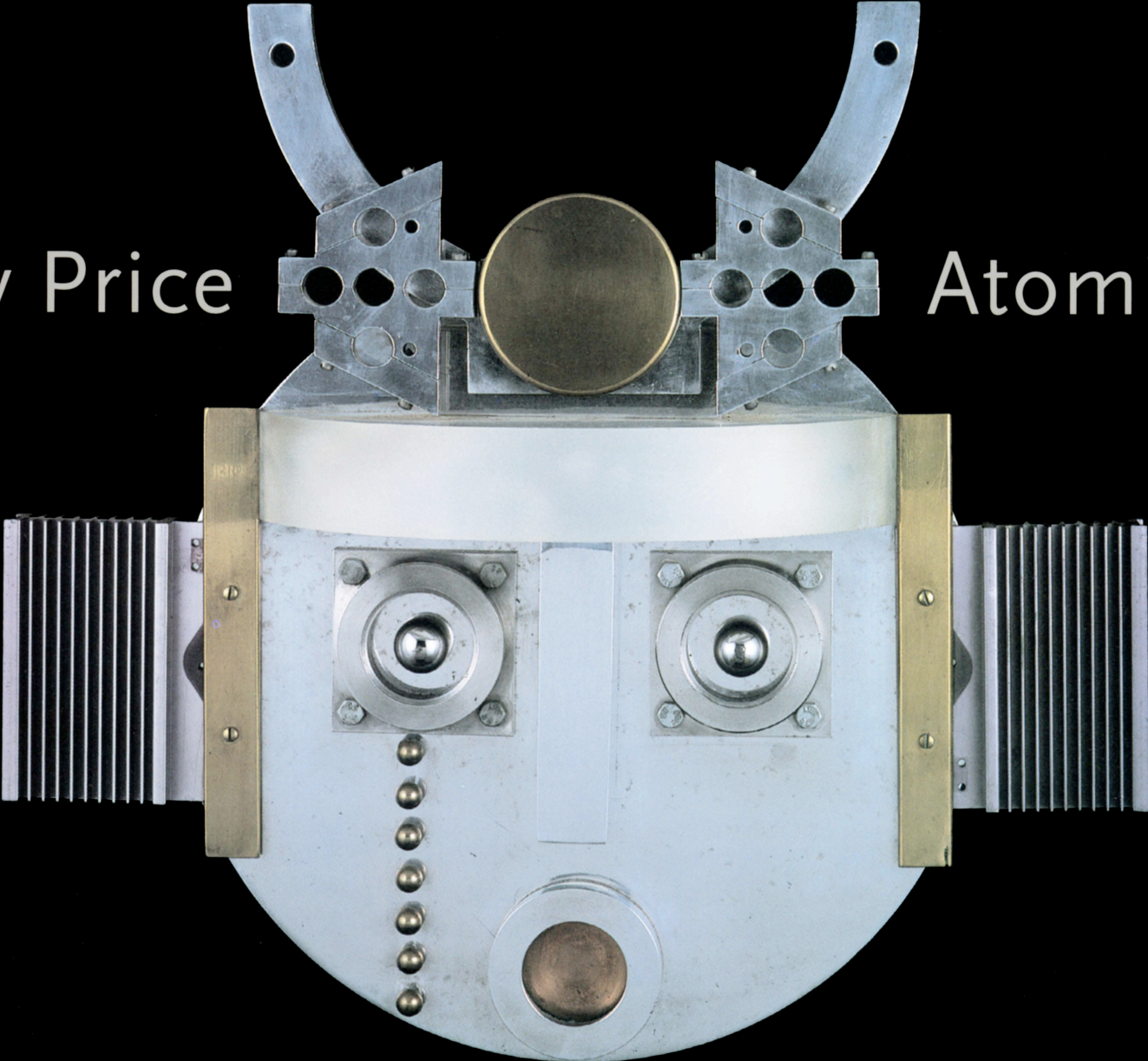


Tony Price

Atomic Art



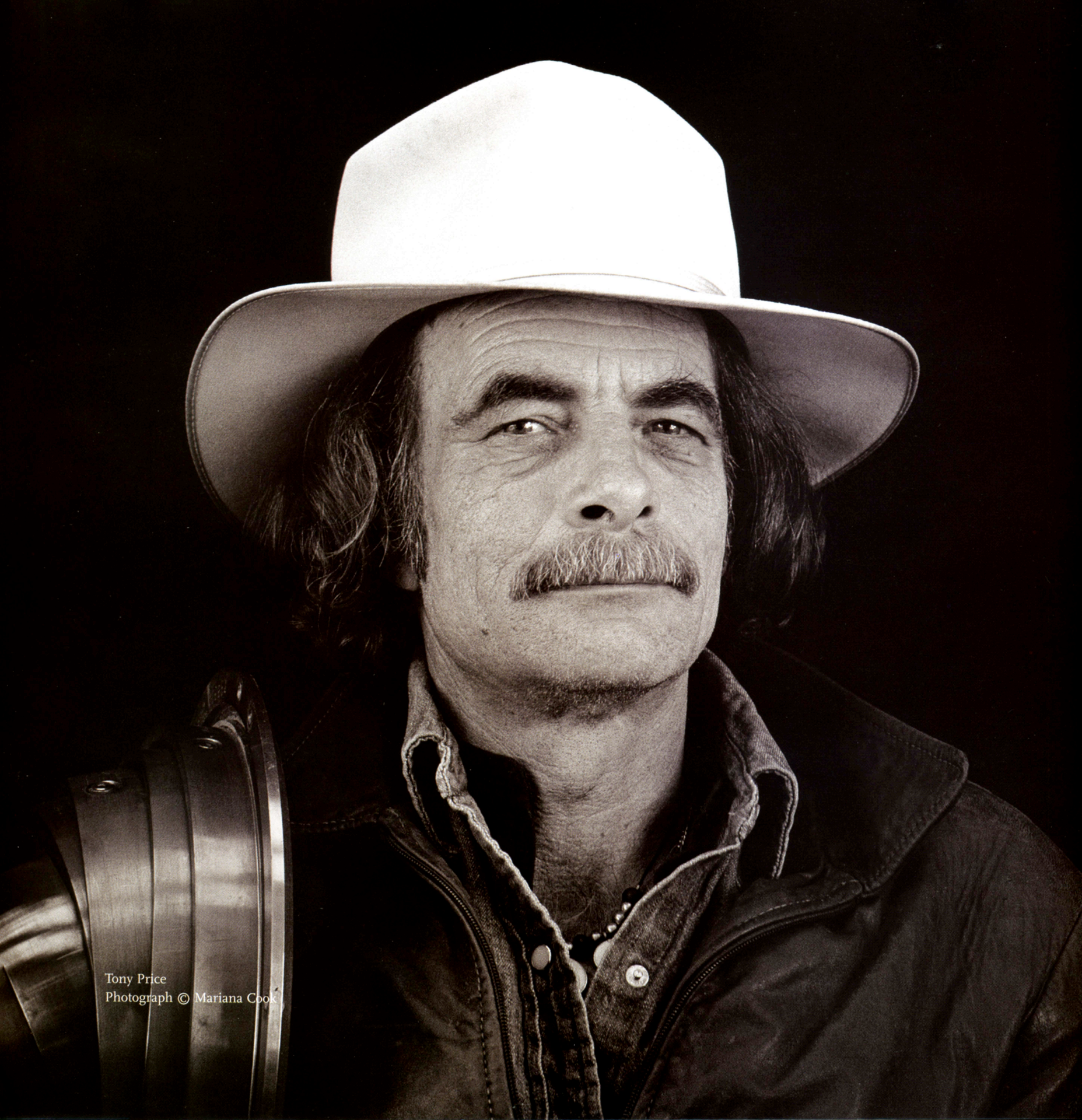
Tony Price: Atomic Art

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, SANTA FE



A-Bomb wind chimes.
Courtesy of the Estate of Tony Price.





Tony Price
Photograph © Mariana Cook

FOREWORD

I NEVER HAD THE OPPORTUNITY to know Tony Price. Nonetheless, his legacy makes its vividly clear to me that he was an artist who was greatly esteemed and had many friends. The long list of admiring friends and supporters stands as a testament to his work on this planet.

James Rutherford, guest curator and essayist, brought his passion for Price's work to this project as he organized the exhibition and wrote an essay that defines the artist, his inspiration and his motivation. Essayist Douglas Kent Hall has placed Price within the landscape of his time and his place. James Hart superbly photographed Tony Price's artwork.

This exhibition and catalogue could not have been accomplished without the dedication of an excellent staff. Many thanks are due to Mimi Roberts, director of TREX, the traveling exhibitions program of the Museum of New Mexico, who fervently believed in this project; Bonnie Anderson, assistant director of the Museum of Fine Arts; David Gabel, registrar; Susan Hyde Holmes and David Mendez, graphic designers; Cheryle Mitchell, editor; and Barbara Hagood, deputy director of the Museum of New Mexico.

The work of this project is dedicated to Tony's children: Roseanna, Zara, and Jed. I especially want to thank the many supporters of this project whose names appear on the right.

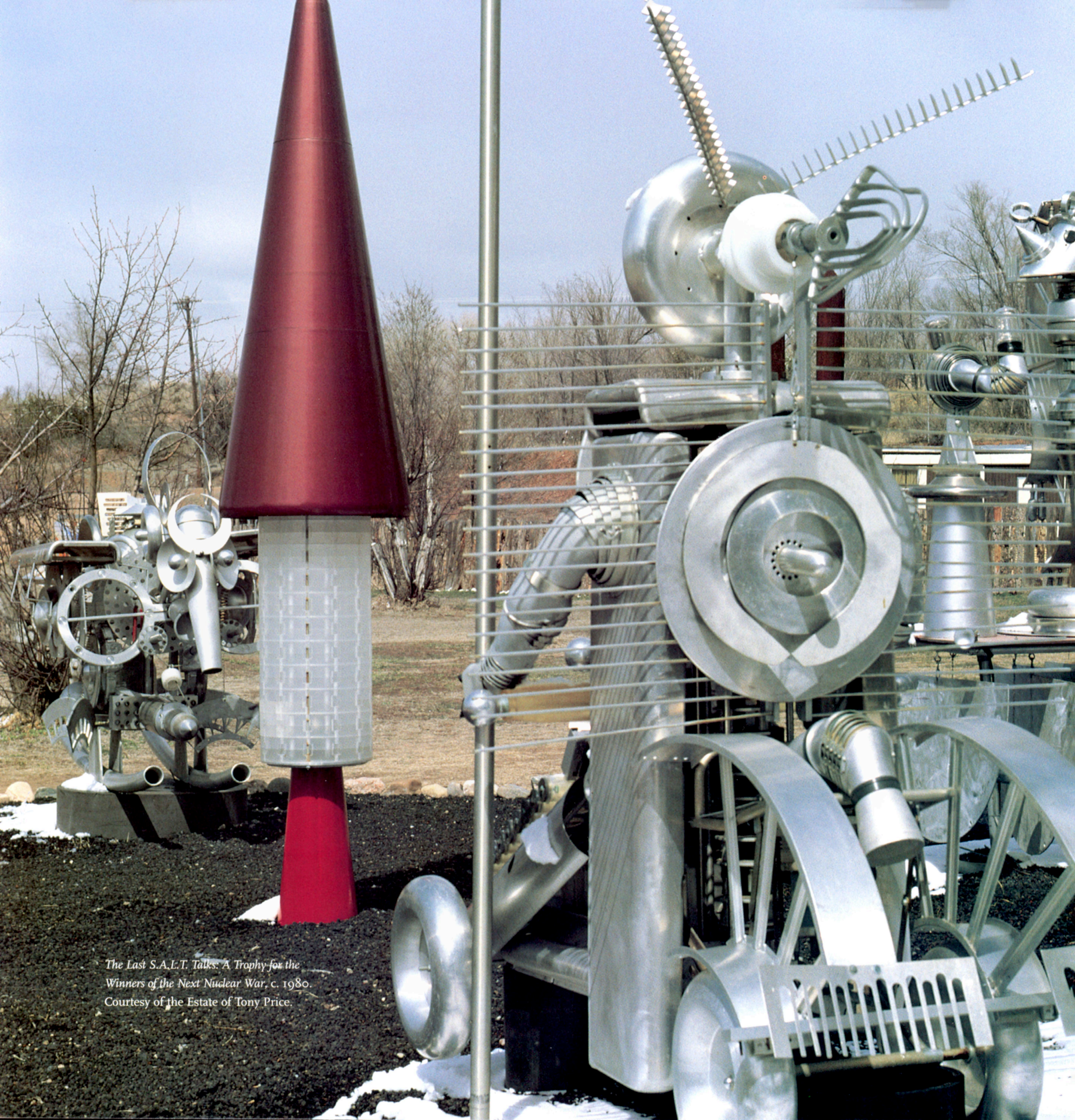
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Director, Museum of Fine Arts
Museum of New Mexico

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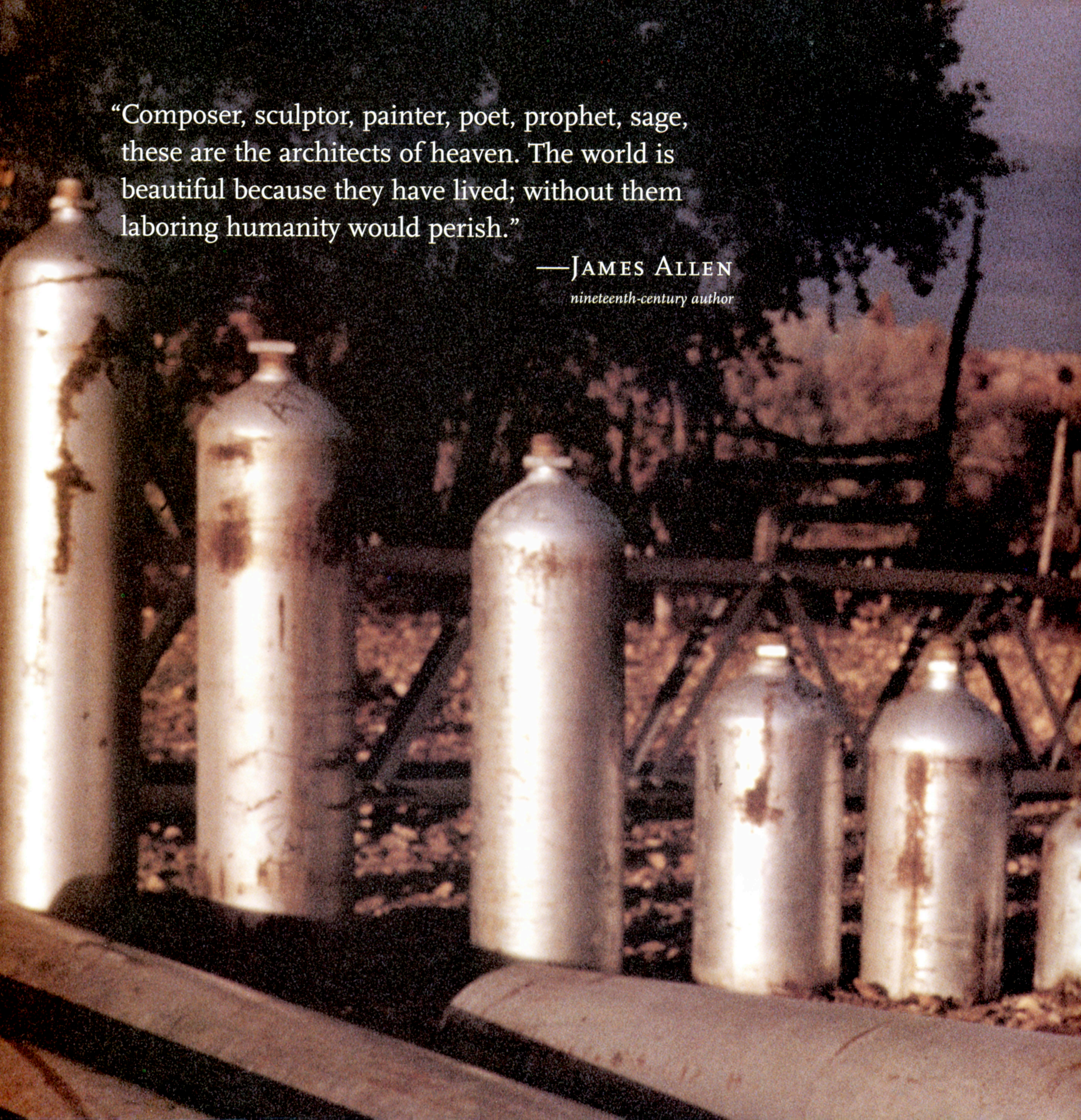
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*The Last S.A.L.T. Talks. A Trophy for the
Winners of the Next Nuclear War, c. 1980.
Courtesy of the Estate of Tony Price.*



“Composer, sculptor, painter, poet, prophet, sage,
these are the architects of heaven. The world is
beautiful because they have lived; without them
laboring humanity would perish.”

—JAMES ALLEN
nineteenth-century author



Tony Price with oxygen tanks.
Photograph © Lisa Law.



by JAMES RUTHERFORD

TONY PRICE, THE MAN, was so horrified by The Bomb's potential to thoroughly alter lives by its mere existence—and to end all life by its actual use—that he had to awaken all those who would be oblivious to obliteration to what he called “our atomic nightmare.”

Tony Price, the artist, used the very tools of possible atomic devastation to open their eyes.

This artist, musician, iconoclast and dreamer applied his art to further his doctrine against destruction by dedicating more than thirty years of his life to creating the prophetic and visionary body of work he called Atomic Art. His decision to do so was both urgent and personal: “If the effort could be made to neutralize the bomb with the same intense effort it took to create the bomb, I know the task could be done, because nothing is impossible.”¹



Tony and brother Ted with father Thomas Price, c. 1938. Courtesy of the Estate of Tony Price.

He also considered it his responsibility as an artist. To see Price's Atomic Art is to be struck by the many layers of meaning behind it. His method of turning something widely viewed as extremely negative into something positive, and the sardonic humor infused into the work invite looking beneath the surface and within the layers to find the artist's philosophy and understand the context in which the work was created.

Price utilized humor artistically as a relief valve to mitigate the terrifying nature of the subjects he was addressing and make his powerful message more palatable to the viewer. His humorous titles and expressions recall the clown or trickster who, through the release of laughter, gives the viewer a kind of space, or breathing room, to look at the reality he was communicating. Or, as Hugh Romney (a.k.a. Wavy Gravy), once put it, "Tony had a sense of

the divine goof and he would occasionally project that into the metal expressions that were formed on his artwork. You'd just look at it and howl because it resonated with the divine goof in you."

Price himself explained the intended purpose of his alchemic transformation of atomic salvage into iconography of the world's spiritual and religious traditions:

Objectively, I knew there exist vast energy banks of super-good energy available. For each religion is like a giant capacitor in the fourth dimension, holding and dispersing the energy of its followers. Now all I had to do was create symbols corresponding to the energy banks of these religions, using the material of the nuclear weapons energy system. When the vibrations of the nuclear scrap have been shaped into spiritual energy images, a vibrational tunnel or bridge is formed from the religious energy banks to the nuclear weapons banks, and an automatic balance of energies would be established. These sculptures act as valves, bringing the dark and light energies together to balance and thus hold the peace.²

OBSESSIVE ARTIST, counterculture icon, compassionate father of three, sage to some, Price (1937–2000) was a complex man whose life and career was a journey of self-discovery and a quest for objectivity.

Tony and his fraternal twin brother, Ted, were born in Brooklyn, New York, where they spent their early childhood with their father, Thomas Edward Price, a stockbroker; mother, Katherine; and sister, Carolyn. The family then moved to Pelham Manor, where Tony attended grade school and junior high.

Price's own artistic sensibilities were being formed at this same time. Though he was only eight years old at the time of the first Atomic Bomb test, he

recalled the profound impact that the event had on him: “It’s hard to look back and say, how does this affect a whole generation? How does it affect generations of art? The atomic bomb kind of nullified everything in the future—you couldn’t see a real future with the thing hanging around. My feeling about the situation was that once they set off the first one, it was like Pandora’s box, letting it out of the bag.”³

When still a boy Tony’s life changed drastically other ways. “Our father died when we were twelve,” explained Ted. “[Mother] went back to work when our father died, first at Fortune Magazine and subsequently as a bond broker and later a banker as well as homemaker. Two or three years after Father died, Mother married Frederick Henry Allen, a partner in the architectural firm of Harrison, Ballard and Allen in New York, and we moved to 49 East 86th Street.” Tony, Ted and their stepbrother, Sandy Allen, went away to different schools; Ted to The Hill School, Sandy to the Kent School, Tony to South Kent.

Tony’s skills as an artist and musician had already been recognized by his family and peers. His drawings were published in the school newspaper and his skills as a musician were developing. His individuality also was emerging.

Author and cartoonist Jonathan Richards, who was at South Kent at the same time, recalled Tony as “sort of a legendary figure, even in his middle teens. He had kind of an aura about him. I remember what captivated me most about Tony was that he was a cartoonist and that was something I had designs on. I remember finding some drawings on poster board that he had discarded in the wastebasket. I’m not sure now what they were but I can just remember that they were a lot better than anything I could do. The thing, of course, that attracts you more than anything else at that age is somebody who seems to really be able to give the finger to authority and not care

what happens to them. And that’s what happened to Tony.”

It was that cantankerous spirit that led his mother and stepfather (who had been a Marine) to suggest that he join the Marines after high school. Tony later joked that his induction papers were the last piece of paper he ever signed. During his stint in the service, which included a tour of duty in Lebanon, his talents as an artist were enlisted by military brass, who had him painting their portraits and large murals for Marine Corps facilities and events.

After his discharge in 1960, Price lived at various times in New York, Mexico City and San Miguel de Allende and used his graphic skills to illustrate the novels, poetry and periodicals of the awakening underground culture. He also exhibited his work at numerous avant-garde galleries in New York City and Woodstock. Wavy Gravy, then a poetry director for the famous Gaslight Café in New York, remembers Tony’s art of that time: “We were all skipping around on MacDougal Street in the West Village. (Tony) would sit in the coffee house and he would draw these amazingly complicated and beautiful drawings of children with all eternity in their eyes and hair flowing like rivers. And they’d be sitting on the grass and there’d be tiny, little people peeking out and doing things. All these wonders lurking in the background. It wasn’t just the foreground object.”

Tony was elected a member of the Woodstock Artist Association in 1962 and became friends with many important figures on the music scene including Woodstock promoters Albert Grossman and John Court and a young musician named Bob Dylan. Price’s music was, according to the activist and filmmaker Godfrey Reggio, an “avenue into his soul. It was much more personal to him. He would play it for hours and hours on end, both with the harps from pianos and the guitar.”



Tony Price in the Marines, c. 1955.
Courtesy of the Estate of Tony Price.

Price left for Europe in 1963 to discover his artistic motivations and from 1963 to 1965 lived at various times in Madrid, Paris, Amsterdam, Frankfurt, Rome, Tangier, Naples and Barcelona. Long-time friend, Morty Breier, remembers Tony during that time as “the quintessential hipster. (Tony) didn’t seem to have any concerns for his own future or what was happening next . . . he lived completely in the moment. He showed me what it was to be an enlightened soul.” To keep going wherever and whenever, Price sold or bartered his work, while befriending, learning from and teaching the hundreds of spiritual seekers who also were wandering the European cityscapes. With his hypnotic opened-tuned rhythmic guitar, magical stories of “hipsters” on the road and his elaborate drawings, he became something of a legend.

