for peace on October 9, Montanans will have made a great stride towards insuring their future. Dr. Helen Caldicott has written, "All of us — regardless of class, creed, or political affiliation — want the human race to survive. As members of the same species, we must work in harmony toward our common goal." IT STARTS WITH US.

Information on the Montana Peace Festival can be gotten by stopping by the SAC office-University Center 105 or calling 243-5897.

MONTANA PEACE FESTIVAL

October 9, 1982 at Missoula County Fairgrounds, Commercial Building.

WORKSHOPS

9:30-10:45

Educators for Social Responsibility — Kermit Edmonds.

Disarmament as an Ethical Imperative — Tom King, Ron Large.

Civil Defense: Will it Save Us?

— Physicians for Social Responsibility. No! on 89 — Jim Lynch.

Feminism and the Peace Movement. — Panel discussion.

Reclaiming Effective Political Power. 10:15-11:00

Tax Resistance.

Building a Broader Base for Disarmament — Christine Torgimson.

Arm Race Update — Mike Kadas.

Selective Service and the

Draft — Vern Dearing.

The Legal Aspects of Nuclear War — Jon Ellingson.

Lobbying Techniques for Nuclear Disarmament — Common Cause.

Civil Liberties and the

Anti-Nuclear Movement — Michael Kreisberg.

11:00-12:00

What About the Russians?

— Fredrick Skinner, James Mardock.

Theater as Political Action

— Veronica Richards.

The Economic Impacts of the

Arms Race: What Can We Do

About It? — John Photiades.

Bob McCarthy, Kerry MacLane.

Peace Education and Violence in

the Home — Jeanne Christopherson.

Direct Action — panel discussion.

For more information call: 243-5897 or 728-6708.

WARNING

On the curve before Lolo dozens of vehicles piled together. Jerry cans, formerly filled with fuel, scattered near one pickup truck, were black and sooty. Where the fire hadn't reached, clothing and odd shaped bundles lay wildly in the snow.

Traffic had been blocked. Those who had come around the turn fast tried to swerve, tried to stop, but their cars and trucks, filled full and crowded, slammed into the pile-up. Before the entire mess had caught fire, a few vehicles careened through the guard rail. After the fire, the traffic continued south through the gapes in the guard rail, continued south on the north-bound lanes, away from Missoula.



The helicopters were barely above the tree tops, moving slowly in the fast falling snow, lit up by the reflections from their own flood lamps. Piercing wails from their megaphones had woken up all except the very deaf. Those who had been frightened at first, in their beds, had become terrified when they looked outside. Those who didn't look became terrified when the wailing stopped, and over the thudding roar came the warning.

P. had been one of the ones who hadn't gotten up immediately. With the wailings she had looked at the time, 4:00 a.m. was an early hour, too early to be quick. Even if the wailings and the "chop-chop-chopping" — obviously helicopters — were of importance, she decided that the best place for her was in bed. She hugged her pillow over her head and tried to ignore the noise. Then came the warning. It was announced with a computer voice, the same voice that tells the time or explains that a number is no longer in service, the same mechanical voice that the telephone company uses, the voice which can't be talked back to. She became terrified. Nearly the entire city was, "So loud! So loud!" was all she thought, pulling the pillow tighter around her head, pressing it against her ears. Then the warning was finished, the helicopters were gone. P. waited for something more. She jumped up and ran to the windows. The snow, falling thick and soft, gave a twilight-like glow to the street, to the houses down the block, and to the night.

"What do I do," she thought, standing in her cold room, staring out. The warning had been simple. P. repeated it, "Warning, warning, warning. Missoula is

WARNING

to receive a major atomic blast within 36 hours. Evacuate! Missoula is to receive a major atomic blast within 36 hours. Evacuate! Missoula is to receive a major atomic blast within 36 hours. Evacuate!" Her breath, from repeated repetition, fogged on the windowpane. Small droplets condensed, rolled down, and then froze into milky ice.

The man clutched the gas pump. He didn't move. All of his effort was to keep from moving, to keep from disturbing the

puter voice was giving instructions. The voice was saying incredible things. P., who up to now had been so terrified that she was actually numb, felt like screaming or crying or even laughing. Over the radio were coming instructions that were telling her to calmly take her belongings, and all the food in her house, and load up her car. After her car was loaded, the voice said, she was to drive to the nearest post office to pick up her emergency relocation change of address packet. If she happened to be a mill worker — the voice sincerely instructed — she was to go to the prepared, underground shelter at her place of work, there she was to help with the rapid dismantling of the entire mill. All post office employees, and other city employees, including court clerks and typists, were instructed to go to their special shelters. Everyone else — of which P. was included — was instructed to drive south on U.S. 93 to Hamilton. To avoid traffic congestion a departure schedule was given; by alphabetical order people were to leave at 10 minute intervals. The voice said that people with last names beginning with the letter "A" should leave exactly 1/2 hour from when The Warning was given. Upon arrival in Hamilton everyone was to start immediately on the construction of temporary shelters, and, the voice added, that no one was to worry or panic. Then the recording started over, beginning with a statement that crisis relocation, martial law and emergency disaster civil defense were all in effect.

It was dawn. Snow was still falling. In the few hours since The Warning everyone with a vehicle had left. At the peak surge of the exodus fighting had erupted at all gas stations, where gas was being looted. Because of the extreme fear of the gas running out, because of impatience pushed to heinous levels, neighbors had killed one another. Cars were stolen, children were left abandoned, shrieking in the cold, their parents murdered. Neighborly care and compassion were gone. The coming holocaust, which everyone envisioned as happening at any moment, made madness the instant norm. The pre-planned evacuation procedure was totally ignored.

P. had walked out of her apartment into chaos. All about her people were running and shouting. Those without cars were begging those with to take them. When they were refused there were fights. P., not having a car, was left alone. She walked fast, kept from running and looked for someone who might tell her that she was to do. At a phone booth she tried calling her parents in Arizona but the phone didn't work. She tried at another phone but it was dead too. Then she remembered the Post Office and went there, hoping for anything.

