

Kaia Sand with Lloyd Marbet & Inge Bruggeman (letterpress)

So He Raised His Hand

From The Watcher Files Project

These poems emerged from conversations with Lloyd Marbet from July to October 2013. The poems tell stories of dogged activism that helped free Oregon from nuclear power plants, both through the demolition of Trojan nuclear plant and the prevention of additional plants such as the Pebble Springs nuclear plant.

These poems emerged from Garrick Imatani and Kaia Sand's artist residency at the City of Portland Archives & Records Center, commissioned by the Regional Arts & Culture Council. After reading police surveillance reports on Lloyd's activism, Garrick Imatani & Kaia Sand traveled to the land Lloyd caretakes north of Estacada, Oregon, to learn some of his stories. Kaia then arranged seven of these stories onto the page, adding verses based on his images and rhythms, & discussing the form with Inge Bruggeman. Lloyd next edited the text. Kaia also wrote opening & closing poems casting Lloyd as "the Caretaker."

The poems took form in the printshop of Inge Bruggeman with the assistance of Melanie Brauner.

So

He Raised

**'You may live here under two conditions.
Everything you own must be on wheels &
you must continue to do your activism'**

With that, Earl the signmaker, the draftsman, the conscientious objector, Earl the landowner who loved trees made Lloyd the Caretaker of these wetlands. This cedar, hawthorne, trillium, douglas fir. These ferns, nettles. One who takes care, who cares, who is cared for —

cared for by the woman who stitched him a suit, cared for by the man who loaned a typewriter, cared for by the woman who led walks into the woods of all the people who cared, all the people gathering, with the man who takes care

It was 1969 when the Caretaker drove into Hood River & met an old man who sold plums, a man who could neither read nor write, a man who knew how to grow & love his plum trees

The Caretaker wanted to be like that old man then, & now

he walks through his small orchard: red currants, cherry, cherry, plum, plum, cherry, cherry, cherry, plum. Coffee grounds heaped on the soil. Trees singing with chimes

It was 1969 when he drove over Mt. Hood & stayed

So He Raised His Hand

A collaboration between
Inge Bruggeman, Lloyd Marbet, & Kaia Sand

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from July to October 2013.

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activism, Garrick Imatani and Kaia Sand traveled to
the land Lloyd caretakes north of Estacada, Oregon
to learn some of his stories.

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on his images and rhythms, & discussing the form with Inge Bruggeman.

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casting Lloyd as "the Caretaker."

Jules Boykoff, Cathy Chudy, Meg Eberle,
Maggie Jackson, and Jessi Wahnetah
gave feedback on the text

Diana Banning, Devin Busby, Marti Clemmons,
Mary Hansen, Brian Johnson, Max Johnson,
Crystal Rodgers & Bethy Williams
assisted with archival research.

The poems took form in the printshop of Inge Bruggeman
with the production assistance of Melanie Brauner.

So He Raised His Hand is part of the Watcher Files Project, artwork & poems that talk back to surveillance files
the Portland Police Bureau kept on activist groups in the 1960's, 70's, & 80's. These files are now housed in the
City of Portland Archives and Records Center, where Garrick Imatani & Kaia Sand are artists in residence,
commissioned by the Regional Arts & Culture Council.

The only thing he had left

Diane brought home
The Perils of the Peaceful Atom
by Elizabeth Hogan & Richard Curtis

was to see

Here we were bringing new life
into this world--our daughter
had not yet been born--& I
didn't have a critical awareness
about nuclear power

I'll never forget--

I was sitting at a table
in this shotgun house
we were living in
on 54th & Steele
in SE Portland, &

if it was true

I got about five chapters into this book when

I suggested we move to Canada

if PGE built Trojan

Yes--
that's what we ought to do said Diane

I turned the page

& the title of the next chapter was

'Don't Bother Running'

I was a rat in a corner

I'd been halfway
around the world

drove boats for the war
in Vietnam
but only just then
while reading this book
did I realize

that, by god the Earth really was a closed life support system

There was no going to Canada

Canada wasn't going to escape
what happened if Trojan melted down

The only thing I had left
was to find out if it was true

I started going
to the library

educating myself about nuclear power

then I picked up the habit
of going to public hearings

It seemed a good place
to share these concerns

He had to see if it was true

He had to see if it was true

So he read some books & read some more

He had to change what it was he knew

So
PGE decided to build a new nuclear plant after Trojan

there were all kinds of ideas cooking
on the burners of these utilities
about future energy demands

they projected
we'd need 20
nuclear plants
in the Pacific
Northwest

So I show up at a state licensing hearing for the proposed
Boardman Nuclear Plant & the hearing officer
asks who's here that wants to intervene

I'm looking around waiting for someone

to raise their hand
but nobody did
so I raised my hand

thinking I'll later find someone else
to take my place

I handwrote a petition to intervene

then went to find the lawyers who had challenged Trojan
but they were tired & worn down

I wondered what the hell
I was going to do

I got a notice to show up at an elementary school
in Boardman for the evidentiary hearing

I didn't own a car
so I bought a Greyhound ticket
but I was so flustered
by everything I got
the date wrong & arrived
the day before the hearing
was to take place

I slept that night on a beach
by the Columbia River

showed up at the hearing
disheveled as hell &
feeling a whole bunch of fear

They started the hearing & got to the point where they were to decide
if I could intervene, & just then all my fear overran me

"I can't do this." "Are you sure, Mr. Marbet?"