Price with Shel Silverstein and unidentified saw player, San Francisco, c. 1967.
Courtesy of the Estate of Tony Price.



In the mid-1960s Price made the vibrant hippie scene in the San Francisco Bay Area and there, outside of an art show at the Psychedelic Shop on Haight Street in 1966, Tony met Reno Meyerson, a member of the musical commune The Jook Savages. Meyerson remembers Tony as “one of those brilliant individuals who had it all figured out—deeply insightful and compassionate. He had an ability to make people feel as if they were his best friend in life.” A year later Tony visited Reno in a little town called El Rancho, New Mexico, just down the hill from Los Alamos, birthplace of the atomic bomb.

“Everybody’s probably drawn to every spot and they have no idea how it happens to them,” Price said, “and it took me years to kind of settle down out here and see what was really going on.” In 1968, Tony settled in El Rancho, where his first child, Maya (also called Roseanna), was born.

That was also the time when Price re-discovered the salvage yard at the Los Alamos National Laboratory. He first became aware of the yard when, two years earlier, he saw exotic shapes of glass and metal at the home of his friend, renowned photographer Walter Chappell. This was the beginning of what became his most important artistic effort.

“Los Alamos to me was finding a place of just pure raw material and fantastically, beautifully shaped metals,” he said. “I found it a perfect mountain of art to experiment with, to create with and I go out looking for specific parts and sometimes there it’d be right there just as if hundreds of men had machined these things for hundreds of hours and carted it out and dumped it right there in front of my feet.”

Although Price’s skills as a stone carver continued to be his means of support, his Atomic Art became his passion. “The artist has to take responsibility to keep people awake to these horrors and I feel a type of responsibility to build these things from this place. The hope is that it would wake

them up, it would remind them, it would get them thinking about it. It's all our problem, it's not just the artist's problem . . . but it's the problem of everybody" Price said.

Though many of his early pieces made from Lab salvage were utilitarian items such as tables, chairs and utensils, some had an element of sound and emanated ethereal tones. Whether he had something in mind ahead of time, or an image presented itself to him through the resonance of the material itself, what is clear is that he had an uncanny intuitive ability to see how a certain object could be combined with other parts to produce a new form. Individual elements often look as though they were made for his own purpose, although he utilized only the most basic tools and hardware off the shelf to assemble them. (He did not acquire a drill press until the mid-1980s and never welded the works fearing the toxic nature of the metal compounds.) Working with these materials was Price's way of beating swords into plowshares, to invoke a different kind of power.

Able only to speculate on how Price's process of choosing particular salvage items evolved, Stuart Ashman, former director of the Museum of Fine Arts in Santa Fe, said, "I think when Tony shopped for his parts, he had formulas in his head, and he knew that a particular type of part would make the head or the cheeks or something like that, and he was building it right there in 'the yard.'" ⁴

Sound became an important element in much of Price's work as he discovered the eternal tones emitted by the metals he was using. His gongs and chimes make sounds and vibrations that resonate like Tibetan bells or chants, and seem to invoke a similar experience for the listener.

In addition to the utilitarian objects, other of his early works were the first of his monumental sculptures such as the giant gongs he titled "Maya's



Song" for his first daughter. This piece, made from large metal cylinders suspended from a huge scaffold, could be seen from the road, standing in a large field in El Rancho.

"Maya's Song" and Price's giant music box were what first brought the artist together with the filmmaker/activist Reggio. The director of "The Qatsi Trilogy" and "Anima Mundi" and explained: "Upon driving in I saw this huge squared box with glass panels all around with an enormous snorkel on the top that had speakers in it. I climbed into the box and saw the mind of Tony Price at work. It was fantastic. Here were five piano harps, one on the ceiling, one on each of the walls—just an absolute work of brilliance as a tool, as an instrument. It played beautiful music. There was a guitar in there. If you played it, the strings would recycle what you played in their own vibration. It was like entering another dimension."

Music was a form of meditation for Price, who

Maya's Song by Tony Price, 1969; constructed from salvage from Los Alamos National Laboratory Photograph © Donald Woodman.

Tony Price's *El Rancho Piano Box*.
Photograph by Mark Robertson.



said: “The question that faces all explorers is: How do you get inside and explore in these other dimensions? Right now, my way of getting inside is through my music. I build music boxes made of four walls and a ceiling of piano harps. I get inside it and play open guitar beginning with a basic harmonic. When it lines up as a pure harmonic, the energy produces an overtone. Then I line up the overtones and they split into two, four, eight, sixteen. To do this you have to totally listen to what you’re doing. Listening is surrendering to what you want to hear and puts you in the now. I’ve found that when you slow time in the now, you have a virtuality to explore.”

Price’s artistic expressions were inextricably linked to his own spiritual view, one which emanated from an exploration of his own consciousness and his awareness of other dimensions like the one

Reggio experienced when first he saw Price’s work. Years later Reggio’s understanding of his close friend and confidant had grown exponentially:

Tony’s big thing was the fifth dimension. The fourth dimension being that which was a materialized form of the third dimension which could provide protection. So, for example, gargoyles existed in the fourth dimension to ward off spirits that were connected to the three dimensions but that hadn’t moved on yet. The fifth dimension was a whole other plateau. A new plateau of consciousness which is where I think Tony inhabited most of his thought and much of his reading. The spirit world was very powerful and real to him. That’s not to say I feel he was getting apparitions, because I don’t think he had that connection. He had a more firm connection. The connection of real effort of the soul, of the mind, of the consciousness, to go to that place rather than some psychosomatic reaction to stress or something of that manner, where you might have something, in an illusory state, reveal itself to you. His was in a conscious path. A much more rigorous path, one of a lifetime basically.

IN 1969, OTHER more worldly dimensions were opened to Price when poet and longtime friend Rosé Cohen invited him to do a show at his loft in New York City, The Liquid Wedge Gallery. The exhibition consisted of furniture, musical instruments and other objects the likes of which had never been seen before.

“I remember opening night, champagne in test tubes from Los Alamos and we just blew everybody’s mind.... People walked into the room and it was like being on a spaceship, it was like being in



Tony Price with Rosé Cohen at Liquid Wedge Gallery, New York, 1969.

another world,” said Cohen, whose show furthered his friend’s career. Articles on Price appeared in “New York Magazine,” “The Village Voice” and “The East Village Other,” and later in “Look” magazine and “Home Furnishings Daily.” Price’s work also was included in “Sound Environment,” an exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts in New York.

During the years following his show at The Liquid Wedge Gallery, Tony concentrated even more on his Atomic Art and its reason for being by creating many monumental outdoor pieces. Writer R. Lee O’Neill said of Price’s focus, “Indeed, Tony Price, is almost singular in his ability and need to translate the human significance of the Atomic Bomb Age into terms that can reach a visceral understanding for most of his fellow men. Through initial attempts to turn atomic bomb waste material into household items and furniture (an effort to domesticate the tiger) to the abstrac-

tions that evolved, this lovely man, this tortured artist, this agonized human being has created a body of work that is the ultimate talisman, the Rosetta Stone of a modern conundrum.”⁵

Through the early 1970s Price showed his work at various galleries in the area including Hill’s Gallery, one of the few venues for contemporary art in Santa Fe at that time. In 1975, Price met the illustrious art dealer, R. C. Israel, who began representing him at his Gallery of New Mexico in Santa Fe and who persuaded Price to show his work with that of other regional sculptors in an exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts. (About this time he was prompted by the discovery of radiation on one of his pieces to begin collecting Geiger counters so that he could check all his materials for radiation. All works in this exhibition have been certified by the New Mexico Environment Department to be non-radioactive).

In 1978 Price met a young artist named Donna Lubell, with whom he lived for twelve years and produced two children, Zara (born in 1979) and Jed (1986). To support his family, Price sold his stone carvings at the Santa Fe flea market while his Atomic Art pieces were collected by many of the couple’s friends, family and others. Price continued to buy materials from the Los Alamos salvage yard to create more and more Atomic Art at his home and studio in Santa Fe. He had to: This work would always be more compelling for him than the stone carvings and bronzes of southwestern imagery he created for quick sale.

Price’s outdoor works were shown at Shidoni Gallery in Tesuque in the early 1980s, and in 1982 the avant-garde RoseMont Gallery in Santa Fe, operated by his longtime friends Monte Raney and Rosé Cohen, presented one of the artist’s most significant public shows to date, in a space previously occupied by the prestigious Heydt/Bair gallery in Santa Fe.



Price at home in Santa Fe with children Zara and Jed and wife Donna Lubell, c. 1988. Photograph by Peter Menzel.



James Rutherford and Jim Arender accompany truckload of Atomic Art to Battery Park in New York City, c. 1983. Courtesy of the Estate of Tony Price.

The Last S.A.L.T. Talks: A Trophy for the Winners of the Next Nuclear War (detail); onstructed from salvage from Los Alamos National Laboratory. Installation in Battery Park, New York City, c. 1983. Courtesy of the Estate of Tony Price.



That same year, award-winning filmmakers Glen Silber and Claudia Vianello, completed their documentary on Price entitled “Atomic Artist”⁶ and a preview showing was held during the exhibition. (The film was aired nationally on PBS in 1986.)

In 1983, Price embarked on one of his most ambitious ventures yet. With an invitation from the City of New York, Price loaded a semi-trailer with several tons of Atomic Art and set out for Battery Park. There he installed “Atomic Wind Chimes” and his grouping of metallic superpowers entitled “The Last S.A.L.T. Talks: A Trophy For The Winners of The Next Nuclear War” next to large stone tablets bearing the names of war dead. The installation garnered significant media coverage, including a piece by CNN and an article in *The New York Times* with a quotation from Parks Commissioner Henry Stern who said “It’s good, art as a statement. And it’s very appropriate next to the war memorial. In the next war there won’t be any memorial.”⁷

Concurrent with this public display, Price opened an exhibition of smaller sculptures in a space in SoHo that was offered to him by arts patron Ann Maytag and that he dubbed the “Atomic Art Gallery.” It was a popular exhibition with several notables in the art and entertainment world, as well as many of Price’s old friends, and a profitable one for him. Among those who purchased his works were Diane Von Furstenberg, Anthony Quinn, John Phillip Law and Michael Green. The dual project in New York was a defining moment for Price.

BACK IN NEW MEXICO, Price reassembled “The Last S.A.L.T. Talks,” and in 1985 author Cree McCree saw the work and called the “post-apocalyptic conference of metallic diplomats . . . perhaps Price’s most ambitious work to date.” Of his gallery home she wrote: “On the walls hang a series of masks:

some playful, some beautiful, others as sinister as untimely death. Like the primitive masks that inspired them, they run the gamut of human experience. Below the masks are the counterparts of Hopi Kachinas. One of them, a fanciful creature with a dragon tail, holds out a beggars bowl. A wandering mendicant that has survived the Holocaust, it is entitled 'Begging For Plutonium.' Price's humor hurts."⁸

Writer William Hart also felt the humor: "He has tried to reconcile the 'technology of death' with a sort of sardonic spiritualism, to shape scraps of precision metal-craft into modern icons infused with a grim whimsy that befits the nuclear age."⁹

The summer of 1986 summer brought more exhibitions: he was the featured artist at the Telluride Ideas Festival and at the Governor's Gallery at the New Mexico State Capitol, where there was a major exhibition of Atomic Art to coincide with the 40th anniversary of the first atomic bomb test. The show was well received by the public and art critics including David Bell, who wrote that it was 'a surprising show on a number of counts, not the least of which is its location. . . [where] it automatically takes on the character of a political as well as artistic statement. Artistically, the issue with all the works is the same. It has to do with achieving a balance of materials, process, form, subject and ideological content."¹⁰ In another review, writer Harrison Sudborough reasoned that "art historians or historical anthropologists may well consider Price's sculptural icons to be the prime artwork of this age."¹¹

And then came "MegaVision," the brainchild of Russian activist Joseph Goldin, who invited Santa Fe to be one of several cities to participate in the 1988 exhibition. The worldwide event coincided with the beginning of Mikhail Gorbachev's policy of Glasnost and Perestroika, his program of economic, political and social reform. The Santa Fe component, held in



the rotunda of the State Capitol, was part of simultaneous satellite uplinks with other public gatherings in other participating cities and featured the San Juan Pueblo Eagle Dancers, the St. Francis Cathedral Choir, the poetry of Native American artist Harold Littlebird and Tony Price, accompanied by his family, playing his nuclear gongs.

The next several years comprised a most important period in Price's career, and also one of the most difficult personally. In 1989 a group of Price's friends and associates established a non-profit organization called TENGAM (magnet in reverse, but also, as Tibetans explained, a word that trans-

Megavision, global "Space Bridge" event at the New Mexico State Capitol, Santa Fe, c. 1988. Photograph © Lisa Law.

lates as “the place within the temple where the most precious objects are kept”). The organization secured a gallery space in Santa Fe’s famous art district on Canyon Road that was owned by philanthropist Ed Bass and operated by an advocacy organization for Tibetan refugees called Project Tibet.

In the renovated *dojo*-turned-art-gallery space, Price installed more than a hundred pieces of Atomic Art, inside and in an adjacent sculpture garden. The gallery was supported by donations from visitors and individuals, sales of posters and various charitable events sponsored by the TENGAM board. Staffed by volunteers, and often by Price himself, the facility attracted thousands of visitors during more than two years of operation. In 1991 Price was honored with a visit by His Holiness Tenzin Gyatso, the fourteenth Dalai Lama of Tibet, who had come to bless the Project Tibet compound and who understood fully Price’s Atomic Art, saying, “Tony Price is

very clever. He has done something useful with something that is not useful.”

Also during this period, John Allen and others involved with the conception and development of Biosphere 2,¹² a project then underway in Oracle, Arizona, approached Price because his work corresponded to the philosophy behind the project. As Allen explained:

Characteristically, [the project] attracted people from, what I would generically say, the avant-garde and the particular people it attracted were Tony in sculpture, William Burroughs in writing, Ornette Coleman in music. There were others. They saw it and they added to it. The biospherics is a new way of organizing human sensibility, which is the way or style in which the senses are organized for manifestation. Tony’s sculpture. . . added to the project a great deal because on a certain level the materials he dealt with were non-natural, so they were what humans have done with the world of life by applying intelligence and technics. These materials are ambiguous and double-edged. That is, they can destroy a great deal of biosphere or they can be used to enhance it when used for artistic purposes. Biosphere 2 as a project presents a challenge of making humans realize that they are a part of this whole of which we emerge and we are participants in and at the same time we have the capacity to injure. This is where Tony thought his atomic sculptures had a place. It’s definitely a living art.

The group negotiated for the purchase and lease of a sizeable collection of works in Atomic Art, and Price began installing numerous pieces on the sprawling facility including his large “Atomic Dorje”

Price and son Jed greet Tenzin Gyatso, the Fourteenth Dalai Lama of Tibet at TENGAM in the Project Tibet Compound, Santa Fe, New Mexico, c. 1991. Photograph by Bob Shaw.





fountain and the final incarnation of his “Last S.A.L.T. Talks” piece. The works have since been seen by millions of visitors to the popular Arizona destination in the last decade, making Price’s permanent Biosphere 2 exhibition another of his finest artistic triumphs.

A low point in Price’s life came with the breakup of his relationship with Lubell, who had moved with their children to Reserve, New Mexico. In order to be close to his son and daughter, Price used funds he received from the Biosphere 2 project to purchase a small piece of land and construct a studio and display room near Reserve. He spent more than two years meticulously reassembling his collection of Atomic Art and working on a new group of masks. Separated from most of his friends and unable to

find any real allies in this small ranching community, he would spend hours making music on his guitar and piano tuning boards and creating sculpture. He also began experimenting in the computer design program Adobe®Photoshop® to produce elaborate digital drawings, which are among the last artworks he created.

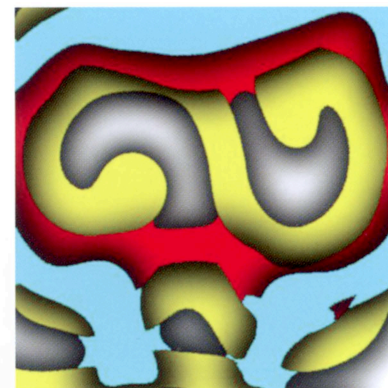
IN THE FALL of 1998, Price suffered a major stroke and, after being hospitalized for several months, was moved into a small apartment in Santa Fe provided by longtime friend, Norma Cross (daughter of renowned artist, Doris Cross). Friends of Price rallied to his aid and a major auction was held in Santa Fe to raise money for his care. Despite the attention of his doctors, nurses, and friends, the severe nature of the stroke prevented him from any substantial recovery.

Tony Price died peacefully the morning of March 2, 2000, during a beautiful spring snowfall.

At a memorial near Santa Fe, this artist, musician, iconoclast and dreamer was honored by hundreds, among them David Lubell, who said: “Tony was truly one of the most extraordinarily gifted and creative human beings I would ever have the pleasure of knowing.”

It was Price’s wish that his remaining collection of 144 pieces of Atomic Art stay together. They have, and now plans are underway to create a permanent home for this important body of work that remains as relevant today as when it was created.

Nashville, 2002

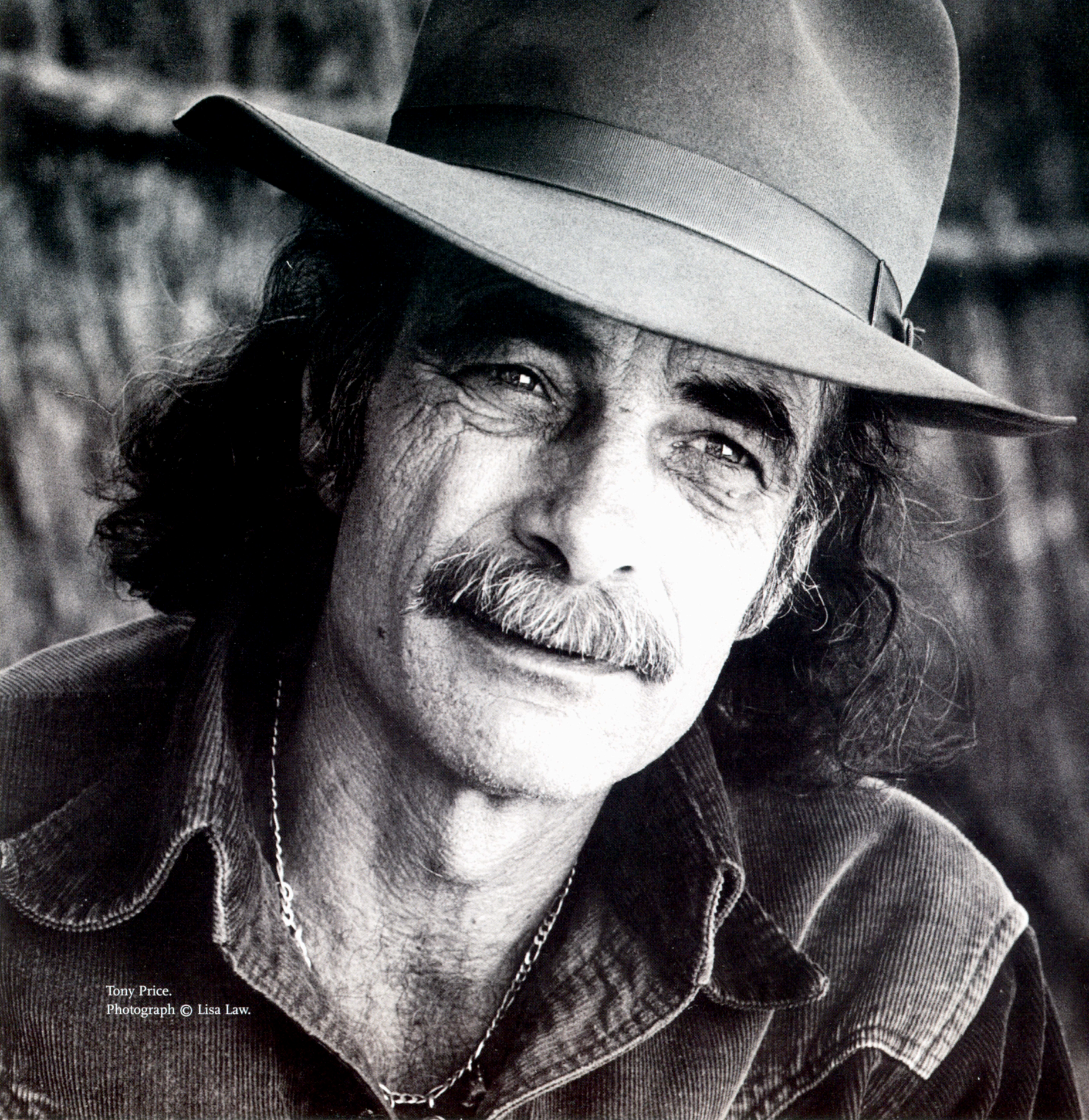


Tony Price, digital painting, c. 1998.

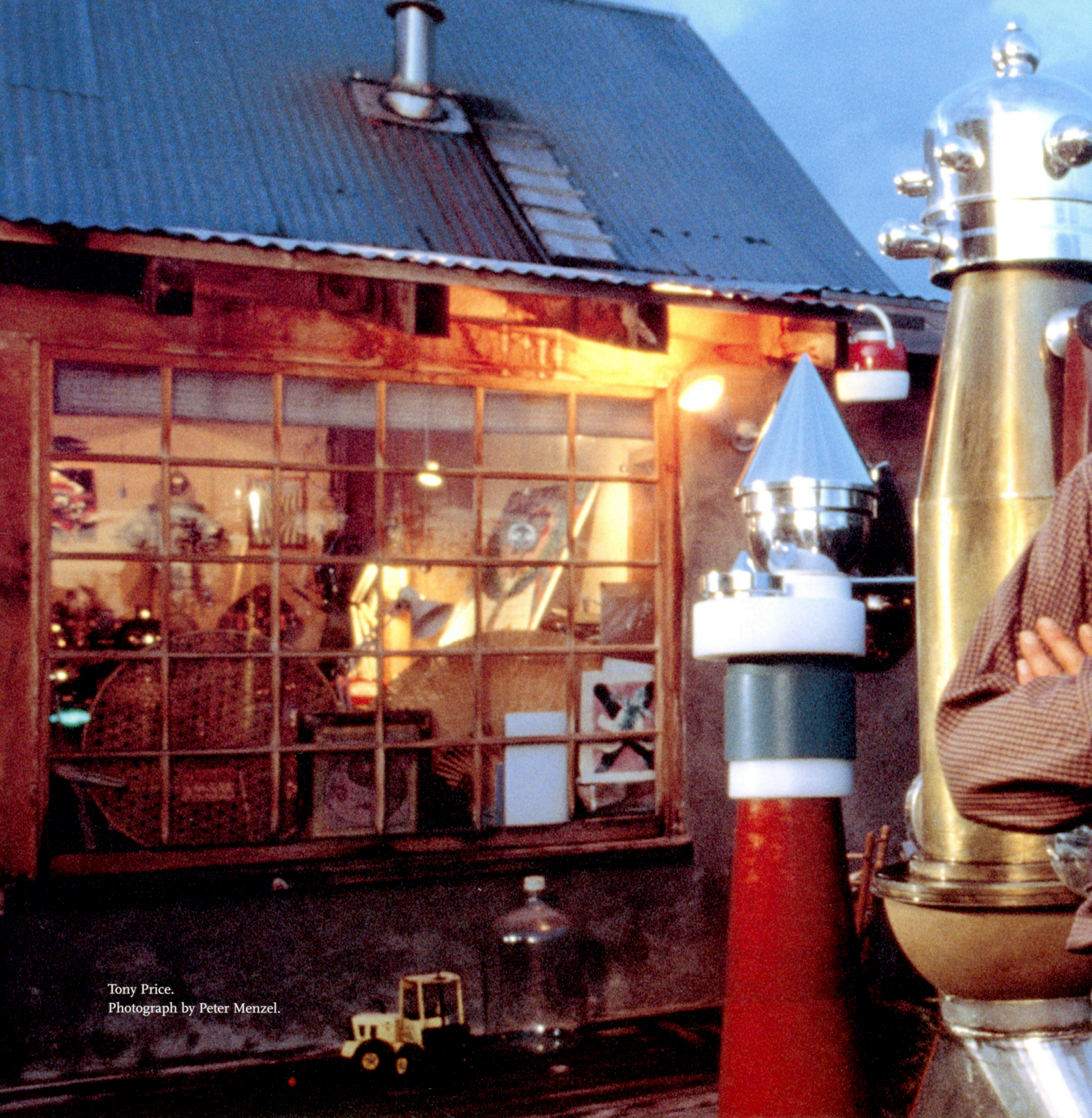
Installation of Atomic Art at Biosphere 2 in Oracle, Arizona, c. 1994. Courtesy of Marie Harding and Deborah Synder.

