

VOTE YES

ON SEPTEMBER 23rd



**AN ANTHOLOGY
BY MAINE ARTISTS**

FOR A NUCLEAR-FREE MAINE

VOTE YES ON SEPTEMBER 23rd

An Anthology by Maine artists

Edited & Designed by Mark Melnicove

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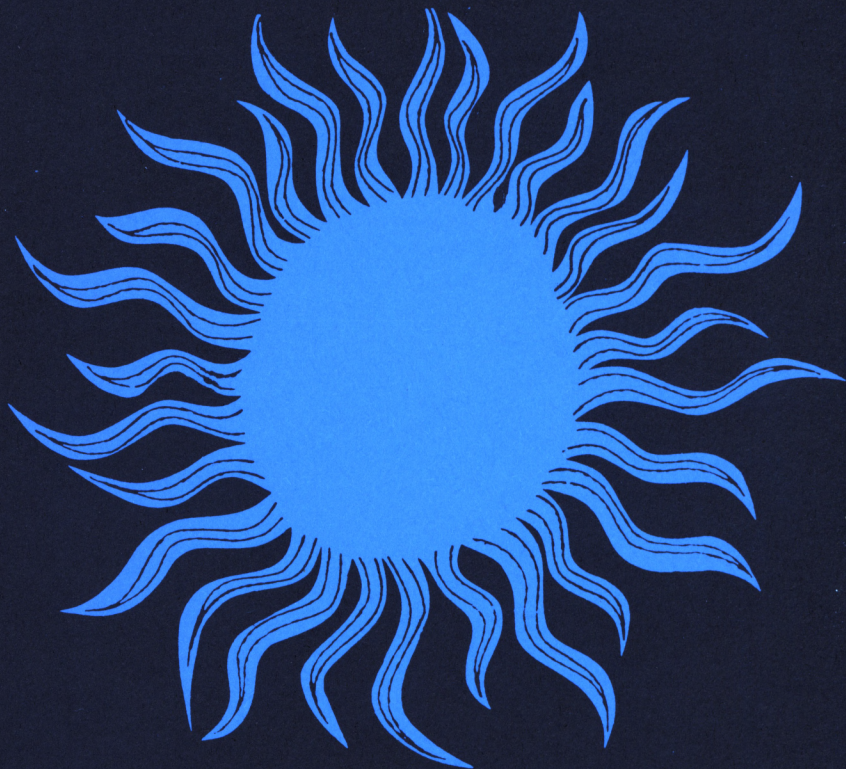
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SUBCHAPTER II
NUCLEAR FISSION CONTROL ACT



AN ACT to Prohibit
the Generation of Electric Power
by Means of Nuclear Fission
in the State of Maine

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF MAINE DECLARE:

AN ACT to Prohibit the Generation of Electric Power by Means of Nuclear Fission.

Be it enacted by the People of the State of Maine, as follows:

10 MRSA c. 4, sub-c. II is enacted to read:

SUBCHAPTER II NUCLEAR FISSION CONTROL ACT

§ 260. Title

This subchapter shall be known as the Nuclear Fission Control Act.

§ 261. Policy and purpose

The people of the State of Maine declare:

A. That the generation of electric power at nuclear fission thermal power plants presents an inherent and unreasonable risk of economic, physical and mental harm to the people of the State of Maine;

B. That the magnitude of risk inherent in the continued or expanded operation of nuclear fission power plants substantially exceeds the degree of risk attending the production of electric power by alternative energy technologies;

C. That the construction and operation of nuclear fission power plants has been premature in the face of a technology which has not adequately resolved the issues of real cost; radioactive waste disposal; low-level radioactive emissions; plant security; plant decommissioning; fuel-rod reprocessing; air pollution; transportation of radioactive by-products and evacuation.

§ 262. Prohibition

The generation of electric power by nuclear fission thermal power plants in the State of Maine is hereby prohibited.

§ 263. Application

This subchapter shall apply to the generation of power at existing as well as proposed nuclear power plant facilities.

STATEMENT OF FACT

The purpose of this legislation is to protect the economic, physical and mental interests of the people of the State of Maine from **per se** unreasonable risks which presently attend the process of nuclear fission due to deficient technology and planning.

VOTE YES ON SEPTEMBER 23rd

the
live uranium
Heart better vacate
the future or else
Few of you Will
enjoy
the
foliage

THE INSIDE DOPE ON MAINE YANKEE

An interview with Alan Philbrook

Alan Philbrook, who was born in Piscataquis County, and now lives in East Pittston, worked as an auxiliary operator at Maine Yankee from 1974-6. During the past year, he has become one of Maine's most outspoken opponents of nuclear power. In June, of this year, he was appointed by Governor Brennan to serve on the Joint Select Committee on Decommissioning of Nuclear Generating Facilities. Their job is to figure out a "safe and proper" way to decommission Maine Yankee, when the time comes. This is an awesome assignment, since no "safe and proper" method of disposing radioactive waste has yet been devised. But, since all nuclear power plants become too radioactive to operate within 30 years (according to the most optimistic of industry estimates) after they are built, it is something that must be done.

It is uncertain, since it wasn't figured into the original costs of the plant, who is to pay for this decommissioning. Estimates for Maine Yankee run anywhere from \$57 million to \$15 billion. It's another one of those "hidden costs" of nuclear power we hear about all the time. In fact, as part of its most recent \$37 million rate hike proposal, CMP wants to charge its customers almost \$900,000 a year, for the next 22 years, to pay for **its** share (38%) of the decommissioning costs. The irony is that no one knows what we would be paying for, since the technology for the "prompt removal and dismantling" of Maine Yankee **does not exist**. It is therefore impossible to truly estimate the costs of such an operation. There is also the question of whether or not CMP should be allowed to hold this money in trust, or if it should go into a separate fund, managed, say, by the state. Suppose CMP went bankrupt between now and decommissioning. What would happen to the money then?

This interview, conducted by Mark Melnicove, took place on June 26th at MNRC headquarters, 300 Water Street, Augusta.

MM: How was it that you came to work at Maine Yankee?

AP: In 1974, I returned to Maine to visit my family. I was working on an oceanographic research vessel as an engineer, in North Carolina, at the time. I went to the Maine Maritime Academy, and said, "What do you know about jobs in Maine?" The lady there said, "I hear they're hiring down at Maine Yankee." I said, "What's that?" She said, "That's one of those nuclear power plants." I said, "I've been reading a lot of stuff about them. It seems to me they could use somebody with good spirit and good intentions. Maybe I can go there and help them get their act together." But once I got there, I saw that was crazy.

MM: *So you thought, back then, that they didn't have their act together?*

AP: I had an inkling. I noticed they built this plant way off somewhere. I noticed flack against nuclear power in the media. And I noticed that with a big facility like that off Route One, instead of having a nice sign that they were all proud of, there is a little sneaky sign, down close to the ground, like they don't want anybody to know about it. They don't want tourists to know there is a nuclear power plant there. That's the first thing I thought of, believe it or not. So I went down there. Got an interview. They checked me out, and I got hired. They paid my way to move back up here from North Carolina. That's one of the reasons I took the job, because I'd been trying to get back to Maine, but didn't have the money.

MM: *So what happened when you first arrived at Maine Yankee? What did you do first day on the job? How do you get oriented to a place like that?*

AP: It's the same as getting on a new ship. You get a whole bunch of piping diagrams and you go trace them out, so you can find out where every piece of equipment is. And that's a good idea. But that is standard anywhere. And then you get briefed on different things. You have to read all these current up-dated changes and rules and regulations and sign that you did it. But very few people read all the stuff. They just sign the book, and say, "I'm going to go have a coffee." That thing you hear from the utility, "Yes, all of our men have read this and are informed," is a lie. Anyone who works at a place like that knows it.

I've seen guys nod out with The Pig running

MM: *It must be an incredible amount of material to read.*

AP: Yes. It could be 80 to 100 pages a day. And when you first start out, you got the backlog to deal with. And then there is 10-CFR-20, the Rad Protection Manual. I didn't even know it existed until I was there a year. This is the standard federal document on radiation and radiation protection.

MM: *What exactly was your job?*

AP: I was an auxiliary operator. Low man on the totem pole in the operations department. My job was to monitor and process radioactive waste, monitor radioactive contamination, do chemical analyses, check equipment, and so forth. I was the gopher.

MM: *Who works above an auxiliary operator?*

They had me working in high radiation areas before I had any radiation training

AP: Well, going up the hierarchy, next is operator. Then senior reactor operator, then shift supervisor. Advancement has little to do with qualifications. All you have to do is stand in line. On every shift, there is one supervisor, one senior reactor operator, one reactor operator, and two auxiliary operators. If they were concerned about safety, they'd have a few more people, but five on each shift is minimum according to what the NRC wants. More people on duty wouldn't make them more money, and it would put more people in the union, and the utility doesn't want that. They are interested in hiring as few people as they can.

MM: *Is it exciting working at Maine Yankee?*

AP: Yes, I used to love to go to work. It is full of nice, unusual stuff you don't see anywhere else. And, if you're into pumps and valves and big things and turbines, it's thrilling, especially when something starts to go haywire. And it happens frequently. Like a pump tears itself apart, and its foundation comes undone, and you go discover this thing and there's water shooting around and it's a disaster. It's neat. I think anybody that works there likes it because it keeps you going. You're always expecting to *find something*. It's boring, too. I've seen many people sleep through half their watch. You know, the guy's been out and had too many drinks before he came to work. Or, it's Sunday morning, and he's got a hangover. You see them nodding out with The Pig running.

MM: *The Pig? Is that what it's called?*

AP: Yeah. The Big Pig.

MM: *Is that Maine Yankee terminology?*

AP: I think so. Although every shift has its own lingo.

MM: *What is some of the other lingo?*

AP: Well, the philosophy of the place is, "Put the pedal to the metal and let her roar."

MM: *Getting back to nodding out at work—is there a problem with alcoholism there?*

AP: I think the people who work there have a terrible drinking problem. There are a lot of heavy drinkers. And I've seen people come to work with a bag, many times. I think the guys there have a high incidence of family problems, too.

I said, "Nah, my kids need a dad."

MM: *Is everyone there married?*

AP: Yeah. Nobody's single. One of the tools of management, if they're going to put this money into training you, is to make sure you're screwed down. And screwed down means, "Did you just buy a new house, and have to make payments? And, did you just buy a new sailboat, and a new this, and a new that?" I can remember one reactor operator, he was a real ball of fire. He was always hassling the administration. But, as soon as they found out that he bought a new home, they dumped on him no end. And he couldn't move. They said, "Ah, we've got you now." They said it jokingly, with a grin on their face, but saying it at all means it is very serious.

MM: *Did you feel it was safe working there?*

AP: Not really. They had me working in high radiation areas before I had any radiation training. I didn't even know what I was doing. I even got zapped once, pretty bad, and I didn't even know what was going on.

MM: *What do you mean, you got zapped? What happened?*

AP: There was a resin material that was very radioactive, that accidentally got into the wrong system. We were trying to flush the system in order to get it out. They said, "We suspect that it might come through these pipes. Now stand here with this meter, and if the meter starts to do anything, run out and tell us. And we'll be right here, outside the door." So, I'm standing there, in this eerie, noisy place, and all of a sudden this meter goes beeping and honking and thrashing about. And then the pump started to sound funny. The meter didn't mean anything to me, but when the pump changed its sound, I knew something went through. So I thought about it for a second and said, there's a good chance I probably ought to get out of here. I looked by the door, but nobody was there. I stepped outside the door, and there wasn't a soul around. So I went upstairs, and there they were, drinking coffee. I told them the stuff went through the pipe. And all they said, was, "Far-out. Fine. Turn the pump off, at least we know where it's at." I said, "I was standing down there. Now was that o.k.?" And they said, "Oh yeah, sure, yeah, it's o.k. Don't worry. It'll put hair on your chest. Ha. Ha."

MM: *What kind of protective clothing did you have on?*

AP: A cotton jump suit. And plastic boots on my feet.

