

# **The Cosmic Egg**

By Fred Truck



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The cosmic egg, world egg or mundane egg is a mythological motif found in the cosmogonies of many cultures and civilizations, including in Proto-Indo-European mythology.

[1]

Typically, there is an egg which, upon "hatching", either gives rise to the universe itself or gives rise to a primordial being who, in turn, creates the universe. The egg is sometimes lain on the primordial waters of the Earth.

[2]

Typically, the upper half of the egg, or its outer shell, becomes the heaven (firmament) and the lower half, or the inner yolk, becomes the Earth.[3]

The motif likely stems from simple elements of an egg, including its ability to offer nourishment and give rise to new life, as is reflected by the Latin proverb *omne vivum ex ovo* ('all life comes from an egg').[4]

The term "cosmic egg" is also used in the modern study of cosmology in the context of emergent Universe scenarios.

--Wikipedia

I began the Bomb project in 2000, with the Bronze Bomb. Later, I made an inflatable bomb. I also made a number of Cartoon Bombs, some of which I put in medicine cabinets. Today, 11-26, 2024, I finished a 3D print I call Plastque and the Egg. All during the 24 years I've worked on this project, I've felt isolated. No one was talking about the elephant in the room.

Of course, this isn't true. John Hersey wrote *Hiroshima*, a very moving account of survivors of the Fat Man bomb in 1946. Richard Rhodes wrote a magnificent book, *The Making of the Atom Bomb*, published in 1986. On October 1, 2005, *Doctor Atomic* by John Adams directed by Peter Sellars premiered. Then, in 2023, the Academy-award winning *Oppenheimer* played in movie theatres all over the world.

My analysis: in art, artists were encouraged to focus on identity or social issues. Why should they focus on the bomb, when the markets and granting agencies told them to focus on something else? When I began the Bomb Project, only John Hersey had written about the after-effects of the bomb, and Richard Rhodes had broached the subject from another direction.

I went in a different way. My interests were not social but focused on the beauty of the Bomb's geometry. It's roundness. The sphere. The cosmic egg.

I will be the first to admit geometry beautiful as it is will never mask the hideous power the Bomb unleashes. The shock wave. The Fat Man Bomb changed the world forever. I have never known any other.