Unless otherwise noted, all quotes from Wavy Gravy, Godfrey Reggio, Stuart Ashman, Morty Breier, Jonathan Richards, John Allen, Rosé Cohen and Ted Price are taken from interviews conducted by James Rutherford between May and November 2002.

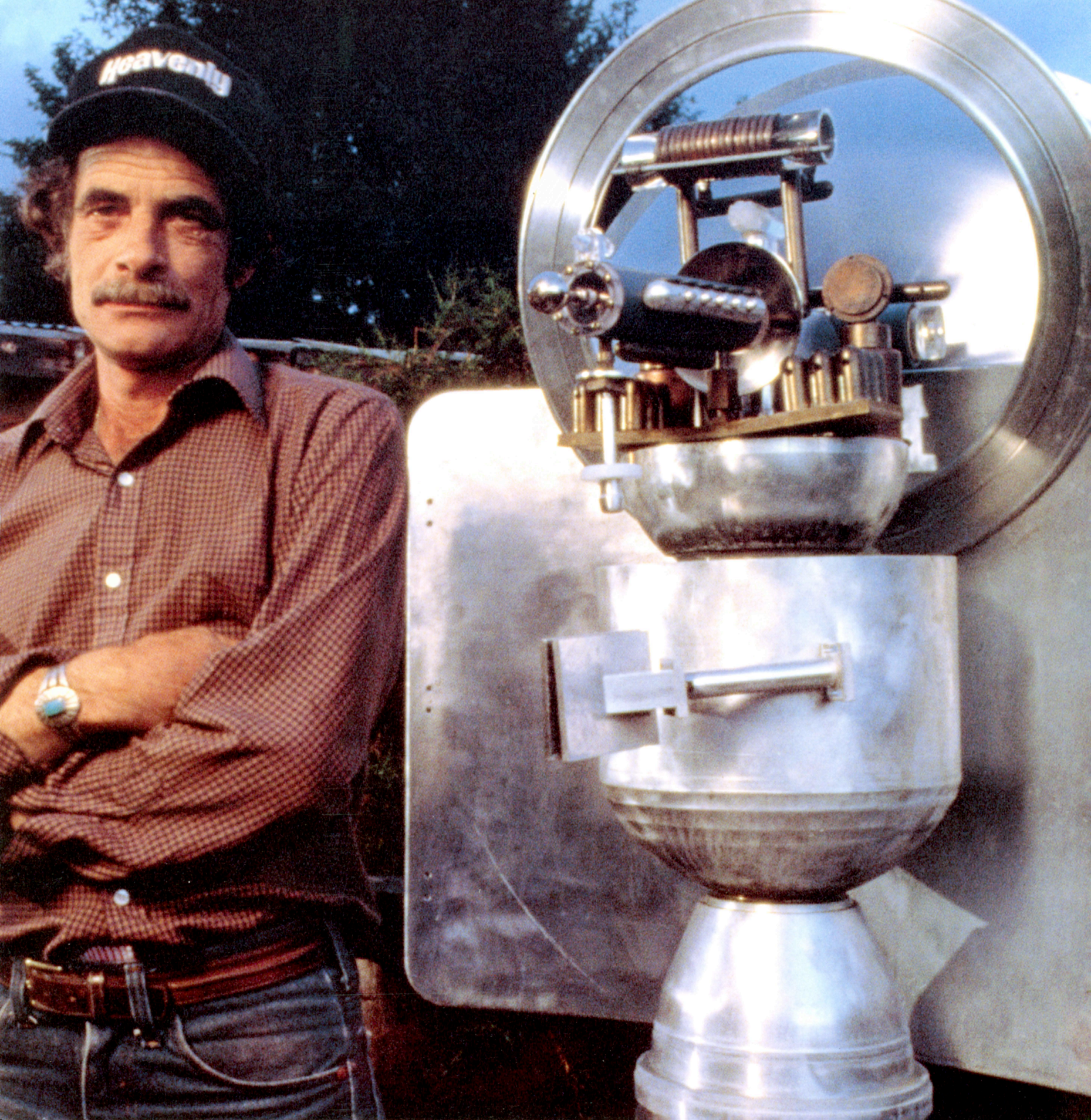
1. Tony Price, 7/16/85 statement on the 40th anniversary of the first Atomic Bomb test. Poster for Governor's Gallery exhibition.
2. Tony Price, 7/16/85 statement.
3. From "Atomic Artist," a 1982 film by Claudia Vianello and Glen Silber.
4. Stuart Ashman, now secretary of the New Mexico Department of Cultural Affairs, is the former director of the Museum of Fine Arts in Santa Fe.
5. "Tony Price: Artist of the Atomic Arsenal" by R. Lee O'Neill; *Industry & Commerce: A Journal of Useful Information*, December 1981.
6. From "Atomic Artist," a 1982 film by Claudia Vianello and Glen Silber.
7. "New York—Day by Day," by Susan Heller Anderson, Maurice Carroll; *The New York Times*, September 1983.
8. "The Arts / Sculpture," by Cree McCree; *Omni Magazine*, June 1985.
9. "The Bomb Dominates Artist's Work," by William Hart; *Dallas Morning News*, November 3, 1985.
10. "Atomic Art" Exhibit Site Just One Unusual Aspect," by David Bell; *Albuquerque Journal*, September 20, 1986.
11. "Creating Art From The Cradle of Atomic Age Weapons Scrap," by Harrison Sudborough; *Santa Fe New Mexican, Pasatiempo*, September 12, 1986.
12. Biosphere 2 Center is now a nonprofit education and research affiliate of Columbia University, one of eight centers in the Earth Institute at Columbia University.



Tony Price.
Photograph © Lisa Law.



Tony Price.
Photograph by Peter Menzel.





by JAMES RUTHERFORD

*A*RT HAS A POWER ALL ITS OWN. Created in the mind and with the hands of an artist, works of art are born of original intentions that are soon replaced by other interpretations, new meanings imparted by those who see the work from myriad personal perspectives. Beyond the artist's reach, the art itself begins to create an even deeper, complex significance, nourished by those with whom it connects.

Tony Price put his full trust in his own artistic motivation and in the power of art to further his message when he created "Atomic Art." Price wanted first to connect with people. That he did. Price's art then went on to speak for itself. And it is heard.

Because of a body of work that he produced over more than thirty years, Price is an artist to consider among others whose work "is defined by the act of recovering and transforming the detritus of



Price's studio at Reserve, New Mexico.
Photograph by Bob Palmer.

the industrial age into hand made objects of renewed meaning, utility, devotion, and sometimes arresting beauty," wrote folklorist Suzanne Sheriff. "What unites each of these transforming artisans is an ability to perceive in Western things certain possibilities of human value that the manufacturers never envisioned."¹ In cultures all over the world one can find examples of artists utilizing industrial discards to make art but it is the specific intention behind Price's work and his chosen materials that may distinguish his work from others, or as museum director Stuart Ashman put it: "(Tony's) a recycler, but he recycled with a purpose."

It's all of Los Alamos scrap, which Price described as "a kind of pure art in itself, since you are dealing with a harmonic principle of nuclear physics."

By working with salvage obtained from this country's nuclear weapons program, the materials become an integral part of Price's statement and contribute to the many layers of meaning we

find in his work. As he explained: "It's a little bit like sympathetic magic and how you would take an object and endow it with another type of creative energy from the purpose it was originally meant for. To take something that was really negative and build it into something positive."²

"It's all stuff somebody pulls out of the ground, beats it into shape," Price once said. "Some worship it, some explode it, and somewhere along the line, somebody's allowed and heavily financed to produce this thing that's going to stop the future."³

Price's ability to wrest a different kind of energy from these materials confirms the idea that "recycling—or the process of borrowing, quoting, and recontextualizing objects, images, and ideas—is the best metaphor for the way in which meaning is constructed and understood in our contemporary world," a concept put forth by Joanne Cubbs and Eugene Metcalf, Jr.⁴

The juxtaposition of "primitive" iconography and modern materials in Price's work was a way of building a bridge between his world and the traditions of ancient cultures.⁵ This overlaying of symbols connects him to many of the important artists of the twentieth century who were also being influenced by "primitive" art. This influence is traced to the beginning of the 1900s, when artists began to assimilate "primitive" iconography into their own work, and continues to the present.

"It is generally said that Primitive or tribal art was 'discovered' sometime around 1905 by a group of French artists who later became known as the Fauves—Matisse, Derain, and Vlaminck," wrote art history professor Jack.⁶ The kind of object-to-object relationship we see in many of Price's works illustrate a specific connection to early twentieth-century artists like Pablo Picasso and Paul Klee, who created many works during this period that often bore the same kind of relationship. Although the materials and the

purposes for invoking the energy of these “primitive” objects changed with the times, the resulting resonance with deep ancient rituals remains constant.

In America, Alfred Steiglitz recognized Native Americans “as the native New World exotic”⁷ as early as 1903 and many artists, writers, and patrons in his circle eventually focused for a time on the American Indian. Among them were Man Ray, Arthur Dove, John Marin, Paul Rosenfeld, William Carlos Williams, and Mabel Dodge. Native American imagery began to appear in Marsden Hartley’s work around 1912 at the same time the early German expressionists were also beginning to interpret this iconography. Among them was Emil Nolde, whose paintings and drawings of Hopi kachinas were first seen around 1911. Tony Price began incorporating kachina imagery into his own work after living for a time at Hopi in the late 1960s and continued throughout his career.

“The nuclear sculptures shaped into our American Indian Kachina masks—these spiritual energy images—plug into the vast amounts of native Indian energy lying stored up in the Americas for centuries,” Price stated at the opening of an exhibition of “Atomic Art.”⁸ Today, a new generation of Native American artists is continuing to incorporate kachina imagery in their work. Although their experiences with this iconography is more direct, their contemporary interpretations, like Price’s, also seek to invoke the energy represented by these subjects. Since the true spirituality of a kachina cannot be seen by a non-native person, such artists as Dan Namingha (Hopi) and Tony Abeyta (Navajo) use modern materials and techniques to create new visual languages that are perhaps more accessible to the outsider.

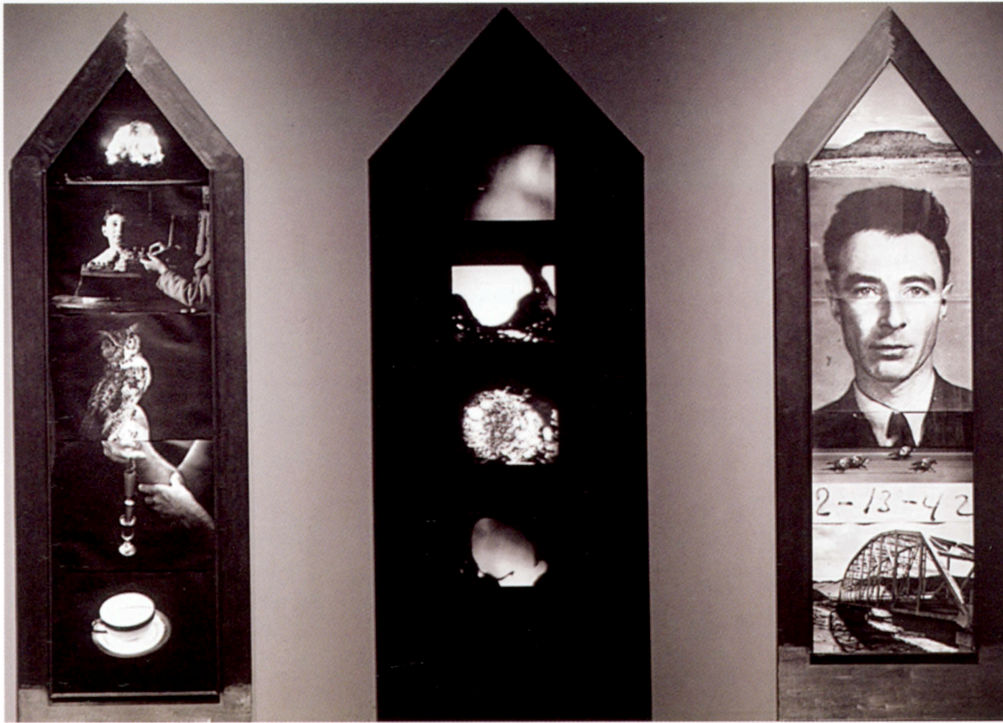
American artists’ fascination with primitivism continued through the 1940s in abstract expressionism, fueled by the new realization that man-

kind now faced the threat of total destruction at any time. During this period, “there is a rapid movement away from representation and a movement towards expressing the angst of an entire generation. [The “Trinity” explosion] underscored the fact that New Mexico was no longer an isolated cultural entity, but was really part of a global modern phenomena,” said Joseph Traugott, curator of twentieth-century art at the Museum of Fine Arts in Santa Fe. “[Artists in that post-war period were] really trying to come to grips with the meaning of the events of World War II and the meaning of the nuclear age and the kind of terrible uncertainties that the Cold War had brought to the world.”

Traugott’s words were echoed by independent film director Godfrey Reggio: “Nuclear technology



Nuclear Kachina installation at Biosphere 2, Oracle, Arizona, c. 1993. Courtesy of Deborah Snyder and Marie Harding.



Archimedes Chamber, Meridel Rubenstein and Ellen Zweig (with technical assistance by the Vasulkas). From the collaborative project CRITICAL MASS: *Archimedes Chamber* 1990-3, 12' x 12' x 12' (including outer portal). Collection of Museum of Fine Arts, Museum of New Mexico.

has exploded our way of life—exploded the human center of gravity—shot us out into some sort of technological void.”

From this time forward, “It was argued that only an art based in the deepest instinctual life, and concerned with emotions of primal distress, could provide appropriate expression for the age,” wrote Kirk Varnedoe, for thirteen years chief curator of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art.⁹

“Though the Bomb has not destroyed the world,” wrote Octavio Paz. “It has destroyed our idea of the world. The critique of mythology undertaken by philosophy since the Renaissance becomes the critique of philosophy: time may be consumed in a ball of fire that will put an end all at once to the dialectics of mind and the evolution of species, the republic of equals and the tower of superman, the monologue of phenomenology and that of analytic philosophy. We are rediscovering a feeling that the Aztecs, Hindus, and Christians of the year 1000

were never without. Technology begins as a negation of the world and ends as an image of the destruction of the world.”¹⁰

During the sixties and seventies, New Mexico saw a huge influx of newcomers who brought with them their own ideals, consciousness, and aesthetics. What they encountered there was a culture and a landscape that was full of contradictions. “The contradictions of the nuclear age, combined with native peoples living traditional lives as they have done for centuries, are contradictions that are unique to New Mexico,” said Traugott. These contradictions provided fertile ground for Price and numerous other artists of his generation like Woody and Steina Vasulka and Judy Chicago, and among a subsequent generation of artists such as Meridel Rubenstein, Patrick Nagatani, and Erika Wanenmacher. They are among many who have responded to the nuclear issues that are unavoidable in New Mexico and each in his or her own way has sought to release some of the darkness of the nuclear threat. Like Price, they have often gone to what Price called “the heart of the nuclear beast”¹¹ to source their inspiration, and often their materials and imagery.

Meridel Rubenstein and Ellen Zweig incorporate the sounds of Price’s sculptures into their work about scientist Robert Oppenheimer, “Archimedes’ Chamber.”*

“If you boiled it down,” said Rubenstein, “there’s this amazing binary of different mythologies going on on the Pajarito Plateau—the myth of eternal return with the indigenous peoples and then the myth of the end of the world with the scientists that have come here. There’s a weird fable being enacted. We’ve got this population coming through in flight from Europe butting up against the ancient culture. Tony’s sculptures embody all of these ideas at once. (He) was a great influence on us.”

The images and history of Los Alamos recur in

many of their multi-media works. “The lab isn’t all dark and native people aren’t all light,” added Rubenstein. “Once you engage that binary then it’s a little more active. It’s not as gloomy. It allows you to see the forces at play. In time and history, they’re always at play.”

THE LOCATION OF the Los Alamos National Laboratory, among some of the richest ancient Native American sites in the world is, in itself, a connection to older and larger myths. One of the most sacred sites of the Tewa people is located adjacent to the site of some of the early Manhattan Project sites that are now off-limits, restricted areas. The Avanu petroglyphs of the plumed serpent “Quetzal” are said to be the guardian of the waters and the Tewa’s most sacred spring. The story of Avanu is that it is the guardian of land and water. If the people do not take care of the land and water, Avanu will turn the water to fire. This juxtaposition of incredible beauty and ancient myths was not lost on original Lab scientist Robert Oppenheimer whose knowledge of mythology inspired many of the original project names (“Trinity” etc.). He was the connection to the mythological world, and his role as this kind of axis mundi is evidenced by the quote from the Bhagavad-Gita he is said to have uttered after the first Atomic Bomb blast at Trinity Site:

If the radiance of a thousand suns
Were to burst at once into the sky
That would be like the splendor
Of the Mighty One...
I am become Death,
The shatterer of worlds

The eerie quality of the real places of this country’s nuclear programs, provide the perfect backdrop for artist Patrick Nagatani’s visual vignettes. In his series “Nuclear Enchantment,” the artist plays upon the contradictions and ironies of life in America for a Japanese-American family. Commenting on the hostage situation in which nuclear weapons place us all, Nagatani wrote, “The balance of terror has kept the peace for the past thirty-five years . . . but thirty-five years is just too short a run on which to base our probability judgments, given the unacceptability of even very small probabilities of such a very great horror.”¹² Like Price, Nagatani uses humor effectively to prevent his work from being dismissed as being as too heavy or political, which allows the viewer to “think about the work from multiple perspectives,” commented Traugott. As Eugenia Parry Janis wrote, in his photos, Nagatani “assumes the role of high priest who contrives to suggest, through elaborate pictorial miserere, a gradual numbing of awareness to what nuclear power means.”¹³

“Power, violence, and the consequences of both”¹⁴ are among the themes artist Judy Chicago has dealt with in her work “Powerplay” (1982– 1986). It expresses a belief, shared by Price and others, that “no men should . . . have a power that no human being should have—the power to destroy the planet. Who could handle the burden of that much responsibility? . . . It would drive one mad, literally power-mad. Some men are victims of that—they can’t help themselves, can’t stop.”¹⁵

Iterating this theme of ultimate power, scientist-turned-anti-nuclear activist Ed Grothus said: “The bottom line, as far as I’m concerned, is that no one should have the power to destroy a million people in a microsecond. There isn’t any reason sufficient to do that kind of thing. Anything that makes people more aware I think is good.”¹⁶ Price also felt that scientists who create nuclear weapons



Koshare/Tewa Ritual Clown—White Sands Missile Range by Patrick Nagatani. Composite image from *Nuclear Enchantment: Photographs by Patrick Nagatani*, The University of New Mexico Press, 1991.



Ed Grothus. Photograph © Lisa Law.

have become “so caught up in what they were doing, they seemed to forget about the consequences. The scientists did not police themselves.”¹⁷

Artist/collaborators Woody and Steina Vasulka first met Tony in the early 1980s while working on a project with artist Brad Smith. “We had been here just four or five months and Woody turns to (Smith) and says, ‘We find you such a remarkable artist, is there anybody else like you in this region?’ He said ‘Yes, there’s one, hop into the car,’ and we drove to Tony’s,” recalled Woody. This meeting was to be the beginning of a long, interconnected relationship of regulars at the salvage sales in Los Alamos. “Over the years I collected similar stuff for slightly different purposes, but in fact it was very much related. Eventually it became a cyclos of work called ‘The Brotherhood’ that’s basically a dialogue with war, with a kind of brotherhood of man and construction of the war weaponry. All the sinister parts of extended computer machinery. So that was a united kind of

motif. Of course most of what we were around was in some way associated with technology and technology of death.”

In this work Woody would approach the subject from a male point of view: “You have to admit that we men are involved with the war machine so intimately that with this love we also have to add that dislike and rejection to it; [however,] once it becomes quality art, it loses its gender.”

Nuclear history is an important theme of Woody’s project “Art of Memory,” a multi-media work that is, he said, “in a way dedicated to the Atomic era. It is kind of a recapitulation of the first time I looked back at history, because I was always looking forward to the future.”

Although the Vasulkas did not use the nuclear materials in exactly the way Price did, the two shared an appreciation for Tony and his decision to work with them. In Steina’s words: “To me, Tony was first and foremost the artist and the craftsman. And the material, just like in our art and our colleague’s art, we have always been in close dialogue with the material. And we succumb to the material. Of course the way (Tony) saw it was atomic and so therefore he had to converse with that. And most people were taken aback by that but not me personally. I was taken aback by the craftsmanship and the vision.”

“There is this mystery of the other mythical world,” added Woody, “which was just communicating with him through these artifacts and had something to do with his inner aesthetics.”

New Mexico’s nuclear presence is among the themes artist Erika Wanenmacher explores in her mixed media constructions. “Because I work on these sort of narratives that are a lot of times archetypal narratives, and mythic narratives, and large story narratives, or personal narratives, I think the nuclear mythology is a little more subtle than some of the other ones because it’s a fairly new myth—the idea

that you can destroy the world. If you're here for any length of time as an artist that narrative starts to open up and in a way it's a really fascinating story.