MM: *That doesn't seem like much. What is the heaviest protective clothing in the place?*

AP: That's it. And maybe an air mask. There aren't many high radiation areas there. It's pretty low stuff. But occasionally, when you have an operating problem like that, where some jerk opened the wrong valve and pumped this stuff off into the wrong system...For example, there is this one guy, who works there, and he does this all the time. And he's cost that plant hundreds of thousands of dollars, I'll bet you. He makes lots of mistakes. He hurries too much. And he thinks it's o.k. if all the people who work for him soak up lots of radiation. But, of course, the people don't like that.

MM: *Were there other incidents that caused you to consider getting out?*

AP: Lots of them. For instance, one day I was working there, late in the afternoon. I was making the rounds, checking things out. I got a call from the guard house that a truck had come in. It was my job to go check this truck out. This is done by taking a swipe of the truck with a cloth and putting the cloth in a counter that counts atomic disintegration. Routine procedure. Well, with this truck, the counter went crazy. The truck was too hot to let into the plant. To let into the plant! Which means it shouldn't have come from where it came, which was Barnwell, South Carolina (one of three low-level waste storage areas in the U.S.). Some containers had broken and spilled all over it. We found out it had just drove through a rainstorm all the way up from South Carolina to Maine. I guarantee you, I could have taken a geiger counter and tracked every single space it had been through. And to think about all the kids that live nearby and all the leukemias that you could never prove. And all because somebody was lazy and did something and didn't dare tell anyone. Believe it or not, we took the truck in. And it was there when I left. And it sat there for a long time. Eventually, we scraped the paint off it and took some of the boards off it. Stripped it right down. Took all that stuff, mixed it with concrete, called it radioactive waste, and sent it back to Barnwell, South Carolina. And, when I quit my job, that truck was still there!

MM: *Why else did you leave?*

AP: Well, finally I left because I found two different sets of information about the dangers of radiation. Being a cautious, sensible, Maine type, I said to myself, "One of these people is lying." On one side, were people who said it wasn't safe. They seemed to be the ones interested in taking care of the planet. On the other side, was the industry, the people making the money. It wasn't too hard to figure out which side was telling the truth. The people I was working with said, "Nah, it won't hurt you." I said, "Nah, my kids need a Dad. The money's good, but I can't take it anymore."

MM: *Are there standard operating procedures there that pose a threat to the health of the public?*

AP: Well, they dump radioactive wastes into the Sheepscott River all the time. And it's legal according to the NRC and EPA. You can dump so much per year. It's ridiculous. Nobody really knows what "safe" is. It might be statistically safe, but nobody has statistics for what is going to happen 10, 20, 30 years down the road because of it. But then, there is dumping going on there beyond the legal limits, anyway. Sometimes I'd try to dump some stuff, but it wouldn't go through the sewer system, because there is a device on it that prevents stuff that is too radioactive from passing through. But you know, I'd come back the next day, and damn if the stuff wouldn't be there. So I'd look at the release reports and it would say that the stuff was within the specifications, and away it went.

MM: *What are some of the other problems with Maine Yankee?*

AP: Well, it's on the Robinhood fault. The containment building probably cannot withstand a major earthquake. And, the plant's built in the wrong place. It isolates four sea-going peninsulas. Which means people have to come closer to it to get away from it. Which means you cannot evacuate Boothbay and Boothbay Harbor. That's 100,000 people at the peak of the summer. A lot of experts feel that if Maine Yankee is forced to comply with the new guidelines for evacuation, as set down by the NRC, they're going to have to shut down. Period. And very soon. They've operated now for eight years without an approved plan.

MM: *What else?*

AP: I see a problem with sabotage. Sometimes we'd sit around the control room and devise different terrorist scenarios that could decapitate the plant. You know, it gets boring in there some nights, and you have to think of something to keep your mind active. A terrorist wouldn't even have to be near the plant to create a Three Mile Island type accident. The place could meltdown through any number of plans that would require very little skill to carry out. And then the place is in mad chaos. And every single person I've worked with there says, "Listen, Man. If this thing goes to shit, I'm leaving. You ain't keeping me here for nothing." I felt the same way when I worked there.

MM: *I don't think most people realize how vulnerable a nuclear power plant is. There is this myth that they are somewhat infallible. Or, at least, people would like to believe that.*

AP: The people living close to the plant don't feel that. That's just a bunch of power company propaganda. And the people of Maine don't really buy that. Maine's a funny place. The people of Maine are very poor. And yet they live as well as anybody in the country. That, in itself, should tell the power company that they are not going to



scare us over our pocketbooks. We've always been poor. That means the same people who say, "financial disaster if Maine Yankee shuts down," are the same folks who are paying us, the citizens of Maine, the lowest wages in the country for doing the same work as anybody else. They haven't done us any favors.

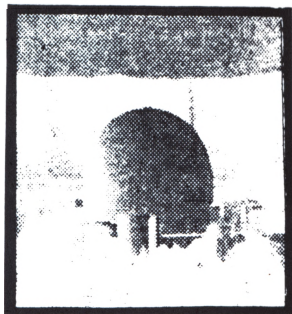
MM: And yet...

AP: And yet, the investment has been made. Who has made the bad investment? The power company and the banks have made the bad investment. Not the people of the state. Let us think, for a moment, about what nuclear power means to Maine. We get only half the power (when it's running), and 85% of the profits that are generated from that plant go out of state. And, for this privilege, the people get to put up with 100 % of the risk. So basically, what Maine Yankee is, is a money pump. It pumps money out of Maine. Period. And they're telling us financially it is a great deal. We live in this state for various reasons. People visit this state for various reasons. And none of them have to do with that plant.

MAINE YANKEE

Sitting over there in your grey globe of concrete
You look like a big moldy cabbage.
A round little stinking world of your own,
Thrust into and threatening
My world.
"There goes the neighborhood," I said,
The first day I saw you moving in.

LOUISE PIEPER



AUNTIE NUKE SAY STOP

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P

SHE SAY STOP
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CHARLIE MORROW

THRICE SLOTHFUL FROG: A NUCLEAR FAIRY TALE

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there lived a frog by the name of Herman. Now, Herman hadn't always been a frog. He was born a human being, and, through industry, diligence, and princely charm, he quickly rose to the heights of human existence. By the age of thirty-five, Herman had a Junior League wife, three fine children, a split-level, electric-heated home, two sleek cars with jungle-sounding names, two acres of lawn, a sit-down lawn-mower, a pair of electric hedge-clippers, and two life-insurance policies. It was an enviable life. . . until one day, when Herman refused to pay the premiums on the life-insurance policies. "I can't breathe," said Herman. "I think I'm dying." He ignored the oversight notice and burned the final notice in the ashtray. The final, final notice he flushed down the toilet, and it was then, three days after that, a wicked witch, garbed in reddish, tape-like garments, suddenly appeared at the door and said, in a silky, sing-song voice,

"You're ignoring your duty, Herman. You have obligations, you know. Persist, and you will become a frog." She waved a red pencil and disappeared.

Herman persisted, and persisted some more, until finally, three days after pushing both cars off a cliff and buying a bicycle, he found himself squatting on a lily pad, croaking Bach through the warmth of the sun. Oh Bliss, thought Herman and chanted, somewhat off-key. "I'm not the frog so agog in their eyes full of lies, / But a god in a pod, and I'm wise in my guise."

And so, there lived a frog by the name of Herman. . . until. . . one day. . . the wicked witch appeared beside the pond and cast a quizzical look at Herman. "You're not sorry?" she asked.

"Not a bit," croaked Herman.

The witch walked three times around the pond and stopped.

"I will give you three chances to repent," she said.

"And then?" asked Herman.

"You will be. . . confined. Do you repent?"

"No."

"Do you *repent*?"

"Twice no."

"Do you *repent*?"

"Thrice no." The witch disappeared in a puff of angry, yellow smoke.

The next morning, as Herman croaked in the sunshine, a bottle floated up to his lily pad. On a note inside, was written, "No man is an island."

"The mainland is sinking," scrawled Herman, and glided the bottle back to shore.

The next note said, "Men must strive together."

"Men squash frogs," wrote Herman. "The frogs will strive together."

The following day, no note came to the lily pad, but, on the next day, a Chivas Regal bottle bobbed to starboard. Inside, was an official-looking, yellow envelope, with a document that said:

We are conducting experiments for the betterment of mankind. Our counts now show high levels of radioactive contamination in your pond. Please vacate at once. Decontamination equipment has been installed in your abandoned home. The equipment will be activated following resumption of your normal pattern of life.

The note was signed, "Your Tax Dollars at Work". Herman studied the message — and studied it some more. At last, he painstakingly wrote:

Herman the Frog
regrets
that he is unable to accept
the kind invitation
of
His Tax Dollars at Work

Then, with great tears splashing on his lily pad, Herman wadded the note into a little ball, popped it into his mouth, and swallowed it like a fly. He closed his eyes and began to croak, chanting softly in the warmth of the sun.

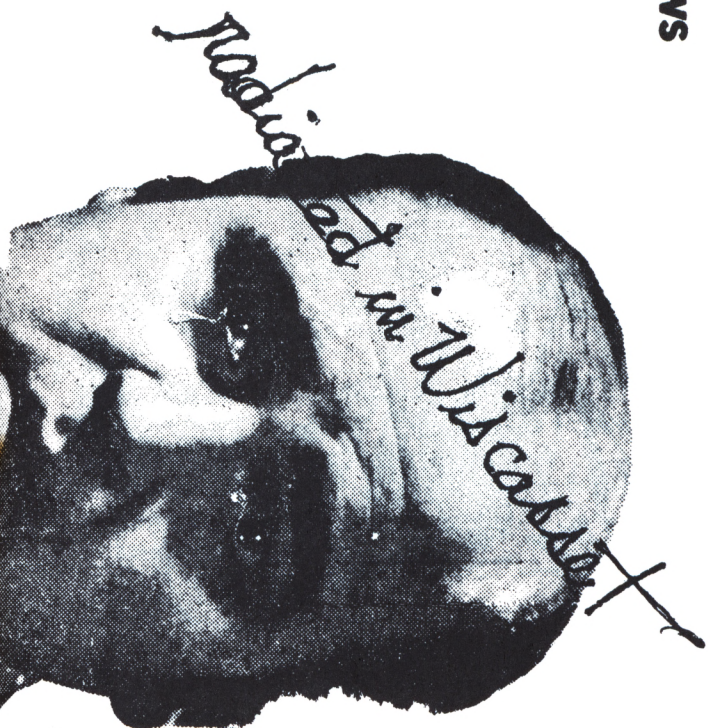
On shore, the wicked witch shrieked hideously and beat her knobby fists against her knees. Her face reddened, and yellow smoke puffed from her nostrils and swirled ominously over the pond. When the cloud lifted, all that remained was a red-streaked pool of stagnant, yellow water.

HANS A. KRICHELS

DO NOT EAT!

apple pie
baked beans
bologna
bread
candy
cannelloni
cheesecake
chocolate
cupcakes
danish
doughnuts

marshmallows
muffins
noodles
oatmeal
olives
parfait
pizza
potatoes
pretzels
ravioli
salami



OPEN LETTER TO NUCLEAR POWER ADVOCATES

I am a seventh generation yankee,
a loving survivor despite the stupidity
of wars which have ravaged my life.
I am as furious as Mount St. Helens.
I'd like to dump my ashes in the rooms
of your children. I would be sure
the children were not home. You cannot
guarantee the same for mine and theirs
when that inevitable accident occurs.

Don't speak to me about the chanciness of life,
those killed in automobiles and bathrooms.
I am responsible for my own safety,
and the very nature of your business
has taken that right from me. We will
vote you down and out, for we are
sons and daughters under the sun.

ANNE HAZLEWOOD-BRADY



Democritus elaborating on the atomic theory.

JULY 4, 1979



There can be no end to this
keep a full tank of gas
running away from home is no joke
we are all five years old again
bandanna satchels swung on sticks
no going round the block and coming back
distance is the only safety

This is what you can expect
that they will tell you nothing
there will be no evacuation plan
supplies of potassium iodide will never be delivered
and they will say "thyroid cancer is the best
kind of cancer to have"
children are so small anyway in a matter of statistics
and what can you do?

