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CLARK FORK FREE PRESS

May 1983

A Student Action Center Publication

Volume 2, Number 5



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U.S. Lawless in Nicaragua

"We want to keep on obeying the laws of our country; which we are obeying," said President Reagan at a recent press conference. This is only further double-speak put forth to confuse an issue which to date has become only too clear. Our government's policies toward the Sandanista government in Nicaragua are unlawful. The Reagan administration has been using the CIA in covert action designed to topple the Sandanistas — covert action which has become overt.

In *These Times* reported presidential counselor Edwin Meese III as saying, "I think we absolutely have a moral right to do what we are doing in Nicaragua," and that he opposed congressional restrictions because they "interfere with the conduct of foreign policy." Meese did not say exactly what the Reagan administration is doing. His explication of what is occurring in Nicaragua wasn't necessary.

It is common public knowledge that our current government views the Sandanista revolution in Nicaragua as a threat to U.S. hegemony in Central America. The CIA has been hard at work in the region creating disturbances to pressure the Sandanista government. This activity has prevented them from effectively instituting viable and necessary social programs in their country. In the *Miami Herald* CIA officials were reported to have told Congress that they have now assumed day-to-day control of counterrevolutionary activities, including pinpointing targets, plotting attacks and conferring with rebel field leaders. The U.S. has a military southern command headquarters in Panama where much of the planning takes place. The result has been stepped-up assaults by the counterrevolutionaries or "contras" inside Nicaragua. According to *In These Times* "the CIA has already forged the Honduran based ex-Somoza national guard groups (Somocistas) into the Nicaraguan Democratic Force (FDN), and has been luring the Costa Rica-based Democratic Revolutionary Alliance (ARDE) which is now fighting inside Nicaragua."

"America's aggressions, like those of the Soviet Union, have become pervasive and they can no longer be excused as stupidity."

GUNTER GRASS

News of these meddlesome and destabilizing activities prompted the House Intelligence Committee to convene in mid-April. Chairman Edward P. Boland (D-Mass) told reporters that covert operations had gone beyond merely stopping rebel arms and equipment. "It is my judgement," he added, "that there has been an apparent violation of the law."

Ultimately 'the law' is none other than the U.S. Constitution. Article 2, Section 2 of the Constitution states, in reference to the powers of the president, that "He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators presently concur . . ." The U.S. government joined the Organization of American States (OAS) in 1948 as one of twenty-one American republics to promote mutual cooperation. At that time, the OAS charter was drawn up and signed by all the states. Article 15 of that charter asserts,

"No State or group of States has the right to intervene, directly or indirectly, for any reason whatever, in the internal or external affairs of any other State. The foregoing principle prohibits not only armed force but also any other form of interference or attempted threat against the personality of the State or against its political, economic and cultural events."

The OAS charter is a treaty. Treaties are equivalent to laws passed by Congress and are binding upon the Presidency as such. CIA activity in and around Nicaragua amounts to a breach of the OAS charter. This is against the law.

The CIA was established by law in 1947. There was no specific authorization of covert action, nor any forbidding it. Reporting in a May 4, 1983 article, *In These Times* quotes the CIA definition of covert action as an "operation of activity designed to influence foreign governments, organizations, persons, or events in support of U.S. foreign policy." This explanation is ambiguous and thus open to wide interpretation. It is free license to do just about anything.

The law gives Congress the power to monitor the CIA, and yet detailed guid-

ance of the agency has been traditionally left to the president. Congressional policing of CIA activity has been further relaxed in the past three years. Previous to 1980 the president was required to report on covert operations to eight committees. In 1980 this was reduced to two committees.

In effect then the actions of Congress

in the past thirty-six years have made largely unrestricted presidential use of the CIA a matter of convention. This convention must change. Foreign affairs, particularly concerning Central America, are in the public eye. The president of the United States is misusing his power. The people are beginning to pressure their congressional representatives to do something about it. One could argue with Edwin Meese about the Reagan administration's 'moral' right to pursue an effective foreign policy in Nicaragua, but there is no debate over the right to expect our government to uphold its laws in the formation and execution of that foreign policy.

Chapter two of the OAS charter, Article 5 states, "International order consists essentially of respect for the personality, sovereignty and independence of States, and the faithful fulfillment of obligations derived from treaties . . ." We cannot allow the Reagan administration to continue its course in Central America.

Editorial

The U.S. government has never dealt openly and honestly with the Sandanist government. From the moment Somoza fell from power in Nicaragua our government has sought to undermine and corrupt the new government there. President Reagan comes before our nation speaking vindictively about communism and the policies of the Soviet Union toward Afghanistan and Poland. He calls those policies evil. It is an evil which is not restricted to Russia's half of the globe. Evil too, are the contradictory policies of all hypocrites.

A German novelist, Gunter Grass, wrote an article about Nicaragua for *The Nation*. He makes a connection which is essential to a greater understanding of the full picture when he says, "Like clumsy giants, the great powers confront each other. The long shadows they cast oppress the smaller nations around them. . . the shadows fall not only on Poland but also on Nicaragua. If you fail to admonish the United States as you have so often admonished the Soviet Union, you too will be guilty if this small and poverty racked country is torn apart by war and its revolution crushed. As I understand Christ's teachings, that revolution should be yours."