"At first I sort of approached it with that 'oooh evil scientist, oooh they're bad—we're good,' kind of thing. Then, when you start reading about the story of the Manhattan Project, I really came to realize it's really a story of human creativity and that the nexus point of the bomb was pretty much inevitable, there were so many people aiming for it. In a way it really is sort of one of those archetypal bouts of dark and light. It also has this really interesting aspect to it—the creative search—that I really could respond to. It really at times takes over my brain—that whole story of it. The deeper mythic levels that we're involved in, in this state, the ancient myths of the cultures here that have been sensitive to that."

Wanenmacher drew inspiration and a type of lineage from Price and his work, as have others: "The commitment that he made to telling that story was really inspiring to me. He really set his path to do that. It's like having forerunners and feeling like I'm another one of those people in the line that's trying to tell the story. It really is a continuum and I think that's the way of storytellers. It's not an oral tradition; it's a pictorial tradition. Maybe in a way we're in that same tradition as the people who made the petroglyph."

AN AFFIRMATION OF our humanity and the transformational power of art, Price's "Atomic Art" is, in Godfrey Reggio's words, "an attempt at a compassion for the suffering that's going on on this planet." In the context of today's dialogue about "weapons of mass destruction," Price's artistic vision is a guiding force to make a judgment and take a stand against the technology of death.

"My prayer is that nuclear energy systems be

dismantled and the technology of such be forgotten," Price said. "For radioactivity is a dead-end path to nothingness. God has given us a nuclear system to use, but His wisdom has placed it beyond our reach in the sun, not on our earth. So it seems a big test is at hand. Can we put away our fear of each other? Can we become earthlings? If we can become earthlings, a fantastic prize awaits us."¹⁸

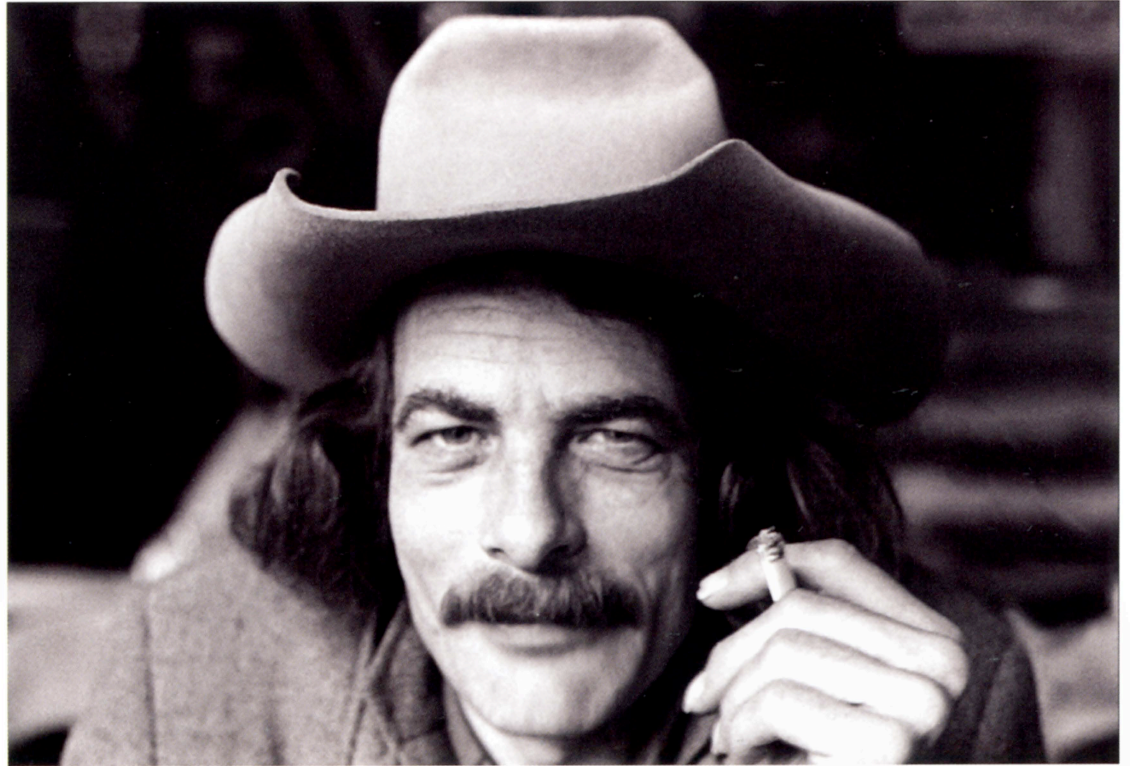
—Nashville, 2002

JAMES RUTHERFORD is the former Director of the Museum of New Mexico Governor's Gallery and a former board member of the Capitol Art Foundation and Hispanic Cultural Center. He currently resides in Nashville, Tennessee, where he served as Assistant Director of Special Projects for the Tennessee State Museum before founding NEWARTSWEB.com to provide art advocacy, sales, and curator services to individuals and institutions.

Unless otherwise noted, all quotes from Joseph Traugott, Wavy Gravy, Godfrey Reggio, Stuart Ashman, Meridel Rubenstein, Woody and Steina Vasulka, and Erika Wanenmacher are taken from interviews conducted by James Rutherford between May and November 2002.

* Meridel Rubenstein and Ellen Zweig (with technical assistance by the Vasulkas) From the collaborative project CRITICAL MASS: Archimedes Chamber, 1990–3, 12 x 12 x 12 ft including outer portal: "If Archimedes," four-channel, synchronized video work, with poetic text by Ellen Zweig (from the collection of Museum of Fine Arts, Museum of New Mexico) and "Oppenheimer/ Archimedes #1 & 2," two columns of five palladium prints, each with steel frames each 101 x 32 x 1/2 inches, shown on either side of the video column. Interior: a dark room with video projection device (mini-TV, lens system, mirror) video image projected onto round screen on floor, 5-ft diameter.

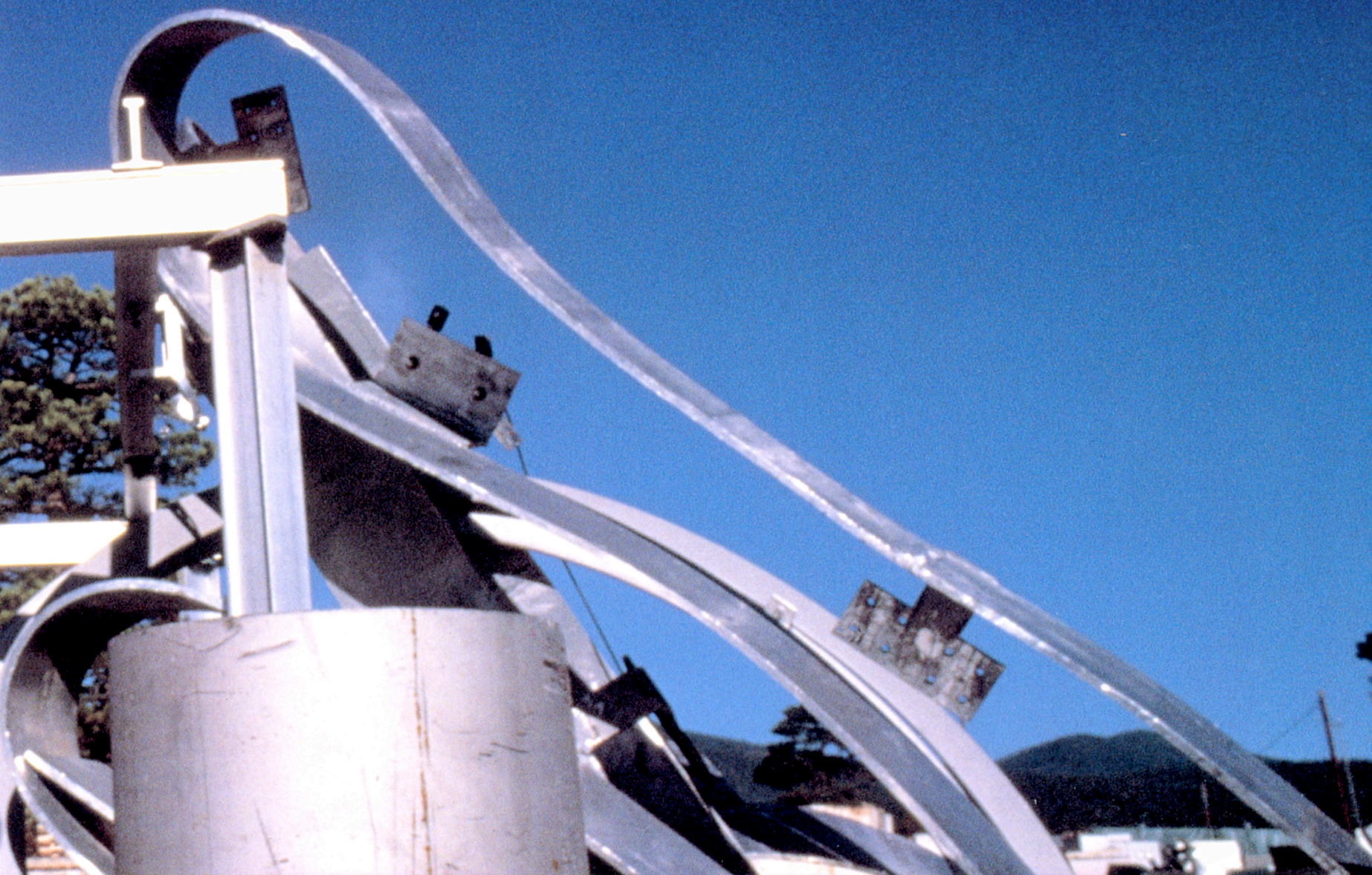
1. "Folk Art From the Global Scrap Heap: The Place of Irony in the Politics of Poverty," by folklorist and curator Suzanne Seriff, from *From Recycled, Re-Seen: Folk Art from the Global Scrap Heap*. New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., in association with the Museum of International Folk Art, Santa Fe, a unit of the Museum of New Mexico, 1996.
2. From "Atomic Artist," a 1982 film by Claudia Vianello and Glen Silber.
3. Tony Price, 7/16/85 statement on the 40th anniversary of the first Atomic Bomb test. Poster for the Governor's Gallery exhibition.
4. "Sci-Fi machines and bottle Cap Kings: The Recycling Strategies of Self-Taught Artists and the Imaginary Practice of Contemporary Consumption," by Joanne Cubbs and Eugene Metcalf, Jr. From *Recycled, Re-Seen: Folk Art from the Global Scrap Heap*. New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., in association with the Museum of International Folk Art, Santa Fe, a unit of the Museum of New Mexico, 1996.
5. The word "primitive" is used as a generalized term for the art referred to in this essay to describe more or less non-centralized societies with simple technologies. It is not meant to imply many of the negative connotations often associated with the term.
6. "Matisse and the Fauves," by Jack Flam, distinguished professor of art history at Brooklyn College and at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York. From *Primitivism in the 20th Century*. New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1984.
7. "American Art," by Gail Levin, professor of art history at Baruch College and the Graduate Center of the City University of New York. From *Primitivism in the 20th Century*. New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1984.
8. Tony Price, 7/16/85 statement on the 40th anniversary of the first Atomic Bomb test. Poster for the Governor's Gallery exhibition.
9. "Abstract Expressionism," by Kirk Varnedoe, professor of the history of art in the School of Historical Studies at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, N.J., formerly chief curator of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art, New York. From *Primitivism in the 20th Century*. New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1984.
10. Octavio Paz, *Convergences: Essays on Art & Literature*, 1979, 1983, 1984. Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich.
11. From "Atomic Artist," a 1982 film by Claudia Vianello and Glen Silber.
12. Patrick Nagatani, *Nuclear Enchantment / Photographs by Patrick Nagatani* Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1991.
13. Essay by Eugenia Parry Janis. *Nuclear Enchantment / Photographs by Patrick Nagatani* Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1991.
14. Dr. Paula Harper, from a catalog on Judy Chicago. New York: ACA Galleries, July 1986.
15. Judy Chicago's description of her work "Powerplay" (1982-1986). From the Website www.judychicago.com
16. Ed Grothus quoted in "Atomic Artist," a 1982 film by Claudia Vianello and Glen Silber.
17. Tony Price, in an interview with Gay Dillingham, May 1998, Reserve, NM.
18. Tony Price, 7/16/85 statement on the 40th anniversary of the first Atomic Bomb test. Poster for the Governor's Gallery exhibition.

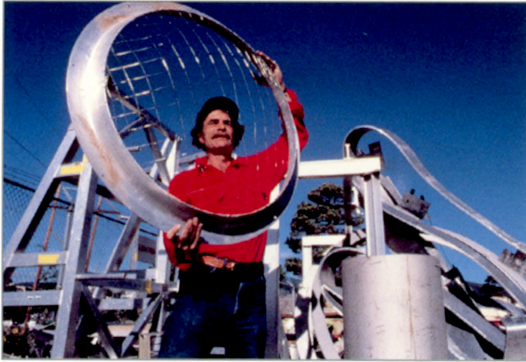


Tony Price at La Fonda, Santa Fe. Photograph
by Elliott McDowell.



Tony Price at weekly scrap sale in
Los Alamos National Laboratory.
Photograph by Peter Menzel.





by DOUGLAS KENT HALL

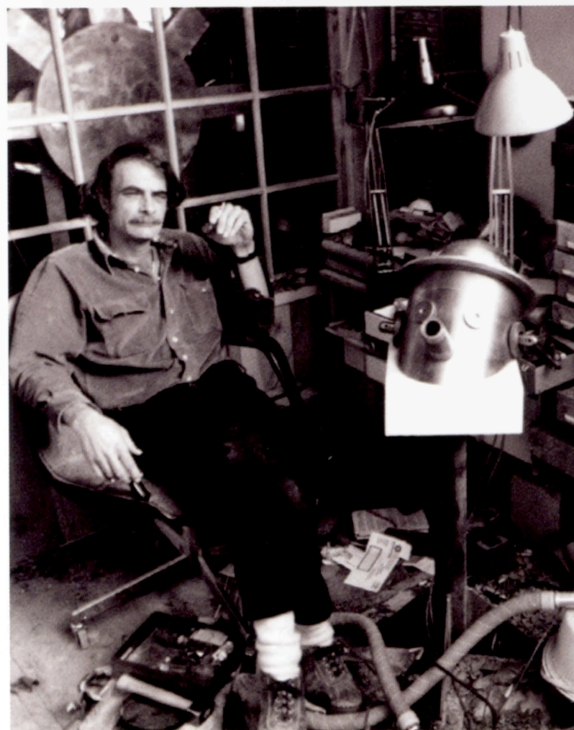
THE SIGNIFICANCE OF Tony Price's Atomic Art fused one Sunday morning as I drove from Albuquerque to his last studio in Reserve, New Mexico. It was the week of Balloon Fiesta, and the special craziness I associate with New Mexico was more pronounced than on most weekends. Wind had caught a number of balloons, and they were drifting south, dangerously on a course for the airport. A frenzy of chase trucks filled with support crews raced along I-25, shuttling illegally across the median in an attempt to reach the balloons, which were bumping down beside the freeway and in other unlikely places to avoid crossing the jet ways.

It is partly this sense of abandon, combined with the Indians, the sun and the wind, and the fact that the land here never stops singing, that has attracted artists to New Mexico. The list of those

modern era artists who came and chose to stay is formidable, including Andrew Dasburg and Georgia O’Keeffe, and more recent arrivals such as Bruce Nauman, Susan Rothenberg, Larry Bell, and Terry Allen. In Tony Price’s case the attraction was compounded by the proximity of Los Alamos—not so distant from the O’Keeffe landscape with its muted colors and mystical content—and a history that fed his lifelong obsession with The Bomb, a composite that ultimately spawned the project he called Atomic Art.

Crossing the Rio Grande near the Isleta Casino, the green belt of bosque cottonwoods continuing to run along the river to the side of the freeway, I slipped a CD of Price’s guitar music into the system. Traffic thinned out, the Albuquerque sprawl finally giving way to farm country. On the right a vineyard struggled. Then the dry emptiness of monochrome hills unfolded like a dream.

Tony Price in his studio in Santa Fe, New Mexico, c. 1986. Courtesy of the Estate of Tony Price.



What did I expect to find? I had brought a road map, a head full of facts and other people’s impressions of Price and his work. But Price had been dead two years.

When introducing Tony Price’s Atomic Art, it is tempting to allude to cybernetics and the possibility that the behavior of living organisms can be considered in the same breath and in the same terms as mechanical devices. This would have put Price in the forefront of innovative late twentieth-century sculpture; but while that seems a fitting and logical approach, it simply was not the case. Price, whose particular talent was considerable, had taken an entirely different, though no less consequential path.

Nonetheless, sculpture became his element, his context, and with that came certain considerations. Sculpture in the twentieth century kept casting about for validity, for a way of believing in itself. Marcel Duchamp challenged the whole system of traditional art with “ready-mades” exhibited as art and his creation of complex-but-nonfunctional machines; Jean Tinguely, with whom Price shared an affinity, presented the machine as travesty and used them as his canvass. Artistic inquiry ran to various quarters involving science and phenomenon. With *Télésculpture*, the Greek kinetic artist Takis demonstrated the aesthetic of magnetic levitation. Yves Klein experimented with gravity—or the lack thereof—in weightless, limitless spaces. A number of practitioners from the ’30s through the ’90s, including Robert Smithson, James Turrell, and Cristo, indulged in earthworks and other phenomena involving the environment. Alan Rath introduced his humanoid called *Voyeur*. Eric Orr made art of fire and water, the stuff you find piped into the kitchen; they merely needed to be unleashed in a grand fashion to show their fierce beauty. Technology had indeed entered art, particularly sculpture. There, technology was becoming the art and in so doing

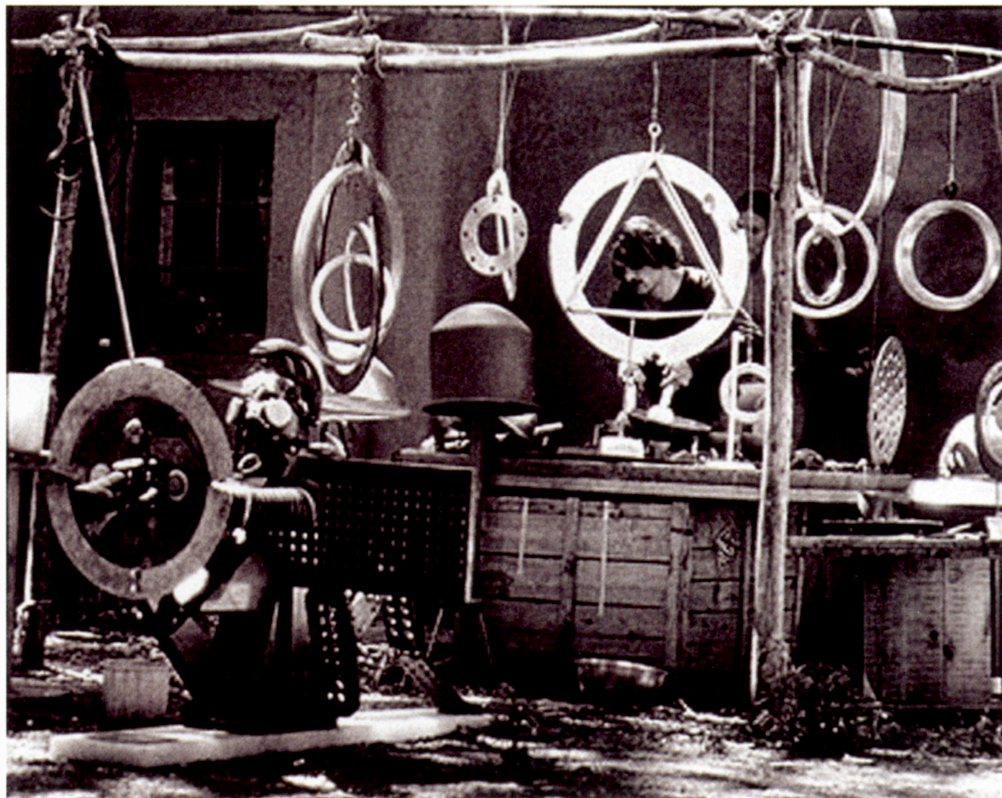
was gutting art of many familiar referents and setting it on a new, though no less tenuous, course. Again, Price was out of the loop.

In his fashion, Price developed a different system. He was a classicist using what seemed to be a futurist's materials. At a time when many sculptors had moved into minimalism, conceptualism, earthwork, and technology as a road away from the formalism that for centuries had held sculpture in its grasp, Price immersed himself in form and used it in a manner that took him around the constrictions that so annoyed his peers. Form became his voice and form defined his craft. He exercised the old tenets: materials, spatial considerations, dimension—all as if he had hired models, measuring them with his thumb or the handle of a number 4 brush.

The key to Price's method revealed itself in his music. Indeed, music played a vital role in his existence. The stories about him as he made his way around the globe, and through people's lives, recalled that he carried a guitar over his shoulder, which gave him the appearance of a modern-day Orpheus, the hypnotic Thracian whose music had the power to move even inanimate objects. In his musical experiments, Price bridged gaps and divides, creating his own high; he found a plateau where everything suddenly started to make sense.

The music machines Price created became a kind of metaphysical transport. At one point, he described his instruments and how they helped him gain inner harmony:

I build music boxes made of four walls and a ceiling of piano harps. I get inside it and play open guitar beginning with a basic harmonic. When it lines up as a pure harmonic, the energy produces an overtone. Then I line up the overtones and they split into two, four, eight, sixteen. To do this you have to totally listen to



what you're doing. Listening is surrendering to what you want to hear and puts you in the now. I've found that when you slow time in the now, you have a virtuality to explore.

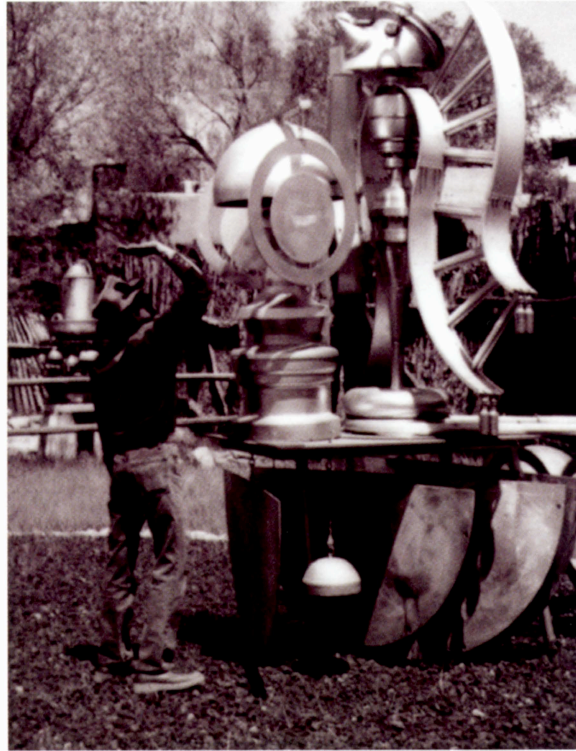
Tony Price playing atomic gongs in El Rancho with Tom Law. Photograph © Lisa Law, 1970.

On another occasion, he explained the process this way:

You crawled inside that little trapdoor on the right side—it was like crawling inside the gearbox of the Turing machine of music technology—and scraped and banged and rattled things until you couldn't tell the difference between you and the resonance of all those strings.