Distance is the only safety
if you have to remain in your state in your house in your body
then stay in the center away from the walls
stay in the basement and every few days
you can let in some air if
it's not raining and there's no wind
if any ash lands on you brush it off
leave your clothes outside
distance is your only safety
once it's inside you then you become the source
of annihilation radiance
the lost will light their way by you
the earth will die under your feet you will see
all our shelters revert to empty space
without even the patch of pine and moss we started with
distance is our only safety
keep a full tank of gas

MIRIAM DYAK

PLAY DICE WITH THE PLANET
(and you come up crap!)

Start with the marketplace,
Penny ante operator and highroller alike
On the greasy pole of ol' free enterprise.
All the Georgia Light and Powers
Are indentured to the profit motive,
Live by the feverish pulse of Dow,
Swim in the Babylonian stream of Ticker
Tape. The genie in their no-deposit bottle
Is the sulfurous bubbly of nuke
Meltdown. Foul the air with skull-&-bones
Elixirs, and call the concoction sugary as
Apple pie for the sweet tooth of the American
Investor.

(Play it again, Dow! You're a wow!)

They call the shot progress,
Spoilers of the western world who don't
Know enough to come in out of the rain of
Their own hubristic technology. Is the Bronx
Burning? The U.S. economy floating? Pork
Futures kiting? The consumer groaning? Not
To worry! The Babcock & Wilcox flower pots
Of funeral growth are the equalizers, right
Down to the last digit of the capital gains.

O the American land of wilderness hard knocks,
Made corporate rich by faceless technicians
Who ride forth on the hobby-horses of Pluto . . .
Seed the soil (and people's bones) with their
Alchemical glut. They cross the Styx of
Our most private fears; store up for Dow the
Black-holed profits with missionary-fissionary
Zeal. Woe the time of indemnification; 10,000
Years of mutant wanderings on a scarred terrain.

SIDNEY BERNARD



NUCLEAR POWER BUY NOW PAY LATER

"FOR THE LION IS COME UP FROM HIS THICKET, AND THE DESTROYER IS ON HIS WAY, HE IS GONE
FORTH TO MAKE THE LAND DESOLETE, AND THE CITIES SHALL BE LAID WASTE WITHOUT AN INHABITANT."

Jeremiah 4:7

LICENSE TO STEAL

Question: Why are CMP and Bangor Hydro-Electric like two peas in a pod?

Answer: Some portions of their Annual Report to the Security Exchange Commission are almost identical and both utilities are attempting to have consumers pay for their mistakes in management.

Those portions of their annual reports discussing Three Mile Island and the referendum to shut down Maine Yankee are to a great extent a word for word copy of each other. Who provides the original information? Who is copying?

CMP is attempting to recover \$8 million for the defunct Sears Island project. It is all part of the current CMP rate case. The current Bangor Hydro-Electric rate case includes an attempt to recover \$2 million of investment in a Rhode Island nuclear plant. The project was abandoned when the New England Power Co. was unable to obtain title to the construction site.

How long will consumers be content to pay for the poor judgment of mediocre utility management? Private enterprise is one thing. A license to steal is something else.

E. G. GARRETT

CMP AND CHRYSLER

In pointing out CMP's attempt to collect from the ratepayers the \$8 million they lost on the defunct Sears Island nuclear project, Colonel Garrett failed to mention the utility's other tenuous nuclear involvements—now in progress.

As of December 31, 1979, CMP had invested the following amounts in nuclear plants now under construction or planned: Seabrook—\$24,285,000; Millstone #3—\$18,404,000; Pilgrim #2—\$10,517,000; and Montagues #1 and #2—\$1,517,000.

These figures are just small percentages of the ultimate investments CMP has committed itself to make in each of the new plants. (A six percent ownership in Seabrook alone will presumably run more than \$2 million.)

The combined ownership in these new facilities will increase CMP's capacity by 270 megawatts. The best 465 of 1,300 abandoned and presently idle small hydro dams in Maine have a potential capacity of 368 megawatts (according to the Office of Energy Resources).

In view of increasing public awareness, the unresolved waste disposal problem, and diminishing uranium supplies, one can't help but wonder whether the new nuclear plants CMP is helping to build alone might not meet the same

fate as Sears Island. And if they do, will the ratepayers once again be approached for the recovery of funds lost?

Or will CMP's directors look to Chrysler for guidance?

MC KIE W. ROTH, JR.

MAINE'S MORATORIUM

The next time someone suggests that the Nuclear Prohibition Referendum is too extreme — that we should be pushing first for a moratorium on new nuclear construction as a "reasonable" first step — tell them Maine already has a moratorium!

The Legislature enacted "Requirements for Certification of Nuclear Power Plants" in 1977, by a vote of 101-7 in the House and 17-10 in the Senate. The law specified that the PUC shall not certify construction of any nuclear power plant until the U.S. government, through its authorized agency, has identified and approved a demonstrated technology or means for the disposal of high-level nuclear waste. The new law received zero media coverage.

Rep. Sherry Huber sponsored the bill, and it won passage only thru the lobbying help of CMP's John Marden. Why would CMP be FOR a nuclear moratorium? In 1977 they had just scrapped plans for the nuclear plant at Sears Island, and proposed reactors for Richmond and York were not on the drawing boards until 1990. CMP and the Legislature recognized that any further nuclear development would be unreasonable without some solution to the serious waste disposal problem. This moratorium law was one way of urging the federal government to come up with some answer.

It's unfortunate they did not consider this before they built Maine Yankee. The temporary storage pools at the plant now contain some 316 tons of radioactive spent fuel. Those pools will be filled to capacity in the next two to four years.

This was by no means the first law relating to nuclear power that has been introduced before the legislature. Between 1971 and 1977, our lawmakers in Augusta considered bills to: a) regulate transportation of radioactive materials; b) regulate radioactive emissions and leakage; c) prohibit importation of nuclear wastes into Maine for storage; d) give the PUC and the legislature control over approval of new nuclear plants; and d) establish a fund to pay for decommissioning Maine Yankee. All these prior bills failed passage.

SCOTT MEMHARD

NO MAINE YANKEE NO BLACKOUTS NO BROWNOUTS

The impact of the shut down of Maine Yankee will depend upon how well Central Maine Power plans for the shut down. The burden of action is squarely on the shoulders of CMP. Here's an analysis of New England Power Pool reserve capacity based on one-hour firm peak load on 19 December, 1979:

Net capacity	21,503 Mw
Peak load	15,169 Mw
Reserve	6,334 Mw
% Reserve	$\frac{6,334 \times 100}{21,503} = 29.5\%$

Loss of Maine Yankee's 830 Mw would reduce net capacity to 20,673 Mw and reduce reserve to 5,504 Mw

$$\% \text{ Reserve} = \frac{5,504 \times 100}{20,673 \text{ Mw}} = 26.6\%$$

Thus, shutting down Maine Yankee will reduce the reserve capacity of the New England Power Pool by less than 3%, from 29.5% to 26.6%.

Figures like these show that blackouts and rolling brownouts will not occur if Maine Yankee is closed. This should be fairly obvious, since for five months during the past year, Maine Yankee was shut down anyway (for safety checks and refueling), and replacement power was purchased from the New England Power Pool Reserve, with no blackouts and no brownouts.

By the way, this reserve of 5,504 Mw is equivalent to the power generated by six and a half plants the size of Maine Yankee.

—*excerpts from a report by Pat Garrett.*

Sources: CMP, Bangor Hydro, and
Maine Yankee Atomic Power Co.

NUCLEAR INSURANCE RISK

In light of the current controversy concerning the safety of nuclear power, I thought that it might be interesting to quote from an insurance policy issued to me by the Commercial Union Insurance Company:

"Nuclear Energy Liability Exclusion:

"It is agreed that: This policy does not apply, under any Liability Coverage, to bodily injury or property damage resulting from the hazardous properties of nuclear material."

I believe that success in the insurance business depends largely on playing the odds well. It doesn't pay to take risks; and judging from this exclusion it seems that Commercial Union finds

nuclear power an undesirable insurance risk. Check your business insurance or homeowner's policy. Perhaps you'll feel as I do. I'll take the risk when they will.

HIDDEN COSTS OF NUCLEAR POWER

OUR FEDERAL TAX DOLLARS PAY FOR:

- Research and development, 1950-1978: \$8.6 BILLION
- Nuclear regulation, 1960-1978: OVER \$1 BILLION
- Research for safe waste disposal in 1979 fiscal year: \$900 MILLION FOR 1 YEAR ALONE
- Disposal of radioactive wastes: NO SAFE METHOD EXISTS UNLIMITED COSTS
- 3 uranium enrichment plants: The electricity they consume equals 1/4 of the electricity produced by all the 72 nuclear plants in the U.S.
OWNED AND SUPPORTED BY THE FEDERAL GOV'T.—TOO EXPENSIVE FOR PRIVATE INDUSTRY
- Insurance payments for nuclear disasters: UNLIMITED COSTS

OUR STATE AND LOCAL TAX DOLLARS PAY FOR:

- Monitoring of radiation levels
- Planning for evacuation
- Actual evacuation, if necessary

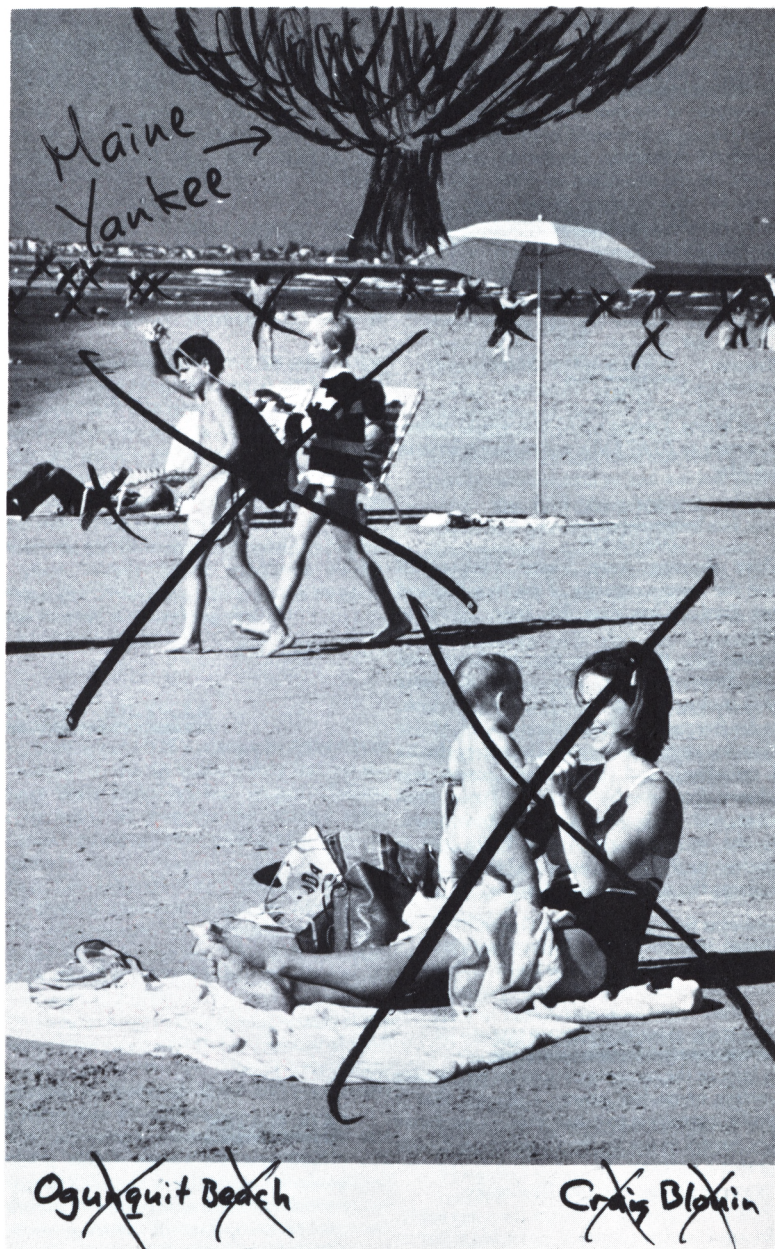
PERSONAL EXPENSES:

- Higher electric rates to pay for:
 - periodic shut-downs for repair & maintenance
 - tightening regulations for safety
 - decommissioning
- Loss in real estate values
- Medical expenses for cancer and other radiation-caused illnesses.