A mob was at the Post Office. Pushing and shouting, hundreds of people were trying to fit inside the lobby. "Let us in you bastards!" she heard one woman yelling, "let us in!" It was the entrance to an underground shelter. P. realized, and there were people, like herself, who had no way of fleeing the city. There came first a touch of comradeship realizing that she wasn't the only helpless person in Missoula, and then came nausea caught from being suddenly part of a mob. A mob of desperate people. She threw herself in and pushed and screamed as hard and as loud as she could.

Twenty minutes later, exhausted and bruised, P. managed to work her way to the edge of the mob, which had grown substantially, and find a place to sit where

she wouldn't be trampled. She was leaning against the monolithically ugly wall at the bank — across the street from the post office — letting snow fall and melt on her face, staring straight up, when someone next to her said, "you hungry?"

He smashed the glass door with the butt of a pistol. Inside, he shot the padlock off of the large refrigerator, and the two of them made sandwiches of roast beef and cheese. Even back in the restaurant's kitchen the noise from the mob down the street was loud.

"No use going back there. I saw a picture in the paper of that door. It was when they was doing all that crisis relocation work. Quite the shelter they built. Just the door cost 20 grand."

P. was eating slow, watching carefully, expecting him to attack her at any moment. She hadn't spoken to him yet. She had followed him down the street and into the restaurant because he seemed calm.

"20 grand!" he repeated, "that was just for the door. It's supposed to be able to stand an atomic bomb blast. Those people, you," he looked at her, "think you're going to get in by pounding on it with your fists? Huh?"

"I guess not."

"Just think what the rest of that useless shelter cost us." He stopped eating and went over to the fridge. "want a beer?"

"I don't think I should be in here," P. said, getting up. "I have food at home," and she started to leave the restaurant.

"Wait a moment! Hey!" He ran after her and caught up with her outside. "Hey, wait, just wait."

There was no one else. The carefully planned schedules and emergency change of address packets, all the plans that had cost millions of dollars to draw up, were useless. There was no one to take care of all the people like P. There was no one to stand outside the post office and smile politely while handing out instructions and packets, saying 'drive carefully', and there no friendly police officers making sure that everyone behaved civilly to everyone else.

"We could start walking."

"In this weather? We'd not make it far. There's no point either." He was sitting next to P. The two of them had gone into Carlie's bar, which the owner had left unlocked when he had made his exit. The bar was crowded. Most were already drunk. Full bottles of liquor stood on all the tables. Empty ones lay on the floor, along with some of the most drunk. Old men, the oldest and most grizzled, sat in chairs behind the bar. "Hey! check out how happy they look" he nudged P. and gestured at the geriatric bartenders.

"We've got to do something!" She was pleading with him.

"Start by getting drunk."

"No!"

"Suit your self," he swallowed down a shot of whisky. "Ah. Never could afford as much of this as I wanted." He was drinking 'Old Bushmills' and had already drunk a fair amount of a fifth.

Someone had written, directly across from P., on the bar's mirror, "HOURS TO GO", with red marker. She looked at the list of crossed out numbers, "36, 35, 34, 33, 32, 31, 30," and at her own reflection. She looked at the old men in front of her: they were filthy and ragged, missing front teeth, with twitching faces and split, stained nails. Behind her own reflection she saw the calm faces of Missoula's poor. Like the 'court of miracles' from the Huntchback of Noterdame, the bar was full with people who should have been wretched instead of jovial. She kept expecting to hear helicopters, the ones she hoped would soon be coming, to air-lift her, and every one else, out of Missoula. She told herself that the only reason that

cont. on page 4

she was sitting in the bar, in a mad house, was to wait for the helicopters, being closer to where she thought they might land.

"Listen," her drunk companion with the pistol said, "I don't even know your name. Mine's George . . ."

"I'm Polly."

"Polly? What kind of name is that? Like a parrot, eh, well it's swell meeting you, Polly," George laughed and sprayed spit all over p.'s face.

"I've got to go," P. said, getting up, "I can't stay here. I thought you had a scheme or a plan or something."

"Oh, but I do." George appeared serious for the first time, "I do. Just stick with me little sis and everything will be A.O.K." He reached out and took P.'s hand. "Start by sitting back down."

His hand felt reassuring on her's, and there was nothing she knew to do. She sat down. He started talking then, not looking at her, looking at the bar. He talked about his younger brother, whom he hadn't seen in years, about his father who was dead, about a wife who left him. He talked on and on. His voice, as he got drunker, became nearly a mutter. She heard him, through bits and scraps of understood words, talk of searching for rainbows in the oil-stains of the gutters, of finding only spare change instead, of a time he went deer hunting and passed by a perfect chance at a large buck, "it was his eyes, it was his eyes," he repeated, "I couldn't kill him."

"28 hours to go!" the crowd whistled and whooped. P. watched a frail man cross out the old number and write in the new. George was asleep with his head on the bar. He was snoring peacefully. She wondered if all his plan was was to wait for the bomb while sleeping. Some plan, she thought. Some plan, but if it was his plan it was still better than her plan. She was going to die. Without warning, all at once, this was all she could think: I'm going to die.

"Hey! Watsa! Hey, stop . . . shake, hey!"

She had woken George up. "Listen, George, please!"

He focussed his bleary eyes on her, "yea?"

"I don't want to die. I want to live! I want to get out of here!" and for the first time since the Warning she started to cry.

"There you go. Now you've done it.

Ah huh. Crying, are you?" He smirked and drank more whisky. "You think everyone doesn't? I want to live too. But atomic bomb equals atomic bombssss. Lots. Any idiot can see that. And there's no hiding, no running. Even if we could leave it wouldn't help. Either that nasty message this morning was a rude joke — very rude — or we're, all of us, even those who drove off, dead. Poof for us. Ugggh for them. What could have been done, the 'plan' you ask for, could have been but wasn't!" He drank more. "Maybe the bomb wont come. Good chance. I don't see how anyone who was going to kill someone else would give that someone a warning. How the hell do those guys who sent the 'copters know a bomb is coming? Seems to me if they can know that they must also know alot more than they've been letting on all along." He was yelling now and some of the other drunks in the bar were listening. "Remember when all the crisis relocation was going on? Well, it all depended on having a warning. The 'experts' said, 'oh sure, we'll know.' Yea, sure, a fucking week in advance they said, or, 'at least' 36 hours. Simple thing, a warning, but how could they know? 'Oh, we'll just know' they said. They could know only because it's all one big lousy game, like a chess game and with us — you and I — no better than the dust on the pawns." He no longer sounded drunk.