His reference is to the British mathematician Alan Turing, who first proposed *Turing machines* in an attempt to give a mathematically precise definition of algorithm or mechanical procedure.

Tony Price Playing *S.A.L.T. Talks*.
Photograph © Lisa Law.



At every stage of life, Price remained fluid, his mind open, grasping. His art was tribal—totem and stele—both emblem and symbol; and he created a tribe of gods who shared a common theme. I have no doubt that he spoke to them and they to him.

So much of Price's Atomic Art involves comic irony; one example is *Native Who Sold His Island For A Nuclear Test*. The piece suggests humor, but it is humor that rides a tide of terror and dread and carries a barb not easily forgotten.

If Price's work appears futuristic, the label misses the point. He was a curious example, a formalist plowing across a corner of the cyber world. The technology behind the making of the pieces he chose to use was phenomenal; but Price personally made none of it, nor did he order it or cause it to be made. He took fewer chances than almost any artist I can name; yet his art was all risk. Single-minded and deliberate in his method, he worked meticu-

lously, with a delicate precision in the way he chose the pieces and fitted them to his sculpture. In the end, they are so well put together that they could withstand the rigors of blast off [and reentry].

The obsession began when Price was eight years old, in Brooklyn. The atom bomb—first tested in New Mexico, then put into actual use in Hiroshima, and finally in Nagasaki—cast a cloud over his world; he declared in his writings that since those events people have been living as nuclear hostages. Certainly Price himself had become hostage to the bomb; and the condition authored his art.

Shortly after he arrived in New Mexico, whether he intended to stay or he was simply passing through on the journey that had kept him on the move for years, Price was taken to the Zia Sales Yard in Los Alamos and reconnected with his obsession. There, he discovered a stockpile of materials that would define his cause and consume his energies until the end of his life.

When Price made his first trip to Zia he experienced an epiphany. He found himself welcomed into the enemy camp; instead of being run off like some kind of traitor, he was offered the components he needed in his attempt to try and bring them down.

Price began creating his Atomic Art out of elements from cast off nuclear design and production pieces that he picked up in Los Alamos. They were found objects, though neither random nor inconsequential. That some came from totally unrelated and incompatible machines was beside the point. But what he found compelled him to make regular trips to the yard, and this weekly infusion of new pieces informed the vision that drove his days.

In many ways, Los Alamos puzzled Price. He was fascinated and bewildered by the fact that the first bomb had been made there, that everyone had

knowledge of it, that so few people objected to its existence and that still fewer protested the continued research on bomb making. That he could freely purchase the materials from this enterprise and put them to use in his own protest further perplexed him.

He turned up week after week to scavenge the detritus of Los Alamos National Laboratory. For him, the visits were like a Mass, one hour a week scrambling through waste at the altar of destruction. He chose things out of the cyber dump out of faith, not knowing how some of them would fit into his work in progress.

Future in Price's art is illusion. Working with parts made for a bomb, or taken from a computer, or out of the chemistry lab, or off of a reactor, or some unexplained scientific gadget, he created sculpture that depicted gods in service to cultures that had enjoyed their glory days centuries ago.

Price engaged in building a world. The incidental themes underlying his sculpture are many, curiously linked, and instructive to anyone who will take note. The materials he used show the government's blatant disregard for everything outside of its agenda. The cost of waste and loss of public opinion were never of issue at the Los Alamos National Laboratory. The lab's penchant to waste in the form of failed and sometimes untried or outdated or simply abandoned weapons components flouts the fact that it is located in a state at the bottom of the poverty ladder. The lab's support of some of the highest paid scientists anywhere mocks the fact that it is located in a state on the lowest rung of the education ladder. With these fundamentals in mind, Price's work becomes all the more meaningful. That he could commit the pieces to a benign yet eloquent end is the benediction underlying his work.

Price was no common artist. Spaceman,

shaman, harbinger, oracle, his ability to climb through the side door of the music machine and set his universe in motion validated his license to make art.

I find myself remembering *The Last S.A.L.T. Talks* installation at Shidoni, near Santa Fe, how it seemed perfect in that environment, how the word play in the title and the piece itself kept me laughing. I told myself that here was *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, remembering the 1976 Nicolas Roeg film in which David Bowie played the character of Thomas Newton—brilliant but unsuspecting, and just naive enough to be victimized.

Price has been referred to as an alchemist. Certainly the label fits. One could say that Price took an array of base materials and transformed them into something arguably far more valuable than gold. From scrap yard gems he created a pantheon, a pantheon as meditative as it was eerie and strange. But the stated aim of alchemy, in the terms set down by medieval practitioners, reaches beyond a desire to transform base materials into gold. In it lie two objectives that would have held more interest for Price: the discovery of the panacea, that elusive cure-all, and the preparation of the elixir of longevity. For him, ridding the planet of nuclear weaponry ultimately could accomplish both ends.

Captivated by Price's guitar experimentation, I drove through a landscape as magical, I suspect, as Mars. West from Socorro, Highway 60 rose to the Plains of San Augustin to reveal the startling white dishes of the Very Large Array (VLA), one of the world's leading astronomical observatories. Twenty-seven radio antennas form a Y that in its full extension measures 22 miles, each antenna 81 feet in diameter and weighing 230 tons. At its highest frequency the resolution of the VLA is sufficient to see a golf ball 100 miles away.

A few miles west of Reserve, the driving



Tony Price at Zia Salvage Yard, Los Alamos, New Mexico, c. 1981. Photograph by Peter Menzel.

instructions called for a left turn after a full stop and then directed me to a dirt road that wound through trees to an ordinary country-style gate, beyond which sat buildings that seemed too small. I had visualized an isolated studio and a vista, but neighboring houses stood nearby and the road was active. Price's own house has survived as a shell, desolate and unappealing, a mobile home to which rooms had been added with little attempt to keep the seams from showing. Even the cobwebs were unspectacular.

The studio gave evidence of Price's prodigious effort. My first look inside reinforced the fact that light is a gift to sculpture; it heightens the drama. The pieces stood close, bathed in strong midday light from a single, south-facing window and a lesser amount coming through the north-facing rear door.

In his Tinker-Toy world Price was brilliant. Assembled from the components of disaster and moral decadence, his constructions engendered enormous power and beauty, reflecting the work of a conjurer. Created from dense, polished, and lavish materials that clearly showed a disregard for expense, the art took on an ominous symbolic reality. Although Price called it Atomic Art, the sculpture represents figures from the mythic past, from a time long before 1911, when Ernst Rutherford discovered the nucleus of the atom. They hung there, stood there, sat there. They brooded; they generated meaning. In their silence they spoke out, or, if they had musical components, they drew attention to themselves in the echo of that sound dying out. Gradually they fused to become a single, moving presence.

Taken as a whole, a random group of figures crowded into Price's functional, no-frills studio, a space that would be impossible in a museum, they became silent and momentous. Considered individually, piece by piece, carefully spaced on a gallery wall, the Atomic Art sculptures are commanding;

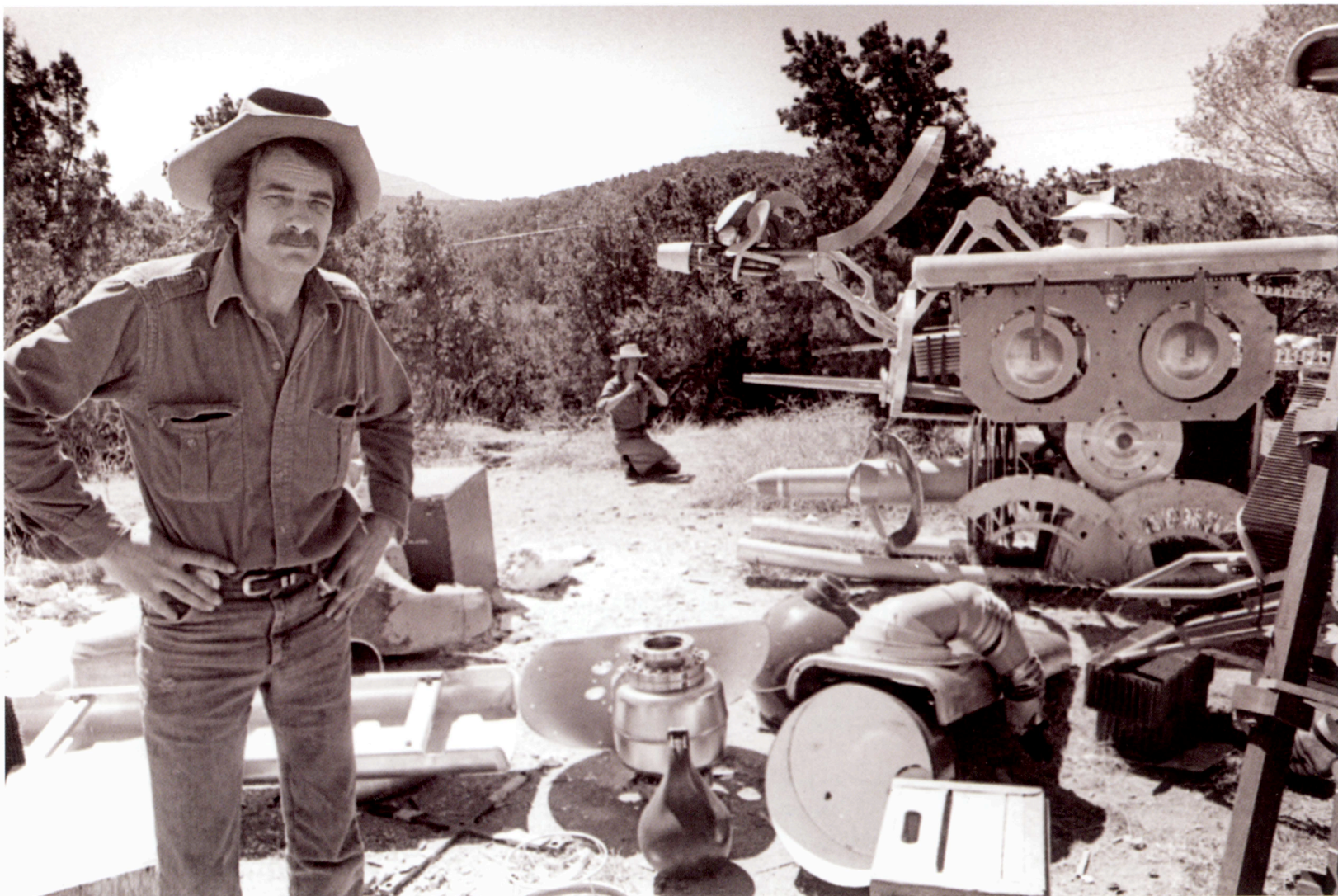
they generate power; they look as if they could talk. In fact, their muteness was so profound and dominant that I caught myself listening to hear something in the silence. They were storytellers who had come dressed as gods. Seeing them in that guise, I expected a voice, and that expectation further reinforced their brilliance as sculpture.

If these were gods, and Price named them as such, they were encumbered by their parts and held down by their sheer weight. So intense was their weight that the dirt studio floor had settled and cracked. So compelling was their presence that I was tantalized, forced to find their stories.

Earth Protector Kachina clearly outlines the issue of vision and blindness. The simplicity of this particular mask is characteristic of Price at his best. The prominent horn, the valve-like eye sockets, suggesting that what they see could flow freely or be stopped, set the tone of the whole collection. Through the front-mounted brain box regulator, its equal right and left sides, the mass and weight of the entire work becomes meaningful, even critical. Everything has been perfectly focused on the surface where it is accessible for repair or alteration. Compounding the irony of the mute and compromised figure is the title.

Price created a number of images based on Hopi beliefs, including *Nuclear Kachina / Protector of Food* and *Moon Kachina / Protector of Animals* and *Hopi Nuclear Maiden*. Some say that the sacred life-way of the Hopi is the oldest living religion on the North American continent. They are a peaceful people and show respect for the earth and its inhabitants. Kachinas, which are benevolent spirit beings, come to live among the Hopi for six months each year, arriving in February and going back to their spiritual homes in July.

Slightly smaller than most of the masks, yet more elaborate and with considerably more fixtur-



ing, is *Nuclear Aztec God Tlaloc/God of Celestial Fire & Rain*. Standing sentinel-like, with piercing eyes, bullet shaped teeth, and great depth, Tlaloc rules from a domain bound by water, driven by the sun, which constitutes possibly the most considerable of nature's processes: water evaporating into the atmosphere, falling to Earth in the form rain or snow, and beginning the cycle anew. He shares his part of the universe with *Atomic Quetzalcoatl*, a god of such importance and power that nearly no aspect of everyday life escaped his attention. He showed

interest in progress and growth, invented the calendar, served as the god of agriculture, and is credited with saving humanity.

Not unexpectedly, Price moved north for further inspiration. Here was *Odin*, Chief of the Gods in the Norse pantheon—God of war and death, poetry and wisdom. He traded his eye for a drink from the Well of Wisdom. Beside him hangs *Nuclear Nordic Goddess Fetter*, a Valkyrie, a maiden of Odin, who chose heroes who would be slain in battle. This piece is deceptively simple, with intent eyes

Tony Price at home in Santa Fe, c. 1981.
Photograph by Peter Menzel.

Tony Price in front of *Nuclear Crucifix*.
Courtesy of the Estate of Tony Price.



and power radiating from the crownlike crescent shapes at either side of her face, affirming her task as a choice maker. And their caretaker is *Nuclear Nordic God Heimdall* Nordic god of light, watchman of the gods, creator of the three categories of mankind: the serfs, the peasants, and the warriors.

Oddly enough, in the studio the word “alien” never occurred to me. Nor did I question the validity of Price’s works. Perhaps the trip itself may have prepared me; it had been anything but ordinary. I had driven through hours of New Mexico landscape that leveled out to reveal radio telescopes listening to this universe and to others beyond; I had crossed and recrossed the continental divide; I had passed near the site of Walter de Maria’s Lightning Field, a grid measuring one mile by one kilometer, bristling

with needle sharp stainless steel poles; and then I had eaten lunch in Reserve, where at a nearby table church people held hands and prayed before taking a bite of their Navajo tacos, one man’s voice, in supplication, a barely audible drone over the sound of Faith Hill on the tiny radio in the kitchen. Gradually, I had gone deeper into country so innocent of art that it could tolerate art without question.

In my notebook I suggested to myself that an ideal situation for viewing the sculpture in Price’s studio might be to have a succession of meditation rooms situated around the sides in which a viewer could sit and quietly observe the pieces. Certainly they could be seen in a traditional setting—walking past, absorbing the impact in little hits. Nonetheless, their voices and Price’s own voice, as a kind of narrator and guide, become more impressive the longer the viewer remains in their presence.

Price took large chunks of reality and moved through them or around them with abandon. He staged his own private star wars; but it proved a difficult act. The sheer number of the collection he was building presented a challenge. He tells of dragging the pieces from place to place until the effort became so considerable that he found it impossible to take everything with him; he often returned later only to find that pieces had been vandalized, sold for scrap, or hauled off to the dump.

Certain sculpture he claimed to have planted for posterity. He speaks of having left pieces in arroyos or on hillsides. Here was the crusader, forced to take a grim measure of the odds, yet showing an artist’s optimism that someone would be around in the future to acknowledge his protest.

The Price to whom I had listened on the way out, Price playing his guitar, Price preparing to slip into orbit, was a different Price from the sculptor who confronted me in the studio. Each work, each individual sculpture I found there, brought with it

the whole experience of his art. His spirited condemnation of bomb culture had brought plenty of media attention. The sleek beauty of the components, rich with their polished sci-fi-industrial design, presented a quirky elegance. It confirmed the depth of Price's vision, its rich manifestation reflecting the same kind of subliminal power that ran under his music.

The nuclear scrap, embodying the frenzy and challenge of the sale yard in Los Alamos, became fundamental to the meaning of Atomic Art. These were the spoils, the bits that failed, because they missed the mark, because they were obsolete, or because the government changed its mind, lost its funding, or simply forgot what it was doing. He had been handed a box full of cosmic components that could have been fitted together in a number of ways. The pattern he chose was spiritual, its scope considerable. To make the work more palatable he ran it over a grid of humor. Such a piece is *First Mutant Man Born Without An Asshole*. One of the truly outrageous masks, it is beautifully wrought and notable for its simple composition and satirical impact.

Reaching back, recreating gods, the artist brings us face to face with ourselves. If we have not condemned the bomb, he insinuates, we have allowed it. What we call progress and laud as scientific achievement reveals itself at every turn to haunt and torment and punish us. This is the face in the mirror, the face we cannot avoid no matter what name we give it, or what shape it assumes. The gods Price chose to represent for his pantheon would have stood against proliferation. *Hanuman*, the Hindu monkey god, for example, embodies strength, modesty and courageous action, none of which are fundamental to mass destruction.

An interesting phenomenon occurs when an artist can produce nothing more, refuses to produce more, or when death has stopped his productivity

and nothing more will be made. His life flows back through the works and lights them in a different way. His words assume a finality.

Thus it is with Atomic Art. In the short time since Price's death, proliferation and the reality of further testing and experimentation have increased dramatically. Rogue countries see a nuclear advantage as a path to power, prospects that make the message in Price's work more consequential. In fact, Price's message rings truer now than ever.

WHEN I CLOSED the door to leave the studio in Reserve I could hear the machinery swing into motion—the music starting to play, the pieces beginning to move. It was a familiar dance, set to precisely the rhythm Price knew well—the kind of music he made.



Tony Price next to *Holy Mackerel Mask*.
Photograph © Lisa Law.

Art attracts people willing to accept the risk, people like Price who are driven to a point somewhere between wisdom and madness. Art teaches us most about its process. It poses questions but provides few easy answers. It opens the imagination to possibilities. Price accepted the challenge.

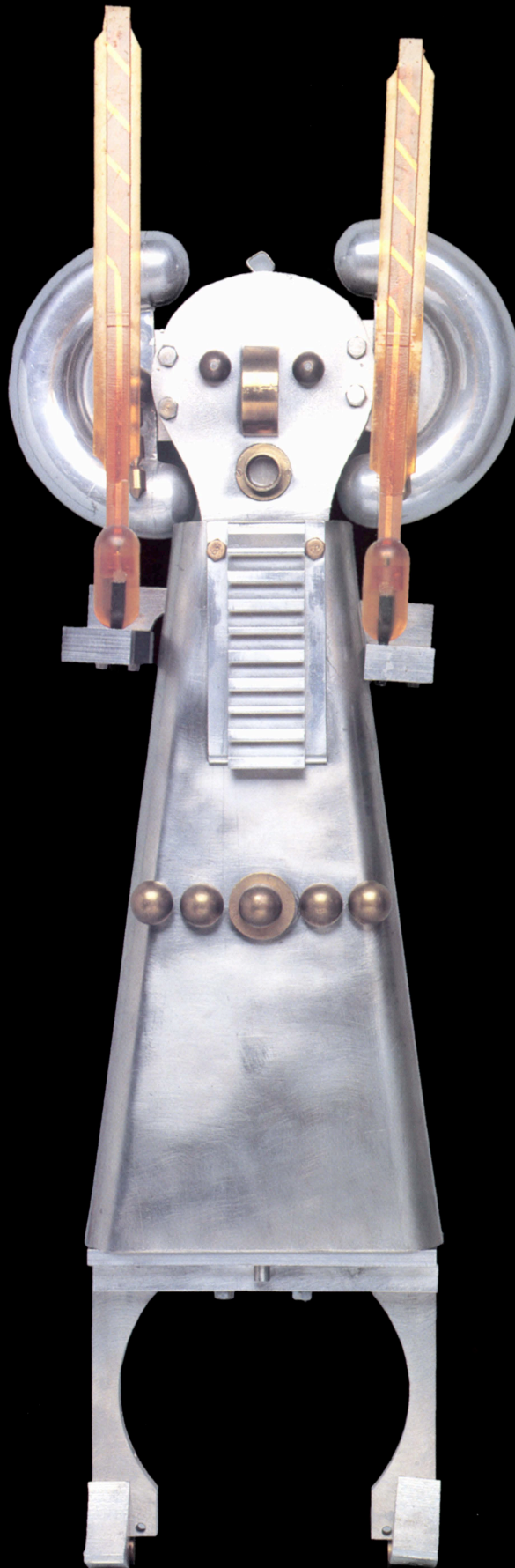
Price was relentless, his message unsettling. Miles from the studio I kept hearing his voice in my ear, murmuring about The Bomb and the Fifth Dimension, and whatever else crossed his mind. At that point I wanted him to stop talking. And I wanted his friends to shut up as well.

I drove in silence, snatches of the song *Truckin'* in my head—the Grateful Dead at their most melodic. Never had the lyrics made more sense to me: *What a long strange trip it's been.*

DOUGLAS KENT HALL is a photographer and writer living in Albuquerque. Among his twenty-two published books of photography are *Van People: The Great American Rainbow Boogie*, *Working Cowboys*, *The Border: Life on the Line*, *In Prison, Let 'er Buck!* and *Visionary*. His work has been exhibited in countless museums and galleries and is in numerous public collections, from New Mexico to New York to France to China.



Tony Price in Yucca Flats.
Photograph by Elliott McDowell.



1

Hopi Nuclear Maiden

34.75 x 11.25 x 6.75 in.