OUR WATER

Each year the average family using nuclear generated electricity is responsible for creating enough radioactive strontium 90 to contaminate one billion gallons of drinking water beyond NRC official limits.

Tax Dollars at Work



A. That the generation of electric power at nuclear fission thermal power plants presents an inherent and unreasonable risk of economic, physical and mental harm to the people of the State of Maine;

Some of the routine practices

at Maine
Yankee are
blatantly
illegal

I live and work 2,500 yards from the Maine Yankee Nuclear Plant. I am a boatbuilder. On an island in Maine I have built my boatyard, my home, and my life.

For about two years now I have been spotting bright orange balls in the river. At first I assumed that these 1-inch-diameter balls had something to do with fishing, but the nuclear people have admitted that the balls are used to scour pipes in the plant's closed cooling system, thus preventing the buildup of scale on metal surfaces and ensuring maximum heat transfer in the system. The balls are made of a material resembling foam rubber, with a coarse-textured surface which allows them to scrub gently as they circulate with the coolant. They are not supposed to escape the plant.

Spokesmen for the plant have repeatedly stated that the balls are not radioactive.

We may not be seeing the balls much longer. The company has been looking for a source for balls that would self-destruct after a short time, thus eliminating evidence of a leak and saving the plant operators considerable embarrassment.

After a recent debate on a tri-state radio station involving me, another opponent of the plant, and three Westinghouse engineers representing a traveling PR effort by the industry, one of the engineers suggested that, if I felt so strongly about the plant, I should simply pack up and leave the area. He couldn't tell me, of course, where I could go to get away. One of the other kids from Westinghouse told me my anger was "not adult."

Shortly after that episode, a group from Boston expressed an interest in acquiring my boatyard—until they learned its location.

Westport, at its closest point, lies about 500 yards from the nuclear power plant. In the most vivid of my recent nightmares I dreamed I opened my front door to a tall gray man with iridescent orange eyes, who announced in a whisper that the plant was melting down.

When the Three Mile Island incident occurred, all my repressed anxieties, suspicions, and questions about nuclear power surfaced to my conscious mind in an instantaneous flood. A few days after the first reports, I wrote the following letter to the editor of our local newspaper.

To The editor:

I am a resident of Westport, living one mile from the Maine Yankee Power Plant.

The nuclear "incident" in Pennsylvania has taught me several lessons, to wit:

- That the nuclear industry has consistently understated, and blatantly lied about, the hazards and dangers of nuclear power;
- That the United States government has done likewise;
- That when something goes amiss, the utilities are undeniably more concerned with their public image and their bank account than they are with the safety of the public. There is little question that thousands of people in Pennsylvania have been unnecessarily exposed to radiation, possibly excessive, because the utility company and the government did not act decisively or quickly to remove them from danger.

What bothers me most at this point is knowing, from this experience, that if a similar accident of more or less consequence occurs at Wiscasset (or any other nuclear plant), it is likely that the utility will be as quiet as possible for as long as possible, and then downplay the situation to the limit to reduce their expenses and minimize their loss of image with the public. In other words, I don't think we will know what is going on until we have already been exposed. Time is on their side, as the full effects would not be known for perhaps three decades, when today's toddlers start dropping off in their thirties.

I see two alternatives to the dilemma facing myself and the property owners of Westport, Wiscasset, Alna, Woolwich, Edgecomb, North Edgecomb, and the Boothbay Region: Either the Central Maine Power Company pays to relocate those of us who wish to move, or the plant stays shut down permanently. No other choice can be acceptable to any thinking person.

The more I learned about the technicalities and the improprieties of the local power company, the angrier I became. I learned from former Maine Yankee employees that some of the routine practices of the power company are blatantly illegal and pose a direct threat to our health. I learned that the people of Westport are routinely exposed to radioactive gases containing tritium, iodine 131, cesium 137, strontium 90, and other radionuclides, most of which have been proven to be carcinogenic. On March 15, 1979, we were exposed to iodine 131 exceeding eight times the maximum allowable emission, because a plant employee forgot to engage a filter. The emission resulted from the spilling of 4,000 gallons of radioactive coolant because a valve that had been leaking for months finally let go. Iodine 131 causes thyroid cancer in babies.

One outspoken employee of Maine

Yankee has admitted taking part in the illegal dumping of radioactive wastes into our river. Another former employee told me about "sponges": people brought in off the street to do small jobs which entail exposure to high levels of radiation. Rather than expose the full-time workers, the power company spreads the radiation over a large group of part-timers, who "sponge" the dosage. Some of these sponges are told that they will receive high doses of radiation, and some are not. Apparently none are warned that the radiation they receive could very well cause cancer in them, and genetic damage and/or birth defects in future offspring.

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission is just now considering a rule requiring that records be kept on all sponges, to log their total accumulated dosage.

Because the nuclear industry consistently downplays the health hazards associated with radiation, many employees do not take the danger very seriously, according to a friend who worked for the plant a few years ago. Some employees, in order not to have their high-paying overtime curtailed, leave their dosimeters (devices worn to measure accumulated radiation) in their lockers while they are working in "hot" areas. These are the same people who are responsible for protecting the safety of the general public.

One plant employee has testified that the power company stopped a study they were doing on the feasibility of growing oysters near the plant's warm water discharge when the oysters began picking up strontium 90. Yet another employee told me face to face that the data he collects for an NRC-required environmental study is "altered" by his bosses.

At one point I talked to the man responsible for monitoring the plant for the State Department of Health. He explained to me that nuclear power is completely safe, and asked if I knew just how many people were killed by automobiles while sitting in their living rooms last year. He informed me that the number was considerably more than those killed by nuclear power. He then proceeded to show me how the state monitors the environment for radiation.

The records
show increases
of Iodine 131

Public safety was obviously not an issue when Maine Yankee was built

He has a small metal box, the size of a bread box, which sucks air through two filters. The inner filter is sensitive to radiation. If the filter is not contaminated with dirt or moisture, it will show the amount of radiation it has received over a week's time (he checks them once a week). Thus, if there is a two-hour release of radiation, say, it will be averaged (diluted) over the number of hours in a week, and recorded as such—that is, if the wind just happens to be blowing towards his bread box at the time of the release.

This official also samples cow's milk once a month for iodine 131. Iodine 131 has a half-life of eight days, so a correct reading would depend on sampling the milk every week. But even taken monthly, the records show increases in iodine 131. The sampling that was done after the March 15 spill was not only late, but upwind of the plant. We can't blame the man who monitors, though—he didn't know about the spill until a month later. I hear that his boss throws away all the event reports that reach his desk.

Another method that the state uses to measure radioactivity in the environment is to take a bucket of water from the river once a week to test the water's microorganisms. According to an independent marine biologist I consulted, this method is guaranteed not to show anything: he says the plankton would have to be concentrated from hundreds of buckets of water to show traces of possible contamination.

No agency has tested for plutonium around here as yet, even though it has been detected in the waters near Pilgrim I in Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Our group asked the state legislature, through our district state senator, to provide twenty-four-hour monitoring of radiation, as recommended by experts in the field. The power company has lobbied successfully against us.

Public safety was obviously not an issue when Maine Yankee was built. The site chosen was convenient for the company's transmission lines and promised a very favorable tax bill. The next-to-impossible task of evacuating the peninsulas adjacent to the plant site, in case of an accident, was apparently not a consideration. Some of my Westport neighbors live 6 miles from the plant, but in case of an accident their only escape route, via our one bridge at the north end, would take them within 800 yards of the plant. They, and everyone south of the place, must come closer to it to get away—unless, of course, they swim south.

Westport is not the only town in which the residents would be trapped like rats on a sinking ship, should Maine Yankee operators make a mistake. The Boothbay region lies on an adjacent peninsula about 7 miles southeast of the plant. In the summer as many as 80,000 people would be forced to evacuate on one two-lane road. At least they have a road, though, unlike the inhabitants of the many nearby islands, who can only escape by boat.

Escape depends on knowing there is an accident happening to evacuate from. Our proposed warning system begins with a phone call from the power company to the state police—at the power company's convenience. The state police will in turn call the first selectman of each town in the evacuation zone. The first selectman will then call the second selectman and the third selectman, and the three of them will proceed to the fire station. From there they will call the "notifiers," who will come to the fire sta-

tion and then go around town notifying people door-to-door that there is an accident in progress, and that they should leave the area.

This plan, devised by the state police, obviously assumes that the accident will happen on a fairly nice day, when the roads are passable (they frequently are not, during the winter), and that at least some of the phones will be working and not jammed up with nervous parents, spouses, et cetera, trying to get through to their families. We must also assume that the selectmen and the notifiers will be home (most of them work full-time in addition to performing their civic duties), and that they will not themselves panic and decide to move their own families first. And we must trust that the power company will not be too optimistic concerning its ability to contain the accident (as Met Ed was at Three Mile Island), thus putting off the phone call to the police until it is too late to escape.

According to an NRC spokesman quoted in the *Los Angeles Times*, July 29, 1979, the public may have as little as one-half hour's notice before receiving heavy doses of radiation, should an accident occur.

On March 13, 1979, the NRC ordered Maine Yankee shut down so that the plant could be inspected for earthquake tolerance. A month later, while the plant was still shut down, an earthquake measuring 4.1 on the Richter scale originated less than 10 miles away. Although my house shook violently, the plant operators insisted that the earthquake was not felt in the containment room. It was not felt, we later learned, because no one was in there to feel it, and the instrument used to sense earthquakes was inoperable due to corrosion.

Maine Yankee was designed and built under the assumption that the site of the plant was in an area of low seismic risk, according to excerpts from a letter from the power company to the NRC dated September 26, 1969. Six years after the design was approved, geologists discovered an earthquake fault (not the same fault which gave us our April quake) just a few hundred yards from the nuclear reactor.

