

Hanford Nuclear Sculpture Works
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Dear Janet and Edward (and Christorfer and Lindly for whom I don't have an address),

Tragic accident last night. Must have been between two and three am, - I had fallen back asleep after the D.O.E. nuclear waste train had shaken the studio awake on its way off the Hanford Reservation - about one. I was awakened again by the crash of something metal inside the studio (although cooler now I am still sleeping outside) and went in to investigate. As the florescents blinked to life I saw that a pile (one on many) of boxes of my things (my life) had fallen from the incomprehensible pyramid of my possessions heaped haphazardly in the middle of the floor, and my beam-balance had been on top, and that was what I heard when it hit the concrete floor. Seems the Sagebrush Mice population was nesting in a box of rags (well, my clothing actually, but rags by most definitions) and had wiggled the box enough to send the pile toppling off onto the matched set of Fiesta-ware bowls that I feed my resident rodent population in. It had broken the thistle-seed bowl (between the sunflower seed dish and the free-water bowl (I must be doing terrible things to these rodent's kidneys as they have never before had real, free-water). As I picked up the beam-balance from the broken bowl I found a dead sagebrush shrew, killed instantly by the impact. My investigation of the accident continues but I have tentatively logged it as an on-the-job construction accident (they were building a nest). Construction jobs, coupled with great height, are a deadly mix... my first fatality in the new studio. The funeral is tomorrow, in the small flower-bed-in-progress, and I am working on the draft accident report to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. Other, more mundane, news as follows: Had a rough week in Seattle (although breaking down "Controlled Access" at C.O.C.A. went pretty smooth in spite of the fact that the truck I borrowed boiled over repeatedly, stalled often in down-town traffic and would not start in time to prevent a ticket for being parked at a fire plug) - but my efforts to create a revised proposal (with budgets, as requested) for an artist-in-residency at M.I.T., which I was doing on my friend Tom Putman's Mac computer (as my Amiga wouldn't work at the 150 degrees temperature in the new studio) and no one's MAC was compatible with anyone else's and I lost two or three days worth of work more than once trying to open and import, and I had an internal meltdown during which I probably telephoned you and left a cryptic message, four of my 28 shipments of plutonium were intercepted in Germany, and when I got back over here to Richland and wanted to revise my M.I.T. proposal (I had saved it to disk as a text and even called Tom's Mac to offer) I was in a hurry and forgot to take the file to the computer, so this entire community is in a bit of a lull and finally I found the computer of a friend of a friend who had a Mac and, with no small social embarrassment, spent all Saturday and Sunday trying to get it