"The political existence of the State is independent of recognition by other States. Even before being recognized, the State has the right to defend its integrity and independence, to provide for its preservation and prosperity, and consequently to organize itself as it sees fit . . ."

Article 9 the OAS Charter

The evidence is compelling. We may no longer reside carelessly in our everyday lives while injustice is perpetrated by a government which stands behind the mask called 'A Free People.' We are not free if our government continues to repress another people. True freedom is not a fortune won at the expense of another's liberty, but derives from all persons being free.

— John E. Smith

Selling of America Revisited

Senator Max Baucus answered my letter regarding the sale of public lands. And yet, even though he introduced a Senate resolution condemning the massive sell-off of national forest system lands, his approach to the issue of public land sales misses the point.

Half-way into the letter Senator Baucus states "If the sale of public lands could be defended as a way to balance the federal budget, then the proposal might make some sense." He puts forth this conditional supposition immediately following his statement that "these lands are an intrinsic part of our way of life." Does he mean public lands are important and even necessary to life here in Montana, as long as the federal budget can't be balanced by their sale? I realize politicians can be confusing, but confusion over the future status of our public lands is unacceptable.

As proof that his conditional statement is safe from being tested Senator Baucus offers this, "most analysts agree that massive sales would only depress real estate prices across the board and the revenues generated would barely make a dent in the national debt. For all of these reasons you can count on me to oppose any broad increase in authority for sales of lands administered by the Departments of Agriculture and Interior."

Am I to believe Senator Baucus has a strong sense of the need to maintain public lands as a way of providing open spaces for today's generations and tomorrow's? Or must I understand his position against the sale of public lands to rest upon the level of real estate prices or the revenue potential public lands might possess. Let me suppose a conditional proposition of my own; "If analysts agreed that massive land sales would enhance real estate prices and contribute enough to significantly reduce the federal deficit, then would Senator Baucus be in favor of the massive sell-off of our public lands?"

I hope Senator Baucus wouldn't suppose this for a minute. Public lands must remain public forever, contingent upon no such market fluctuations. Maybe Senator Baucus has been in Washington too long. Maybe he just needs to come home and do some fishing, to sit on a rock and feel the open country, where no one will tell him to "Get off!"

John E. Smith

Poetry

Ahora que andas pro los Caminos de la Patria

Ahora que andas por los caminos de la Patria
con el corazon en todo el cuerpo.
Ahora,
con las piernas en el barro
y el fusil — mas tarde arado —
junto a tu espalda fuerte.
Ahora,
tal vez de dia
tal vez de noche,
piensa que el pueblo es tu victoria
y lucha contigo.

Now that you're about the roads of the Motherland

Now that you're about the roads of the Motherland
wearing your heart in every part of your body.
Now
with your legs in the mud
and with your rifle — later a plow —
on your strong back.
Now,
perhaps by day
perhaps by night
think that the people are your victory
and they fight with you.

Michele Najlis
Translation: Bettinas Escudero

They Pursued us at Night

They pursued us at night,
they corraled us
and
our only weapon was our hands
joined to millions of other joined hands.
They made us spit blood,
they whipped us,
they racked our bodies with electric charges
and they stuffed our mouths with lime.
Entire nights, they left us with wild animals,
tossing us into timeless cellars,
they tore out our fingernails.
Our blood flooded beyond their rooftops;
covered their faces,
but our hands
remain joined to millions of other joined hands!

The innocent lifted the rifles and fallen bodies;
the innocent lifted themselves like a sun that won't hide;
the innocent cried out
and their cry was heard by a multitude of peoples,
they bled
and their blood irrigated the land;
the innocent awoke from death, and the awakening
was the beginning of life:
once again the rivers grew with water that each life gathers,
the new air was a song of love

and lullabies.
mothers embroidered the battles of their children,
wives faced dawn to see the birth of a people,
children kneaded fire into their clay bodies
and fought with their bodies and with their parents' bodies
and each victory gave birth to a child
and each child engendered a new victory
and victories and children blossomed in the tree of generations.

Michele Najlis
Translation: Bettina Escudero

*"I am speaking of a ruthless criticism of
everything existing, ruthless in two senses:
The criticism must not be afraid of its own
conclusions, nor of conflict with the powers
that be."*

Karl Marx

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Future Vision A Short Story By T Moore

What is Tyler's Vision?

Continued from the last issue of the *Clark Fork Free Press*

Tyler glanced toward the mountains, through the gray veil of clouds he could barely distinguish the silhouette of the Rocky Mountain Front. Suddenly, the football game was boring. Tyler hadn't come to Choteau to watch football, he'd come to visit old friends and hike the mountains and hills.

Tyler finished his bag of peanuts and exited the football field. Snow was falling lightly but not accumulating much on the ground. The long Indian summer kept the ground warm months after the hot weather ended, so snow melted fairly quickly. Tyler shuffled through the couple of inches that had managed to stick during the afternoon as he returned to downtown.

As Tyler began driving out the Teton River Road, the Front showed a little clearer. The main part of the storm hovered over Choteau, moving east. The high plains and mountains were tinted in gray, but the light of the sun was apparent through the mass of clouds.

