

MY FEAR & MY LOVE

Contrasts are important for pattern recognition. In this poster I try to transmit my personal concern of the nuclear threat by exhibiting side by side pictures that personify my fear and my love.

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The technical aspects of nuclear war are well known: The flash, the immediate nuclear radiation, the blast, the wind, the mushroom cloud, the nuclear fallout, and the nuclear winter.



One picture that is imprinted in my mind forever is the photo of the totally destroyed Hiroshima.



I see the destroyed Hiroshima when I walk in the city of my home town Oslo, here on our national day 17. May. What would happen if we were hit by a nuclear bomb launched by will or accident? How can we behave if there were no danger?



Another picture I cannot forget is this drawing by a mother 30 years after the Hiroshima bomb. In all these years she has been suffering from her memory: *"I tried desperately to save my baby daughter trapped inside the collapsed house. I scratched on the clay walls with my finger nails. But when finally I succeeded in making a hole, everything was in flames."*



I see the mother and her burning baby through the picture of my first grandchild Julie, here seconds after her birth ...

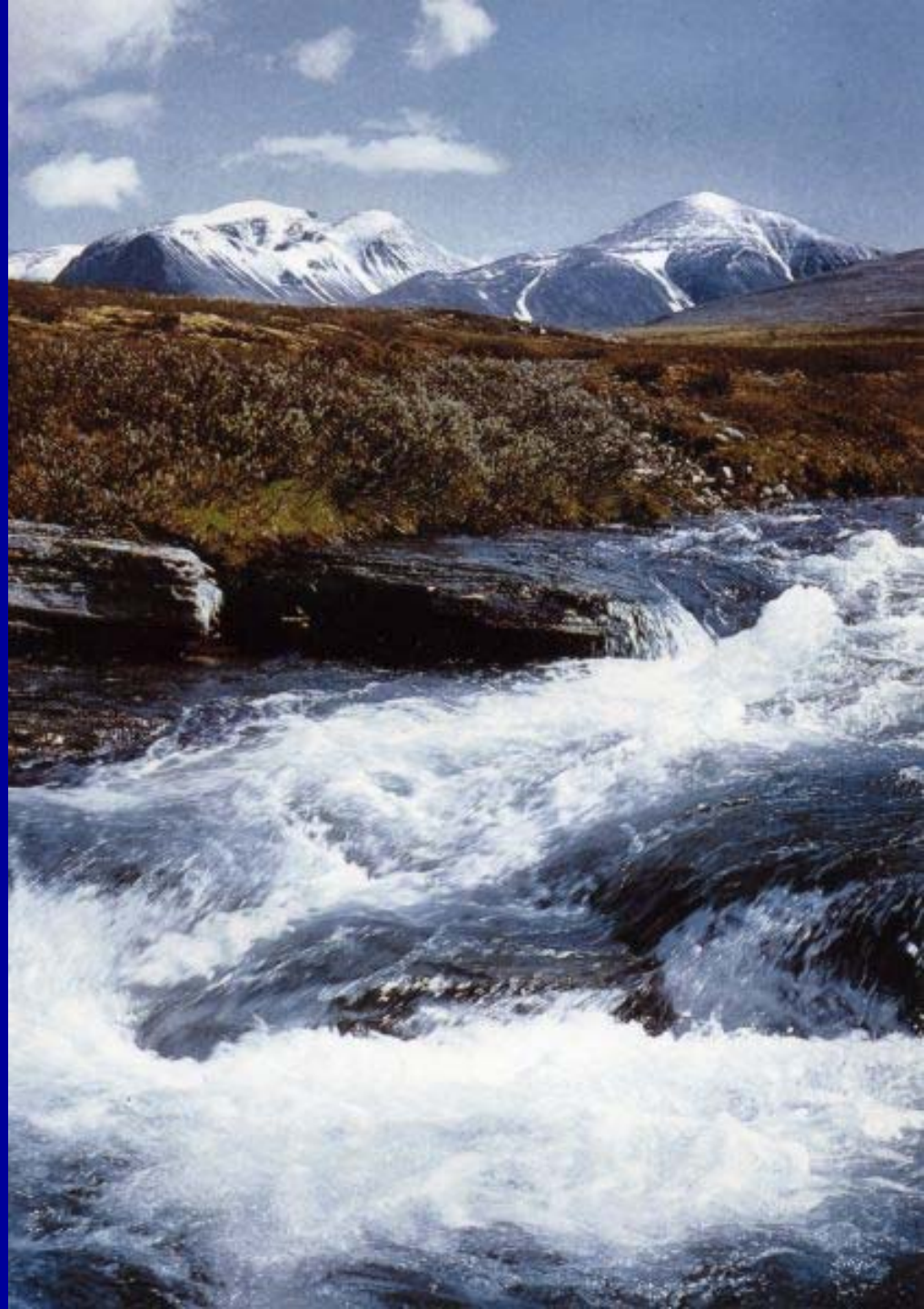


...and here the day after on her father's lap. As all children through all times, she looks at the world with eyes full of unlimited confidence and the archetypic wisdom of mankind. Are these, my dear, going to experience a new Hiroshima? Shall there be no new arbors on the wonderful tree of life after them?



The third nuclear picture in my mind is the mushroom cloud made of soot and fission products spreading its radioactive fallout throughout the world and hiding the sun so there becomes winter all over the world simultaneously.

I think of the fallout when
a see the clean waterfalls
in our Norwegian
mountains ...





...and the ripe strawberries along the road side. How many
Becquerel will they contain?

And if the world is
stiffening in the ice cold
grip of the nuclear winter,
what then with the
butterflies?





...and the pearl owl,
looking at me with its
large eyes?



And what with the flower meadows of my childhood?

And the wonderful bluebells? Isn't a bluebell a larger wonder than all nuclear weapons together? No scientist has still succeeded in copying this masterpiece. Within a single bluebell there are mysteries of life that scientists may never be able to solve.





Four tons of explosives for each of us, children as adults.



Also for my grandchild Julie? Which destiny is waiting for her and all those who should follow in her foot steps on this wonderful planet?



Is she going to share the destiny of this child of Hiroshima?



Or shall I be able to
guide her into a safe
future?

Kirsten Osen,

Norwegian Physicians against Nuclear War.

Fig. 4 and 16 are from the Japanese collection of drawings made by Hiroshima survivors 30 years after the nuclear bomb. These and the unknown producers of other pictures are gratefully acknowledged.