We are white mice in an ongoing experiment

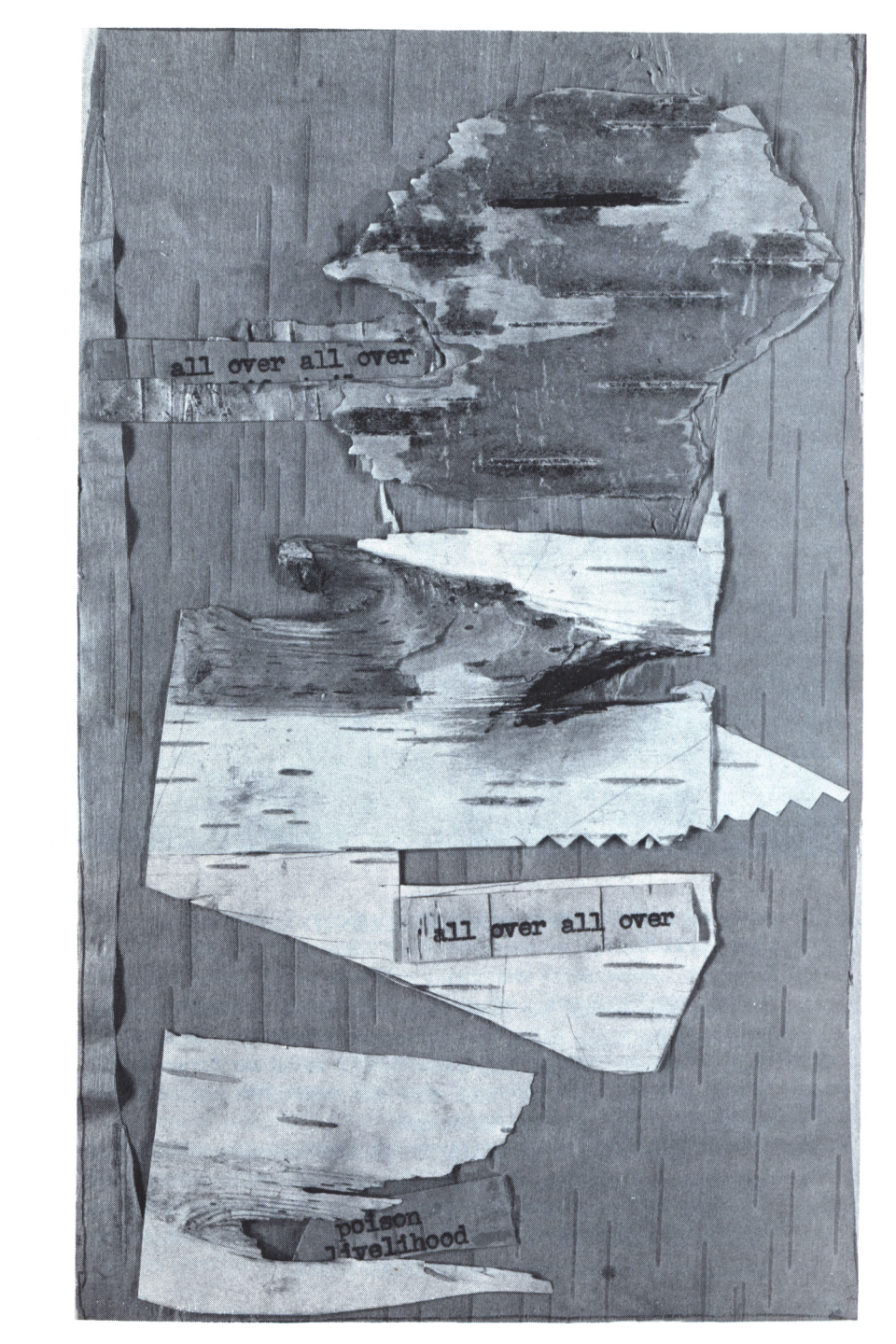
When an earthquake fault was discovered near the site of a second plant scheduled to be built on Sears Island in Penobscot Bay, the plant was canceled in the planning stages. If the fault near Maine Yankee had been discovered at the outset, the plant would never have been built. Yet, having already made a large investment, the power company is not about to admit its mistake and cease operating because of the reactor's proximity to an earthquake fault.

The NRC is now trying to talk the fault away by assuring everyone that it is "dormant." At the same time, it is saying that the only way to confirm the seriousness or potential of the fault is to do test borings, which have not yet been done.

What disturbs me most now is not my own proximity to a nuclear plant, but the knowledge that our own government, along with a handful of profit-seeking corporations, took it upon themselves to build over seventy of these foolish things all over the country without telling us the true nature of nuclear power. They covered up facts about the hazards and risks to which the public would be subjected, knowing that, armed with the facts, we would never have allowed these plants to be built in the first place.

It is now apparent that we, all of us, are but white mice in an ongoing experiment. Obviously the individuals conducting the experiment are not playing with all their marbles—but how long is it going to take for those of us who are to stop them?

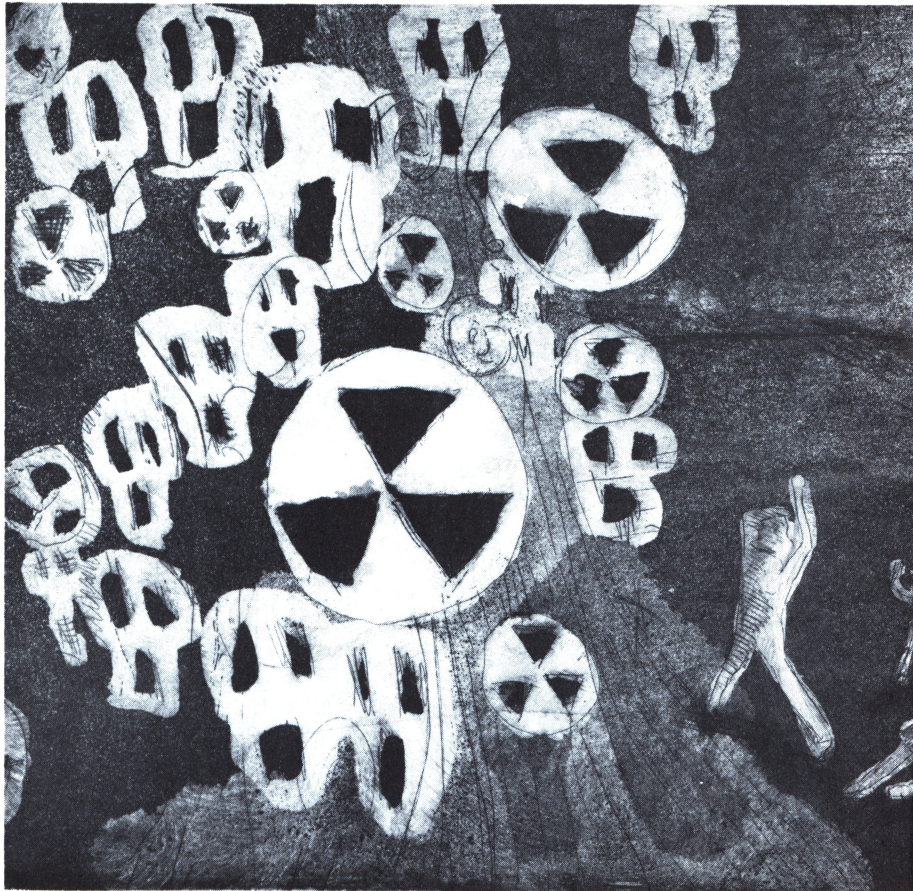
McKie Wing Roth, Jr.



all over all over

all over all over

poison
livelihood



THE BOMB FALLING

The year before her family was transferred to Okinawa, they practiced the bomb falling. Her father was stationed at a large S.A.C. base in Bangor, Maine. She knew S.A.C. stood for Strategic Air Command, but she wasn't sure what that meant. Her teacher said it meant they were an important target.

To practice the bomb falling, the whole school saw movies about two cities in Japan, Hiroshima and Nagasaki. A Captain came to talk. On the screen, with a stick, he pointed out burned boys and girls. Fern was seven years old. She was old enough to see what the Russians would do if no one practiced the bomb falling.



She liked plain S.A.C. better. Sack was a real word. Sack was going to bed when you were really tired and grown up, not still awake and a kid. Her father hit the sack after a long time flying planes. You could stuff stuff into a sack. Sack was what the Vikings in Prince Valiant comics did to towns.

They had to go to a shelter for practice. Shelters had to be in basements underground. That way, the radioactivity couldn't get you. One boy at school, Joe, he always acted so smart, said radioactivity was little cooties so small you never saw them. They squirmed into your skin.

The Captain called this being exposed. It was true that even if you never saw it, it made you sick. The pictures were gross. Your hair fell out in clumps.

Being exposed sounded like those awful dreams where you find yourself at school without any clothes on at all.

A week before the whole base would practice the bomb falling, the commander sent her mother a list. Anytime that week, the practice might happen. Her mother rushed around reading the list. She set aside blankets, oreos, first aid kit, peanut butter, flashlight and the Bible. The commander forgot to put the Bible on the list, she said.

Her mother let Fern and her sister Amanda pack their own emergency kits. Fern used her father's old red letter gym bag from his school. She put in crayons and band aids with stars. Her mother made her take three days worth of socks, underwear and pajamas. For treats, she had her lunch bucket. The jar of tadpoles fit perfectly in the thermos clamp.

Her father checked what they packed. He forbid her to take the tadpoles. She didn't want all the frogs to fry in the world. Someone must save the babies. Joe said it's so hot everything is fried crisp as a french fry, the teacher never stopped him, wasn't it so?

You smuggler, her father said and gave her a hug, a smuggler huggler. This is just practice. The frogs will be fine.

Grown-ups were so stupid. They didn't know how to play. Of course this time was make believe. But for make believe to work, you had to believe. You had to bring tadpoles.

One night, the air alert screamer went off. Fern was fast asleep in the middle of a dream a gorilla was swinging on the garden hose thumping his chest. Her mother bundled her in a blanket mostly still asleep. She couldn't take the kitten, Soot either. Grown-ups never played right.

She was carried to the station wagon. Inside smelled good, like camping, moldy canvas and fried chicken. She scared her sister more and more awake guessing when the bomb would puff them into a big mushroom like in the movies.

Her father and mother whispered though even if they yelled no one would hear them in Russia. Maybe they were listening for the bomb boom and whistle. Her sister started to cry.

By the time they got to the gym, she was awake. Everyone hurried inside quick or they'd sizzle. Lights and noise burst around her in the basement. She felt lost and dizzy. Now they were safe, everyone talked at once. Kids gone crazy and chased between the adults playing tag.

Some ladies in nurse costumes served donuts. Bandages and stretchers were stacked along the walls. An officer in charge led them all singing the Star Spangled Banner. Most voices cracked on the verse, "...the bombs bursting in air..."

For three days, there was a picnic indoors. She slept on a cot by her best friends.

The next time they practiced the bomb falling was named the Cuban Missile Crisis. They went down without fathers. The mothers hunched around a crackly radio. Fern's mother had splotches and lines on her face. She looked frizzled, her hair all wisps. But Fern wasn't worried.

She knew it was just pretend. It was a bigger pretend with many countries to practice together.

The mothers hushed the kids every minute. Fern got to hate checkers and kool-aid and nurse costume donuts. If this were real, they might have to stay stuffed down here for who was sure how long. Each day would be a rainy day you had to play inside. She was almost old enough to be afraid.

Before another practice, her father got his orders for Okinawa. He brought home an Air Force book on this next place. Okinawa was famous for a battle. Because the President never wanted such a terrible battle fought again, he let the bomb fall on Hiroshima.

Fern was afraid to go to Okinawa.

JANE JACOBSON

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

Between one Nuclear Factory and another Nuclear Factory
both capable of creating cancer everywhere,
here we make our ditty, make our prayer, write symbolist
poem, send protest
to the Machinery and Bureaucracy, Corporations and long
Pentagon Tomb,
wide Pentagon Tomb, proliferation of radioactive
horror;
we ask for miracles from anyone, any thing, resembling
St. Francis' activists.
Wonder, what shall we do ? world, we who love you unpolluted,
bodies-souls, we who love you without cancer,
what shall we do?

JOHN TAGLIABUE

CLEARING THE AIR

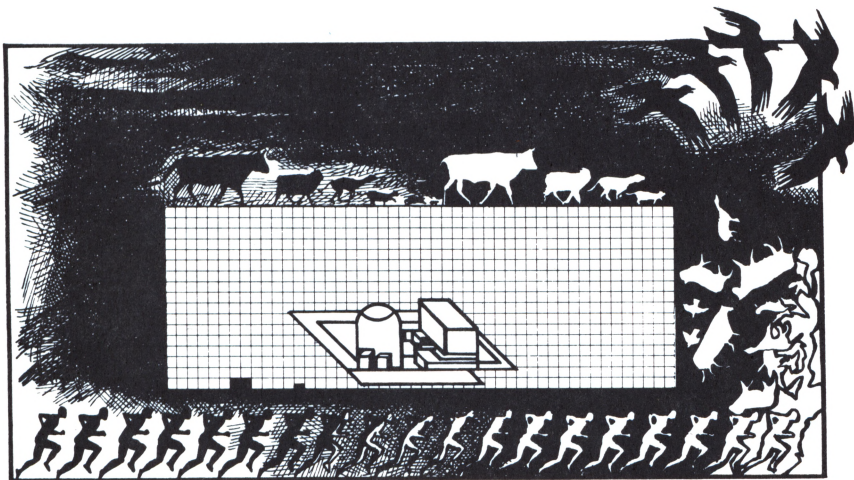
There are strong grounds for believing that most genetic effects are very closely additive so that a small amount of radiation received by each of a large number of individuals can do an appreciable amount of damage to the population as a whole."

— World Health Organization, 1957

I visit your lab on Family Day
as one in a fever
visits a cool white doctor's office,
not knowing why I am here
or why your face in metallic light
hides the meaning of secrets in your life.
Nothing is human here, your green badge
checked each day for radiation,
and I am afraid of this hard lump
forming inside my throat.