Driving west, the massive limestone reefs, the greated fluted cliffs of the Front, began to take shape. What had previously appeared as formless silhouettes slowly gained shape, color, and personality. Tyler felt he was returning home as he turned left on the South Fork Teton road. He remembered the way Crab Butte split the two forks of the Teton River, forming a side wall to each of the distinctly different canyons. He glanced to the southwest; high clouds obscured Ear Mountain, but Tyler recalled how the majestic palace loomed high above the upper prairie and adjacent mountains. He remembered gazing straight up a twelve hundred foot vertical face from the base of the mountain. The vision of bighorn sheep dancing across an upper talus slope, and eagles soaring above the peak were as clear as the jack pine across the river.

Tyler also recalled the old wood bridge over the South Fork, but as he drove across it he saw a sign that was not familiar. "Willow Creek Road," with an arrow pointing straight ahead, was new to him.

Tyler followed the road, and as he drove, he came to realize it wasn't so new after all. All along the road were scars, big flat patches of earth with nothing growing. The ground was lightly dusted with snow, and that pleased Tyler. He knew the soil beneath the snow was stained black, the remains of an oil well site.

The road wound up gullies and around hills until it reached the south side of Ear Mountain. Here it joined an old road — one Tyler had heard about when he was a kid — and travelled up South Fork Willow Creek, behind Ear Mountain.

As his car grinded up the hill, Tyler realized he was being treated to a sight he'd never before enjoyed — the view of the back, or west side, of Ear Mountain. It was gorgeous. A talus slope hundreds of feet long led to a set of twisted, gouged cliffs set on top of the world. The clouds lifted a bit, allowing Tyler a view of most of the mountain. As the mist danced about the crown of Ear Mountain, Tyler became absorbed in the awesome scene.

The clouds chased one another around the top of Ear Mountain. The air was still; the wind had passed over the mountains, pushing the storm toward Great Falls. Tyler surveyed the mountain, with long angling talus slope, and sharply angled crown, then followed the northwestern ridge with his eyes, and saw, to his horror, that Sarah was right — a tram cable lead directly to the level top of the peak!

From his angle, Tyler couldn't see the tram landing, cable, or supports on Ear Mountain itself. He could only see the long cable and occasional supports on the long talus ridge leading from the mountain down to a lower ridge, then down to the creek bottom.

"Tyler realized he was being treated to a sight he'd never before enjoyed — the view of the back, or west side, of Ear Mountain. It was gorgeous. A talus slope hundreds of feet long led to a set of twisted, gouged cliffs set on top of the world."

Tyler shut off the car engine and set the parking break. He'd leave it sitting right on the road. No one would come up the snow-covered Willow Creek road anyway, and he wanted to climb Ear Mountain via the south ridge. Tyler simply wasn't interested in hiking up beneath the tram cable, with a scenic view of the snack shop and parking lot below.

Staring up at Ear Mountain, Tyler marvelled at its immensity. From afar, it appeared one of the many reefs bordering the high plains. It looked homogenous, a chain in the link of reefs that comprise the eastern boundary of the Rocky Mountain Front. But here, up close, the mountain loomed solitary, separated from the long reef line. It was a peak — rather, a monolith — unto itself.

Tyler was impressed with the massiveness of Ear Mountain. It was almost too large to be real. Straining his neck to look upward, Tyler realized he'd have a strenuous uphill climb. And, as he bent to tighten his boot laces, Tyler realized he'd better start hiking.

Walking up the steep hillside to the saddle south of Ear Mountain was tiring, but not overly strenuous. On the saddle, Tyler paused to gaze at the rolling plains. He saw two oil wells — two parasitic blights on a sea of beauty.

Turning toward the mountain, Tyler realized the chore ahead. To reach the top he would be required to hike nearly straight up a scree slope, then angle steeply across the talus at the base of the upper cliffs. He still recalled his mother telling him how she and her friends skirted the base of the vertical cliffs until finding a break large enough to scramble through to the top.

Tyler began to scurry up the talus. Loose limestone blocks the size of roofing shingles covered the lower three-fourths of the mountain, completely disguising its face. Tyler felt the tentacles of time pervade his conscious. With every sliding step, he realized he caused hundreds of years of crumbled cliff to slide further

down the mountain. The time — the century — was becoming indistinct to Tyler. He realized that he was not only climbing a mountain, he was climbing backwards into the centuries. The Ear Mountain scree slope was a time machine. The higher Tyler climbed, the heavier he breathed, the faster his heart beat, the less oxygen reached his brain, and the further back in time he journeyed.

Finally Tyler stopped to catch his breath. He glanced straight up at the cliff, a monstrous wall of distinct crevices and coloration. Peering suddenly upward made him dizzy, so he put his hands on his knees, and bent at the waist. In a few moments he regained his equilibrium, and

looked back down the talus. The height and steepness of the slope were overwhelming.

"Did I come up that?" Tyler asked aloud.

The slope seemed to drop straight to the creek. Tyler looked toward the plains. The storm had moved far enough east that the entire prairie appeared to be submerged by a pale, non-descript cloud cover. Tyler turned his head to survey Willow Creek. His car was hidden by the hills. Sweeping his view north, Tyler gazed at the creek, the hills, and the scree slope. Finally, his eyes fastened on the long slope leading to the northwest ridge of Ear Mountain, and there was the tram cable and supports in all their glory.

