



MARUKI GALLERY FOR THE HIROSHIMA PANELS, established by Iri Maruki and Toshi Maruki, husband and wife, is famous for its message for peace all over the world.

Nearly at the end of the World War II, two atomic bombs were dropped at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, which destroyed more than 300,000 lives.

Japanese-style painter Iri Maruki, born in Hiroshima, and Western-style painter Toshi Maruki went into Hiroshima city just three days after the bombing.

They were shocked by the terrible disaster caused by the atomic bombs.

They made decision to make victims' agony, sufferings and wishes for peace known to everybody and spent 30 years painting the great, all 15, "HIROSHIMA PANELS".

#### OTHER WORKS:

They were, of course, aware of the responsibility of Japanese people as murderers.

Those paintings of 'Nanking Massacre,' 'Auschwitz' and 'Minamata' gained support among all the people around the world and Iri Maruki and Toshi Maruki were nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize in 1995.



Maruki Gallery also permanently exhibits magnificent landscape paintings by Iri Maruki, wonderful drawings and vivid original pictures for picture books by Toshi Maruki and warmhearted paintings of Suma Maruki, mother of Iri, who started painting when she was over 70 years old and was accepted for In-ten exhibition several times.

#### AROUND THE GALLERY:

Maruki Gallery has been taking the initiative in environmentalist movement, making use of natural sunlight for inner lighting and a septic tank for sewage.

The Gallery overlooks the Tokigawa River and surrounding beautiful landscape known as the Hiki hills.

You can enjoy a barbecue on the shore of the river.

Near the gallery, you can make use of "National Women's Education Center" for seminars and lodging.

You can also visit such nearby facilities as "Peace Museum Of Saitama," "Saitama Children's Zoo," "Musashi Kyuryo National Government Park".

Please have a nice day with wonderful pictures and wonderful natural scenery at MARUKI GALLERY.

#### **Message from IRI and TOSHI Maruki**

-Iri Maruki (left), 1901-1995

-Toshi Maruki (right), 1912-2000

We lost our uncle to the Atomic Bomb and our two young nieces were killed ; our younger sister suffered burns and our father died after six months ; many friends perished.

Iri left Tokyo for Hiroshima on the first train from Tokyo, three days after the Bomb was dropped.

Toshi followed a few days later.

Two kilometers from the center of the explosion, the family house was still standing.

But the roof and roof tiles were mostly gone, windows had been blown out, and even the pans, dishes, and chopsticks had been blasted out of their places in the kitchen. In what was left of the burned structure, rescued bomb victims were gathered together and lay on the floor from wall to wall until it was full.

We carried the injured, cremated the dead, searched for food, and found scorched sheets of tin to patch the roof.

With the stench of death and the flies and the maggots all around us, we wandered about in the same manner as those who had experienced the Bomb.

In the beginning of September, back in Tokyo, we heard for certain that the war had ended.

In Hiroshima, we hadn't known.

It had never entered our minds--at that time, we couldn't think beyond what we were seeing and doing.

Three years passed before we began to paint what we had seen. We began to paint our own nude bodies to bring back the images of that time, and others come to pose for us because we were painting the Atomic Bomb. We thought about a 17-year-old girl having had a 17-year life span, and 3-year-old child having had a life of three years.

Nine hundreds sketches were merged together to create the first paintings.

We thought we had painted a tremendous number of people, but there were 260,000 people who died in Hiroshima. As we prayed for the blessing of the dead with a fervent hope that it never happen again, we realized that even if we sketched and painted all of our lives, we could never paint them all.



One Atomic Bomb in one instant caused the deaths of more people than we could ever portray.

Long-lasting radioactivity and radiation sickness are causing people to suffer and die even now.

This was not a natural disaster.

As we painted, through our paintings, these thought came to run through and through our mind.

*(Iri Maruki, Toshi Maruki)*

## (1) GHOSTS



It was a procession of ghosts in an instant all clothing burned off hands, faces, and breasts swelled.

The purple blisters on their skin were soon burst and peeled off hanging down like pieces of rags. With hands lifted half up, they were ghosts in procession.

Dragging their ragged skin behind them exhausted, they fell down moaning in heaps and died one after another.

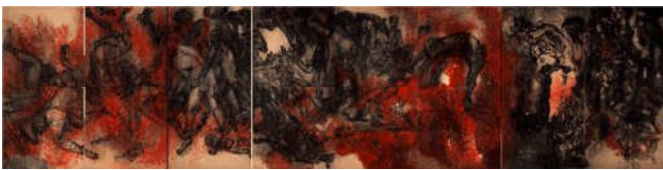
At center of explosion, the temperature reached six thousand degrees. A human shadow remained on a stone step nearby.

Could a body vaporize?  
Did it blow away? There is no one to tell what it was like at that moment at the center.

Burned charred faces, no one could tell one from another. Voices weakened, they told their names but even then were unrecognized.

