

Hiroshima

R.
8/7/70
Day After.
25 years later.
Hiroshima

1. A child, with red dress, chases
a pigeon she bends
to catch it.

1 = 20
D = 12
too much
in start

2. A young man, no more than 30,
puts his arm around his son
and bends to hear the child's words.
The man's ear and arm are blistered
with red scars.

3. A woman, after seeing the
exhibit of Hiroshima's destruction,
writes her name and homeland - USA -
in the register. Under the heading
IMPRESSIONS she writes "Well done."

4. A red sign, situated atop a
Fuji film building, advertises
Coca Cola.

5. Behind the red sign the sky
lies motionless, its blueness
spotted with white clouds.

D's comment at time

(Note: objectivity of style, & of content - i.e. those
who are directed: 1- unemotional,
2- seeking to forget 3- blind w/o understanding
4- technology; care made for Nature's indifference)

J's comment (2018): Wow, this is powerful. So many different emotions captured – the innocence and ignorance of a child; the suffering of victims, the commercialization of a sacred site. Most devastating is the comment Well done. Gut-wrenching. And then la belle indifference of the universe.

D: 2018 This is actually quite good and powerful...I did it! (11/8/18) (hmm, that's about process of writing; what about content! (see note above about artistic distance....

[Writing can be callous. Putting together artistically adjectives: ~~BE~~ GOLD, BALDING, to form an effect, it is easy to forget those adjectives where once a person's life, not ^{only} metaphors or similes in an artist's handbag.] What was once life becomes a progressive participle. The artist sees ~~as~~ them as the same.]

J: 2018: This is a good insight. I've seen the same ideas describing writers – everything they experience is grist for the mill. Their priority becomes, how can I use this in my art. Great line "What was once life becomes a progressive participle." So the dangers of too much objectivity, forgetting the underlying suffering.

This above is a "yes" and....i think for me, as I'm reading through this journal now (11/8/18, art was also a way to cope with , create some distance, (and a sense of control) over feelings, events over which I didn't really have active control. It gave me a way to create in a positive assertive way, which helped me in coming to some peace and acceptance (about life, about me).

J: 2018 Good insight. I agree writing about events seems to foster a sense of control even though it doesn't change anything. This is why writing can be therapeutic.

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