Tyler hadn't been able to see much of the tram equipment from below, and what he saw hadn't appeared large enough to create much of an impact of him, but from the mountain itself the cable and supports were ghastly. The timelessness Tyler had gained during his ascent was retarded by observing the tram facilities. Somehow, it was all out of place. On a mountain of perpetual eternity, someone had placed a contrivance of modern man, a large ugly, mechanical toy.

In the dull grayness of the afternoon, the tram supports and cable were particularly distasteful. Obviously, no one who would ride such a thing would ride it on a chilly, dismal day. Tyler looked hard. The tram didn't belong. Tyler thought he must be hallucinating. There was no reason for the intrusion to be there. No, Sarah told him it was there. It must exist.

Tyler shook his head vigorously, tried to shake free some of the cobwebs created by humanity's insensitivity to a natural wonder as awesome as Ear Mountain. But shake as he might, Tyler couldn't remove the vision of a tram cable and supports.

The wind began to blow again as Tyler followed a game trail along the base of the cliffs. Trudging up the loose rock was

tiring, so Tyler rested every few hundred feet. As he rested, he gazed in dizziness at the cliffs looming awesomely over his head. At places they appeared to stretch upward at an angle of greater than ninety degrees. Tyler craned his neck to visually reach for the top.

Ear Mountain was calling him. Like a psychic magnet, Tyler was being drawn to the apex. Where was the top? Tyler longingly searched every crevice for the route to the crown. He looked back. The lower talus was far behind. The crevice to the top had to be near.

Tyler looked ahead, and there, like an abhorred apparition, was the cable again!

"Damn you!" Tyler shouted. Now he could see that the cable passed immediately over the northern part of Ear Mountain, and avoided the upper talus all together as it carried happy tourists to the crown.

The wind gusted hard into Tyler's face. It came cold and biting, the kind of northwesterly November wind he recalled from his youth.

Tyler began to walk again. Up the game trail he continued, thankful that sheep and goats had flattened a small tread across the otherwise steep scree.

Perservering, Tyler passed between the cliff and a house trailer-size boulder that had separated from the wall. Looking up, he wondered where the rock had come from, and visually placed it back on its former place on the cliff. Again the wind gusted cold and hard, so Tyler continued his hike.

As he rose higher and higher along the base of the cliff, the altitude and chilly wind combined to rob Tyler of oxygen. His head became light, as did his steps. The magnet was becoming stronger. Tyler was near the top. Soon, he rounded a corner of the wall, and a large talus slope break appeared in the cliff face! The path to the crown!

"This is it!" exclaimed Tyler, as though someone could hear him.

The climax was nearly in sight. Just one or two hundred yards to the top!

Tyler faced the mountain, and churned his feet straight up the loose rock. Moving like a whirlwind gone mad, Tyler verily ran over the loose rocks, hardly disturbing them at all.

In a few minutes, Tyler attained the top of Ear Mountain! The crevice climb had winded him, so he bent at the waist. With his oxygen supply replenished, Tyler stood erect. He glanced around the top of the mountain, and, to his disgust found the tram landing only a few yards from where he stood.

Tyler turned away in anguish. He knew the tram landing would be atop Ear Mountain, but somehow the strenuous hike had erased that realization from his mind. Somehow, the beauty and power of the mountain had dominated his thoughts enough to allow him to forget about humanity's contribution to Ear Mountain.

Tyler decided to avoid looking in the direction of the landing. He turned to investigate the remainder of the mountain, and was greeted with a sign reading, "Ear Mountain Vision Quest Site: Visions by

Bureau of Indian Affairs permit only."

Tyler winced. Beyond the sign was a circle of stones about ten feet in diameter. The rocks were consistently round, polished limestone about the size of a fist. They'd been purposely placed equidistant from the unmarked center of the circle.

Tyler walked around the ring of stones. "Keep out!" signs warned visitors to stay away from two directions. He looked at the interior of the circle and saw the pieces of a broken Coors bottle.

"Taste the high country," muttered Tyler.

Tyler stepped into the circle to retrieve the glass. As he put his left foot within the ring, the wind gusted violently, pushing him out of the circle. He regained his balance and once again stepped into the ring. The wind gusted again, accompanied by a blinding flurry of snow. Tyler stepped out of the Vision Quest Site.

Once more, he tried to pick up the trash, this time bending in from outside the circle. Again the wind blew with hurricane force, this time bringing a hard-driving snowfall, and blowing Tyler out of the ring.

Tyler gazed at the circle, then surveyed the rest of the top of Ear Mountain, and looked skyward. The sky was still dull gray, with no sign of impending storm.

"What's happening here?" he yelled. "All I want to do is clean up this mess!"

The wind began to blow again, but this time it came gently, and steadily. It didn't gust, rather blew consistently, a steady stream of air from the northwest. Tyler peered off the mountain, gazing at beautiful wild land in all directions. He looked eastward at the dissected, rolling hills. Following a creekbed with his eyes, Tyler imagined water flowing down Ear Mountain, through the high plains, and out to the prairie. The wind speed increased

slightly, and Tyler looked further east. He identified Pine Butte, and was dismayed to see an oil well on top of it. Looking north, Tyler saw the rugged, angular Ear Mountain ridge, but, in the distance, he saw Teton Forks Resort. Tyler gazed down the upper South Fork Willow Creek Canyon at the lower tram landing and gift shop.