An infant with innocent face and delicate skin lay asleep  
Was it saved in mother's tender breast?  
Oh, that even this one babe will awake to rise up again

## (2) FIRE



"PIKA!" The blue-white light of the flash the explosion--  
the force--  
the heat wave--  
Never in heaven or on earth had humankind experienced this.

In an instant all burst into flames and the ruins were ablaze.  
The dead silence of the vast desert broken.  
Some fell senseless under fallen debris, others desperately digging out.

All consumed by the crimson.  
Glass shards pierced bellies, arms and legs were lost. People fell and were taken by the fire.

"Hurry! Get out, quick!" someone shouted.  
"I can't!" came the mother's cry from beneath the heavy beams.

"Then, the child!" the other shouted.  
"You must escape yourself!  
My child will be died with me.

She would only be lost streets."  
Helping hands were pushed away.

And mother and child were devoured by swift flames of vermillion.

## (3) WATER



Feet outward, heads inward.  
Mountains of corpses.  
Layer upon layer of bodies piled so as not to see the eyes, the mouths, the noses.

In one forgotten heap of bodies not yet burned was an eyeball looking out and watching us.

Was it alive?  
Was just a maggot putting false life into a dead face?

Water, water.  
All was wandering searching for water.  
Fleeing from the licking flames searching for a last drop of water.

A mother being hurt clutching her child running along the river.

Falling into the deep part and scrambling back desperately to the shallow.

Run! Through the fierce flames enveloping the river.  
She stopped just to cool her face in the water.

Run! Run!  
Finally she reached here.  
And she gave breast to babe and found out it not alive.

A portrait of mother and her child in the 20th century. Wounded mother and dead infant, the statue of despair.

Let the mother and child be a symbol of hope as it has always been. It must be!

#### (4) RAINBOW



A naked soldier with a sword and in military boots.  
A soldier with broken arms and crushed legs.  
And covering their ragged skin with blankets  
sick soldiers hurrying to nowhere.  
Stillness on the earth.

Dead silence like the sound of water sinking into  
the ground.  
Suddenly a maddened soldier pointed to the  
heavens screaming over and over.

"Here it comes!  
The B-29!"  
There was no shadow of an airplane anywhere.  
Wounded horses, frenzied horses.  
Raging crazy.

American soldiers who had come to bombard  
this land were taken prisoner and held captive in  
army barracks.

The Atomic Bomb kills foe and friend--  
Two of them still in handcuffs were found lying on  
the side of the road near the Dome.

Dust and smoke from the hell blown high up in  
the sky.  
The cloud poured large raindrops from its  
swelling shape.

And darkened was the sky .  
But lo! a rainbow appeared brilliantly in the seven  
colors.

#### (5) BOYS AND GIRLS



Lying dead in lines along the riverbanks.  
Heads together longing for the water.

They lay stacked back to back from head to foot and  
died.  
None relieved that last drop of water flowing  
below the steep banks.

The boys and girls had been mobilized to do  
adult work that day to tear down buildings.  
Whole classes died together.

Two sisters embraced each other in disfigured  
human shapes.  
Nearby, young girls without a scratch lay dead.

"My little girl was the only one of her whole class  
to live. But her fingers were all burned and stuck  
together and her face and neck became one.

She has never walked again and hasn't grown  
since that day--

She was thirteen then."  
So related a carpenter, a victim himself looking at  
this painting.

#### (6) ATOMIC DESERT



There was no food, nor medicine.  
Houses were all burned, the rain came in.  
No electricity, no newspaper to read, no radio,  
No doctor.

Both the dead and wounded were food for  
maggots, and swarms of flies buzzed.  
The odor of the corpses was on the wind.

The Atomic Bomb exploded in human hearts  
as well as upon human bodies.  
Heedless of naked and ragged skin, they would  
search for lost children day after day.

Even now, human bones are found in the soil in  
Hiroshima.

#### (7) BAMBOO THICKETS



Bamboo thickets were the only shelter for the  
people.

"It wasn't an earthquake.  
But what was it?"

"A ball of flame bombs?"  
"It was some kind of bomb."  
"No, it was a death ray."  
"There was a flash and boom..."

"No, there wasn't any boom in Hiroshima.  
It must have been too loud.  
Only flash--PIKA!"  
The people called that unknown thing PIKA.

Just outside Hiroshima many bamboo thickets grew. The bamboo stalks were all burnt on the side facing the city center.

The homeless found refuge in the thickets and there one by one breathed their final breaths.

We no longer had the courage to answer the pleas for help. There was no more space in our house for the wounded to lie.

Among the multitude of corpses under Mitaki Bridge, a human figure whose age or sex no one could tell, finally slumped in death on August 26. After all, those long days since August 6th.

There was no one to take away the corpses-- A typhoon and flood in early September carried all way out to sea.