## **Catalog of Bomb Sculpture Included by Exclusion**

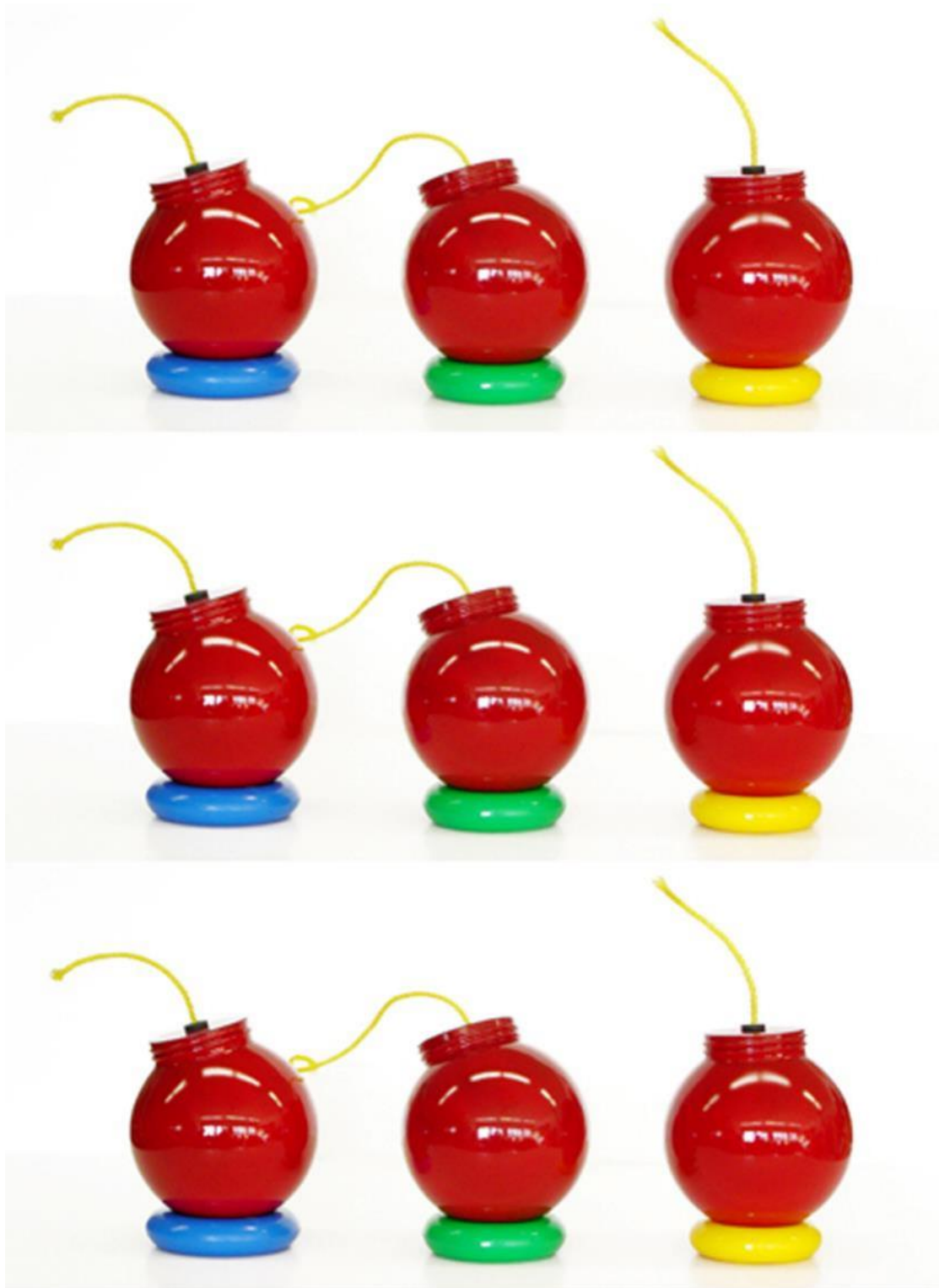
### **The Father of All My Art Bombs—The Bronze Fat Boy**



The Cartoon Bombs are a project in military industry the Badge of Quality has engaged in for many years beginning about 1909. Mr. Milk Bottle often was the spokesperson in ads featuring these small weapons at that time, and has continued as such since then. These bombs finally evolved to become the popular home versions now seen in American residences from Coast to Coast. (Here's the truth. The Cartoon Bombs were based on the type of explosive device that appeared in cartoons in the early 20th century that anarchists were supposed to throw.) Approximately 2007-2009.



Plastic, rubber, rope, child's stacking toy.