(88.27 x 28.58 x 17.15 cm)

plastic, metals

Collection of Museum of Fine Arts,

Museum of New Mexico

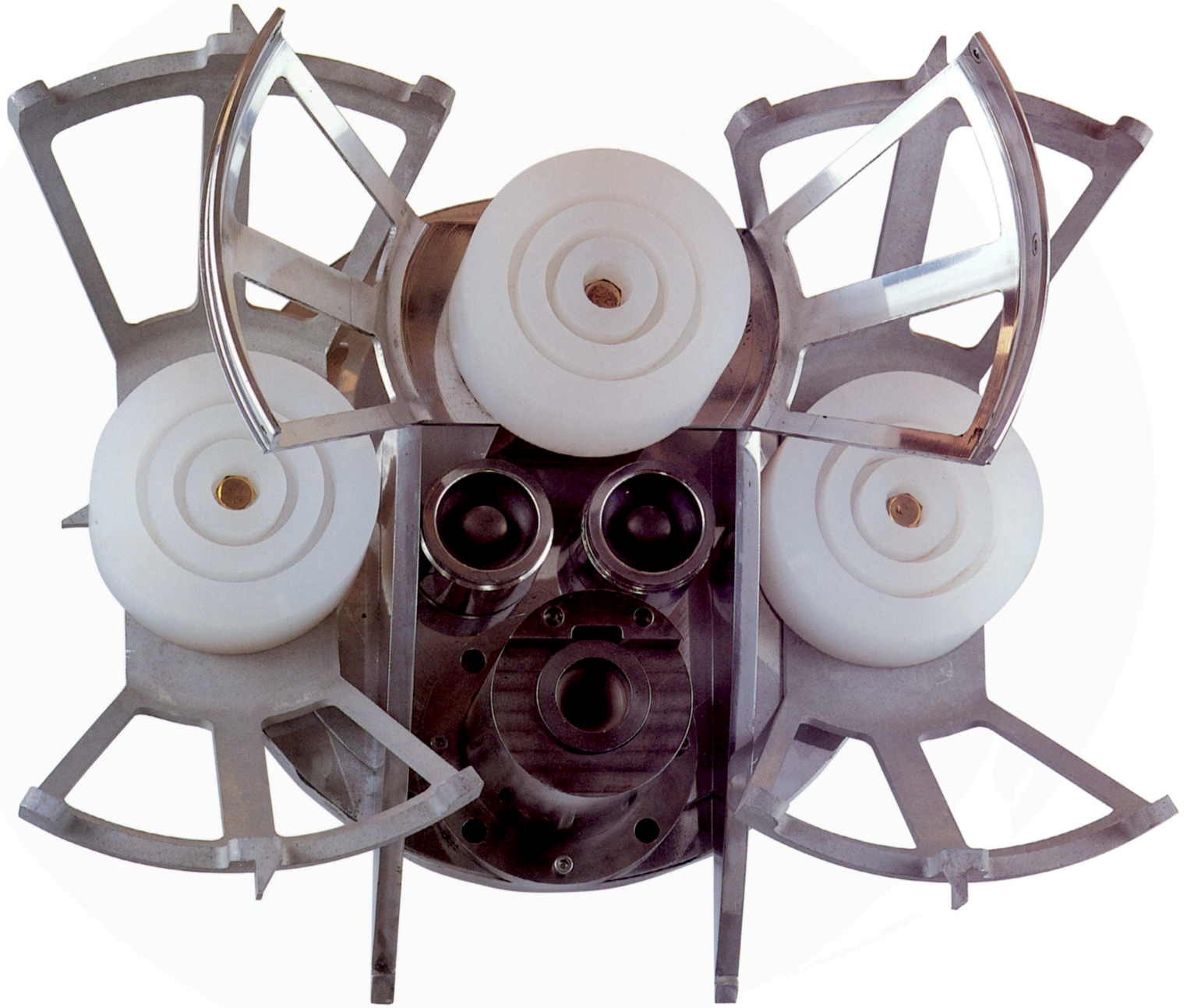
2

Deer Spirit

17 x 22 x 11 in.

(43.18 x 55.88 x 27.94 cm)

steel, polyester, aluminum



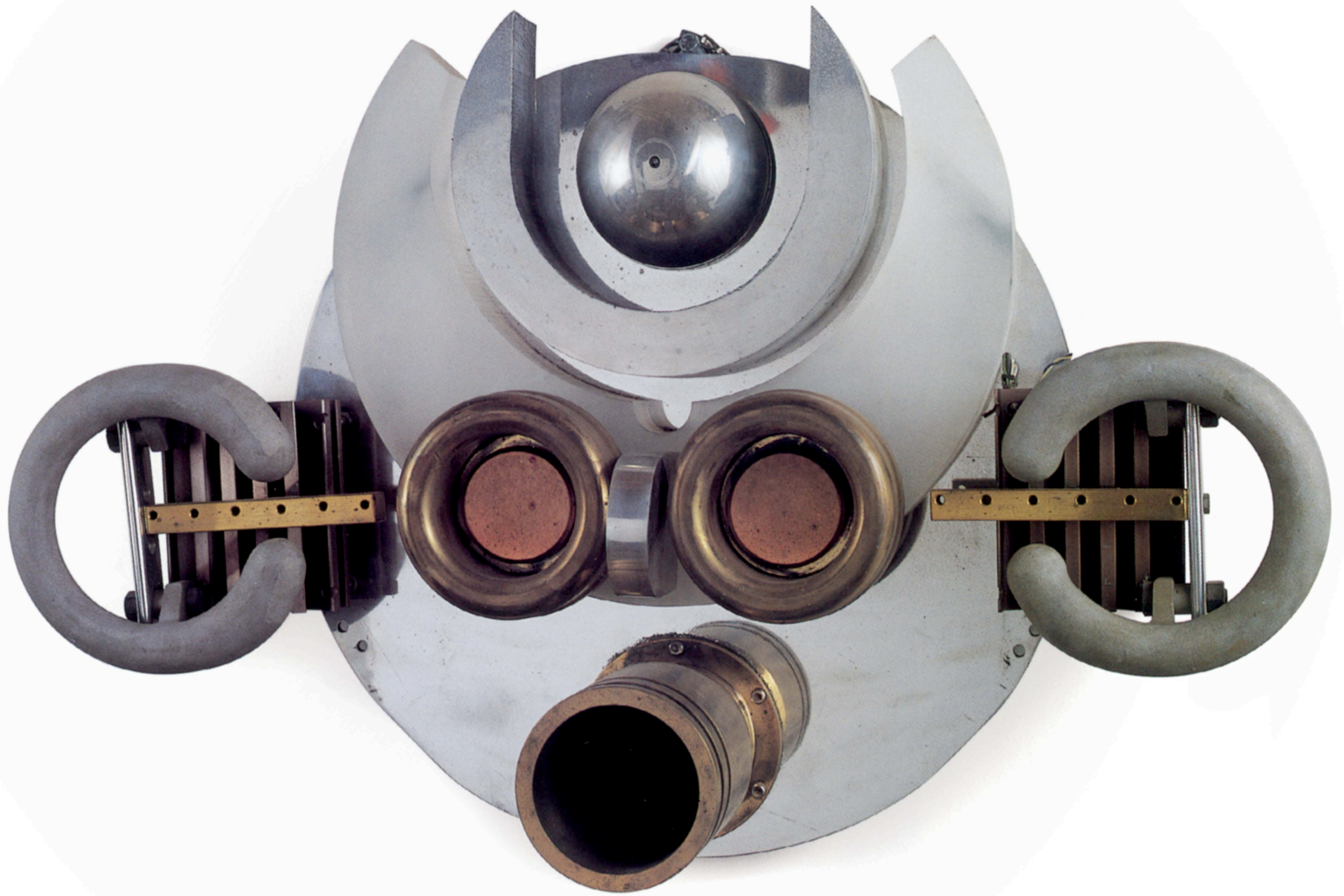
3

Moon Kachina / Protector of Animals

23 x 33 x 10 in.

(58.42 x 83.82 x 25.4 cm)

steel, aluminum, brass, copper

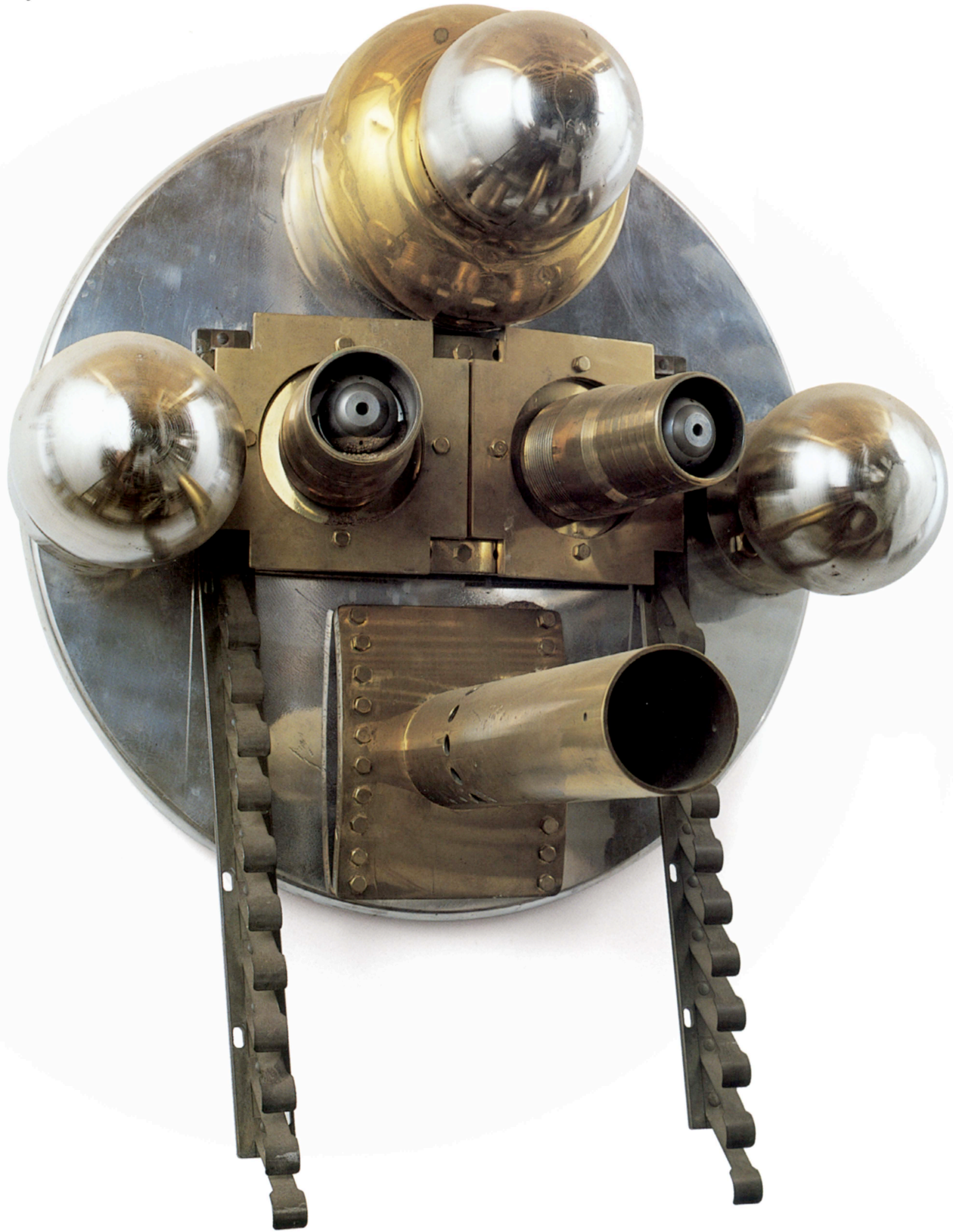


Nuclear Kachina / Protector of Food

32 x 26 x 17 in.

(81.28 x 66.04 x 43.18 cm)

steel, brass, aluminum



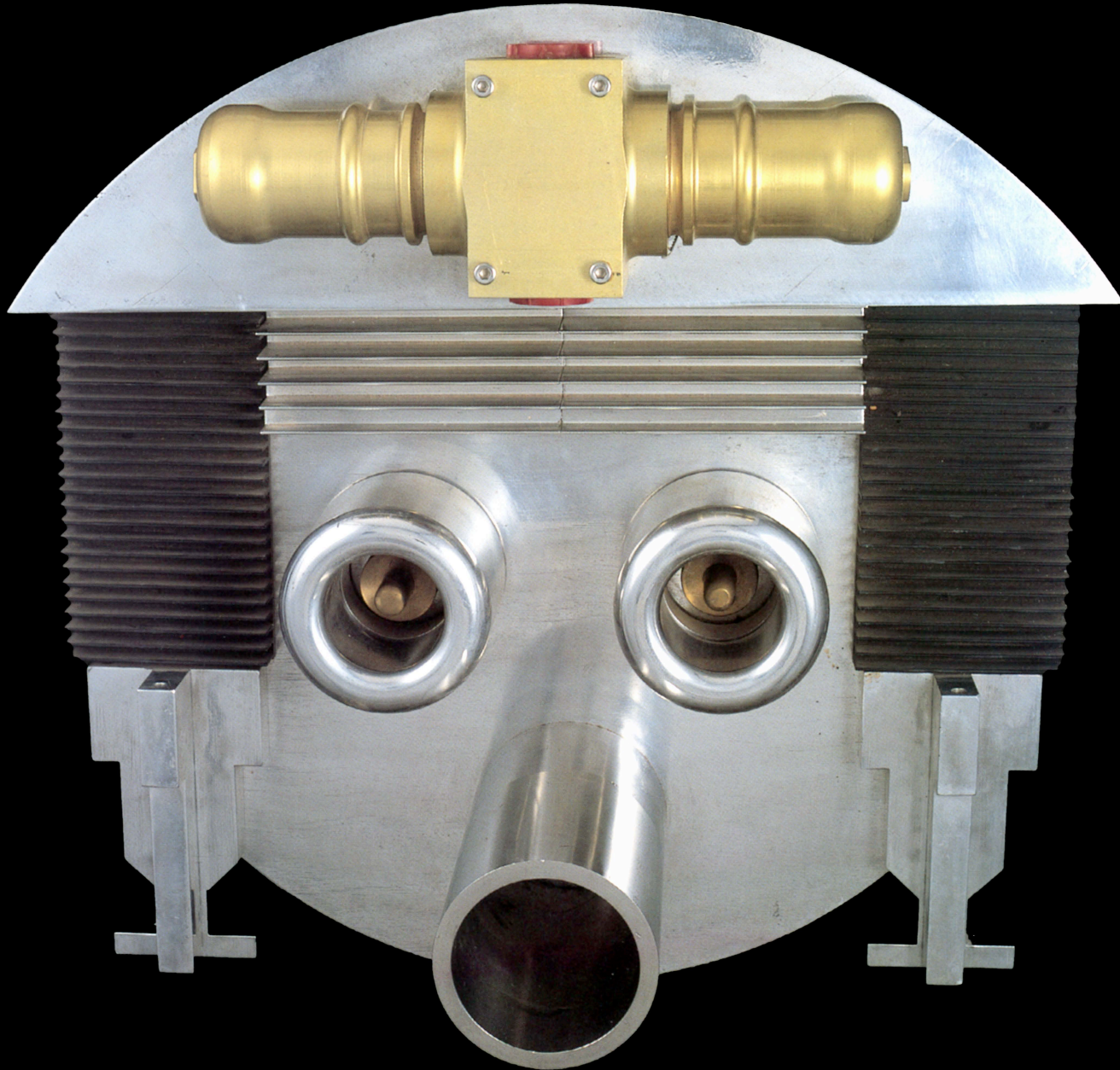
5

Earth Protector Kachina

21 x 21 x 8,5 in.

(53.34 x 53.34 x 21.59 cm)

steel, copper, brass, aluminum



6

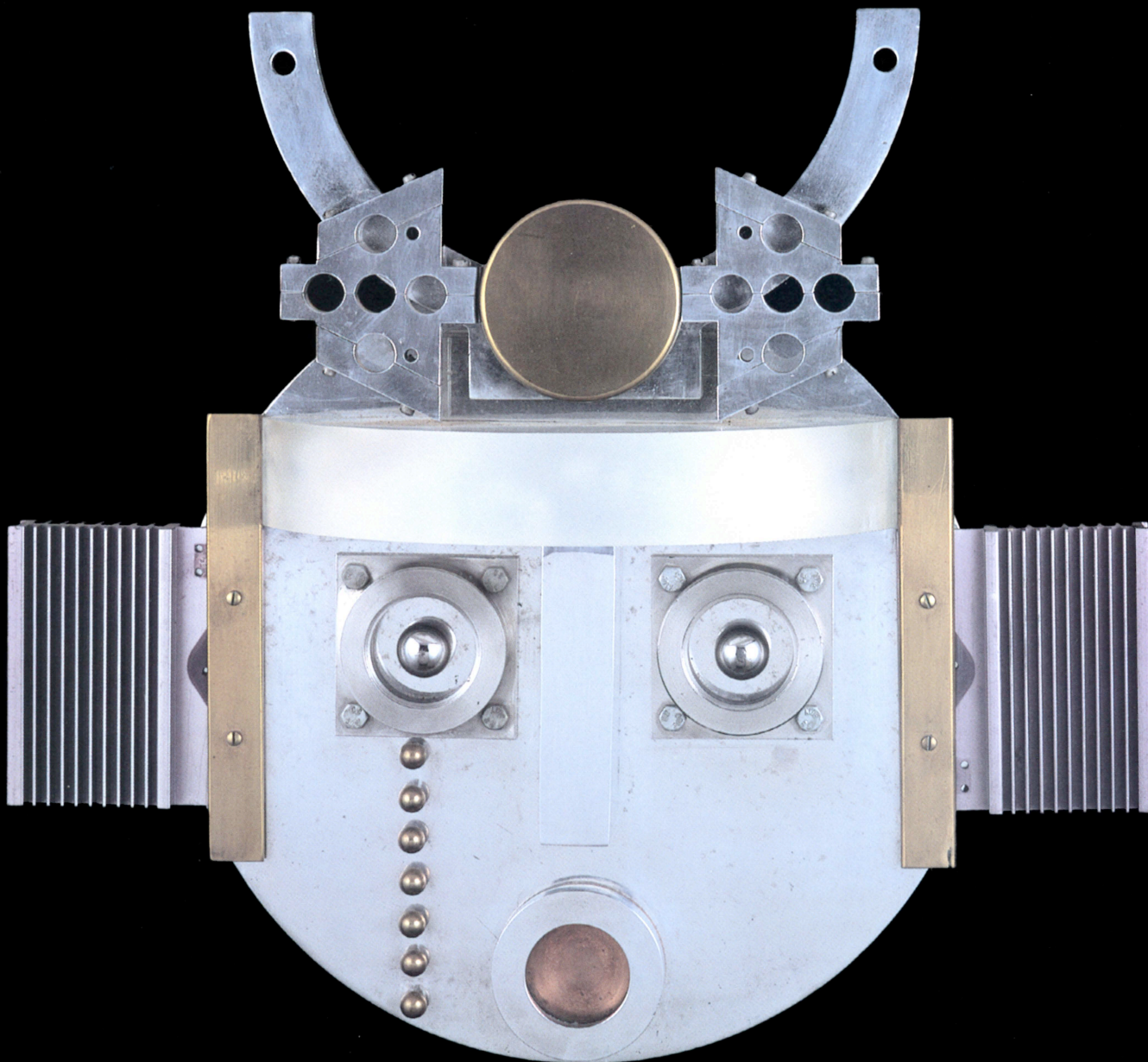
Native Who Sold His Island

For A Nuclear Test

20 x 20.5 x 4.75 in.

(50.8 x 52.07 x 12.07 cm)

steel, brass, aluminum



7

Dead Duck Award

37 x 19 x 7.25 in.

(93.98 x 48.26 x 18.42 cm)

steel, brass, aluminum

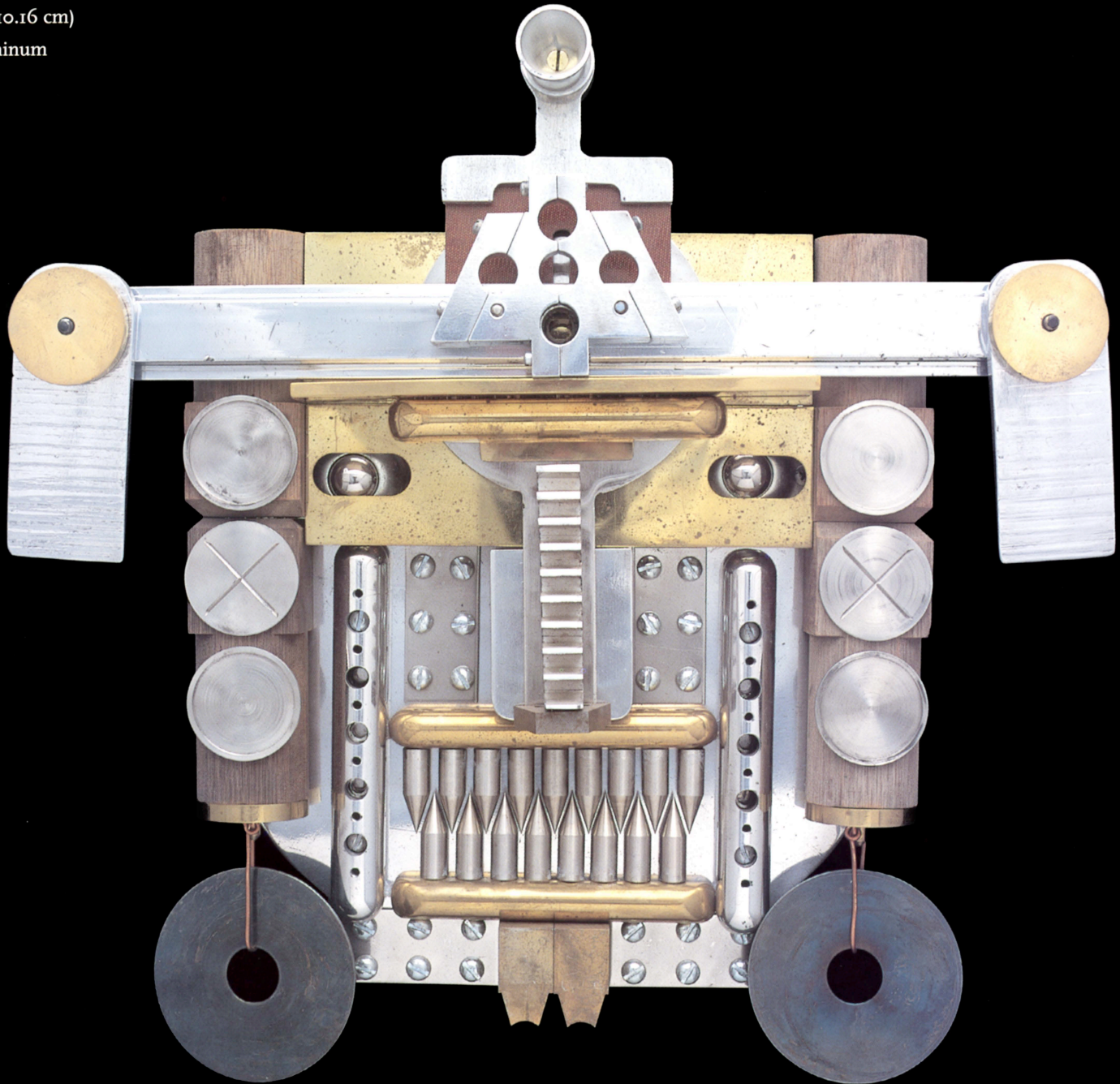


*Nuclear Aztec God Tlaloc/
God of Celestial Fire and Rain*

17.5 x 18.75 x 4 in.