He was waving his arms about. "Means somebody's playing BIG games. Someone who knows what will happen and when. Sure, we might have done something, we could have had a plan, even being the dust that we are . . ."

"Alot of us dust in this world!" someone cried.

"... but we didn't. Now it's too late."

"Maybe it's not," P. pleaded, "maybe it is all a mistake, maybe the bomb wont come and the world will have another chance for peace."

"Sure, maybe, but what of it, You think another chance and everything will be all peachy keen? All peaceful like?"

"The way I see it, the only thing that would make the whole world peaceful would be 4 billion lobotomies, that would do it. Floating down the Clark Fork in canoes with lit candles aint' gonna cut it. You saw how everyone — you too!" he pointed angrily in P.'s face, "went mad this morning. Killing anyone if they had the chance."

"But you, you," P. was crying, "you have a gun, a gun . . ."

"Yea, I do. It's my own little peace maker, little sis, to quote someone, it's my own private neuro-surgeon. It's just my own, just for me, for no one else, till I'm finished with it at least. Yea, sure." And he suddenly calmed and spoke quietly, looking back down at the bar, "maybe peace could have been an idea if we, the dust, had worked at it. Now though, 4 billion lobotomies, nothing less."

"Hey, little sis, pour me a drink, would ya?"

Something in his tone, after the anger of his speech, made her fill his glass with the last of the bottle. He drank the whisky in slow sips.

"Just savoring the flavor, sis," he said to her, noticing how she was watching him. Then he leaned his head down and shot a bullet through his temple and into the wooden bar top. It was done quickly. The pistol clattered on the floor and George slumped down next to it. No one, not even P. screamed or even seemed to have noticed the suicide. A man from the crowd came and pocketed the pistol though, an old man with kind eyes. He looked at P. and smiled with a slight shrug, like he too was about to give up easily.

— Sam Sprof

Peace is the one condition of survival in this nuclear age.

Adlai E. Stevenson



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3 1/2 true cords-unsplit
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S.A.C.?

The Student Action Center is an organization which presents issues of concern and importance to the students of the University of Montana.

Many of the issues of today go beyond the realm of the University setting and effect the way we live our lives on this planet. The point being, that we are all effected by the events that take place both in and out of the University; how we are able to make decisions about these issues and change policies and attitudes will determine what kind of society we live in.

SAC focuses much of its energies in the peace and environmental areas. This year we are sponsoring the Montana Peace Festival on October 9. The day's events include workshops, a march and rally at the Missoula County Fairgrounds. We are sponsoring a seven week lecture series titled "Making Peace a Reality: Options for Montana." The series begins October 14 and will focus on strategies for achieving peace and how we can realistically deal with the issue of nuclear war and change our perceptions of what is acceptable foreign and domestic policy. The Student Action Center has been very active in the I-91 campaign which is the initiative to keep the MX out of Montana.

SAC will be working on the Bob Marshall Wilderness benefit again this year. In the past SAC has been the largest single contributor to the Bob Marshall Alliance. We will be sponsoring other events leading up to the Montana Wilderness Association conference the first weekend in December.

Other plans for upcoming SAC programs include a program on Missoula's economic problems, how we as citizens can make decisions about Missoula's economic future, a workshop on energy efficiency, and a program on draft resistance.

A new aspect of SAC is political theater. SAC participated in political theater events last spring and summer for Ground Zero Day and the ERA rally. We would like to build connections with the drama department and other interested students. We are open to new ideas for programs and encourage people to come in if they have ideas for projects, perhaps SAC could offer some assistance.

The Student Action Center is looking for volunteers. If you have a particular interest area or would like to find out more about what SAC does please stop in. SAC is located in the University Center on the ground floor behind the ASUM offices.

An overall theme is this year's programming will be to focus on what

people can actually do to work for social change, what alternatives are available to the problems presented and to show that we as students have a vested interest in working on issues that are important to us.

To me, the issues is empowerment; we need to look at who makes the decisions that influence our lives, how we can learn to make those decisions ourselves and work toward a society that we would all choose to live in.

Theresa A. Kendrick
Student Action Center Director

Books

Waiting For The Barbarians,
By J.M. Coetzee

Penguin Books, \$3.95.

This is a wonderful book. A book that should be read. It is a book that takes the reader back, back to when we were no more civilized than we are now.

Who are the Barbarians? Are they natives who live out beyond the frontier settlement? Are they the soldiers, and 'interrogation experts', who are at war with the natives? The magistrate, an old man who has run the settlement's affairs for decades, knows. The natives, who have lived for generations — longer than history — in the land that belongs to the new Empire, are called the Barbarians. These Barbarians are rarely seen, and when they are they are peaceful; the magistrate knows that they are not the Barbarians.

The Empire is all governments that believe in conquest and blind obedience above all else. Pushing human rights completely aside in their heinous abuse of power, the Empire, through the actions of its officials, becomes more and more barbaric. The magistrate, out of loathing for the regime he knows that he is a part of, and feeling as an accomplice to horrible crimes, rebels. From the high social level of a settlement's most respected and powerful man, overnight the magistrate is reduced to a lowly criminal, locked in a wretched cell, and is starved and tortured nearly to death. This the Empire does for no clear reason, and the reader feels that the old man, alone in the cell, could be any person, in any time or place, who has been persecuted unjustly.

Coetzee, in this haunting masterpiece, shows us that there is scant difference between nature and the wilderness of men's souls. This is a story of barren, hostile land, and of brutality and injustice. It is a story of one, old, man who understands this metaphor and tries to understand himself through metaphor.