I just felt like I didn't know what I was doing

They happily dismissed my application

**So he raised his hand
feeling a whole bunch of fear
So he raised his hand
& he never quit after that**

PGE built a fancy road

PGE built a fancy road to the nuclear plant they hadn't even built

to the nuclear plant
They were pouring money into the community
& the people loved it They said they had been in
the Depression since the Depression

& they felt very threatened
by us because they saw us
as obstructionists

I understood their plight
The last thing I wanted
was for the people of Arlington
to remain in the Depression

but there had to be a better way out

than buying into this
unproven
dangerous
technology

Three-Mile Island

Chernobyl

Fukushima

I'm not arrogant enough to think I'm right all the time
But say Pebble Springs was built & we had our own nuclear meltdown

The community wouldn't have been able to go home
just like Chernobyl

I recently had surgery for cancer & my doctor told me about
three Russian patients he had who all have bladder cancer
So my doctor decides to ask them
if they had been at Chernobyl
during the accident
Yes, they had
been at Chernobyl

Last year I was driving the Gorge along those roads I drove so often
to the Pebble Springs hearings, & for 40 miles I didn't lose sight
of those big wind generators Jesus, it blew me away

all those wind generators
near the road
to the nuclear plant

Now go follow that road
Now go follow that road
that never got built
& recall down that road
what never came to be

He stood

at the gates

We just lost our third ballot measure to shut Trojan down
when someone at the Nuclear Regulatory Commission

of Trojan

leaked a report

to Robert Pollard at
the Union of Concerned Scientists

The report, written by NRC scientists, declared
Trojan unsafe to operate

The steam generators were failing

I mean, it was like Trojan was slated
to become a disaster

They had engineers
building that nuclear plant
who had never even built
built a wall &

the steam generators came with
a thirty-day warranty

but the Nuclear Regulatory Commission
--which had been rubberstamping
nuclear plants since day one--

suppressed
the study

When Pollard released it
we decided to petition the government
to hold new hearings on
whether it was safe to operate Trojan

so we petitioned everyone
& they all said no

There were many forms of protest against Trojan
& I did petitions & licensing proceedings

I wanted to exhaust
all the avenues
before I tried
Civil Disobedience

But when they turned us down
for a hearing on safety

there was no alternative left

That December, in 1992, we went to the gates of Trojan
to stop the workers from coming into the plant

They stood at the gates

& they stood at the gates

It seemed the place

We felt justified
to stand at those gates

To share these concerns

& they never quit after that

PGE sunk the evidence
in a hole

We ended up on trial
after spending weeks
in jail for blocking
the gates of Trojan

The state finally decided they had to hold a hearing
over Trojan's safety, & then PGE immediately decided it was time
to permanently close Trojan down

but that corporation was not without its vindictiveness
It still went forward with its criminal charges against us

So we raised a choice of evils defense:
Say you see a house is burning down
You decide to bust the door down
in case someone is trapped inside

You've broken the law
but the hazardousness of the situation
supercedes the law
That's a choice of evils defense
&, lo & behold

the judge allowed us
to raise this defense
so we moved to have access
to PGE's files

we wanted everything they had
on the steam generators

But the moment the judge granted our motion to see this evidence
the utility attorney whispered
in the ear of the prosecuting attorney
who then stood up to announce
they were dropping all of the charges against us

It was a great disappointment!

The people of Oregon deserved to see those documents
Now there was no way that could happen
& before PGE even made a decommissioning plan

they filled the broken
steam generators with concrete
barged them upriver
to Hanford & buried them in a hole
in the ground

○ they sunk the evidence of what went wrong
○ some who care gather crowds into song

Every time they lost

Every time we lost
Every time we lost

You would think losing
is such a heavy thing

When I first started petitioning someone spit in my face

I remember thinking at the time
I'm never going to go out
& get another signature boy, was I wrong about that

We'd get the signatures, run the campaigns

but all PGE's money would overwash us

They broke
every spending record
in every election
we put them through

Three different elections we tried
to close Trojan down & they beat us they beat us down
into the ground

but we always rose from the ashes

We kept coming back

over &
over

It was finally at a PGE board meeting when they shut Trojan down
I'm willing to bet they knew the Trojan Decommissioning Alliance
was out there. They knew the Coalition for Safe Power was out there
Don't Waste Oregon--

They knew we were all still out there &

they knew we'd be back

Every time they lost

& we would become

Every time they lost

Every time they lost

more powerful than before

Every time more powerful than before

The Caretaker walks past a mossy-topped mail-truck packed with rafting gear, past sunning garter snakes

He walks past a small trailer lined with the sweet wood air of cedar that he & his son scavenged from the ruins of a shopping center & handwashed together, board by board

He walks over mud-rutted trails compacted with dirt beneath wood chips flung on filter fabric

He walks past twinned douglas firs a treehouse-width apart, says he longs to live up there

not in quick shelter, but in the sky —

But he leaves the trees be, stays grounded

Caring. Showing up

Kaia Sand is the author of several collections of poetry, including two Tinfish Press collections--the forthcoming *A Tale of Magicians Who Puffed Up Money that Lost its Puff*, and the walking investigation of Portland, Oregon, *Remember to Wave*. Sand co-authored with Jules Boykoff *Landscapes of Dissent: Guerrilla Poetry and Public Space*. With Garrick Imatani she is artist in residence at the City of Portland Archives and Records Center, commissioned by the Regional Arts and Culture Council, and they have collaborated on several installations, including at the Blaffer Art Museum in Houston as part of Antena Exhibition, and, most recently, in the North Portland Branch of Multnomah Public Library. Recent work includes the poem "She Had Her Own Reason for Participating," sledgehammered on copper cards, and then she collaborated with Daniela Molnar on a handmade book of the same title. Sand lives in Portland, Oregon, with Jules Boykoff and their daughter, Jessi Wahneta, and she is currently working on a book on oil trains in the Pacific Northwest. These poems first appeared in a short-run letter-press book and at [The Watcher Files](#) website.