But you are my father
and want to keep me from exposure
under a sky that couldn't care less.
Countdown. I watch the pictures of bombs
still bursting on living room walls
and the babies I sat for, wake up
screaming bloody murder.
I would speak softly, a white voice
warning with a finger, as I test
which way the wind is blowing.

KATHLEEN LIGNELL



B. That the magnitude of risk inherent in the continued or expanded operation of nuclear fission power plants substantially exceeds the degree of risk attending the production of electric power by alternative energy technologies;

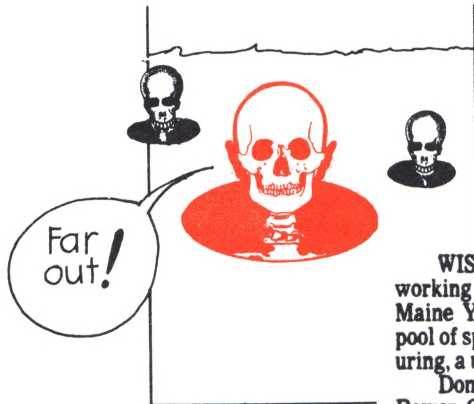
The Maine Yankee Atomic Power Company was formed in January of 1966 by a group of New England Utilities. Central Maine Power Company is the largest shareholder of the company with 38 percent; Bangor Hydro-Electric has 7 percent and Maine Public Service Company has 5 percent; the remaining 50 percent is owned by eight other New England utilities. The location of the plant was announced in May 1966, and site preparation began in the fall of 1967. Maine Yankee was granted a construction permit in October 1968. The plant was completed and issued an operating license on September 15, 1972. It began commercial operation on December 28 of that year.

Like most new gadgets, Maine Yankee had some bugs in it when it first started. In January 1973, *58 malfunctions*¹ were reported, including leaks in the cooling water systems; and in February, part of the Emergency Core Cooling System, which is supposed to prevent the core of the reactor from overheating and melting down if the regular cooling system breaks down, *froze in an ice storm*.¹

By 1974, it was apparent that far too much Iodine-131 and other radioactive materials were being released from Maine Yankee, and in January 1974 the amount of iodine released was *five times the legal limit*.¹ It was discovered that the reason for this was that some of the fuel rods in Maine Yankee were faulty and were leaking. They were replaced in the summer of 1974.¹

Leak reported at Yankee

In October 1975, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission notified Maine Yankee and other plants of a potential safety problem concerning the design of the reactor pressure vessel support system, known as the asymmetric loading problem.² Basically, in non-technical terms, what this means is that a break in certain pipes in the reactor could cause rapid changes in pressure on one side of an object, while the pressure on the other side remains the same (at least for a second), putting tremendous strain on the object in the middle. This problem *affects most of the safety systems* within the reactor.² The NRC lists it as *number 2* on their list of 41 high priority unresolved safety



A-plant worker falls into radioactive pool

WISCASSETT, Maine (AP) — A man working on the refueling process at the Maine Yankee nuclear plant fell into a pool of spent fuel while doing some measuring, a utility company spokesman says.

Donald Vigue of Central Maine Power Co. said the unidentified worker had leaned over the pool and lost his balance Wednesday night.

issues. 65 of the 72 operating reactors³ might develop this problem and lose most of their safety systems if the wrong pipe broke. And the problem has been around for 5 years now without having been resolved.²

In June 1978, all six of the applicants for reactor operator and senior reactor operator trained by Maine Yankee failed their NRC licensing tests.⁴

On March 13, 1979, the NRC ordered Maine Yankee and four other plants to close, saying that they had discovered an error in the design of the back-up safety cooling system, which might cause the safety system to break down during an earthquake. While the reactor was cooling down, a gasket failed, allowing 4,000 gallons⁵ of low-level radioactive coolant water to leak into the building next to the reactor. The vents in the building were not lined up properly, so that instead of going through charcoal filters designed to absorb the radioactive Iodine-131, the gases in the building from the coolant water were released into the air without treatment, resulting in releases eight times the legal limit.⁵ The people of Maine did not learn of this release until April 20,⁶ over a month after the release, so they did not have the option of staying inside while the levels of radiation were above normal.

When an earthquake did occur near Maine Yankee on April 17, 1979, the two accelerographs bolted to the side of the reactor building to record the strength of earthquakes at the plant had corroded so that they couldn't record the event or ring an alarm to notify the reactor operators that it was happening.⁵

Maine Yankee was given permission to start up again on May 24, 1979. It began to start up May 25, but a leak developed in a reactor coolant pump, and it was forced to shut down to correct that.¹ It finally came back on line on June 5, 1979.⁶

C. That the construction and operation of nuclear fission power plants has been premature in the face of a technology which has not adequately resolved the issues of real cost; radioactive waste disposal; low-level radioactive emissions; plant security; plant decommissioning; fuel-rod reprocessing; air pollution; transportation of radioactive by-products and evacuation.

There are several other major issues that have not yet been settled. Maine may be a more active earthquake area than geologists realized when Maine Yankee was built, so some parts of the plant *may not be able to withstand the largest earthquake* now considered possible at Maine Yankee.⁷ Maine *does not have an NRC-approved emergency response plan*⁸ for the towns around the plant, dealing with evacuation plans, emergency medical treatment, monitoring of food for radioactive contamination, and other things that might be needed in case of a serious accident at Maine Yankee. Maine Yankee will *run out of space* to store its spent, or used, fuel in 1982.⁹ It doesn't have contracts for all the uranium it needs after 1982,⁹ and the contracts it does have allow for an increasing amount of foreign uranium each year.⁹ And these are only some of the problems.

JUDY BARROWS

FOOTNOTES

The June 8, 1979, issue of MAINE TIMES listed many of the smaller, "routine" problems and incidents that have happened at Maine Yankee in more detail than is possible here. The NRC reports all incidents at all operating reactors monthly in the OPERATING UNITS STATUS REPORT, available at the Wiscasset Public Library. Copies of all public documents on Maine Yankee are also available there.

¹MAINE TIMES - June 8, 1979 (most originally from MY licensee event reports)

²Letters from NRC to Maine Yankee, Oct. 1975; Jan. 1978 (MY has allegedly solved this problem by putting some additional supports on some of the internals during the Jan-Mar 1980 shutdown, and reassessing the computer analyses of the strength of other parts of the system.)

³Communication from NRC to Safe Power for Maine, spring 1979

⁴Letter from NRC to MY, July 19, 1978

⁵Operating Units Status Report, April 1979; May 1979

⁶Articles in Bangor and Portland newspapers, April 20, 1979; June 6, 1979

⁷The study of earthquakes, which are a result of the land rebounding after glaciers have left (which many of Maine's earthquakes are), is still quite a young science, and there are many different opinions as to what is possible and what is likely. There are many scientists who feel the chance of an earthquake larger than MY was designed to handle is at least 100 times more likely than was earlier thought.

⁸NRC Office of State Programs - telephone conversation [the plan is almost ready to be sent in for NRC approval now, and it just might be approved. There is no way all the people within 10 miles of the plant could be evacuated within a reasonable amount of time either in the summer when it is packed with tourists (to get out of the tourist town of Boothbay Harbor, which claims to have 100,000 people at the height of its summer celebration, you must take a two-lane road in the direction of the plant) or during winter storms. Also, several of the towns within 20 miles are islands.]

⁹CMP's annual report for 1978 on Form 10-K as filed with the Securities & Exchange Commission.

Maine Yankee Emissions Caused by Personnel Error

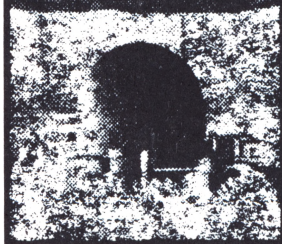
A VISIT TO MAINE YANKEE

Taking a tour of the nearly complete \$200-million Maine Yankee nuclear power plant at Wiscasset can be a visit of many dimensions. On one level, it can be a layman's look at the largest industrial project ever constructed in Maine; on another, it can be a sometimes bewildering encounter with the complex—and gargantuan—hardware of a technology so refined that it is beyond the comprehension of most visitors. And, on yet another level, a visit to Maine Yankee can be a look at the concrete reality of what so many Maine people oppose in the abstract. This is a provocative dimension.

There is a vast difference, for example, in opposing the idea of Maine Yankee, and then linking such opposition with the flesh and blood people who are building the place. As you listen, for example, to the soft-spoken nuclear engineer who manages the plant, you realize that his gentle words are coming to you across a gulf so wide that it can scarcely be spanned by all the love or sincerity either one of you possesses. He is certain of his realities; you are sceptical of every word. He believes in his technology; you are awed and frightened by it. When he says no accidents can happen, not possibly, not within the realm of technological reality, you know he believes what he says, but you cannot. When he shakes his head in slow wonder at the redundancy of second, third and fourth back-up safety systems, you know his engineering mind considers them redundant in the extreme—in his terms, a waste.

For this man, and each of the hundreds of men who works with him, Maine Yankee is a safe place. Indeed, with its concrete, its sealed environments, its multiple generating capacity, its tornado-proof, bomb-proof buildings, its computerized alarms and trouble-shooting sensors, it is, for these men, the safest of places. If trouble comes, they will head for Maine Yankee, knowing they will be better protected there than any place in Maine . . .

THE DREAM



DECLARE:

§ 262. Prohibition

The generation of
electric power by
nuclear fission
thermal power
plants in the
State of Maine
is hereby prohibited.

§ 263. Application

This subchapter shall
apply to the generation
of power at existing
as well as
proposed nuclear power
plant facilities.

There are no good words
to describe
the dream.

It has

completely blurred distinctions
& is terrifying —

Which is why there are
no good words.

True, there are systems

that maintain the dream,
luring us to sleep,
like the Nuclear Regulatory
Commission Guidelines.

But are these any better than
stuffing geiger counters
at pre-ordained intervals

across the country?
Suppose you had to unsplit
an atom at the junction
of the null-set

& infinity — Whom
could you call for help then?
There are no good words.
Which reminds me of the fifties

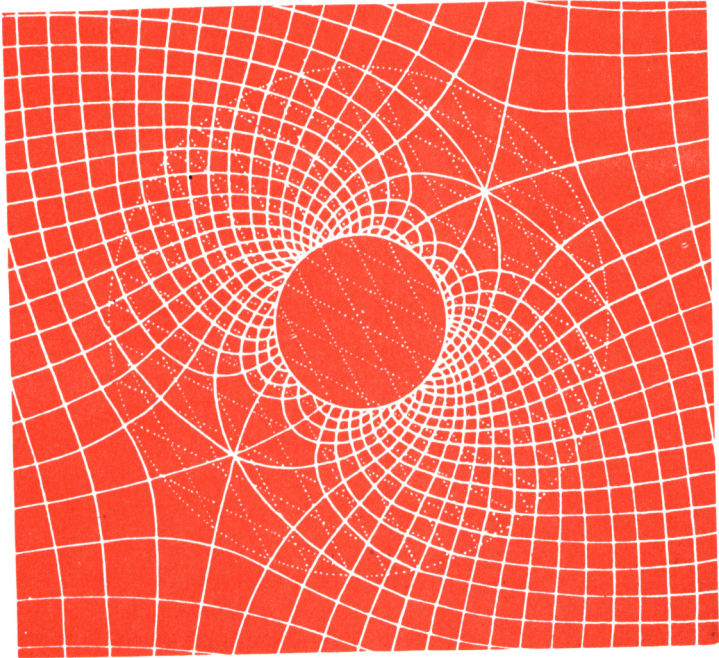
& the sixties
& the seventies
& now the eighties
& the air-raid sirens

that were supposed to evacuate cities
in record time, in case
of nuclear attack,
or a meltdown.
The radiation

would not reach us
if we ran fast enough.
Nothing would,

which is why we repress the dream,
which is why it returns to haunt us.

Wherever you go
However you go



the radiation,
its field,
is everywhere.

Bern Porter, of Belfast, worked on The Manhattan Project during World War II. This was the secret U.S. government undertaking that built the atomic bomb. His job was to separate uranium ore into its isotopes, U₂₃₅ and U₂₃₈. He did this from 1942 to 1945 in Princeton, New Jersey, Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and Berkeley, California.