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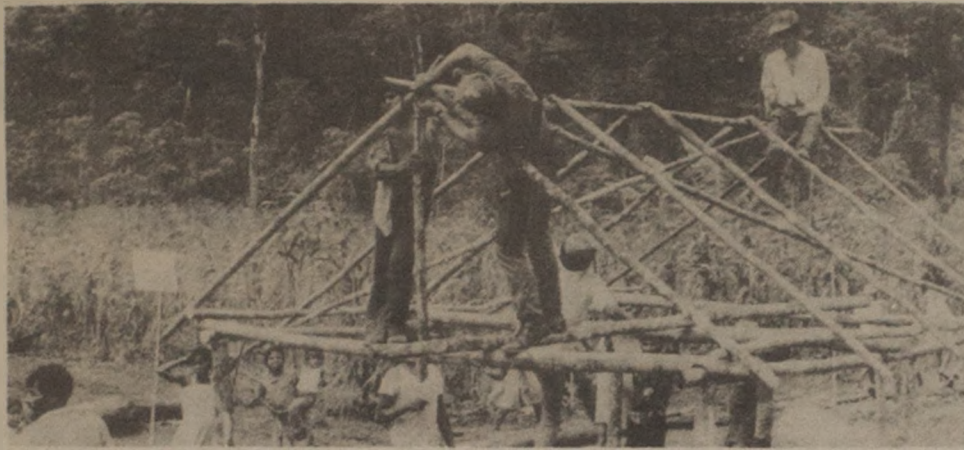
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(406) 728-1957

Nicaraguan Indians Moved From War Zone

by Katherine Hoyt Gonzalez



A member of the popular militia helps Miskito Indians build new houses in settlement.

Recently, the Nicaraguan Government, for both military and humanitarian reasons, moved 8,000 Miskito Indians from their ancestral homes along the Coco River (border with Honduras) to new settlements fifty miles to the south. In order to understand this move, much distorted by the conservative press, it is necessary to study the background of the problem.

The eastern Nicaraguan Department of Zelaya, which composes over one third of the national territory, was not officially incorporated into the country until 1894. The English and the Spanish had fought over the area for centuries with English influence dominating. After Central American independence from Spain in 1821, the United States supported Nicaragua's claim to the area. It finally became a Nicaraguan department under President Zelaya who named it after himself.

However, this did not change the characteristics of "the coast," as it is called by Nicaraguans. In the western part of the country the people are "mestizo" — a mixture of Spanish and Indian — and speak Spanish. On the Atlantic Coast, they are Indian and Black or a mixture of the two and speak an Indian language or English. In the west, the people are Catholic; in the east, Protestant (Moravian or Anglican). In the western part of Nicaragua, the people felt the full weight of the corrupt and oppressive Somoza dictatorship, organized themselves under the Frente Sandinista, and overthrew the regime in 1979. The Atlantic Coast was left to its own devices by the Somozas. Investment in the area was mostly foreign. National Guard officers who had not measured up to standard as agents of oppression were sent to the area as punishment.

The majority of Atlantic Coast residents did not understand what the Revolution was or want any part of it. The Indian organization MISURASATA desintegrated when it was discovered that its leader, Steadman Fagoth, had been an informer of Somoza's security forces and was fostering counter-revolutionary and separatist plans. Fagoth was jailed, later freed and, soon after, fled to Honduras with hundreds of followers. There he has been active in organizing the counter-revolution as well as visiting the U.S. to speak against the revolution.

Meanwhile, the raids and attacks of ex-National Guard members from across the Honduran border turned the Coco River area into a war zone. The river (also the Nicaragua-Honduran border) had always been the "road" of the Miskito Indians of both countries. Now, travel on the river became almost impossible. Revolutionary government health workers visiting the riverside communities were kidnapped and taken over to Honduras where the men were tortured and the women raped. This took place with the added horrifying ingredient of hymn-singing and praying by so-called "pastors" during the torturing and raping. Religion (a furious, anti-Communist variety) had become an important tool of the counter-revolution. A number of pastors and religious were taken prisoner by the revolutionary authorities and some expelled from the country.

As it became evident that the strategy of the counter-revolution would be to try to take a strip of north-eastern Nicaragua, establish there a provisional government and then ask for the assistance of an "Inter-American Peace Force" to help resolve the "unstable situation" in the country, the Sandinistas decided on a bold move. They moved the approximately 8,000 Miskito Indians from their communities along the Coco, south to new land along the Rosita-Puerto Cabezas highway. It was a 50 mile march through the jungle but at the end of it the Indians have received better land with technical assistance, seed, etc. along with health care and education never available to them before. And, in line with revolutionary policy for all regions of Nicaragua, their cultural and religious values and customs are being carefully preserved.

The move of the Miskitos, however, has been distorted and used against the revolution. Alexander Haig presented photographs to the press that he alleged were of Sandinistas burning Miskito Indian bodies. The pictures turned out to have been taken in 1978 and were of Red Cross workers burning (for sanitary reasons) unidentified bodies of people massacred by Somoza forces after an uprising in the city of Esteli.

city of Esteli.

The U.S. and European conservative press has printed horror stories about the Miskito Indian move quoting Steadman Fagoth and other counter-revolutionary figures. These stories have been denied by both Honduran and Nicaraguan authorities.

When Battalion 60-11 of the Popular Sandinist Militia returned to Jinotega after a 105 day tour of duty in northern Nicaragua which included the accompanying of the Indians on their long walk, I had a chance to talk with a member of the battalion. Celestino Gutierrez is a shoemaker by trade with many years experience as a union organizer. He is thirty-six years old.

Question: Celestino, how many Miskito Indians did your battalion move?

Answer: We moved 6,000 people.

Q.: What was life like in the villages before the move?

A.: It was dangerous. People were afraid of the frequent battles on the border. Because of the fighting, they were forbidden to leave the villages. Some had received threats from neighbors who had crossed the river-border to join the counter-revolution and some threats were carried out — that is people were murdered. It was a war zone.

Q.: Did the people want to move to the new lands?

A.: Most of them didn't, although some who were afraid said it would be better to move.

Q.: Did you have to force some of the people to leave?