Multiplication of Cartoon Bombs



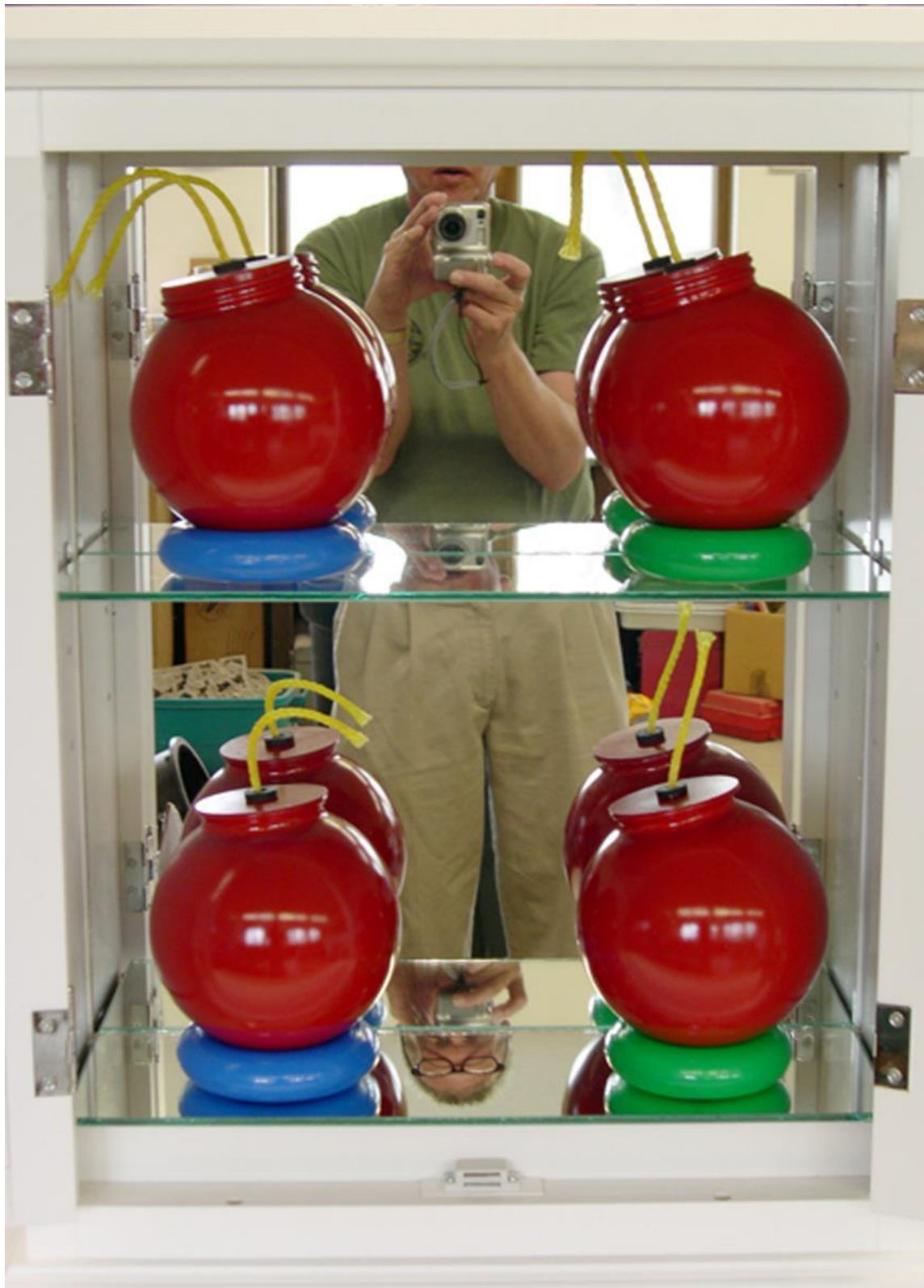
Medicine Cabinet for Home Storage of Cartoon Bombs, also called The Arsenal  
(altered medicine cabinet)