(44.45 x 47.63 x 10.16 cm)

steel, brass, aluminum

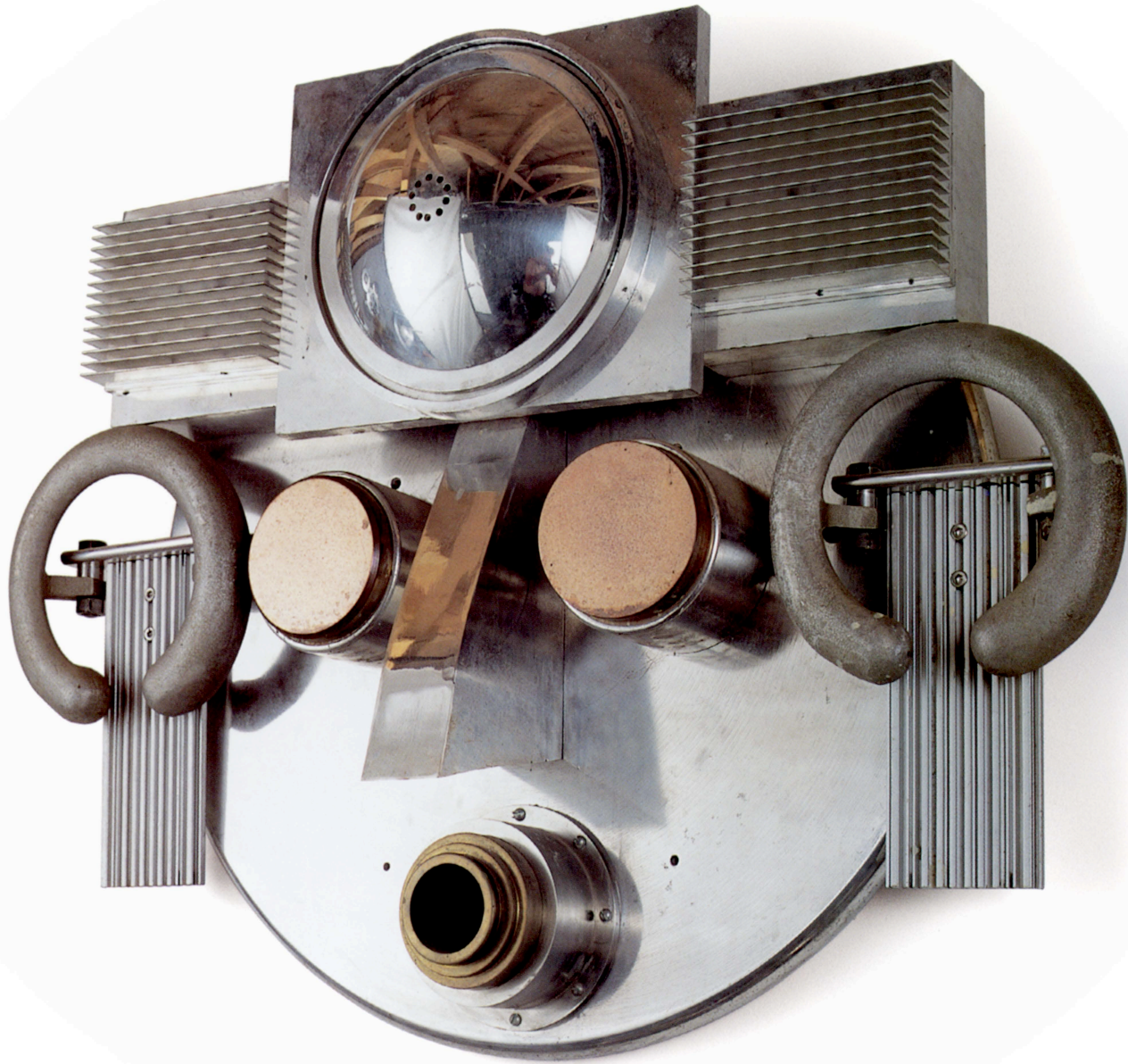


Atomic Aztec God

25 x 31 x 6 in.

(63.5 x 78.74 x 15.24 cm)

steel, brass, copper, aluminum



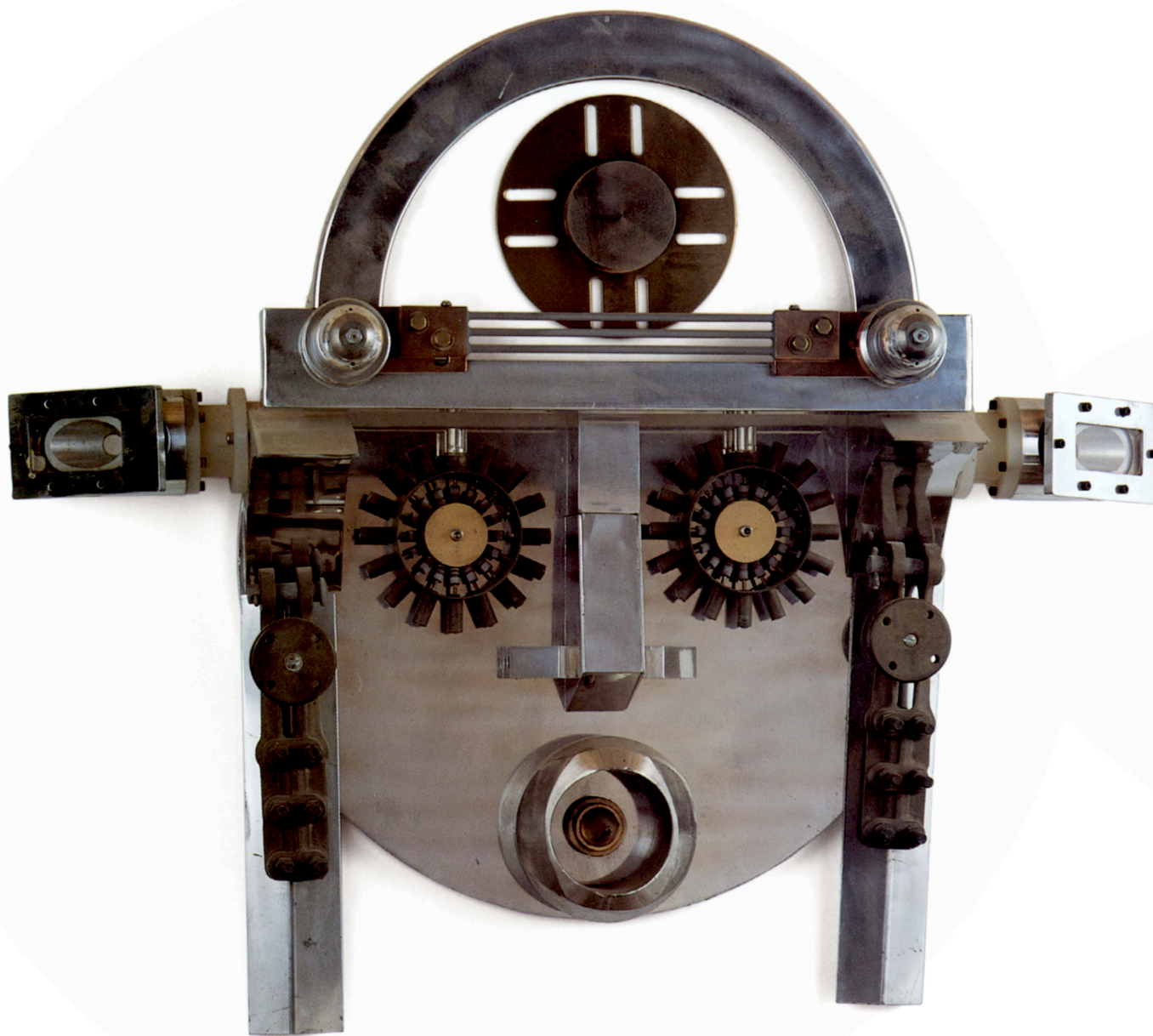
10

Atomic Quetzalcoatl

32 X 37 X 10 in.

(81.28 x 93.98 x 25.4 cm)

steel, aluminum, brass, copper, plastic



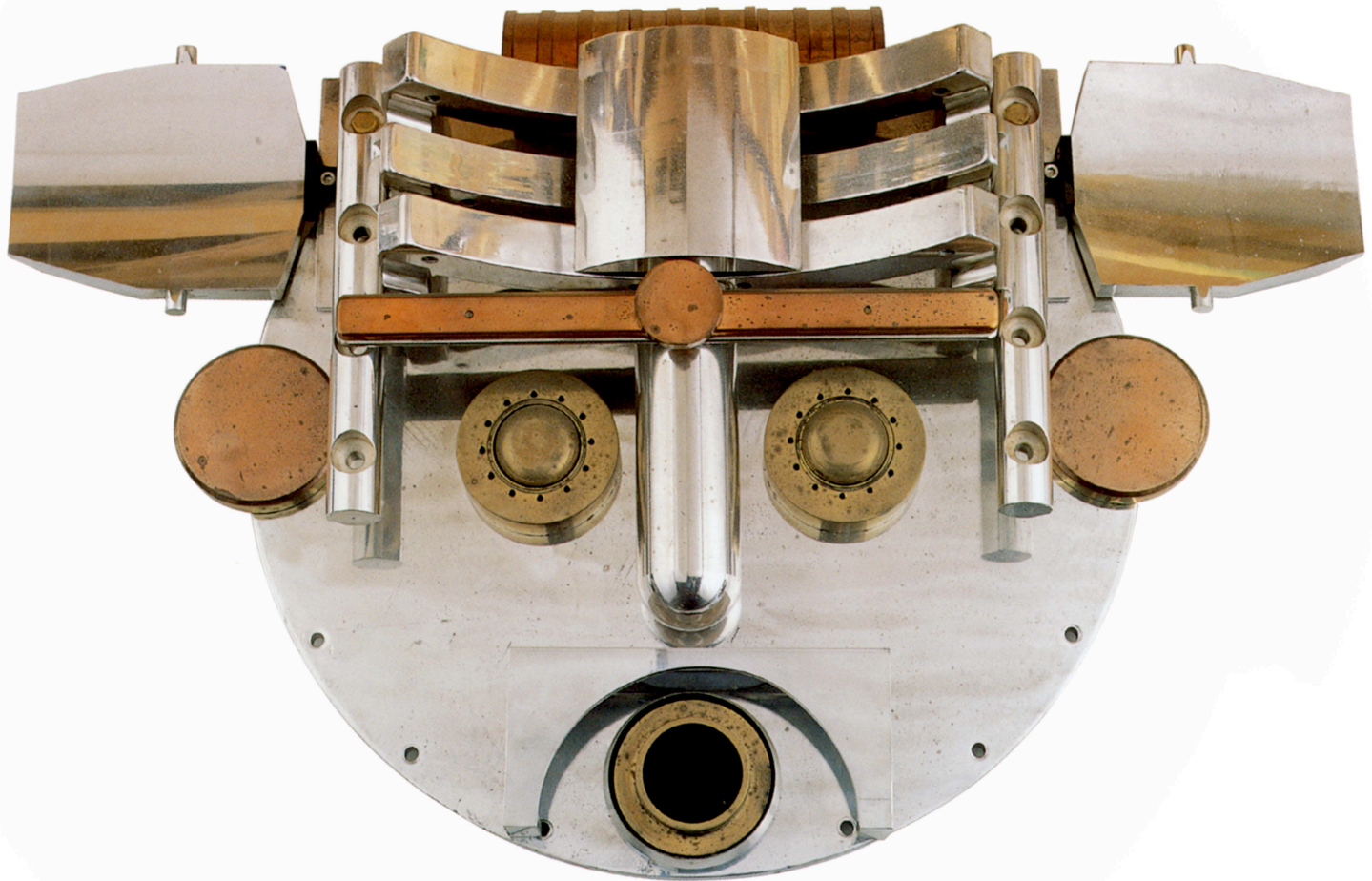
11

Nuclear Nordic God Heimdall

22 x 32 x 5.5 in.

(55.88 x 81.28 x 13.97 cm)

steel, brass, aluminum

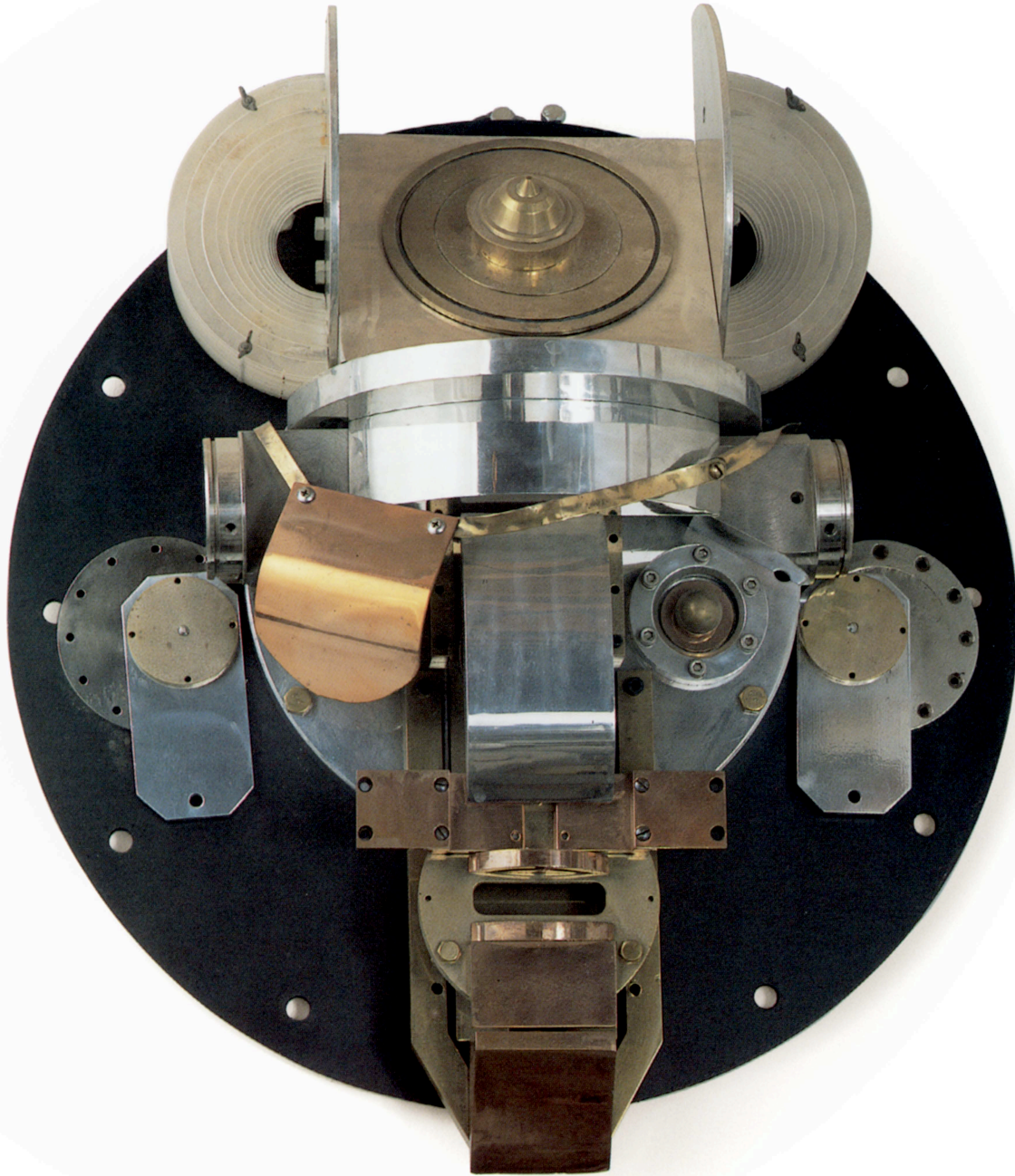


Odin / Chief Nordic God

27 x 22 x 7 in.

(68.58 x 55.88 x 17.78 cm)

steel, aluminum, brass, copper, plastic



13

Nuclear Nordic Goddess Fetter

23 x 26.5 x 5.5 in.

(58.42 x 67.31 x 13.97 cm)

steel, brass, aluminum



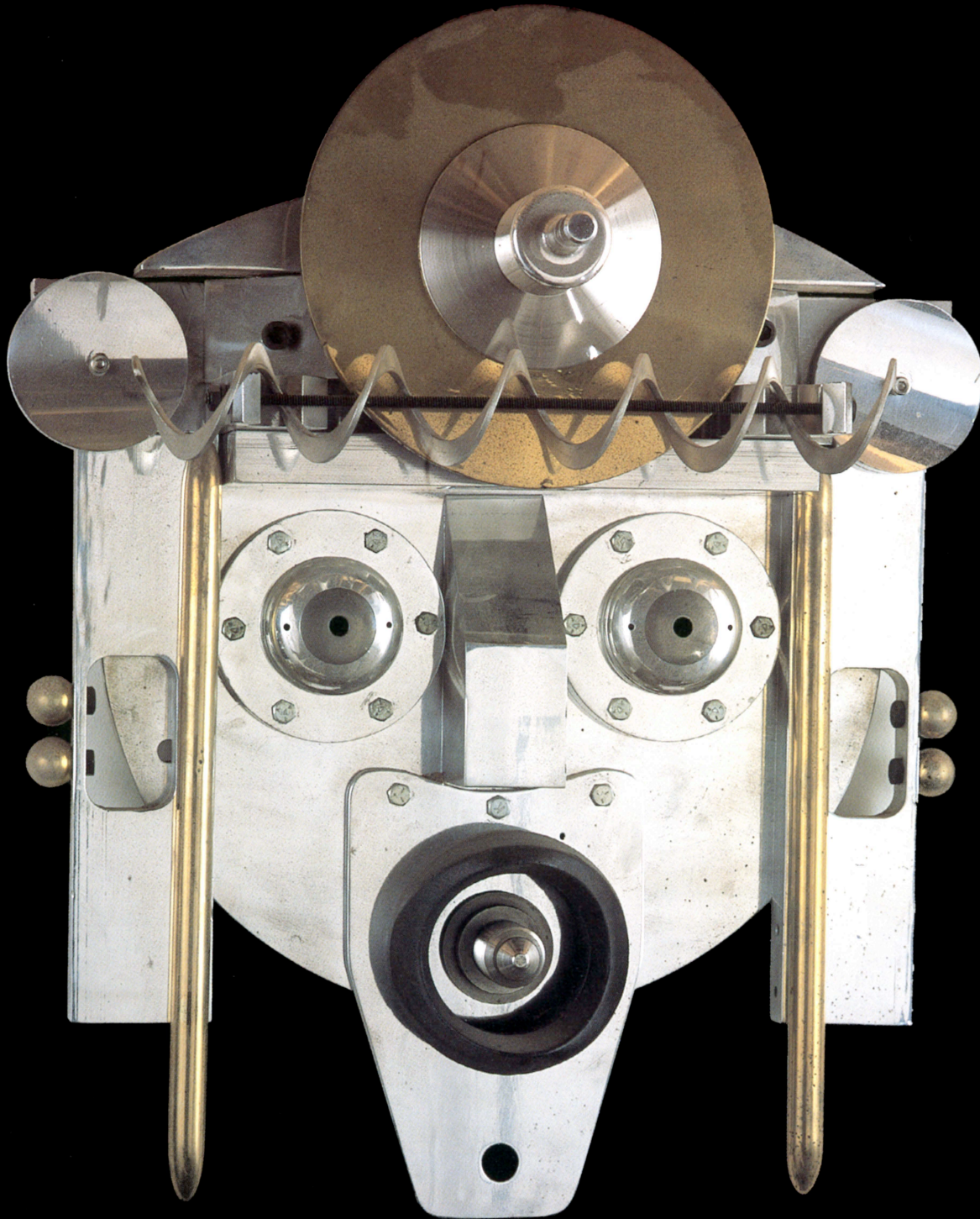
14

*Prince Moses Speaks Out
On Nuclear Waste*

23 x 20 x 9 in.

(58.42 x 50.8 x 22.86 cm)

steel, brass, aluminum



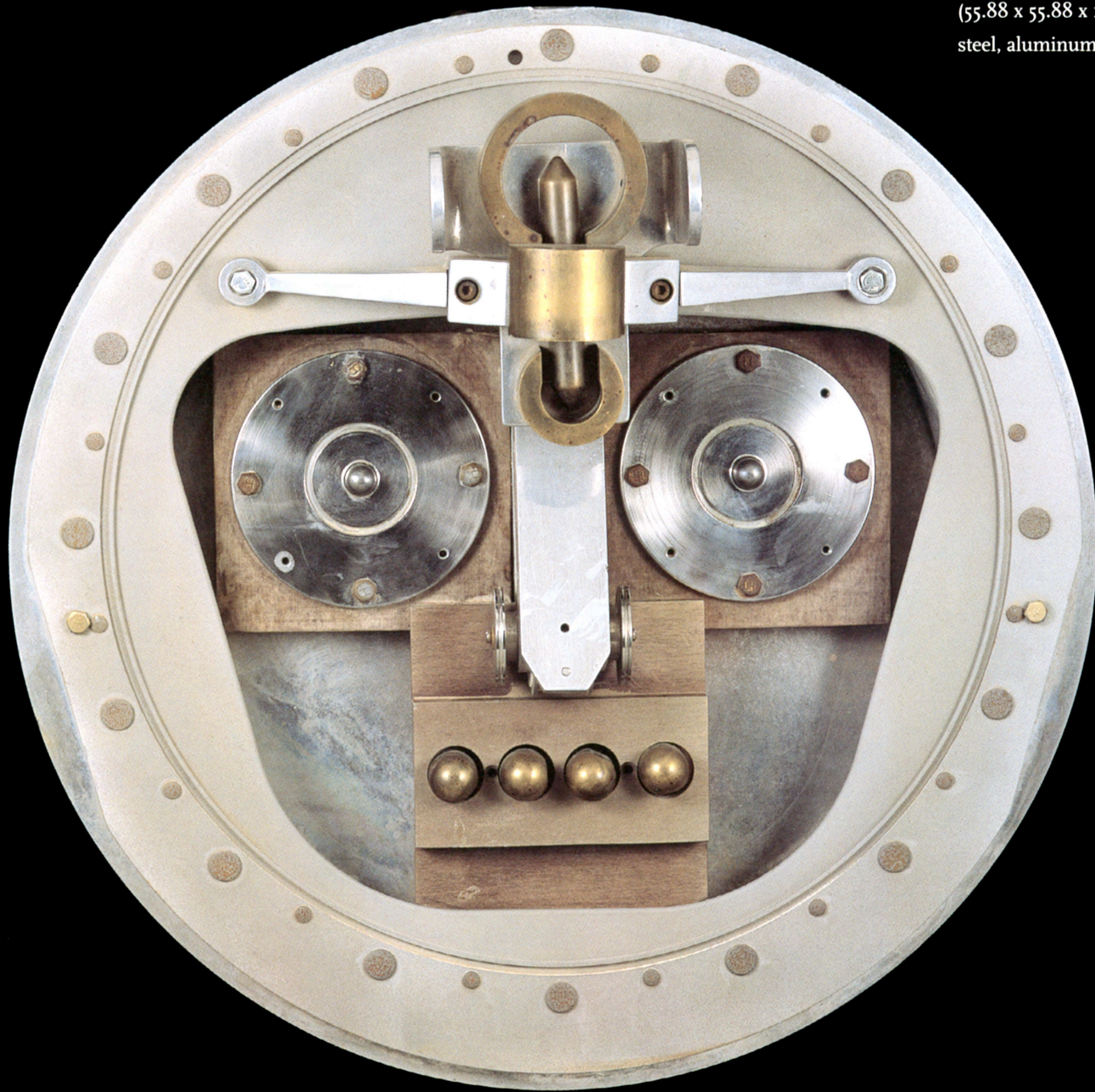
15

*Pharaoh's Curse – “Nuclear
Weapons Are The Curse For Falling
So Deeply Into Matter”*

22 x 22 x 7 in.

(55.88 x 55.88 x 17.78 cm)

steel, aluminum, brass, copper



Atomic Thunderbird

57.5 x 32 x 7.