A.: We used a policy of convincing the people that it was a war zone and that they would be better off in the new settlements. When the people saw that they were military orders, nobody opposed the move. There was no need to mistreat anyone and we didn't. We used force, but

we didn't misuse it.

Q.: Is it true that you shot people who resisted or burned them alive in their houses?

A.: That is absolutely false. Those things didn't happen.

Q.: But did you burn the crops and houses of the Indians?

A.: After the people left the villages, we burned their houses (they were very simple huts) and the crops they had planted. We also shot the animals — pigs, chickens, etc. We wanted to leave nothing for the counter-revolutionaries.

Q.: Could you describe the march?

A.: Our mission was to protect the Miskitos and to get them out of there alive. The government was responsible for their lives. It was about 50 miles through the jungle, about five days walk resting in villages along the way. There was a problem of invalids, old people and pregnant women but it was solved by flying them out in helicopter. Some groups could walk to the Waspan — Puerto Cabezas highway and were driven out in trucks but the vast majority walked.

The people were organized in squadrons with their own leaders — one of their people. The march through the jungle was in orderly military style, even though the people were civilians, and I think that is why there were no ambushes as there could have been if the people had marched in disorderly civilian fashion with stragglers, etc. Our job was to take care of the people and organize them; we carried children and bundles. We all made the rafts to cross the Waspuk River. It's a big river and we didn't lose anybody. We came along in a friendly fashion — conversing with the people, eating and drinking with them.

●●●●●●●●

Journalists and religious leaders have visited the new Miskito settlements and have vouched for their improved conditions. The OAS Human Rights Commission just visited Nicaragua on government invitation. The commission talked freely and privately with the Indians and their religious leaders. The members also talked with prisoners in the Puerto Cabezas jail accused of counter-revolutionary activities and their lawyers. They then crossed the border to Honduras to talk to Nicaraguan Miskito people in refugee camps there. The commission's report should be available soon. However, the Revolution has already proven, by inviting the OAS Commission and other groups, that it has nothing to hide from the eyes of the world. ■

Peace Movement In Switzerland

by Karen Moulding

A growing peace movement in Switzerland is threatening the country's comfortable self-image of defensive neutrality. The largest demonstration in the history of Switzerland, in Bern on May 12, 1981, was a peace demonstration. Two hundred women camped in Frauenfeld, a military city, for two and a half weeks this August, and sponsored a 6-8,000 person demonstration against a military "weapons show" on August 21. This summer I received copies of two Swiss petitions, one ideological, one with direct political effect.

Although there are no nuclear weapons

in Switzerland, Annie Spuhler, was at the Women's Peace Camp in Frauenfeld, said, "the so-called peace movement is mainly against nuclear weaponry, more so than against the Swiss army."

Markus Heiniger, a full-time activist with the "Swiss Peace Council," agreed, and said that the NATO European anti-nuclear movement is a big influence on the peace movement in Switzerland. Heiniger added, "It is difficult to think what an anti-nuclear movement here could do without having solidarity with the rest of Europe, because there are no nukes to fight here."

Heiniger said that although Switzerland calls itself "neutral" or "defensive," "militarism as a whole is very strong here." He said that the demonstration in Bern last year was both against militarism here, and against nuclear weapons anywhere.

Betina Kurz, Swiss peace worker, said scoffingly, "we know if there's a nuclear war we won't be excluded."

Switzerland's contribution to the "alternative defense" debate at the END Convention in July was documented by Heiniger for the "Swiss Peace Council." Under the heading "SWITZERLAND IS

NOT AN IDEAL MODEL!" it includes four major points:

1. Although Switzerland has no nuclear weapons, it is not nuclear-free. Switzerland is not "nuclear-free" in its energy policy, its scientific research, its exportation of technology, nor its foreign policy. "Switzerland has nuclear power plants that are perfect strategic aims for hostile offensives because they can multiply the result of an atomic bomb about thirty times. Swiss exportation of nuclear technology will make the first Islamic and South-American atomic bomb possible. In the discussions about the non-

cont. on page 6

proliferation-treaty Switzerland has been extremely strong in the tendencies that want to hinder an effective control of the proliferation of so-called 'atoms for peace.'"

2. Although the concept of Swiss military defense is "purely defensive," in reality this does not mean 'minimal deterrence,' but, on the contrary, strong militarisation of the entire society. As quoted above, the "Swiss Peace Council" believes "there is no defense in the age of atomic war." Non-professional defense is growing in Switzerland including "plans for a special school subject on army, military training places against the will of the local people, women in the army, research for military purposes, etc. This is 'no alternative at all.'" The "Swiss Peace Council" suggests not "alternative defense" concepts, but stopping the preparations of all war.

3. "Switzerland does not respect her own neutrality."

"Ideologically Switzerland is part of the 'Western World' and helps to increase the divisions between the two blocs. It accepts NATO's warnings against an imminent Soviet threat."

— There is military cooperation between NATO and Switzerland. "Many high-ranking officers of the Swiss army have received training in NATO armies." NATO is considered an ally. And, "a large part of the army's weapons have been bought from NATO-countries."

— "Swiss banks and multinationals play a notorious role in the exploitation of the South and are responsible for the resulting tensions in the world-region."

"Switzerland should use its neutral status to:

— "encourage other nations to separate themselves from the two blocs thus decreasing the tensions between them.

— "strengthen the non-aligned nations and their independence and invite other parts of the North to join this group of nations.

— "legalize her de facto nuclear-free status, invite neighboring states to join this nuclear-free zone, and ask for its international recognition and the withdrawal for theater nuclear weapons from surrounding territories."

4. "Civil defense means passive preparation for a thinkable nuclear war." Switzerland "seems to accept its destiny without protest and has engaged in a program of civil defense unrivalled by other countries. Today as much as 3/4 of the population could already be brought to underground shelters. . . . This program risks to make a nuclear war more likely because:

— "Swiss generals no longer feel the threat of nuclear blackmail.

— "the program creates illusions and diverts the attention of the people from the only possibility of survival: the prevention of war.

— "Swiss authorities and businessmen actively urge other countries to adopt similar programs of civil defense. . . . Obviously both nuclear weapons and shelters are necessary to be able to begin a world war."