### (8) RESCUE



The blaze was unceasing. People searching for relatives and taking them home but on the way found them dying.

Food was being rationed out to the long line. There a young woman clutching hardtack for her family fell over and died.

Sister's mother- and father-in-law had hundreds of glass fragments piercing their whole bodies. Their ankles were swollen as thick as thighs.

From our house we put them on a cart and pulled it to their oldest son's home in Kaita walking by the center of the blast.

It rained softly all day that day. It rained often in Hiroshima after the Bomb. Midsummer but it seemed cold every day.

In tears she told us. She said "Mother, forgive me!", as she left her and ran.

Husband left wife. wife left husband, parent left child. child left parent. Rescue--it came later.

### (9) YAIZU



It was 1945. For the first time in human history, the Atomic Bomb was dropped over Hiroshima. And dropped once more over Nagasaki.

Then over Bikini Atoll, another first the Hydrogen Bomb was dropped. There a fishing boat called Lucky Dragon sailed.

The death ashes fell all around. and half a year later Aikichi Kuboyama died in his home port of Yaizu.

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Their ankles were swollen as thick as thighs. From our house we put them on a cart and pulled it to their oldest son's home in Kaita walking by the center of the blast.

It rained softly all day that day. It rained often in Hiroshima after the Bomb. Midsummer but it seemed cold every day.

In tears she told us. She said "Mother, forgive me!", as she left her and ran. Husband left wife. wife left husband, parent left child. child left parent. Rescue--it came later.

### (10) PETITION



Stop the Atomic Bomb!  
Stop the Hydrogen Bomb!  
Stop War!

In Tokyo's Suinami Ward, a petition begun by women spread all over Japan. Children. mothers. fathers. old people, workers of all kinds -- everyone signed.

For the first time, the people of Japan asserted themselves with a silent cry. A voice that echoed throughout the land. A call for peace.

### (11) MOTHER AND CHILD



Under the shattered structures amidst the excruciating flames.

Parent left child. child left parent, husband left wife. wife left husband.  
 Nowhere to escape to.  
 Figures fleeing in all directions.  
 This was the Atomic Bomb.

In the midst of this. how eerie--  
 Mothers' loving arms shielding their babies from death. diving themselves.  
 There were oh! so many.

### (12) FLOATING LANTERNS



On August sixth every year. the seven rivers of Hiroshima are filled with lanterns.  
 Painted with the names of fathers. mothers, and sisters. they float on their way to the sea.  
 Almost there. pushed back flame snuffed out.  
 Darkly coming back in pieces.  
 Tossed by ocean waves.

That time, years past, these same rivers were filled.  
 With the corpses of those fathers, mothers and sisters.

### (13) DEATH OF AMERICAN PRISONERS OF WAR



By your bomb. 300,000 Japanese died but your own died too—23 of your youth.  
 Before the Atomic Bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. Americans on B-29 bomb raids parachuted down and were taken prisoner.  
 Women as well as men.  
 In What state were they at the end?  
 We wondered about their shoes, their clothes.

Upon going to Hiroshima we were dumbfounded.  
 Kept in an underground shelter near the center of the blast the P.O.W.s would have perished anyway.  
 Or could they have lived?  
 But the surviving prisoners. in fact. were tortured and murdered by their enraged captors, the Japanese.

Our hands trembled as we painted the death of American prisoners of war.

### (14) CROWS



Koreans and Japanese look alike.  
 In those mercilessly charred faces how can one see a difference?  
 "After the Bomb. the bodies of the Koreans were left on the streets to the very last.  
 Some were alive but few. Nothing to be done.  
 Crows descending from the sky. Hoeders of crows.  
 Coming down to eat the eyes of the Koreans.  
 Eat the eyes."\*

Even in death, Koreans were discriminated against.  
 Even at death. Japanese discriminated against Koreans. Asian both, hit by the Bomb.

Beautiful chima choori.  
 Flying through the sky to Korea the homeland.  
 We respectfully offer this painting.  
 We pray.

NOTE:  
 In the Mitsubishi Shipyards in Nagasaki. there were forced laborers from Korea numbering more than 5000.  
 There were also many Korean forced laborers in Hiroshima. In South Korea alone today. there are approximately 15,000 Atomic Bomb survivors who have no official recognition as such as have received no assistance.

### (15) NAGASAKI



The target of Kokura covered by clouds, two B-29s on to Nagasaki.  
 Chased by more clouds.  
 Mitsubishi Steelworks skirting the town the new target. Drop it!  
 Just above Urakami Cathedral it exploded.  
 Instantaneously annihilating the priests and believers and all.  
 The cathedral at the center.  
 Endless concentric halo-like circles of dead human beings.

In Nagasaki it was a plutonium bomb.  
 Stronger than the one in Hiroshima.  
 Nagasaki in ruins 140,000 killed.

No more Atomic Bomb.