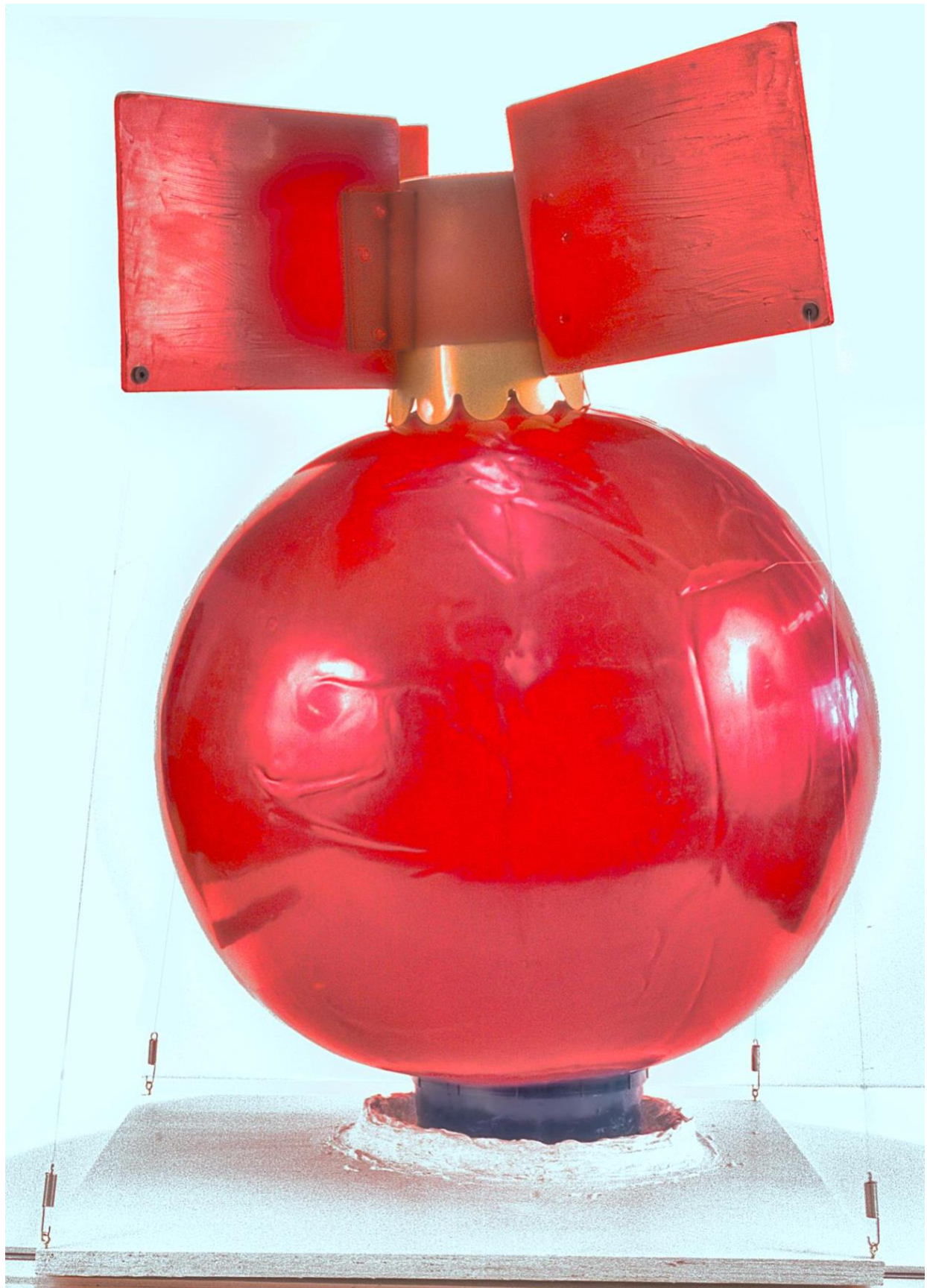


Altered Medicine Cabinet designed to make it appear you have more bombs than you actually do.





Affect of the Arsenal.



Above, Inflatable Bomb, 2009

Putty, inflatable Christmas lawn ornament, wire springs, wire, wood, paint.

Below, **Duck and Cover**

I took this picture at the White Sands Missile Proving Grounds Museum. It is a sculpture in the manner of George Segal showing how school children were told to protect themselves in case of a nuclear attack. They were told to duck to avoid being hit by flying