"Whereas the construction of shelters has not met much resistance from the people, the building up of a paramilitary organization for civil defense seems to be much more difficult. The laws force every male citizen who does not or who no longer does serve in the army to take part in this organization. Leading managers of the organization admit that their training courses are ineffective. . . . The conscripts do their training unwillingly, are shocked by the tasks they are preparing themselves for and passive resistance prevails. Many conscripts have joined the peace movement."

"The head of the civil defense organization of the canton of Zurich recently

wrote in a newspaper article that 'without transport possibilities, without water-supply and without energy a disaster area would soon be in a state of total chaos and the surviving people would die miserably.'"

"In a war, civil defense is not of much use and it makes such a war more likely. It must therefore be resisted."

"Unfortunately some militants in the peace movement in other countries welcome civil defense as a defensive alternative to new nuclear weapons and use Switzerland as a positive example." The "Swiss Peace Council" doesn't quite understand the logic behind this argument. Nuclear weapons and civil defense together are the best preparation for a war, civil defense without nuclear weapons is pointless."

Heiniger said the demonstration sponsored by the Women's Peace Camp in Frauenfeld this August was an alternative show of peace during the "Society of Officers" weapons show.

Spuhler said there were 6-8,000 people participating in the demonstration, and altogether over 100,000 citizens and military personnel at the show. Frauenfeld is a military city and the show was of helicopters, tanks, and missiles, no nuclear weapons, Spuhler said.

Heiniger said the officers say they want the weapons "just for security."

The Women's Peace Camp received much publicity, said Heiniger, including a story by a conservative newspaper which felt threatened by the women.

"I would have been there," Heiniger added, "but it was just for women."

On August 27 The International Herald Tribune featured a story on a Women's Peace Camp just outside the Greenham Common Air Base near London. Greenham is to be a site for American cruise missiles in England. Twenty women and three children were camped there, a more modest camp than Switzerland's this summer.

I was handed two Swiss petitions in Bern this summer, one, "a citizens initiative demanding a voice in military affairs," the other, a "Swiss appeal for peace and against 'Atomic Death.'"

The former petition needs 100,000 voter-signatures to take effect. As of August there were 60,000 signatures collected. It states "Federal laws and decisions of Congress which involve decisions about the production of war materials, military building, the giving of land for military purposes, or research, development or test programs involving military departments, should be put to a people's vote when 50,000 registered Swiss voters or eight Cantons demand that it be so."

The later petition will go to President Reagan and call for "a stop to the production of all nuclear weapons," and, "immediate negotiations concerning the limitation and disarmament of nuclear arms until there is a prohibition of all mass annihilation weapons and the complete, mutual and simultaneous disarmament carried out under international control." It will also go to the Swiss House of Congress "to engage in an active assertive foreign policy which calls for detente and disarmament," and "to take part in the second special session of the United Nations on disarmament."

A Swiss woman affiliated with the World Peace Council told me there were many demonstrations all over Switzerland on Hiroshima day, as there will be at the end of October for "Week for Peace." She added that along with a developing feminist movement in Switzerland there is a Union of Women for Peace and Social Development.

Another Swiss activist, Edith Balan-une, told me the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom headquar-

ters is in Geneva.

I commented to Heiniger that many Swiss peace organizations seemed to be directed by women and the peace movement in general seemed intrinsic with the

feminist movement. He agreed and said that weapons are a good example for the feminists to use in their struggle against violence.

TARDENCILLA, A Nicaraguan Internationalist

by Katherine Hoyt Gonzalez

"This is our land,
This is our water.
No Yankee son of a bitch
Will step on Nicaragua!"

For obvious reasons, this is not one of the slogans one hears on Nicaraguan radio and T.V. but the Sandinista Youth were shouting it enthusiastically last night at a rally on the basketball court of the Matagalpa public high school. There was quite a crowd out to see and hear Orlando Jose Tardencilla.



Tardencilla at student rally.

Tardencilla is the nineteen year old Nicaraguan who turned the tables on the U.S. State Department in March by denying he had been sent to El Salvador by the Sandinist Front or that he had been trained in Cuba or Ethiopia. He said he had been previously forced to lie, under torture by Salvadoran authorities, but that he was a revolutionary and was now telling the truth even at the risk of death back in El Salvador. He said he had gone to El Salvador on his own after fighting in the Nicaraguan Revolution and had never, up until then, left Central America. He had never seen or heard about arms shipments coming from Nicaragua to the FMLN.

Of course, after the publicity his declarations caused, the U.S. had to return him to Nicaragua where he became an instant hero. He has been a bright spot in the news for a country which has not seen many bright spots lately. Tardencilla made Nicaraguans laugh and smile at what Colombian writer Gabriel Garcia Marquez called "the biggest joke ever played against a government." Tardencilla was immediately incorporated into the Sandinista Youth Organization and the Militia and has been travelling around Nicaragua rallying young people to the defense of the Revolution.

Tardencilla began his talk to the students of Matagalpa by saying that in Washington he had only done what was

normal and expected from a revolutionary.

"If you had been there, you would have done the same thing," he told the students.

"The United States feels that everything has a price and that they can buy people's consciences; but they cannot buy revolutionary consciences," Tardencilla said. He continued to say that he felt real nausea when U.S. authorities offered him political asylum, protection, education, clothes (four suitcases were brought in), money, liquor and all the girls he wanted after he had made his declarations (After the startling press conference was over, the four suitcases were taken away and Tardencilla was left with the clothes he had on!).

Orlando told Matagalpa students that they could all be internationalists without leaving Nicaragua. He told a short story to illustrate his point. One day in the guerrilla camp in El Salvador, he walked into a meeting and all those present applauded him.

"Why are you applauding me," he asked. "I haven't done anything special."

"We're not applauding you as an individual," was the answer. "We're applauding the Nicaraguan Revolution. In it we see what 'power to the people' really means!"

"So," explained Tardencilla, "as you strengthen and defend the Nicaraguan Revolution, by your example you are contributing to the triumph of the people of El Salvador and other countries, and are thus true internationalists."

