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Gone Nuclear: Representing Hiroshima and Nagasaki in the United States

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Shared memory, cultural memory: these are our themes. While they may sound like simple things, they do not play out simply at all in scholarship or ordinary life. Instead, they are vexed, complex, confusing, conflicting, and often quite surprising. Because a nation's sense of itself is at stake in the matter and, sometimes, family histories too, cultural memory helps to shape our sense of ourselves. I am especially interested in the dual process by which certain memories stick in the cultural memory, influence governmental and public policy, and become part of national and personal identity--while others get deflected, effaced, or not remembered at all.

The focus of my talk will be the documentation, in American scholarship, popular books, and films of the end of the war in the Pacific, specifically the atomic bombings. But in order to clarify the dialectic that is the subject of my talk --the process by which cultural memory forms and is either amplified or effaced-- I will need to turn briefly (very briefly) to where American cultural memory tends to concentrate, World War II in Europe. For the best example of a memory that has assumed legendary and consequential status comes (as will not surprise many of you) from the European side of the war. And so, with your permission, I will begin very briefly with this portion of cultural memory and then turn quickly to my topic today: cultural memory in the U.S. about the war with Japan.

In the United States, the most frequently referenced memory from World War II, in both political history, popular culture, including film, is D-Day. And yet, as I discovered in my work on *The War Complex* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2005), most Americans greatly overestimate the number of American dead on D-Day. The precise number is 2,403, even though most people guess 10,000 or 25,000. Even parsing very open and shared cultural memory-- indeed the memory of the most commemorated event of World War II in the United States--can be difficult and contain surprises.

The second half of the process by which memory forms is a still more devious --and that is the path by which certain memories, while documented, known, and even for the most part uncontested, repeatedly fail to find public embodiment in forms like governmental and policy formulations, books or films that can easily index them in the public mind and hence become distorted or displaced in cultural memory. In the United States, Hiroshima and Nagasaki form two of

those memories. The names and the events they designate are certainly known, certainly, without a doubt, to almost every American and they are seen as important and as extremely consequential. But what happened on the ground in Hiroshima and Nagasaki simply do not form part of cultural memory in the United States in anything like the way that what happened on the beaches of Normandy as does D-Day. Instead, they remain what I would call hiding in plain sight.

As recently as December of 2009, when I was preparing the summary of this talk, I speculated that, now--when 60th year anniversaries from World War II have come and gone, cultural memory in the U.S. might change and open up. But then, as so frequently happens--and for startling reasons--it shut down.

Part One: The Strange Case of *Last Train to Hiroshima*

In January of 2010, a *New York Times* review of a new book by Charles Pellegrino caught my eye. Called *Last Train to Hiroshima,* the book tackled a topic that seemed at first improbable. "As many as 165 people," the review stated, "are believed to have survived Hiroshima only to wind up in Nagasaki when that bomb fell three days later." I did not know that. It seemed an intriguing fact. The author had interviewed a number of these people and collected their stories in a volume that read like a novel. It was lurid at times--too lurid for my taste by far--and yet had a dense texture of details and a gritty reality that made me think: everyone should read this book. The reviewers by and large agreed: the *Times* called it "a firm, compelling synthesis of earlier memoirs and archival material as well as of the author's own original research," a "sober and authoritative new book."[1]

Pellegrino would not have been the author I would have chosen for this task. His previous work had included *Return to Sodom and Gomorrah: Bible Stories from Archeologists, The Jesus Family Tomb, and Ghosts of the Titanic,* a source for the blockbuster James Cameron Academy Award winning film *Titanic.* He had a taste for the macabre and wrote with a decidedly popular bent.

Still, when I read *Last Train to Hiroshima*--as I did, as soon as it appeared--I found myself inclined to agree with reviewers who had praised the book.

Not since John Hersey's *Hiroshima,* published in 1946 in the *New Yorker* magazine and then a best-seller, had Americans read so much and in such detail about Hiroshima and Nagasaki and confronted frank discussion of the damage inflicted on human beings by the atomic explosions. Historically, such discussions have oddly continued to bear the mark of the initial suppression of information by Occupation forces under General MacArthur who famously, one might say notoriously, censored the photographs coming out of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and barred public statements by survivors. To this day, and to a surprising extent, literature on the subject remains confined to medical sources, including memoirs.

Like Hersey's *Hiroshima* but with a less partial selection of interviewees,

Pellegrino's book brought the reader back to a sense of what had happened on the ground--what had been experienced on the flesh of individual bodies and seared into the memories of survivors, many marked fatally by the consequences of that day. Hersey had concentrated, somewhat alarmingly, on sources brought to his attention--in his case a disproportionate number of Christians. Because so few people had experienced both explosions, Pellegrino automatically had a spectacularly fascinating but also more neutrally chosen sample. I had written on World War II and know the subject far more than most Americans. And yet the details Pellegrino gave shocked me, as he intended they do. And I either recalled or learned some things while reading the book.