Bern did not know he was helping to make an atomic bomb. Very few of the scientists involved in the project knew what it was about. "Being an idealist," he says, "I hoped for the best. It never occurred to me that the uranium would be used to create an explosion. When I, or my fellow workers, speculated upon what the government was doing, we thought that the uranium would be used as a fuel for submarines and airplanes, or for some such use as that."

On August 6, 1945, the day the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, Bern was in Berkeley. "I read about it in the newspaper," he recalls. "It was the first I knew about it. I was horrified. I quit my job that day."

After the war, he went to Japan, where he witnessed first-hand the effects of the bomb. In Hiroshima and Nagasaki, he worked with doctors and scientists on artificial limbs and burn ointments. The destruction brought on by the bomb he helped to make troubled him deeply. He resolved to dedicate his life to showing that "physics can do other things than destroy." For the past 30 years, he has designed alternative energy systems and acted as a scientific consultant to people, governments and institutions all over the globe.

Speaking to the point, he says, "With this referendum on the ballot, Maine is in a position to lead the world by calling for a halt in the generation of nuclear power. We do not know, even now, what effects the smallest amount of radiation have on us. Thirty-five years after Hiroshima, we are still trying to learn what really happened there. I shall remain forever ashamed of what I have done and what my associates did on The Manhattan Project. My guilt will never soften. I'm sorry I ever aided getting the atom out of the textbook."

The following interview with Bern is part of a longer one conducted by Margaret Dunbar, of Skowhegan, during December, 1979.

M.D.: Tell us about Einstein: B.P.: Well, he died disillusioned and desperate. I got to know him quite well in Princeton, and he was literally a child in an incubator. There were seven people looking after him to see that he not be bothered with things like changing lightbulbs and what's the price of bread today — these were taken care of under the assumption that he deserved that care while he was thinking about

things, to give him time to think. So the Philharmonic would come down from New York to practise, and he would go in and take up three seats. There he was, you were not supposed to talk to him, he might think of something that might be of use . . . and it turned out it was.

M.D.: *Did he want this incubation?* B.P.: No, none of us wanted it had we known what was going on. The thing was taken out of our hands and run by the government. It's hard to describe except that as a result of what happened, we're sort of in a bad way. Einstein said if he was going to do it over again, he was going to be a plumber. And on the basis of that remark, the Plumbers Union gave him a life-long membership (laughter). But his idea was, quite basically, plumbers are involved with simple operations . . . M.D.: *Fixing things up* . . . B.P.:

Yes, fixing things up...whereas physics turned out to be a horrible destructive force . . . M.D.: *What about THE PROGRESSIVE*

publishing the H bomb secret? What do you think that means? B.P.: Well, first of all, it's not possible to keep a secret sanctum of knowledge. Scientific knowledge is based on natural phenomena, and anyone can explore it at any part of the world at any time. There's no way you can conceal it. And publishing it there does a lot of harm because it's inaccurate . . . but that's a minor criticism . . . I'm saying basically that the H Bomb is a product of a super intelligence imposed upon a natural phenomena and that anyone with intelligence can pull out the data and materials and make all manner of things. *Later, talking about nuclear energy plants, for e.g., the one at Wiscasset:* B.P.: . . . Anyone

living within 20 miles of this plant, their radiation level goes up a third a year. But they and no one else knows about it. And they and nobody else knows what it's doing. The human body is adaptable, adjustable, we know, for the bulk of people, but there are others who shouldn't be there and we don't know who they are. And that's when the plant is operating normally. They don't take up the case of bringing the fuel in there and they don't take up the case of having used it where does it go, and they don't take up the case of leaks and breakdowns. They rushed into this for the benefit of making dollar bills. M.D.: *The British are very smug about their system. They have an enormous amount of them, though the British people don't seem to be aware of how many they have . . . dotted around on the coast.* B.P.: I believe that's true. I was in

England a couple of months ago. I was on a tourist bus and the guide was saying that the whole sub-structure over which we were passing, a very extensive system of tunnels and caves, was a storehouse for the government to store all their germ warfare bombs and their nuclear

bombs and their advanced death gadgets. There was no secret about it. And this was beautiful rolling country, with hills, fields, trees. But as for the plants equivalent to Wiscasset — they are distinguished by breaking down and leaking all kinds of things. I refer to atomic energy plants as a toy for adults. And that's what they are. They're in a state of development. All of the nations are in this state of development and play—at the expense of the people. And they say, don't worry about it, just a few leaks, and don't worry about having an x-ray of your chest—well, that's not true, it's a lie.

A SOLUTION TO THE RADIOACTIVE WASTE PROBLEM

I want to suggest what we in the Rockland area can do to show the nuclear power plant owners that we are firmly behind them (and, at the same time, grab a profit in the good American way).

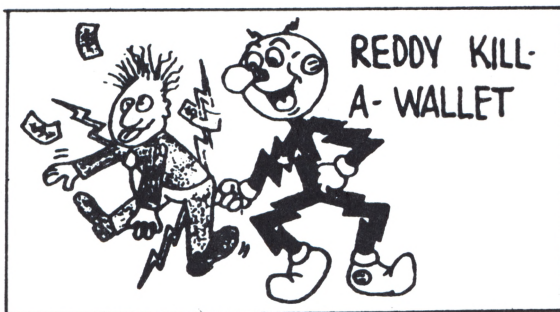
As a good American, I suggest we get the Rockland City Manager to invite the folks who own the nuclear power plant to dump their radioactive waste in the quarry by the Rockland dump. It would show them that we're with them all the way to the end. From what the commie agitators and scientists say, the radioactive waste cans last 20 or 30 years, at the least, and those of us who smoke will be dead from lung or throat cancer by the time those cans start leaking, anyway.

The Rockland Chamber of Commerce or the Rotary Club should help with the invitation effort because it would get us even more free publicity than Three Mile Island. Walks and railings could be built around the edge of the quarry like they have at Niagara Falls. Young honeymooners would flock here and pay admission to look down at their children's future. They might even decide not to have children, or inadvertently have that decision made for them.

And consider these positive aspects. The rats and sea gulls who hang out around the dump would be eliminated. And if anyone died from radiation, their family could follow a truly American tradition and sue the power folks. It would boost the economy in the area, and keep lots of good Americans from going the commie way and accepting aid from the government.

All good Knox County Americans should support this project. Let's let the world know we're proud to be good Americans.

ROBERT K. SKOGLUND



VIEW FROM PLUM ISLAND

The cranes at Seabrook appear like toys above the trees
they move to the rhythms of computers
smashing plants
uprooting pine, spruce, maple & oak
digging up bones of ancient Indians
drowning men
& the dreams of young boys

a mile off the coast
the drilling platform floats
a great Sasquatch
anchored yet
still stalking
preparing to poison our waters
kill off our fish & clams
our mussels & plankton
the very food of the sea.
at night its lights beam —
a strange object
somehow identified

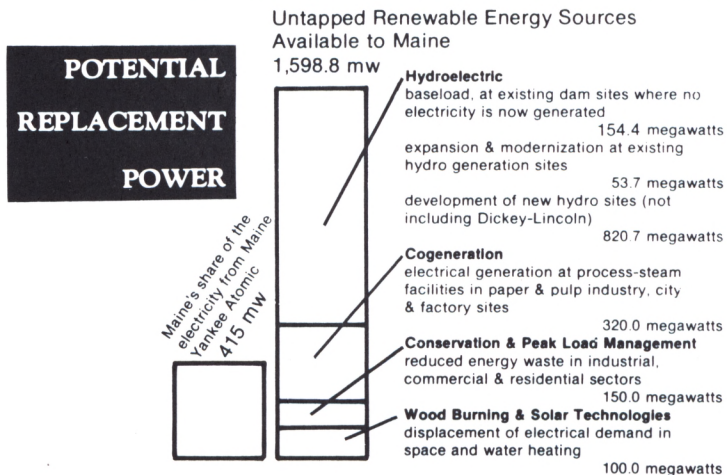
women
who have kept the books in Seabrook
now need computers
to decipher this new time
this new talk that has entered
this land of neon signs
shopping centers & rectangular houses
erected instantly on land once used for farms

Al Capp modelled Dogpatch on this town
of incest & inbreeding

there have been songs written about Seabrook
 & legends & many jokes
 another anachronism
 homogenized into Kings,
 Shop & Save, McDonalds
 complete with concrete
 & unwashed cars.
 It is hard to tell
 what coast you are on
 or even
 what state.

deer have returned to Plum Island
 in this mid-October Indian summer
 plums dried a hard purple on the bushes
 cranberries gone soft in the bogs
 spider webs shine from low bushes
 in the sun
 the marsh is turning to rust
 loose salt hay fallen from bales scatters in the wind
 the air is full of white wisps of milkweed
 all is waiting for the snow

DIANE KRUCKKOW



Keep in mind that a mix of only one-third of these potential replacement power sources would completely supplant the power provided to Maine by Maine Yankee.

DNA



THE STRONTIUM 90 SUBTERRANEAN BLUES



RADIATION EXPOSURE

- * The international radiation standard was admittedly set at a high enough level to avoid unduly inconveniencing the fledgling nuclear industry.
- * The standard was arbitrarily set at a level where manmade radiation would equal natural radiation — on the highly dubious premise that we can tolerate twice as much radiation from now on as evolution programmed us to tolerate in the past.
- * Far from being harmless, natural radiation may well account for "spontaneous" cancers and genetic damage. Double the average natural radiation level might be very damaging indeed.
- * Radiologists are increasingly convinced that *any* exposure can be damaging, that exposure should always be minimized, and that where possible, exposure to radiation should be avoided altogether.
- * Children are more susceptible to radiation damage than adults; infants are more susceptible than children; and fetuses are perhaps 100 times as damage-prone as adults. A radiation standard based on average adult tolerances may be far too large for the short-term welfare of the young or the long-term welfare of Homo sapiens.
- * Some researchers postulate a correlation between proximity to nuclear power plants and public health statistics on stillbirths, congenital defects, infant mortality, and cancer.

Hugh Nash

Hey, it's not my fault I'm weird, I didn't ask to be born into a world full of chemicals and highly toxic radioactive substances.

It's like genetically we're really getting screwed, I mean the stuff gets in your body and stays there and lodges itself, then one day starts to produce a lot of cells, and these cells take over, they are stronger, and they keep on multiplying, and they create tumors, deformities, and it's frightening. So I among others end up trying to live life to the fullest, you might say we are totally conscious of death, and we have accepted that fate, and live and enjoy life, show our care and concern for humanity, life can be so transient, the next moment never truly an anticipation, but an awakening, to be a part of whatever you are doing — that's probably why we appear so scattered, so brainless, so clownish, so child-like. Innocents, we don't want to hurt anyone, we see too clearly the horrors of violence, greed, contamination, abuse. We've chosen to celebrate in order to survive.

PAT JONES

10-mile radius: Required evacuation area and plume exposure emergency planning zone.

30-mile radius: Evacuation zone recommended by NRC's Rogovin Commission in January, 1980.

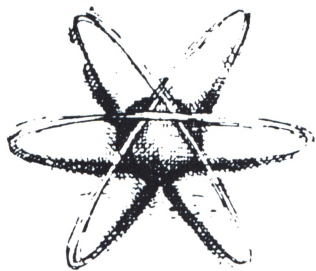
50-mile radius: Federal Emergency Management Agency's ingestion exposure zone and downwind range of significant contamination.

Beyond 50 miles: Who knows? The radiation, its field, is everywhere.



What if evacuation becomes necessary?

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission has identified two nuclear plants in the U.S. where reasonable evacuation of the surrounding area is impossible. Maine Yankee, largely due to the many peninsulas and islands in the Mid-Coast region, is one of them. Many residents trying to escape during a serious accident would be forced to travel closer to the plant before they could head to safety.



A DAY IN THE DEATH

After Harrisburg 4/79

Simon was changing the baby.
Emily sat
patting her pregnant stomach,
flipping the pages of *Reader's Digest*,
sipping her tea.