In answer to a student's question, he told about the tortures he and other comrades had been subjected to in Salvadoran jails between the time he was captured on January 31, 1981 and May of that same year when he had to be operated on for a blood clot on the side of his head. There were the usual old-fashioned splinters stuck up finger-nails and electric shocks on the genitals of prisoners of both sexes as well as rape of female prisoners.

But there were more modern systems of torture also. One of these new "scientific" methods involved sending high frequency sound waves into both ears of the prisoner. The board used to regulate the sound was run by North Americans. Orlando Jose saw one of them when one of his adhesive tape eye patches fell off.

"Take care," said the gringo in English.

"Now he's seen you, we'll have to kill him," said the Salvadoran. But they didn't.

They decided to save Tardencilla for bigger things without realizing that, while you can break a revolutionary temporarily under torture, you cannot buy a true revolutionary conscience.

Revolutionary movements attract those who are not good enough for established institutions as well as those who are too good for them.

George Bernard Shaw

Meg Christian in Missoula



Meg Christian will be performing Friday October 8 in the UC Ballroom at 8:30 p.m.

Meg is a co-founder of Olivia Records, the largest women's recording label. She has recorded three albums on that label, *I know You Know*, *Face the Music* and *Turning It Over*.

Meg's music is a celebration of life, of women's experiences and of the world around us. She combined humor and insight in her lyrics along with vocal and instrumental expertise.

The concert is sponsored by the Women's Resource Center, ASUM Programming and O.I.M. Tickets are available at Budget Tapes and Records, Freddy's Feed and Read, Music Magic and the Women's Resource Center in Missoula. They are also available in other Montana communities. Tickets are \$6.00 in advance and \$7.00 day of show.

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Letters

If it can be said that the recent peace movement in Montana has but one source, there is no doubt that it is Prof. Bryan Black. In the middle seventies, Prof. Black tried to impress upon us the peril of nuclear weapons, but his voice went unheeded. Now, his voice has been joined by a chorus that call for the elimination of nuclear weapons, but their song lacks a coherent theoretical guide to action. Prof. Black has been developing a Philosophy of Peace over the last several years that best articulates the present situation and outlines what we must do to disarm the nuclear society. All those interested in such questions are welcome to attend his Philosophy of History course, Phil. 357. The texts will be Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth*, G.W.F. Hegel's *Philosophy of History* and Joseph Stalin's *Dialectical and Historical Materialism*.



Peace is rarely denied to the peaceful.

Johann Von Schiller

The future can be anything we want it to be, providing we have the faith and that we realize that peace, no less than war, requires 'blood and sweat and tears.'

Charles F. Kettering

Those who make peaceful revolution impossible will make violent revolution inevitable.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy

LIVERWORST IT'S NOT

by Karen Moulding

The Livermore Action Group in Berkeley, California, is calling for an **International Day of Nuclear Disarmament**. Their objective is "to protest and halt the design, production, transport and deployment of nuclear weapons for one working day."

They propose Monday, June 20, 1982 as "a day of international nuclear disarmament enforced by people worldwide... civil disobedience, strikes, marches, rallies, demonstrations, etc."

LAG wants suggestions and response concerning this idea by November 1, 1982.

LAG will "network national and international groups and... coordinate the day;... serve as a resource for U.S. groups interested in civil disobedience and non-violent confrontation," and, "publish a handbook for the U.S. on civil disobedience and non-violence training."

LAG is a peace group aiming to convert Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory from developing nuclear weapons to peaceful researching. Livermore is one of two labs in the U.S. that develops weapons designed to fight a "protracted" nuclear war.

LAG's first blockade at Livermore lab

resulted in the arrest of 170 people. Their latest blockade, June 21, 1982, attracted 3500 demonstrators and 1332, including Daniel Ellsberg, were jailed, forming the second largest mass arrest for disarmament this year.

Besides an International Day of Nuclear Disarmament, LAG's future plans include:

October 4, 1982 — a non-violent affinity group civil disobedience at Livermore lab, following a week of cooperative planning and non-violence training.

October 9, 1982 — a legal demonstration to mourn Livermore Lab's 30th birthday.

January 21-27, 1982 — civil disobedience to obstruct the MX first-strike missile test launch at Vandenberg Airforce Base.

LAG proposes June 20, 1983 as the International Day of Nuclear Disarmament because it is the Summer Solstice, a universal natural phenomenon, and "therefore free of political, national, cultural bias and ethnocentricity."

Suggestions or statements of support concerning LAG's INTERNATIONAL DAY OF NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT should be sent to:

LIVERMORE ACTION GROUP
3126 Shaftuck Ave.
Berkeley, California 94703

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Down El Cap The Easy Way?

by Kurt Kleiner

El Capitan is a 3000 foot granite wall that guards the west entrance of Yosemite Valley, California. For years it has captured the attention and imagination of rock climbers and it was first climbed during November of 1958 in a bold eleven day push by Warren Harding, George Whitmore, and Wayne Merry. Since then, it has been climbed hundreds of times and there are now over thirty routes by which to ascend. In the past ten years, however, a new and controversial form of recreation has become popular. People are parachuting off the top of El Capitan.

As far back as the early 1960's sport parachutists recognized the potential for jumping over the Southeast face of this wall, which, in places, gently and continuously overhangs from bottom to top. With this in mind, some skydiver took the first step into the void. The event was not documented, so nobody knows exactly who jumped first.

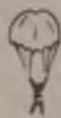
During the early seventies, a long-time Yosemite climber named Rick Sylvester filmed a parachute descent of El Cap in winter. In this bold and well planned stunt, Sylvester found he could maximize safety by skiing off a prepared track at a high speed. This gave him much horizontal clearance and room to release his skis and fall into a tracking position.

As could be expected, there followed several requests to the Park Service by

parachutists to perform similar stunts. As requests to jump were repeatedly refused, these people turned to their own U.S. Parachute Association and joined forces for negotiations with the Park Service. The skydivers argued convincingly that jumps could be made safely if the time and location of jump-offs were regulated. It did not seem fair that hang gliders could fly freely off of nearby Glacier Point, and that there were no restrictions placed on climbers who would often spend a week or more at a time exposed to similar dangers on the big wall routes of El Cap.