Tyler felt anguish, disillusion, and anger. Was there any place he could look to see peace and beauty uninterrupted by man? Tyler stared skyward.

The wind blew harder, still with con-

"The wind blew harder, still with constant force. The November cold made Tyler's eyes tear. Wiping them dry, Tyler's vision cleared, and he saw a dollar sign in the sky."

stant force. The November cold made Tyler's eyes tear. Wiping them dry, Tyler's vision cleared, and he was a dollar sign in the sky. It flashed in neon brilliance. The wind caused his eyes to tear again, so Tyler wiped them once more. When he finished, the dollar sign changed to an oil well, then a tram car, then back again to the dollar sign.

Tyler couldn't tell what he was seeing. The hallucinations continued, and the wind blew even harder, began to howl, to sing a song of grief and suffering.

The sound of the wind was deafening. If penetrated all of Tyler's senses, then his body. He sensed it was about to take his mind, as well, so he screamed. Then he screamed again. But screaming wasn't enough. Something down deep inside ate at Tyler's soul, at his very existence.

Tyler looked about the mountaintop. He plucked a Vision Quest Site stone from the earth, and hurled it toward the tram landing. He picked up another rock and

threw it down the east face of Ear Mountain. Screaming frantically, Tyler removed every rock from the circle and tossed them off the mountain.

Tyler turned to the "Vision Quest" sign. He grabbed the metal post and pulled on it. Harder and harder he jerked, until finally removing it from its foundation. He ran to the tram landing. With all his might, Tyler struck the metal wall of the landing. Again and again he hit the wall, but the metal sign wouldn't break.

Then Tyler got an idea. If he couldn't break the sign with the landing, he'd

break the landing with the sign. He shattered the windows, then ran inside the landing and destroyed the protective pads. Tyler looked around for more. A wild gleam in his eye reflected the gale force wind blowing across Ear Mountain. Looking down the northern ridge, Tyler realized the cause of the signs, broken bottle, and contrived ring. He grasped the sign tightly and began to beat on the tram cable.

The steel cable was stronger than the sign. Try as he might, Tyler couldn't dent the metal wire. Then he saw a point of weakness, a pulley at the landing spot. He dented the pulley with the sign. It was vulnerable. Over and over he hit the pulley. It began to budge off the spindle attaching it to the support.

Tyler laughed maniacally. He could destroy the whole tram by himself, while all the tram builders in the world couldn't destroy Ear Mountain. Hitting the pulley again and again, Tyler finally knocked it

off the spindle. He walked to the opposite side of the landing where he repeated his effort. He knocked the second pulley off its spindle, creating some slack in the cable. Then, using himself and the sign as a winch, he lifted the cable up the landing support. Harder and harder he pushed, as the slackened cable tightened. Screaming like a lunatic, Tyler placed the sign under the cable, and found just enough slack to hoist it over the support to where gravity sent it crashing down the side of Ear Mountain!

Tyler looked down at the cable resting on the west side talus slope of the mountain. He paused silent for a moment, then laughed like a maniac, and flung the sign off the edge. His work was done!

Tyler peered about. The wind had stopped, and the setting sun poked through from the west. All was calm and peaceful. Tyler ambled to the old circle ring and kicked away the broken glass. He stood motionless in the circle. The solitude of Ear Mountain was eerie in the silence. Not a sign of life was apparent, yet Tyler felt the mountain, its heart beating in synchronous rhythm with his own heart. The silence was deafening, overwhelming. The world was so still.

Tyler Jopes sat on top of Ear Mountain and stared to the east, to the point he intuitively knew the sun would rise in many hours. His vision had begun.

Editor's note:

The author, T. Moore, is a recent graduate of the University of Montana, and resides in Missoula. He is currently serving on the Board of Directors for the Rocky Mountain Front Advisory Council, and edits their newsletter. The Montana Council for Indian Education published a collection of T. Moore's short stories titled, **Ancestors Footsteps**. He is waiting publication of **Nightmares** coming soon as a Great Western publication.

Student Action Center works on many projects of concern to students. Topics include environmental issues, peace issues and energy issues; all are worked on within a local, state, national, or global context. But the input, ideas, suggestions and participation of concerned students is important if SAC is to truly represent the student population.

Suggestions: _____

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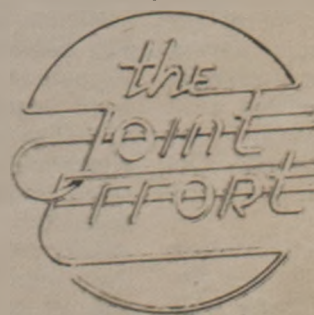
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PEACE Gets Attention in Montana's Legislature

By Butch Turk

Some people called it the Saturday Night Massacre. One House page announced that he was disgusted, and left. Others in the Capitol cried, either out of frustration or sorrow. For the rest of that evening and much of Monday, which was the next legislative day, the feeling of gloom was widespread. That and disbelief. House staffers, lobbyists from women's, environmental and public interest groups, and peace advocates couldn't understand how a sure thing could go so wrong. The Montana House of Representatives, with a Democratic majority, had just killed the nuclear freeze resolution. The representatives of a state which had passed a freeze initiative with a comfortable fifty-seven percent majority, had decided instead to support President Reagan's arms control (sic) policies.