At first, things for this book were going great. It received mostly positive reviews in prominent places. And, in what has got to be a coup for any author, James Cameron (of *Titanic* and *Avatar* fame) picked up the book for a film option and announced plans to make the film.

And then the roof fell in.

Pellegrino had interviewed an air force veteran named Joseph Fuoco (who died in 2008), who claimed to have been a last minute substitute for James R. Corliss aboard the Enola Gay and to have run the mission over Hiroshima. Fuoco provided many colorful details about the flight, including some mishaps on the ground. But when a blogger called for further information, a veterans' group and the Corliss family disputed that Fuoco had ever substituted for Corliss aboard the Enola Gay. Corliss had died in 1999, but according to the *New York Times,* documents preserved by his family confirmed his presence on the Enola Gay. Nothing confirmed Fuoco's. A little-noted fact in the original *Times* article was "many former servicemen had falsely claimed to have flown over Hiroshima on the famous bombing run" and Fuoco was apparently one of these very strange men, (http:/www.nytimes.com/2020/02/21/books/21hiroshima.html, page 4 of 4, accessed 4/13/10). Pellegrino issued a statement saying he had been "duped" and offering to correct all errors in the book.

The bad news then accelerated: the existence of a character mentioned just five times, briefly, in the book--one Father Matthias (a Westerner)--became disputed, as did the validity of Pellegrino's claim to a graduate degree from Victoria University in Wellington, New Zealand. Pellegrino's lack of a degree was the kind of lie that cannot be corrected as a mistake or as an error caused by a duplicitous source. It torpedoed the author's already shaky claim to accuracy and truth. And yet, one might note, it was not necessarily germane since the author of a non-fiction book doesn't need to have a Ph.D..

As the negative publicity mounted, Pellegrino's publisher issued a taut, irrevocable message, the kind of thing I have only seen once before around a false Holocaust memoir called *Fragments*.[2]

The book has disappeared from bookstores, the cost of the few surviving original texts has soared on websites like Amazon.com. But this is hardly likely to console Pellegrino, whose reputation and latest book have been lost.

Now, I could go on and on about this event, which I find fascinating. Why, for example, are so many soldiers so eager to claim credit for being aboard the Enola Gay, a position that (one might claim) put them in the position of causing mass homicides--within the context of war, to be sure, and by impersonal means --but the cause of mass death, nonetheless. What, in particular, motivated Joseph Fuoco to talk to Pellegrino? Was it, perhaps, the long habit of telling his tale, until he himself believed it? I do not have time to speculate much about such things and so I will not.

All I will say is that, as a simple matter of fact, the disputed portions of Pellegrino's book represent a very small part of the whole. The duplicitous source, Joseph Fuoco, is cited on only 12 pages of this 350 page book; Matthias is mentioned on only 5.[3] Even if one took an extremely conservative path and eliminated all pages having to do with events preparatory to or on both the bombing missions to Hiroshima *and* to Nagasaki (whose facts were not in dispute), a total of 40 pages would be involved--12 of them already counted as those where Fuoco is mentioned. In short, very little of this book was actually being challenged as to its accuracy. And while the taint of untruth would inevitably dog the manuscript, a recall, a revision, and an explanatory preface might have allowed the valuable parts of this book to survive.

And yet, to be honest, as soon as I heard about the scandal involving *Last Train to Hiroshima,* I was sure that the book would not survive. U.S. cultural memory has exercised extraordinary means to evade a shared memory of Hiroshima and Nagasaki almost like an animate being building up a plethora of mutually reinforcing defensive psychological formations. The hyperbolic over-reaction to Pellegrino's book and its being pulled rather than--as would have made more sense--reprinted in a corrected edition, is just one of them.

Part Two: The Empty City

In Part Two, I'd like to turn to a series of films from the 1950s that form another and perhaps less familiar part of how American culture has evaded facts about Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Though it may not sound that way at first, the films form part of the story I want to tell today. They represent a motif I call *the Empty City* in which a large city, almost always highly recognizable by its landmarks around the world, is shown in lingering shots. Its buildings and infrastructure (electricity, etc.) remain completely intact. But human beings --except for one or more random survivors--have completely vanished. It's a motif that has shown up before in Western art and literature, often around Rome and sometimes around London. But, as one might expect, in the postwar U.S., the city involved is usually San Francisco or Chicago, Los Angeles and (especially) New York.