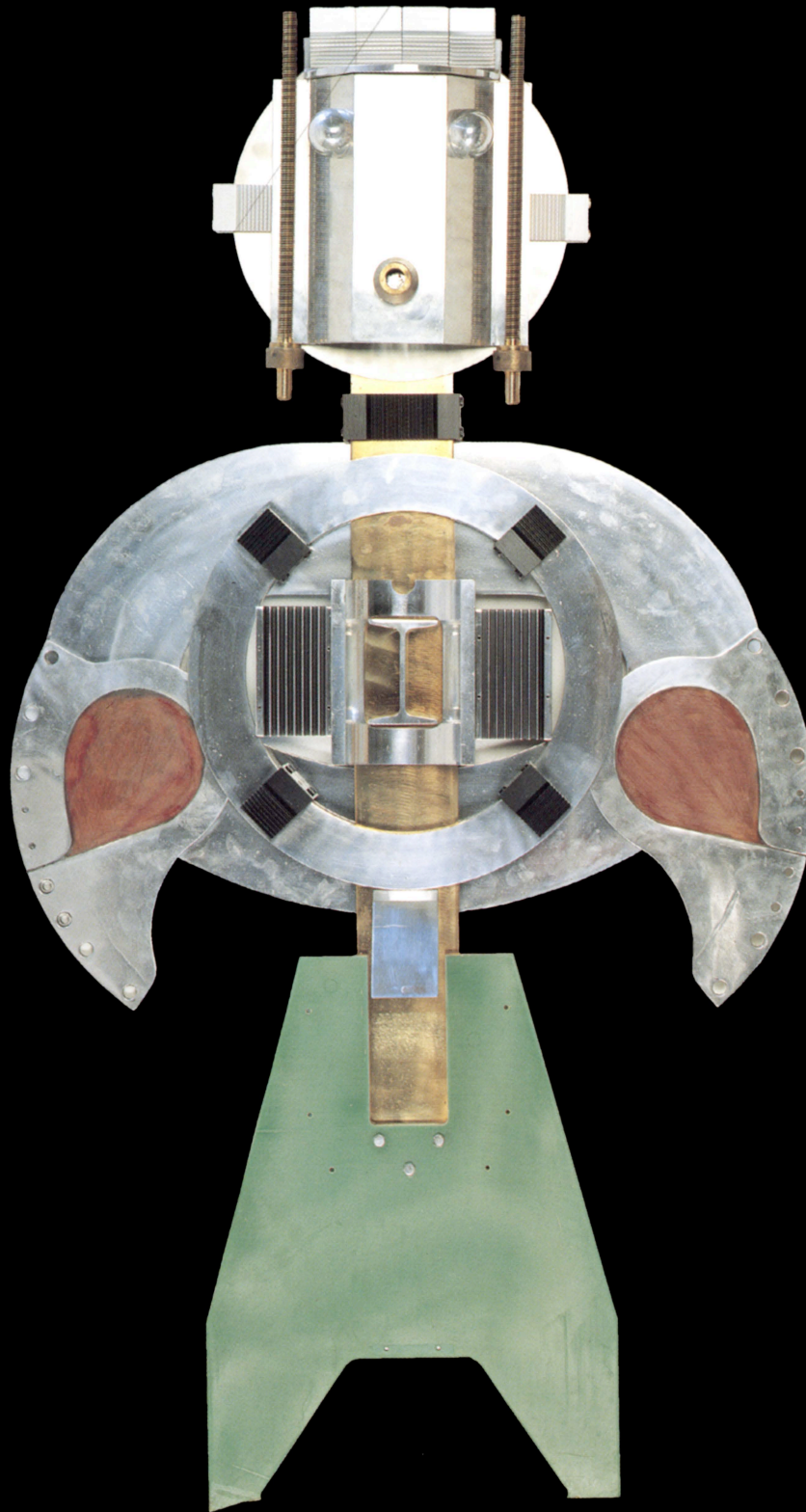
(55.88 x 81.28 x 13.97 cm)

steel, nylon

The Albuquerque Museum,

museum purchase, 1993

general obligation bonds



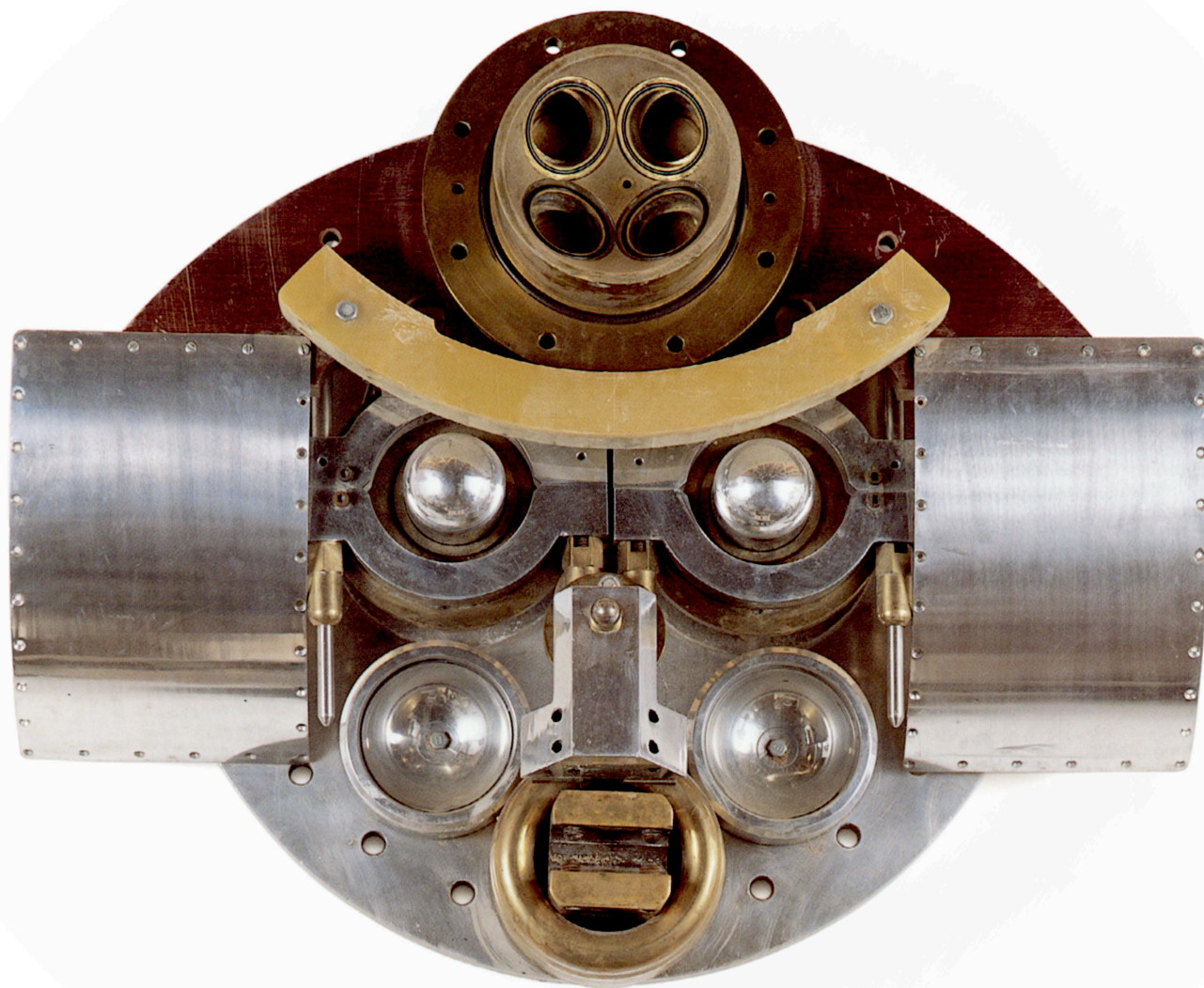
17

Samurai Spirit Mask / Nagasaki

24 X 29 X 10 in.

(60.96 x 73.66 x 25.4 cm)

steel, aluminum, brass, copper, plastic



18

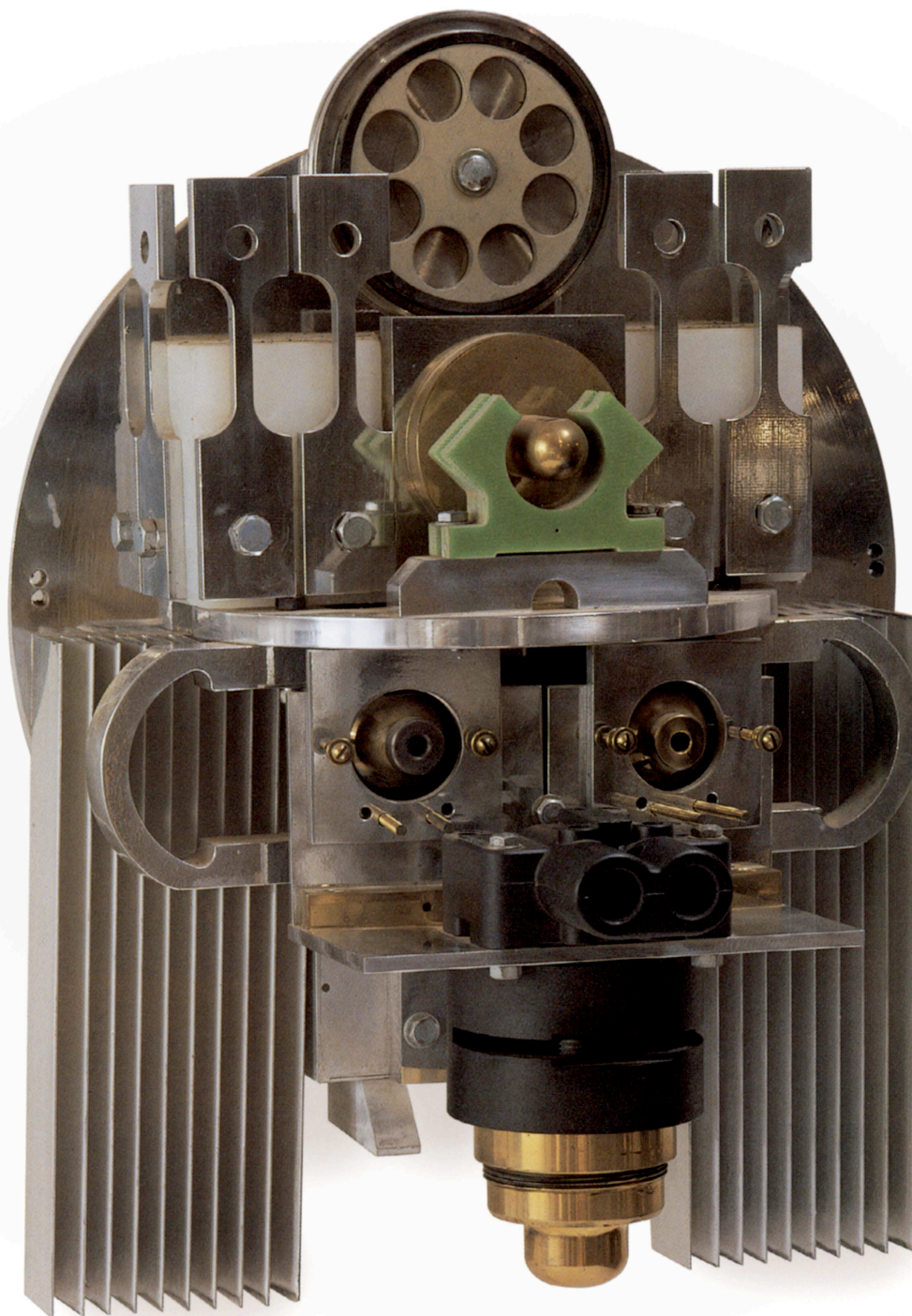
Hanuman,

Hindu God Rama's Chief Helper

21 x 15 x 10 in.

(55.88 x 38.1 x 25.4 cm)

steel, brass, aluminum



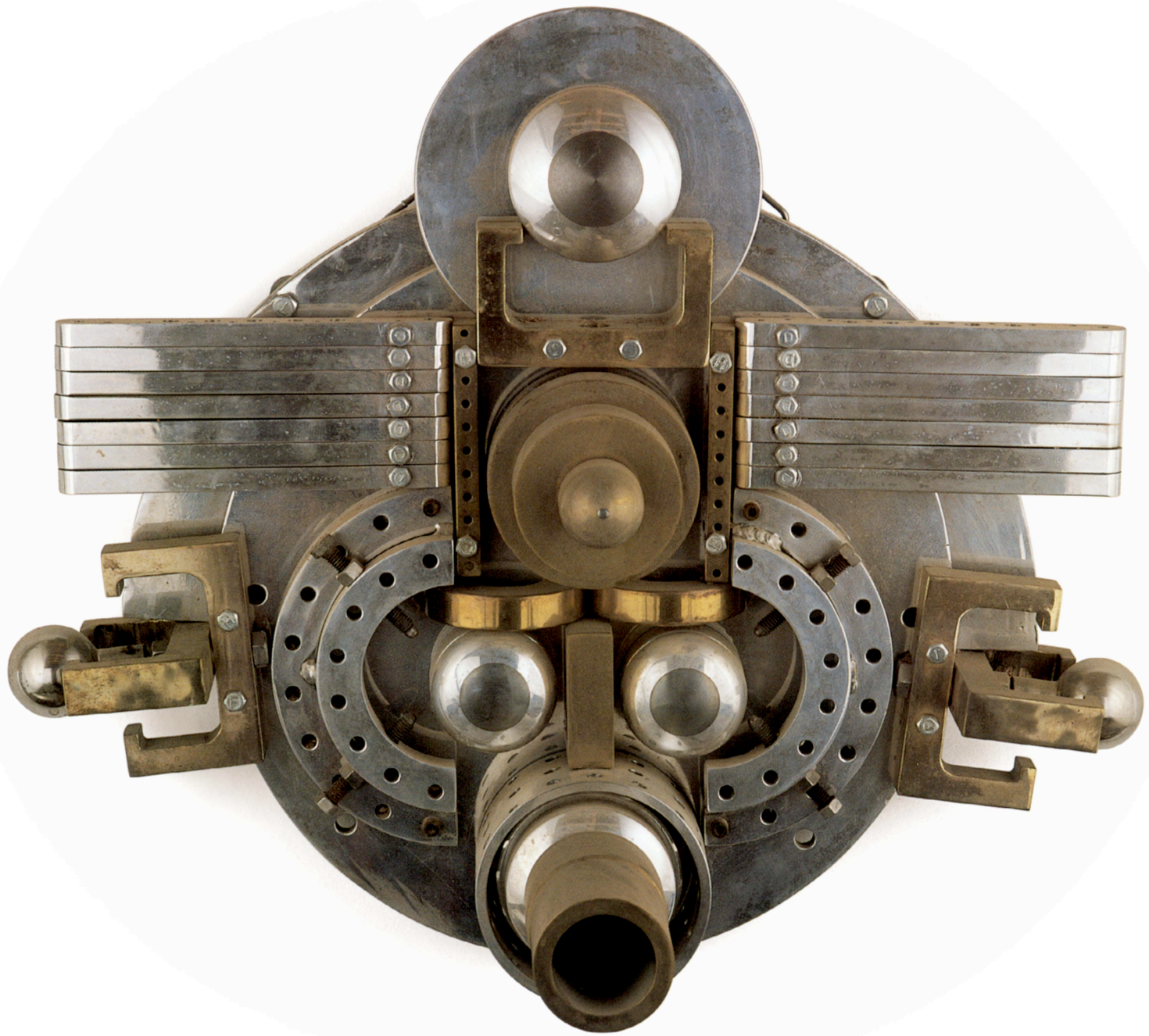
19

Nuclear Garuda

21 x 25 x 9 in.

(53.34 x 63.5 x 22.86cm)

steel, brass, aluminum



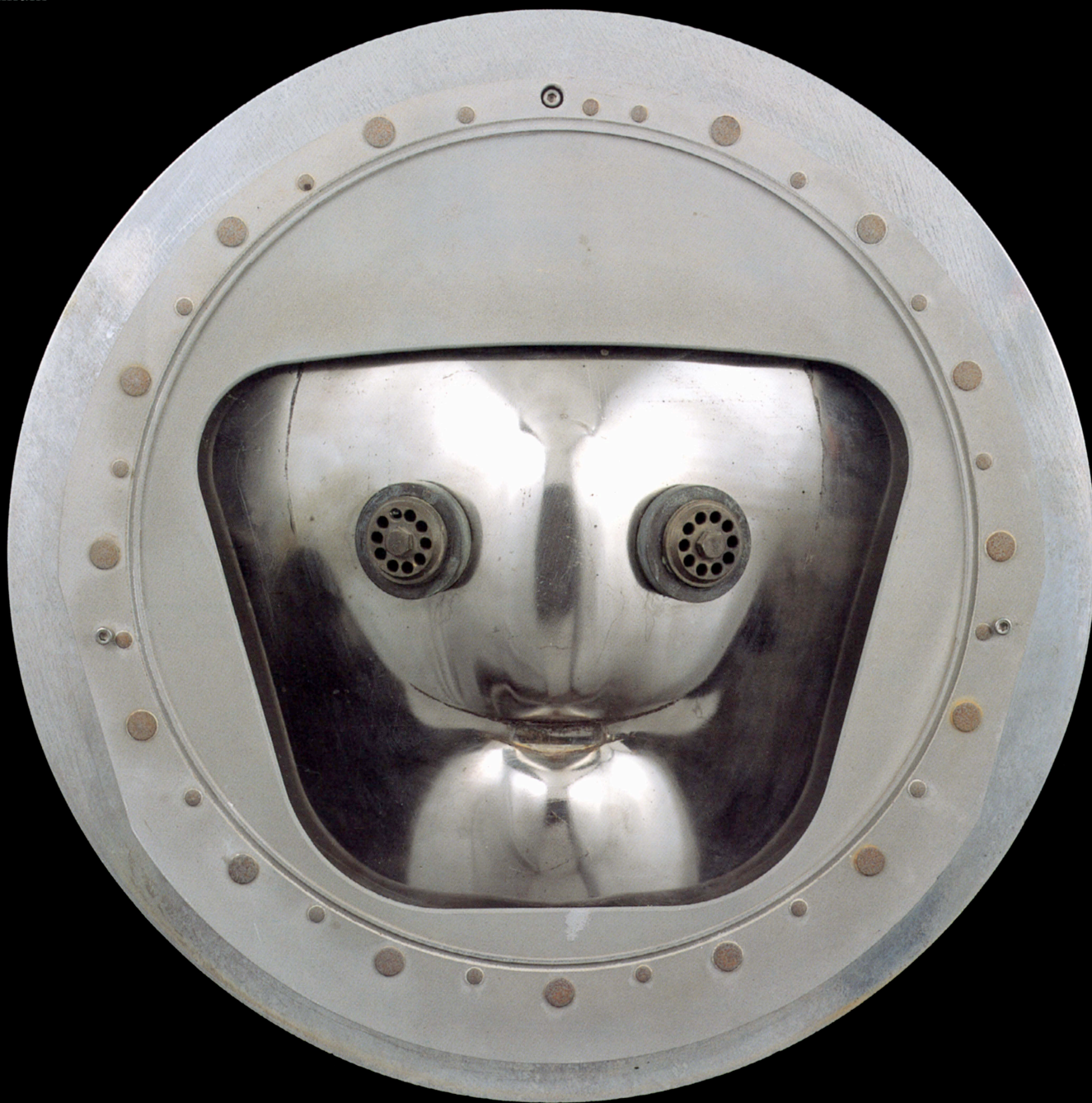
20

*First Mutant Man Born
Without An Asshole*

24 x 24 x 1.75 in.

(60.96 x 60.96 x 4.45 cm)

steel, brass, aluminum



21

Beware of Mad Generals

23 x 19 x 9 in.

(58.42 x 48.26 x 22.86 cm)

steel, brass, aluminum



- 1 *Hopi Nuclear Maiden*
 34.75 x 11.25 x 6.75 in.
 (88.27 x 28.58 x 17.15 cm)
 plastic, metals
 Collection of Museum of Fine Arts,
 Museum of New Mexico
- 2 *Nuclear Kachina / Protector of Food*
 32 x 26 x 17 in.
 (81.28 x 66.04 x 43.18 cm)
 steel, brass, aluminum
- 3 *Moon Kachina / Protector of Animals*
 23 x 33 x 10 in.
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 21 x 21 x 8.5 in.
 (53.34 x 53.34 x 21.59 cm)
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 20 x 20.5 x 4.75 in.
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 22 x 32 x 5.5 in.
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- 12 *Odin / Chief Nordic God*
 27 x 22 x 7 in.
 (68.58 x 55.88 x 17.78 cm)
 steel, aluminum, brass, copper, plastic

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 23 x 26.5 x 5.5 in.
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 23 x 20 x 9 in.
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- 15 *Pharaoh's Curse—"Nuclear Weapons
 Are The Curse For Falling So Deeply
 Into Matter"*
 22 x 22 x 7 in.
 (55.88 x 55.88 x 17.78 cm)
 steel, aluminum, brass, copper
- 16 *Nuclear Thunderbird*
 57.5 x 32 x 7
 (146.05 x 81.28 x 177.8 cm)
 steel, nylon
 The Albuquerque Museum,
 museum purchase, 1993
 general obligation bonds
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 24 X 29 X 10 in.
 (60.96 x 73.66 x 25.4 cm)
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 23 x 19 x 9 in.
 (58.42 x 48.26 x 22.86 cm)
 steel, brass, aluminum

Poets and Atomic Artists

By Rosé Cohen

An artist down in Santa Fe
Who turns out pieces night and day
Whose life's example shows the way
For many on the path
Is grinning at a private joke
Which came to him just as he woke
And now he's looking for a smoke
To take into the bath.

Here every room is jammed with art
All fashioned with his hand and heart
To find your way you'd need a chart
It flows into the yard
A solid mass of art so dense
Thank God the place has got a fence
Or this outrageous opulence
Would fill the boulevard.

It's morning and the world's in shreds
It makes men jump back in their beds
The covers pulled over their heads
To keep away the dawn.
The artist grins and rises up
He brews the coffee, finds the cup
He drinks and smokes and pets the pup
While wondering what to pawn.

But nothing here is worth the dust
Or worth a little flake of rust
No, not a crumb, not worth a crust
At the pawnbroker's shop.
Out there you need something that's real
To have a chance to make a deal
A watch, a suit, something you steal,
Not art or some such slop.

Poets and atomic artists
Make the maps, they are the chartists
And among the very smartest
Life-forms in the crowd
Focusing an inward vision,
Clearing vistas with precision,
On a course without collision
Quiet, they speak out loud.

Though doomed to poverty they're blessed,
Unrecognized among the rest,
Unknown, they pass the hardest test.
Each day they blaze a trail
Alone through unexplored terrain
Ignoring pleasure, bearing pain
Spilling their life-blood from each vein
While to the stars they sail.



Tony Price's long time and last wish was to keep the collection of one hundred forty-four atomic art sculptures together, and to permanently house them and make them available for public view. The idea for the traveling exhibition of selected works came from Stuart Ashman, former Director of the Museum of Fine Arts, Santa Fe, so that a wider circle might become aware of Price's work and message and learn about the developing plans for the Tony Price/Atomic Art Museum

The design of the museum and sculpture gardens is in the hands of the eminent architect Bob Jacobs. Several sites in Santa Fe, New Mexico are under consideration.

For more information about this project contact:

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505-988-5188
rosetonka@aol.com

Visit Tony Price's website at
www.newartsweb.com/atomicartist



TREX
Traveling Exhibitions

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