debris, and then to take cover. In the background you can see large containers for water or food.

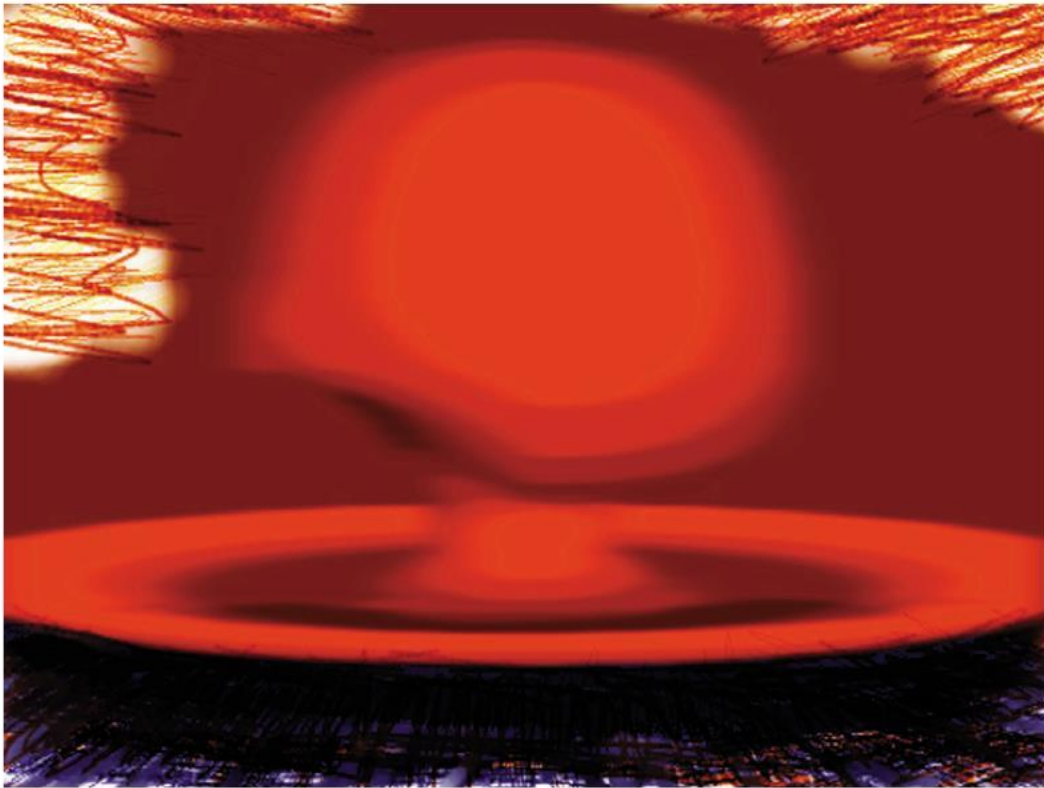
This is the only exercise of nuclear preparedness I took part in as a school kid. We didn't hide under desks. We went to the gym in the basement of the school. The boys played basketball, along with some of the girls. Other girls worked on art projects at benches along the walls of the gym. When the basketball game got out of hand, which was inevitable, everybody worked on art projects. We had no idea what was going on.