This past year marked the first involvement of anti-nuclear weapons activists in Montana electoral politics. Prior to the summer of 1982, the focus of the peace movement had been solely on grass roots organizing and education, including initiative campaigns. Growth and diversity within the movement produced the broad base needed to effect Montana politics and politicians.

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## News Analysis

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This was apparent at the Montana Democratic Party convention last August. Several Missoula peace activists went to Billings with a proposed plank for inclusion in the party platform. This plank had already been adopted by the Missoula Democratic Central Committee and received input and support from peace groups in Bozeman and Billings, as well as other parts of the state. Getting this resolution through required much debate and discussion, and a small amount of compromise. Some of the credit can go to Representative Dan Kemmis (University district — Missoula) for giving a stirring speech on the threat of nuclear war.

The result was that the convention delegates unanimously adopted what was possibly the strongest peace statement made by any state's Democratic Party. As with Initiative 91, this resolution endorsed a nuclear freeze and opposed MX missile deployment. In fact, placement of any new nuclear weapons in Montana was opposed and a call was made for Montana to be the initial site for negotiated arms reductions. The Democrats also asked the US government to "unequivocally state that it will never again be the first to use nuclear weapons."

As the November elections drew nearer, peace had a limited, but very visible effect on the campaigns. Peace activists in Missoula and throughout the state went door to door and staffed offices for

candidates, along with working for passage of Initiative 91. Many, if not most, had become politically involved solely through their peace efforts. One Missoula candidate, Mike Kadas, was the director of the Student Action Center in 1981, when he co-authored Initiative 91 and helped coordinate the early stages of the petition drive. Dan Kemmis' campaign literature stated that if we don't prevent nuclear war, nothing else matters.

From a peace movement standpoint, the results of the election were very impressive. Initiative 91 failed in only two of Montana's counties, Cascade and Petroleum. The heaviest vote for I-91 was in Sheridan County, with sixty-seven percent. Sheridan is the most northeastern county in the state. Democrats had regained a majority in the Montana House and had narrowed the Republican majority in the Senate to a slim two votes. Kadas was elected and Kemmis was named Speaker of the House. Meetings began immediately to plot a peace strategy for the legislature.

By the second week of the legislative session, it was agreed that three resolutions should be introduced.

The first of these to be introduced, House Joint Resolution 8 (HJR 8), was sponsored by House Majority Leader John Vincent (D-Bozeman). HJR 8 was a straightforward call for a mutual, verifiable nuclear weapons freeze. In light of the I-91 vote, most involved people felt HJR 8 would sail through the House and probably pass the Senate.

The second resolution was much stronger. Referring specifically to the proposed replacement of Minuteman II missiles with Minuteman III missiles, it asked that no new nuclear warheads be placed in Montana. Like the Democratic Party Platform, it also offered Montana as an initial site for negotiated arms reductions. This resolution, HJR 10, was introduced by Rep. Kadas.

The last resolution was introduced in the Senate by Senator Fred VanValkenburg (D-Missoula). Strategically, the Republican controlled Senate might be more accepting of a resolution that originated in the Senate than they would be if the resolution came from the House. This idea proved to be prophetic. Senate Joint Resolution 10 (SJR 10) began by pointing out the harm military spending is doing to our economy and went on to call for reductions in these expenditures in favor of human services and jobs programs and reducing the federal deficit.

One more resolution was introduced, although it could hardly be called a peace resolution. HJR 13 was sponsored by Rep. Ken Nordtvedt, a Bozeman physicist and Republican. This resolution basically offered unqualified support for Reagan's START proposals. Also, with evident reference to the growing peace movement, it urged Montanans to support the Geneva negotiations and "refrain from actions which could denigrate them or impair their success." The Montana stage was now set for the debate between stopping the arms race now and "peace through strength."

In the hearing before the House Human Services Committee the arguments were first vocalized. Representatives of health, public interest, senior citizens, religious and peace organizations testified in favor of HJR 8 and HJR 10. They spoke of the disastrous consequences of nuclear war and of the destabilizing first strike weapons that both the US and the USSR are attempting to deploy.

Testifying against these and for HJR 13 was Rep. Nordtvedt. He claimed that the USSR is ahead in the arms race and that freeze advocates are misguided. Joining him were Rep. John Phillips (R-Great Falls) and members of the Great Falls Chamber of Commerce. Phillips' main point was that you can't trust the Russians. The Chamber lauded the economic benefits of Malmstrom Air Force Base. Some wondered if this latter argument against peace resolutions couldn't also be used to support gambling, prostitution, and drug sales in Great Falls.

Responding to Nordtvedt, the most powerful speaker was Don Clark, a professor at MSU, retired Air Force Colonel and negotiator for the SALT I and SALT II treaties. He claimed the US is not behind in the arms race and those who say it is are merely striving for US nuclear superiority in order to be able to win a nuclear war.

Feeling the necessity for a full debate, the committee sent all three resolutions to the House floor for consideration.

The debate lasted well over an hour. Throughout this time the floor of the House was absolutely quiet, an unusual occurrence. Legislators on both sides of the aisle called it the greatest debate they'd ever witnessed. Legislators speaking in favor of HJR 8 and HJR 10 referred to the will of the people as expressed in Initiative 91 and pointed to the rough parity existing between the US and the USSR. Nordtvedt, on the other hand, spoke of the USSR's advantages in some areas and the window of vulnerability. It is interesting to note that President Reagan's own Scowcroft Commission recently stated that the window of vulnerability doesn't exist. Many spectators wondered why Nordtvedt, an intelligent scientist who knows the issues well, was willing to make these arguments.

