

Permat

**John Kieling**

---

**From:** Astrid Webster [astrid@swcp.com]  
**Sent:** Friday, October 01, 2004 1:42 PM  
**To:** hazardous\_waste\_comment@nmenv.state.nm.us  
**Subject:** Ref: LANL Order on Consent

Mr. James Bearzi, Chief  
Hazardous Waste Bureau  
New Mexico Environment Department  
2905 Rodeo Park Drive East, Building 1  
Santa Fe, NM 87505-6303

Dear Mr Bearzi,

The meeting I attended in Pojoque last month seemed to miss the mark as far as addressing the toxic waste that citizens in New Mexico are most concerned about. Please do not stop working on that. Having been there helps me understand all the better your words recorded by Candy Jones, saying we are few, they are many, they are strong, we are not. The nuclear energy and arms industries make midgets out of us all. Perhaps we can stop them before we all mutate into something we won't even recognize since it is an industry has no conscience, only a penchant for conquest.

Please forward the following comments to the Weaponmeisters at DOE

After having gone to several hearings on the new Nuclear Arms race, which is a lot like Forrest Gumps solo cross-country run (because we are, after all, the only real contenders in this race), I have some insights to share. As you know, my father was a German Rocket Scientist. Unless I wanted to maintain silence throughout childhood, I had to learn to question authority, because he was nothing if not an authority. So... I will question you.

First: During my first hearing on the nuclear activities in Los Alamos "Should we begin developing a whole new generation of weapons of mass destruction, I listened to a very courageous employee of LANL say we should not because he was a waste storage specialist and he said that there is no more room to store this deadly compost. We already have more than WIPP and there is no room to put safely away what we already have much less what we are creating.

Nuclear waste fits the golden rule and Jesus words, Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of my bretheren, ye do it also unto me"... And to everyone else I might add. You can't mine uranium without increasing your chances of cancer. Whether this is an acceptable risk depends on whom you are asking.

The poor people of Carlsbad would have no jobs were it not for WIPP and now they want to get into weapons production because they want to climb the human food chain (in which humans are actually the food that feeds militant corporations). I have talked to some of the people who are deathly ill from the work they did for the DOE. Somehow the good living they made does not seem such a good trade now that they are terminally ill. Perhaps there is method in the madness of New Mexico's poverty. If you keep a population perched on the edge of indigence, they are not too picky about job conditions when a job is dangled in front of them. At that particular hearing, we were not asked to vote but I'd have been an army of one in voting NO! Emphatically NOT! Not on your life, not on mine.



16238

Second: I went to Socorro to hear testimony on developing new earth penetrating bunker busters in the neighborhood of the once pristine white sand dunes. Who would ever fathom what these collective Drs. Strangelove had in mind. Let me see if I can paraphrase. When you develop a hardened steel phallus shaped projectile with the intent of plunging it deeply into the loins of Mother Earth, what does that make you? As long as we are on the topic of the rape of our Mother, I am reminded of the antithesis of Emily Dickinson: How do I Love You, Let Me Count the Ways but instead How deeply can I hate you, How many more ways can I invent to express my contempt. The huddled masses stand in utter bewilderment, stupefied in their childlike dread and unwillingness to ask the real questions. Ah, childhood. That is just where my father wanted me. As I stood before you in Socorro, in that beautiful room I felt the deep despair of the way you see the world stretch in front of me. You love not your mother, like the autistic child who averts his face and stares longingly out the front window at the passing garbage truck, you don't recognize the love that gave you life. You have romanced and married the bomb. Death and destruction will be your mate. Remember, I lived it. The eight people who padded around our house had little importance in the face of missile, whose replica sat on my parents headboard, whose guidance would dominate my father's professional thought. Children were not only to be seen and not heard, if not perfect, they were expected to vanish altogether. I knew the term erascism long before it was invented. I lived a life so erased that I hardly remember it myself. I was confirmed in the Lutheran Church at 13 but it has taken me four times that long to confirm myself.

The coldness of that room in Socorro was not unlike Ice Nine. It froze whatever it touched. This science of remote killing can have no other temperature. I am sure you think of it as clean just as nuclear energy is thought of as clean but it is really an invention of a mind that is attracted to a microwave, reviled by humans and is ultimately married to a garbage truck. You did not see the picture of the Hibakusha whose back was like raw hamburger for six months after our first date with the ultimate weapon. Even if you saw it, you did not really see, else you would not be where you are today, asking what you ask. Temple Grandin who admits more about autism than anyone I have ever met said she cried when she saw a firefighters hose drench library books in Fort Collins where she teaches. Standing among dying human beings would not have touched her as much as the books swimming in their dilapidated cartons. That is her image of death.

I have thought to rename the weapons you have grown to know and love, reframing them as "weapons of mass intimidation" and then "weapons of mass annihilation"... possibly of the entire human race.

Third and most recently, returning to Pojaque, this time not for a hearing, but the next permutation: it is too much to ask that your precious time be spent in listening to a discontent citizenry. You would try to tune us up so we could address you in an acceptable form. Manners training to address the pater. How authoritarian of you. I was dumfounded to learn that in the Consent Decree we were talking about everyday industrial waste, not the industrial strength, has a shelf life longer than you can even imagine without a physicist's training waste. Dumfounded and stupefied, now I am ready to sit in the presence of the almighty. For the decision has clearly been made. So clearly that a total LANL housecleaning went on in advance of the meeting. No one who was not on board in the broadest term of the word would be allowed to stay. What school did you all go to to learn this so well. You weren't all raised as Nazis although you are not a bad facsimile.

Now, I trust, you are all of a single mind. With weapons as the master, all is shrouded secrecy, you will keep them in a place of honor, protecting them not only with your lives but with and from every other living thing. How

long has it been since a real human being registered on the radar screen of your heart. If you were really alive, you would join with me in saying, Stop this insanity. These terrible boys' toys must be recalled because they are too dangerous to trust in anyone's hands. They turn their protectors into isolated paranoids, whose social relationships are so threadbare that everyone becomes the enemy, everyone is suspect, especially those who act like these are hearings and this is a democracy.

How is it that you can take two years to craft an agreement to clean up a few bird droppings on the floor when the elephants' spinach pies have reached our knees. The real questions are still lying at your feet. The real answer is that you cannot protect one person or even one group without protecting them all. That is what Jesus really meant.