The empty city forms a trend within the sub-genre known as the disaster film but obviously represents something quite different from typical disaster films,

which generally feature action heroes and noisy, dramatic, even mind-boggling special effects. The motif's flourishing in the 1950s, and its recurrence today, stems in many cases quite explicitly from anxiety about nuclear destruction, displaced from history into science fiction.

I'm going to cite two movies, both from 1959, *On the Beach* and *The World, the Flesh, and the Devil,* though I will only be able to discuss the second in any detail. Both are quite fascinating movies, based on earlier fictions, but their reception histories diverge strongly.

On the Beach is based on a best-selling novel by Neville Shute, published in 1957, about the last surviving group of humans in Australia. It's a popular, apocalyptic, end-of-the-world novel about how people react as a fatal worldwide radioactive cloud moves inexorably southward. The movie is also relatively widely known and readily available.

In a long and crucial scene, an American submarine, underwater when the radioactivity was let loose, travels north from Australia to investigate a mysterious signal emanating from San Francisco. In this clip, you'll see the easily recognizable Golden Gate Bridge and the signature shot of the Empty City motif: streets filled with cars and the evidence of life--with not a human in sight or a human surviving.

In contrast, *The World, the Flesh and the Devil* (also 1959) has relatively devious and not always correctly attributed literary origins, in part because its film progeny mix and match sources. It is not accessible at all on VHS or Beta tape or DVD or via Netflix. The film is available on 35 mm film and Laserdisk; I got lucky when I was searching it out and digitally recorded it from Turner Classic Movies, which in turn provided a trailer I could use today.

In the interest of time, I am going to discuss only *The World, the Flesh, and the Devil* as a representation of nuclear disaster that does not reference Hiroshima or Nagasaki or any event like them at all--and, in so doing, continues a pattern of fantasy and displacement that runs deep within American cultural memory of WWII.

The World, the Flesh, and the Devil was produced by and stars Harry Belafonte, one of the most popular singers of his time, who initially made his reputation by capitalizing on his West Indian heritage to project a happy-go-lucky, Calypso image in *"Matilda," "Calypso Rock,"* and *"The Banana Boat Song."* When he turned to the movies, Belafonte tackled more challenging themes, casting himself several times as the romantic lead opposite famous white actresses, who he was never allowed to kiss, despite the logic of the plots. In real life he was similar to Paul Robeson in demonstrating for racial justice and opposing many governmental policies, most recently the invasion of Iraq. It seems likely that *The World, the Flesh, and the Devil* has been suppressed in part because of its star and producer, Harry Belafonte's radical politics. It was probably also suppressed for what were, in 1959, bold racial themes that caused it to be banned in many movie houses.

In *The World, the Flesh, and the Devil,* Belafonte plays Ralph Burton, a mining engineer trapped underground in Pennsylvania when apocalypse, in the form not of a war or a bombing but in the form of a mysterious, quickly moving and quickly dissipating nuclear cloud that kills almost every human being worldwide. Its origins remain unclear.

After Ralph goes to New York in search of other people, he understands that he may be the last man on Earth. There are shots on highways, bridges and tunnels and we see Ralph surveying a deserted 42nd Street, in Central Park, and atop the Empire State Building.

If you feel like you've seen something similar recently -- you quite possibly have.

A lot of the settings and many of the actual scenes in *The World, the Flesh, and the Devil* resemble the 2007 movie *I am Legend* with Will Smith. For example, in one of the most cited scenes in the Belafonte film, Ralph Burton dances with department store manikins; in *I am Legend,* you may remember that Will Smith has arranged manikins in a video store to provide a facsimile of human companionship.

In fact, though, like an earlier riff on the urban zombie film in the wake of radioactive damage--Charlton Heston's 1971 *Omega Man*--*I am Legend* looks back to a 1954 novella by Richard Matheson called *I am Legend. The World, the Flesh, and the Devil* has different sources in an obscure novella called *The Purple Cloud,* in W.E.B. Du Bois, and even in a silent film with a similar title starring Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. But both the Will Smith and Charlton Heston movies share a cinematic ancestry with the Belafonte film.

The cause of the disaster in each version differs: it's a virus that has caused major mutations in *I am Legend* (both book and movie) --they have non-nuclear plots. But it's a plague following a nuclear war in *Omega Man*, and radiation from too much testing or a mistaken bombing in *The World, the Flesh, and the Devil.* As in disaster films more generally, the relationship between the end of the human race and causality remains surprisingly fluid and labile. You can almost (though not quite) substitute at will war and nuclear radiation, environmental catastrophe, and biomedical events, like viruses--not to mention the appearance of a mysterious Godzilla--like monsters (a whole other genre of displaced nuclear narratives) and vampiric zombies.