This isn't a soap opera.
The drama's so real
there's a theatre
in the reactor.

You think it's Jack Lemmon
on location
going bananas,
reading computers
and instrument panels.

It's not.
It's anybody.

Joe Technology
having a bad day.

The birds woke him at five.
The wife made no cinnamon bread
last night. This morning
he can't find the sugar
and the coffee is stale.

Outside a tower of steel
is poisoned
against Joe's will.
The life of the vile contents
will clear
three hundred years.

With metal fatigue
and melt-down remnants
the vessel itself
may hold for a hundred.

Inside
is a rank green-eating substance.

An invisible snake
with the color and sorrow
of cancer.

No other distinguishing features.
In fact, *no face*.

Meanwhile
flares of hair-cloud
suck fish and fiber
from the river.

The changeling slowly
roots his warts
in Emily's inner chambers.

What yeast will rise
tomorrow
in Joe's wife's bread?

What kinds of birds
will still be left
to wake Joe
as he heads the highway
east into the plant?

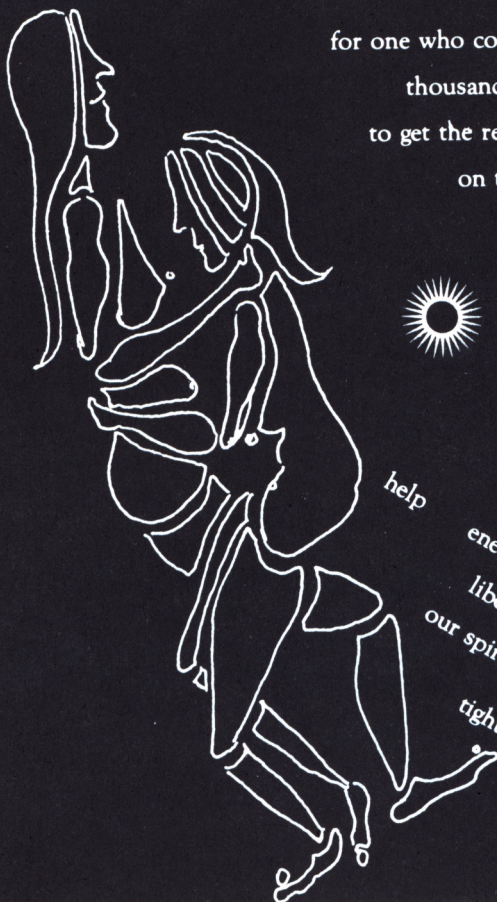
And three-mile islands away,
whose earth has split
and spent her lifespan?

Death breeds itself.
The pox got that poor place.

DEBORAH WARD

...continue IT DEPENDS





for one who collected
thousands of signatures
to get the referendum
on the ballot:

dear Sparky,
may your love
nurturing
and passionate
appeal for a healthy
nuclear-free
environment
help
energize and
liberate
our spirits.
tight embrace,
Suzann

PROJECT PLOWSHARE

The old swordmakers
only understood
the best way to make a blade,
accepted no blame
when the tools they made
left blood in the deep furrows.

KALA LADENHEIM

PROJECT PLOWSHARE — name of program to develop non-military uses of nuclear power. Run, of course, by the same people who built the weapons. The name comes from The Bible: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, their spears into pruning hooks. . ."

**IF THERE'S
A NUCLEAR
ACCIDENT,
WE CAN KISS
OUR CHILDREN
GOODBYE.**



A MOTHER'S VIEW OF NUCLEAR POWER

My reason for writing is concern over the nuclear power issue. I do not like the way pro-nuclear people place importance on man's ability to rationally solve the problems which have arisen as a result of creating electricity by splitting the atom. Nor do I like the way anti-nuclear people talk of nuclear holocausts as if they had already happened.

I am an artist, a wife and a mother. I live on Westport Island, opposite Maine Yankee nuclear power plant in Wiscasset, Maine. I build sculpture in the woods, fields and marsh around our home. I use sticks, branches and stones to draw attention to a particular aspect of nature which is pleasing to me. If removed from their surroundings, the sculptures would be meaningless; seen in the context of their environment, they become integral parts of the landscape. While voting for our town officials last week, I was handed an evacuation plan.

I know full well the difficulties of seeing things as they are. There does not seem to be enough time to stop and look. Even when we do stop, it is difficult to clear our minds of the thoughts which are interrupting the messages we are receiving from our senses. It is a rare occasion when I can perceive nature as she truly is, and myself as a part of it. It is easy to think of myself as someone separate from everyone and everything else; believing I am important because I create art. It is difficult for me to clear my mind and understand that I am only a vehicle through which the energy of the universe passes. My art is only a symbol of the joy I feel from sensing this flow of life. We must learn to pass through time keeping all of our senses engaged, not just our

We have no right to jeopardize the whole chain of life

rational thoughts, because these thoughts can carry us far away from what is the truth. We can believe that nuclear power is safe but that does not make it so.

In nuclear fission, tremendous amounts of heat energy are released when uranium-235 atoms, under bombardment by atomic particles known as neutrons, absorb a neutron and split into lighter elements such as strontium and iodine. The splitting of the uranium atom also releases other neutrons which repeat the process in a chain reaction. Heavier elements are also created when some of the uranium 238 atoms do not split but are transformed by the absorption of neutrons into elements such as plutonium-239. Each nuclear reactor makes 400-500 pounds of plutonium every year. Plutonium has a half-life of 24,400 years. That means it is not safe for a half a million years. It is not biodegradable. You cannot get rid of it. And we do not know where to put it; the nuclear industry has not solved the problem of waste storage. Dr. Helen Caldicott is one of the world's most articulate opponents of nuclear power and weaponry. This is her opinion of plutonium:

We're talking about a substance that is so incredibly toxic that everybody who comes in contact with it and gets it into their lungs will die of a lung cancer. You don't know you've breathed it into your lungs. You can't smell it, you can't taste it, and you can't see it. Nor can I, as a doctor, determine that you've got plutonium in your lungs. When a cancer develops, I can't say that cancer was made by plutonium. It doesn't have a little flag saying, "Hey, I was made by plutonium." And you feel healthy for fifteen to twenty to thirty years while you're carrying around that plutonium in your lung, till one day you get a lung cancer. It's a very insidious thing. We have to teach people that it takes a long time to get the cancer. If I die of a lung cancer produced by plutonium, and I'm cremated, the smoke goes out of the chimney with the plutonium, to be breathed into somebody else's lungs — ad infinitum for half a million years.

Recently NOVA did a special on the life of Einstein. One of the clips showed him sitting at his desk in Princeton, New Jersey facing the camera with an incredible sadness in his eyes. He was talking about the advent of war, about a man called Hitler who had forced him to be an exile from his own country. He felt people did not take time to appreciate life with peace, until it was taken away. When war comes, people accept it because it gives them a focus: a reason for living. Later in the broadcast, he talked of his work and the things about nature

which he had discovered firsthand through science. This time he said, with an indescribable twinkle in his eye, that what we see is just the surface of countless numbers of atoms lined up in different ways vibrating and moving in varying lengths of energy.

During the thirties, when the knowledge of how to split the atom was made known to man, Einstein and other major scientists in the United States refused to work on the development of nuclear weaponry. They felt it was suicidal to the human race. They were also against the development of splitting the atom to create electricity. They feared that the laws of physics would be separated from the laws of nature. Shortly thereafter, they commenced work on the atom bomb because their fears became reality: Hitler.

Linus Pauling, a present day eminent scientist, gives his opinion on how the nuclear industry has become what it is now in the introduction to the book, *Nuclear Power The Unviable Option*, by John Berger:

The decisions have been made for the most part by the leaders of nations and governments in general, and by the people who run the banks and the large corporations. Many of these people, of course, make their decisions in accordance with the profit motive. Moreover, these decision makers, including the leaders of nations and governments, concentrate on the immediate problems. It is unusual for a country to develop a five year plan, and unheard of to have a hundred year plan. Only when a crisis arises, when a catastrophe occurs, do governments take action.

The crisis has arisen now — the crisis of the nuclear fission power plants. If the present policy of building them in larger and larger numbers is not stopped, the world may well be changed in such a way as to make it impossible for future generations of human beings to lead good lives.

Are we going to continue to manufacture energy for selfish purposes with the risk of upsetting nature's balance; or are we going to transfer the boundless amount of energy she has to offer from the sun and the tides to satisfy our needs? We have no right to think that as human beings we can jeopardize the whole chain of life, from the plankton in the sea, to the plants and animals who share the air we breathe. The rules are clear: nature cannot absorb plutonium; man does not have the capability to contain it. We can only pray that for the next half a million years human beings will have the patience to bear the burden we are passing on to them, and the strength to keep this deadly substance from contacting the flow of life, generation after generation after generation. I am haunted by the recent statement of a childhood acquaintance, who is now one of the top nuclear engineers in the country. He said there was no reason for that accident at the Three Mile Island plant, " . . . it was totally human error."



RADIATION
CANNOT BE
SEEN,
HEARD,
SMELLED,
TASTED,
FELT.

underground,
earth-held,
radiation
is
only
natural and fitting,
ionizing
the underground currents
of air and water.
dispersed in earth's flesh,
we are safe,
and
the dancing,
flying
particles
play their part
in our lives
silently.
but now,
dug from the depths,
refined and concentrated,
hell's invisible fires
have come to earth.
slow, oh so slow
the hellish dance
of particles
where they were never meant to be,
burning our bodies,
quietly, oh so quietly,
cells in chaos,
rampaging growth
of flesh, blood, and bone,
damaging life
through the years,

young and old
rich and poor,
as
the
mine tailings
from
uranium processing
poison
water and air,
lifeflood
of
rivers and wind,
from the reservations of Hopi and Navajo
to the Black Hills of South Dakota,
our sacred lands
becoming tainted for centuries
as men play with the minerals,
with the balance of power and profits,
the dancing particles who now dance death
in our veins
in the green prairie grass
all the way to Three Mile Island
and
Maine Yankee,
where the poorly welded
joints of pipes
in the nuclear power plants,
technology's pride and joy,
hold back the invisible death
for only
so long.
and more
danger
now and ahead,
the particles
dance
everywhere,
through the clothes
of the workers,
into the air
out of the chimneys,
into the cooling waters
of the reactors

they dance, they dance.
and more,
the wastes
from the plants
from the power
for the many lights
of the
skyscrapers,
for the huge factories
spewing out
products
we have only recently
begun
to need,
the wastes
that send out dancing particles,
invisible death rays
for 250,000 years
and more,
beyond our comprehension
of time and space.
stored in containers,
sent down the nation's
highways,
the question being
who will take them for burial,
what state
what town
which part of our sacred earth
to cover the radiation,
the poison,
that lay safely in earth
before we meddled.
we want the power,
the appliances,
the lights,
the new "improved" products
that eat the riches of earth
and turn to "garbage",
an invention of the human
race.
who will take responsibility?
where will the march of dancing death
stop?

we must move
we must stop
and
think
about what we are doing,
we must touch the earth
and
each other,
open our hearts
to life's gifts
and cherish.
we must profit
by these mistakes,
not let the profits
take our lives
and
those of children and all
earth to come.
let us take responsibility,
let us speak out,
act in strength,
work together,
live more simply
and most of all,
send prayers, many prayers
in loving concern
for *all* of us
to the people who plan the reactors,
who finance the mines,
build the pipes
and write statements
that lie
about what is happening.
let their hearts open, too
that they know what they
do
before the dance of death
and
suffering
touch us all,
everywhere
on our earth.


BECCA HARBER

The construction and operation
of nuclear fission power plants has
been premature in the face of a
technology which has not adequately
resolved the issues of real cost;
radioactive waste disposal;
low-level radioactive emissions;
plant security;
plant decommissioning;
fuel-rod reprocessing;
air pollution;
transportation of radioactive
by-products
and evacuation.

POETRY

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On September 23rd, the people of Maine will be the first in the nation, and perhaps in history, to vote on whether or not to close an existing nuclear plant. This book is a testament of that effort, and a fitting one, for the arts lend to life. . .

from the Introduction,
by Raymond Shadis

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