Among some of the issues raised by the Park Service against the parachutists were the questions of how to successfully regulate these jumps and how to punish those who ignored the proposed regulations. There also came the argument by environmentalists, who pointed out that both climbing and parachuting over certain areas of the Southeast face were disturbing some rare and endangered Peregrine falcons that nested on the wall. From this there evolved the annual closing of several climbing routes for the duration of the falcon breeding season.

In August of 1980, an agreement was reached between the Park Service and the USPA and a six week trial period began on September 9. During this time, a limited number of parachutists were allowed to jump each morning between 7 and 9 a.m. They were required to register with the park officials and submit proof that they had made at least fifty free fall jumps from an airplane. There was one established jump-off point on top, and both the USPA and the Park Service would share the responsibility for enforcing the regulations. The parachutists were turned loose.



In a recent telephone interview, one Park Service spokesman said that, during the trial period, there were several minor injuries reported involving the parachutists and there were several close calls in which the jumpers found themselves in a potentially hazardous situation as descending too close to the wall or landing in the woods or talus fields below. More common, however, were incidents in which jumpers completely disregarded the regulations established in the agreement with the Park Service. Parachutists were jumping in the middle of the night and without the required permission. One climber even made his very first parachute jump off of El Cap.

One particularly unique and noteworthy incident was witnessed by Missoula climbers George Jameison and Tobin Kelley. Upon the completion of their four-day ascent of "the Nose" route, they were greeted on top by two Scottish parachutists who were planning to make a clandestine jump at dawn the next morning. Shortly after sunset, the two lads were feeling too restless to wait any longer, and they hurled themselves out into space. A few seconds passed before the climbers distinctly heard two parachute canopies pop open below. However, as near as they dared to step near the edge, they saw only one parachute float out and land safely in the meadow. The other one never reached the ground!

In the moments that followed, there was much yelling and confusion in the night. The parachutist who never touched down had been unable to stay clear of the wall and had accidentally but safely landed on a tiny ledge eight hundred feet off the ground. There was nothing he could do except wrap up in his parachute and worry about getting down the next day.

One can only imagine the shock he felt the next day when he realized the peril of the position he was in. It was a helpless bind being stranded on an island in the sky, in an incredible sea of vertical granite beside a set of climbers' belay bolts which were of no use to him. Fortunately there was a party of climbers on a nearby route with whom he could establish communications. The climbers abandoned their ascent of El Cap and lowered off instead to rescue the stranded parachutist. Within a couple hours, the entire party had rappelled safely to the ground and the Park Service was not made aware of the incident for several days.

Upon the termination of the six week trial period, it was clearly futile to try continually to enforce restrictions on such a free-spirited lot of adventurers. So the Park Service, once again, declared it illegal to parachute off any of the walls in Yosemite.

Since then, there have been at least a hundred jumps made from the top of El Capitan. In the spring of 1981, Randy Leavitt made a parachute descent after spending a week climbing a route called Excalibur. Though his jump was nothing new to Yosemite climbers, it did demonstrate what many believe to be a legitimate use of parachutes as a rapid means of descending from a long and arduous climb. Presently, weary climbers who summit on El Cap are faced with a choice between an eight mile hike down a trail or an intricate and often dangerous descent down the "East Ledges."

There have recently been incidents in Yosemite in which the Park Service has

cracked down severely on the illegal parachutists. On Wednesday evening, August 4, 1982, three parachutists attempted to jump off the Northwest face of Half Dome, a big wall which is situated at the east end of the Valley some six or seven miles away from El Capitan. One man was unable to track far enough out into space, and he struck the wall falling two thousand feet to his death. The other two parachutists landed successfully, but were apprehended by rangers a short while later. They are presently awaiting a hearing in U.S. District court in Fresno, California.

About one month later, on September 7, 1982, three parachutists were apprehended upon landing in the meadow beneath El Capitan. In Yosemite, they received severe sentences from the U.S. magistrate of one thousand dollars in fines, apiece, a ninety day suspended jail sentence, and two years of probation in addition to being exiled from the park indefinitely.

The privileges granted to the rock climbers and the hang gliders in Yosemite are based on the very principles established in the entire National Park system. That is, the parks are areas set aside for the public to use for any recreational purpose that does not damage the environment, endanger other persons, or in any way infringe upon the rights of others. The climbers and hang gliders play in a manner in which they are completely responsible for their own safety. Both of these activities boast a remarkable safety record unlike that which became apparent during those six weeks of legal parachuting. However, it should still be the privilege of each taxpayer to use the park as a recreational facility to use in any reasonable manner they choose. With this in mind, people shall continue to attempt clandestine parachute jumps in Yosemite as individuals responsible for themselves. Perhaps the Park Service will again reconsider their regulations. Until then, we can only wish the parachutists the best of luck.

SPARED THE GRIEF

I'll give no newscast to the woman
who asks directions to Crackerville.
Swallows dip to musty beams beneath the bridge.
I tell her so, she nods, dark eyes show confusion.
Down two red lights to turnpike,
along the Mohawk to Amsterdam
and points etc. Swallows have
nothing to do with the stretch of pavement
between A and B, nothing. I say yes and no
two rights then left to the green house
parked parallel, parked by the fire hydrant
parked double. I tell her so
and she nods ready to step on her pedal,
flee in her Winnebago to unexplored parts
in the wilderness of paved four lanes.

I never believed what I read
in National Geographic. Light
in Montana is gold, is other than
the hay and industry back east.
There is virility in the pores
of this unmolested earth but the plight
of the grey who watches stallion and mare is felt.
Cut in the 50's by some vagabond
who claimed the knack to put him out
sexless as the steed who mounts the Jersey in vain
sheds hard gained pounds of meat.
If the darkest clouds drop rain
this forecast might make sense, but if these winds
recall mountain air and sing of flora
and snowfields I'd rather be
spared the grief.

I tell her and she locks the door
on my ice temper and stare. I'll leak no top secrets
leave no trace. I told her so, long ago.
She shakes her head
cries go to hell
and lays rubber at my feet.

— Scott Anderson