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The first vote to be taken was on amendments Nordtvedt had offered to Vincent's HJR 8. These amendments had the effect of turning the freeze into Nordtvedt's own HJR 13. When the tally was announced, the amendments had passed on a close vote. Republicans had maintained solidarity while the Democrats had fallen apart. Among Missoulians, Republicans Earl Lory and Ralph Eudaily and

Democrat Dennis Veleber all voted to gut the freeze. Veleber joined several other Democrats who apparently were irritated that the debate had not happened earlier in the legislative session. Their protest vote made the difference.

HJR 8, whose meaning was now entirely altered, was killed by the House. The next vote was on Kadas' HJR 10, which called for no new nuclear warheads in Montana. It died on a 46-45 vote. Interestingly, Lory and Eudaily both voted for this resolution while Veleber, who was on the House floor, did not vote.

When Nordtvedt's HJR 13 came to a vote it passed easily. In what was probably an unforeseeable mistake, many Democrats felt that passing a poor resolution was better than passing none at all. So, the freeze was killed and Reagan's arms control policies had been supported by the Democratically controlled House. This was the Saturday Night Massacre. Almost as an afterthought, the House considered a resolution endorsing nuclear civil defense plans. After a short debate which was highlighted by Rep. Francis Bardanouve's ridiculing the notion of acting like rats scurrying for holes, the resolution was overwhelmingly defeated.

Although depressed and disgusted, many peace advocates refused to give up on the freeze. One of these was House Speaker Dan Kemmis. Bolstered by calls from constituents and encouragement from members of the House staff, he decided to try for reconsideration. Consequently, on Monday he dropped other business and one by one called Democrats into his office. No one knows exactly what was said, but it seems unlikely that he resorted to arm twisting as Republicans charged. His style would have been an appeal of responsibility to the party, to the people of Montana, and to the human race.

When it came to a vote later that day, Kemmis' motion to reconsider action on HJR 8 succeeded. Eudaily was the only Missoulian to vote against it. Two days later, on the last day before transmittal, HJR 8 came up in its original form for a second round of debate. When Nordtvedt's amendments were defeated, spectators in the gallery burst into applause. Many of these were members of the congregation of Anaconda Reverend John

Worcester, who were returning from his trial for entering the fence surrounding a missile silo in an act of civil disobedience.

On the final vote HJR 8 passed the House. Among Missoulians, Lory and Eudaily were the only ones to vote against it. So, two contradictory resolutions were sent to the Senate, HJR 8 and HJR 13. However, peace advocates claimed a

major victory by achieving a triumph of the public will over the whims of politicians.

The progress of Sen. VanValkenburg's SJR 10 was quite different. In the Senate Public Health Committee representatives of labor, low income, religious, peace and other organizations testified in favor of reducing the defense budget. No one spoke in opposition. The result was that the Republican dominated committee voted 6-1 to send it to the full Senate with a "do pass" recommendation. Before it reached the floor, though, Senate President Stan Stephens (R-Havre) announced his intention to try and amend it. For the most part, his amendments were taken verbatim from Nordtvedt's HJR 13. To VanValkenburg, these amendments were unacceptable, so the two met to hammer out a compromise.

"The Montana stage was now set for a debate between stopping the arms race now and 'peace through strength'."

The outcome was unexpected and provided an example of VanValkenburg's political skill and Stephens unfamiliarity with the issue. Some of the language on the harm of military spending was toned down, but the conclusion remained the same. Also, support was inserted for nuclear arms reductions without in any way endorsing Reagan's means of achieving this. Most importantly, the compromise included a call for a nuclear freeze. With both Stephens and VanValkenburg now in support, SJR 10 easily passed the Senate. All Missoula Senators voted for it.

The Senate Public Health Committee hearing on HJR 8 and HJR 13 was merely a repeat of the House hearing on these resolutions.

This made little difference, though, as the committee's action had already been decided.

The committee voted to table both resolutions. On HJR 13, the vote was unanimous. With the freeze, HJR 8, the vote was 5-2. Surprisingly, both Missoula legislators on the committee, Republican Reed Marbut and Democrat Bill Norman, voted to table, and thus effectively kill HJR 8. It is ironic that the committee's Missoula members killed the freeze. The two legislators from a county which passed the freeze by a 2-1 margin could have turned a 5-2 vote for tabling the freeze into a 4-3 vote against doing so.

Although tabled, HJR 8 could have been taken from the committee and brought to the Senate floor for consideration. Peace advocates in the Capitol and other parts of the state tried to convince their Senators that an attempt should be made to do so. They were sorely disappointed when not one Senator was willing to take the risk of making this motion. Some felt betrayed by a Democratic Party that seemed to have forsaken its platform.

SJR 10 was now the only nuclear weapons resolution remaining. Carried in the House by Rep. Kelly Addy (D-Billings), it was portrayed as a middle of the road compromise. Some House Republicans realized that it wasn't exactly middle of the road, yet found it difficult to argue against a measure that had been sent to them by the Republican Senate and was partially authored by its president. As ex-

pected it passed the House easily and was then sent to President Reagan and Montana's representatives in Congress.