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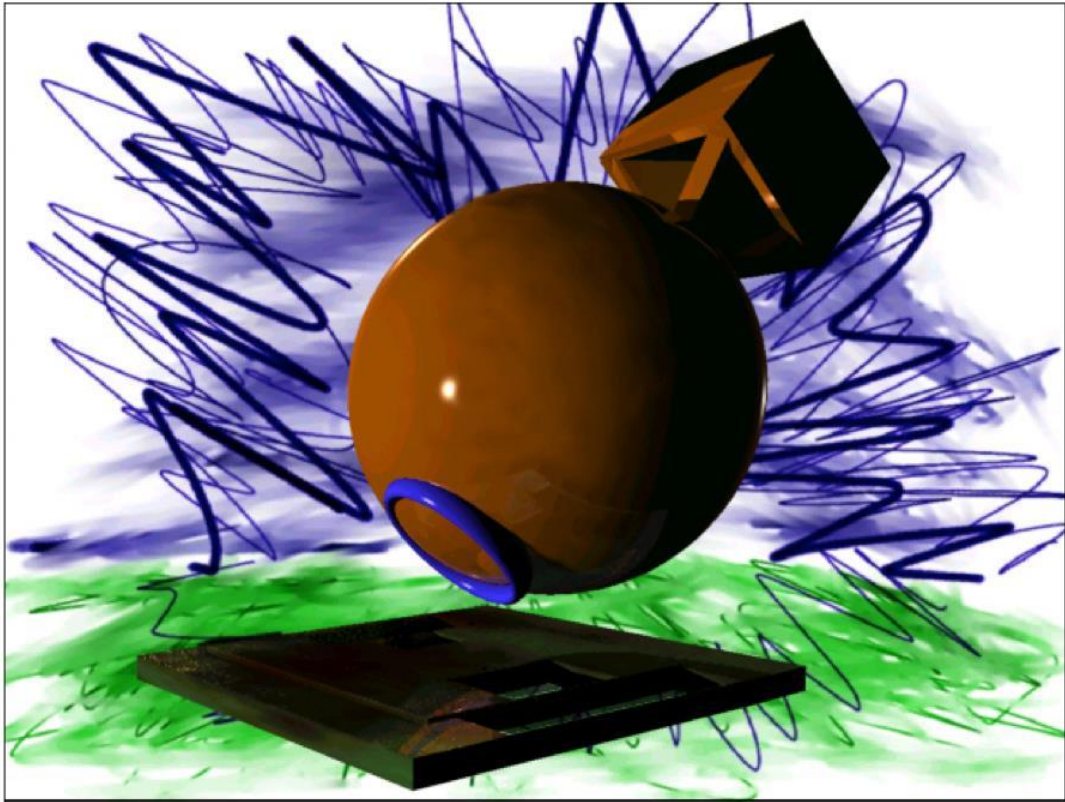
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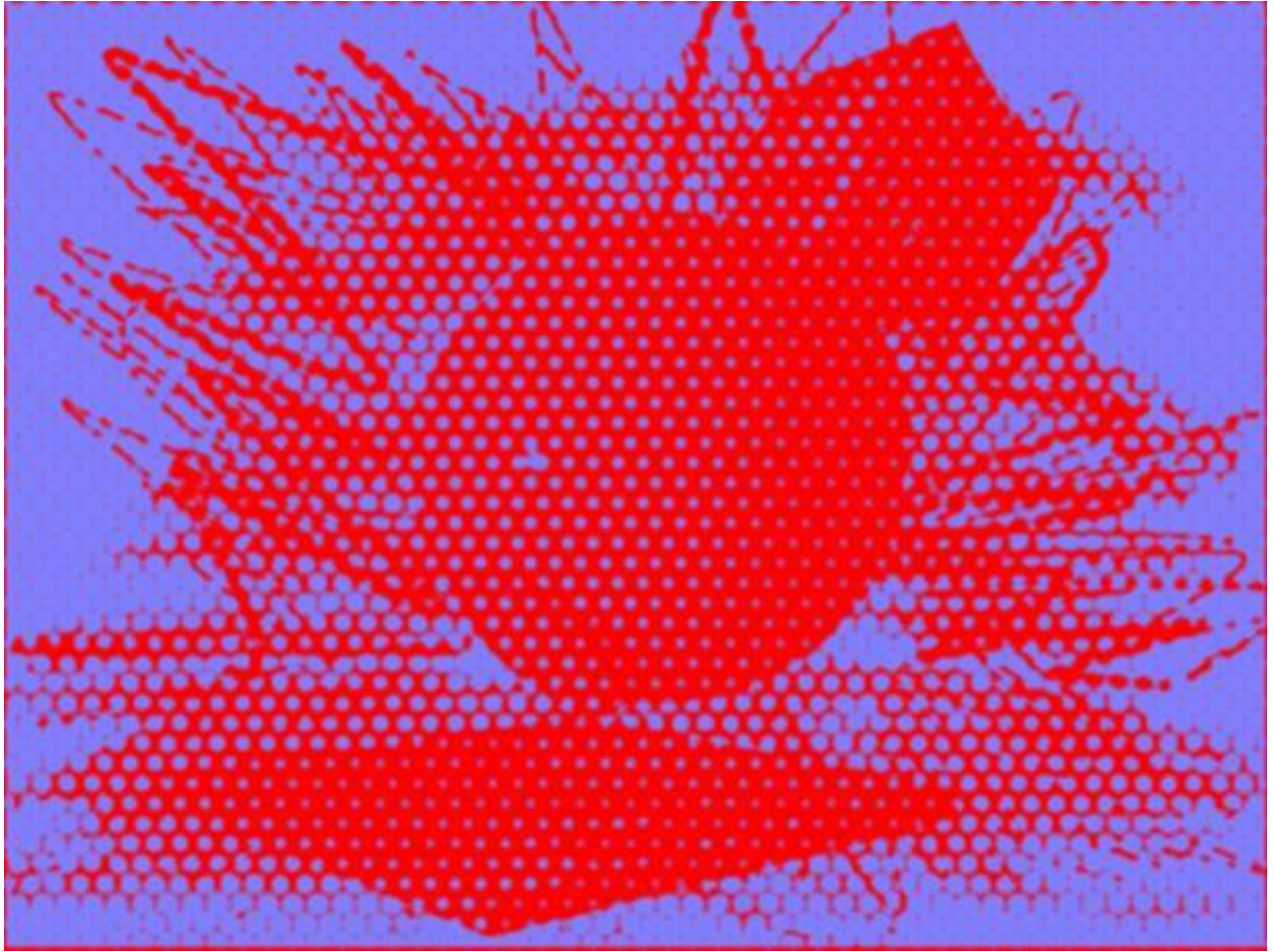


Cloud



Fat Boy





## **Preceding 3 Prints**

These very early Bomb Prints were done some time in the mid-1990s for my son, Ben Truck. Unfortunately, the shop that mounted the canvas wanted to discourage me from using digital means to do my art. They used a fixative on my work that caused it to self-destruct. So, here we are. The digital image has outlasted their efforts and my image lives on.