Hawkish legislators found this resolution objectionable. At the close of the legislative session, Rep. Aubyn Curtiss (R-Fortune) collected forty-three signatures from legislators on a letter which was sent to President Reagan. This letter announced the signatories objection to SJR 10 and to a nuclear freeze. It also stated support for "High Frontier" technology. This new jump in the arms race is also known as the 'Star Wars' plan. The letter also expressed the opinion that defense planning should be left to the experts. How this notion jives with democratic principles and the idea of political control over the military was not made clear in the letter. Rep. Eudaily was the only Missoulian to sign this letter.

Overall, peace activism was successful in the legislature. A decidedly dovish resolution was approved and two hawkish ones were defeated. Also, many of Montana's most powerful politicians learned a great deal about an issue they'd never encountered before. Finally, the Montana peace movement demonstrated for the first time political power in the electoral field.

Whether this electoral strength will be maintained is yet to be seen. It's possible that the Montana peace movement could put more campaign volunteers on the streets than virtually any other interest group. It's also possible that it will choose to work in other ways. 1984 will be the test.

Editor's note: A word to those who will be voting for representatives to the next session of the State Legislature. This article provides fine reference of how your legislators performed in the quest for peace and nuclear disarmament.



Silence One Silo Campaign

**SILENCE ONE SILO
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To the editor of CFFP

Following the Easter Peace Celebration of this year, Karl Zanzig and Mark Anderlik of the Species Life House traveled north to Conrad and neighboring areas to speak with peace activists about a proposed peace camp. Permission was given by LaVonne and Dave Hastings for an encampment on their property next to missile silo R-29, site of several acts of nonviolent civil disobedience.

The Silence One Silo Peace Camp will be established by June 15 as a part of the Silence One Silo campaign and will run until at least July 15. The SOS campaign is a statewide, grassroots initiative to disarm one silo as a beginning to multilateral disarmament. The campaign embraces the notion of Total Tactics. This means that all honest and nonviolent avenues of action are welcome to combine into an effective resistance effort to Silence One Silo.

The Peace Camp will be a contemplative and public outreach facet of the campaign. Various peace camps are already established or will be established at nuclear weapon sites around the world. Camps in Britain have been in existence for quite a while now, with the women's camp at Greenham Common Air Force Base being the best known. There is a camp next to a bombing range where the Cruise missile will be tested near Cold Lake, Alberta. And beginning on July 4 a women's peace camp will be established near Seneca, New York.

The SOS Peace Camp would serve three purposes: (1) provide opportunities to exchange ideas and to share a bit of ourselves with local people as well as in-

troduce peace activists from around the state to area residents; (2) give support to the Hastings and others by pitching in work on their gardens, appropriate energy projects, or whatever chores they need help in, and by assisting with local peace activities; (3) and to provide at least a 30-day presence where contemplation-prayer, teach-ins, workshops, civil disobedience, guerilla theatre, and other activities can be organized. The Save All Living Things peace group in Great Falls has suggested a symbolic ringing of the silo by people on June 20, the International Day of Nuclear Disarmament. Other suggestions and ideas are welcome.

Though the Peace Camp will be undertaken for at least 30 days, it is possible to have it continue if our hosts, our resources, and our commitments allow for it. We will play this by ear.

For the Peace Camp to be a success, many resources will be needed: people energy, assorted camp supplies, non-perishable food, and money. We urgently need donations and support of this kind.

Anyone is invited to visit or participate in the SOS Peace Camp as long as you come in the spirit of nonviolence. Please leave your alcohol, drugs, and firearms at home. Being at the Peace Camp will be a good time to reflect on our responses toward the nuclear terror that confronts us, to share insights and feelings, and to continue mutual support.

For further information about scheduled activities at the Peace Camp or to drop off vitally needed donations, please get a hold of us at the Species Life House.

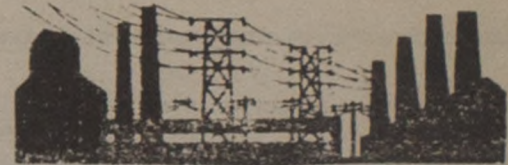
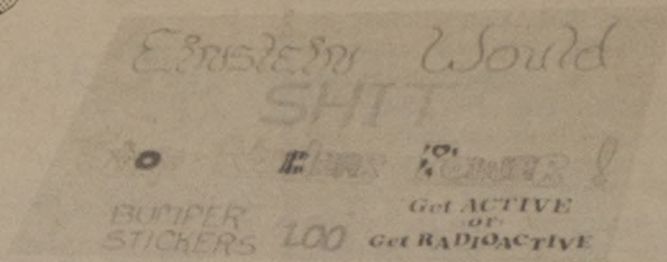
Peace,

Karl Zanzig and Mark Anderlik

for the SOS Peace Camp

"Human emancipation will only be complete when the real, individual man, in his everyday life, in his work, and in his relationships, he has become a species-being; and when he has recognized and organized his own powers as social powers so that he no longer separates this social power from himself as political power."

Karl Marx



"In order to make itself master of nature, humanity had to reproduce itself and its tools on an expanded scale. But in order to remain in nature and to obtain control over itself, humanity now has to reach a stable relationship with nature."

Rudolf Bahro