As the trailer suggests in telegraphic fashion, in *The World, the Flesh, and the Devil,* when Ralph finds another human being, it's the woman you saw in the trailer, played by Scandinavian actress Inger Stevens. These two last people in New York fall in love, even though only Inger is willing to recognize the logical conclusion--that they should re-people the Earth--resulting in dialogue loaded with uneasy double entendre. [In real life, Stevens was in an interracial marriage.]

The story becomes even more uncomfortable when Ralph makes contact with another male survivor in South America, played by Mel Ferrar, who promptly lays claim to Sarah despite her far greater attraction to Ralph, who now refuses to

relinquish Sarah. Violence erupts when the Ferrar character stalks Ralph with a shotgun. Ralph fights back until, when they have reached the United Nations Plaza, he throws away his gun and offers himself for Ferrar to shoot. Inger interposes and, in a certain kind of movie, she would be accidently killed and the human race would be finished. [In the Garbo and Gilbert silent classic with a similar title, *The Flesh and the Devil,* some of you may recall that, as two men duel over Garbo, she falls through the ice while trying to stop them and the two men, recalling their old school day friendship, kiss and embrace without giving her a second thought.]

1959's *The World, the Flesh, and the Devil* is not that kind of movie. Like many post-apocalyptic films where there are survivors, it wants to project a new world order. And so radical cooperation happens--and that, I think, is a major point of these and, in fact, of many (albeit not all) disaster films. As E.B. White noted long ago in *Here is New York,* a book that never really went away and was revived after 2001, cities like New York depend to an extraordinary extent on cooperation and tolerance between people with very different backgrounds and very different values. Films like *The Day After Tomorrow* and *The World, the Flesh, and the Devil* pay homage to the ideal of urban comity, even when the number of urban inhabitants has been reduced to one or two or (a more fraught number) three. In contrast, factual descriptions of Hiroshima and Nagasaki stress the destruction of urban comity in the initial disaster and the need for survivors to ignore the needs of those more grievously injured.

In *The World, the Flesh, and the Devil,* the three characters decide tacitly to form a ménage a trois. The film ends with the scene glimpsed in the trailer, as Belafonte, Stevens, and Ferrar link hands (Inger in the middle) and walk across the 61st Bridge as the words "The Beginning" appear on the screen. May the best genes win!

Summarized in this way, the ending may sound laughable. But, in context, it's actually a pretty great dramatic moment and, for its time, a daring one. I do not want to make fun of this movie because I think it did and does serious cultural work despite and even (for most Americans) *because* it avoids nuclear history. In this film, as in others, the motif of the empty city directs our attention to many things, but never (to my knowledge) to the kinds of destroyed cities so characteristic of World War II firebombing and to the origins of nuclear histories in Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Part Three: Contexts

In my recent book, *The War Complex,* I discuss how the cultural memory of war intensifies patterns found in memory-work more generally.[4] It highlights some facts but distorts others and allows still others to remain known, but somehow never registered and fully perceived. Such adjustments and ellipses are not, I claim, a lapse or a failure of cultural memory, as they are commonly

conceived; they are not even, properly speaking, an erasure or a forgetting. Instead, they form an integral and crucial part of how individuals and groups construct temporality--the ineffable part of memory itself, necessary for memory's very shape. [A visual analogy one might use is that of the donut which can only be formed by having a hole in the center.]

Like most national memories of war, the American memory of World War II includes some notable omissions. Such omissions are typically not preserved in iconic photographs, films, and other popular media that support memory. What is perhaps more surprising, they are also not represented in documentaries, museum exhibitions, and even, to some extent, scholarly nonfiction.

The most iconic image of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in the West is the shape of the mushroom cloud. The abstract image came to represent danger, the need for civil defense and bomb shelters, radiation from nuclear power plants, environmental destruction, and other things. But it ended by effacing memory of a particular action--Americans dropping the atomic bombs in August 1945--and particular effects: Japanese cities destroyed; Japanese people, most of them civilians, vaporized, killed, or stricken with grievous injuries that would kill over time.

In 1950s America, literature about the atomic focused overwhelmingly on civil defense and on how to survive an atomic or even an H bomb attack; the tone was pragmatic and the emphasis was on saving American lives, saving you and your family's lives, rather than on what had happened in the past. Later, nuclear studies were couched frequently either as narratives about the politics of disarmament or as projections of environmental dangers if disarmament did not take place.

Through the 1960s, 70s, and 80s, there were histories of the Bomb's development, including some very fine books by Richard Rhodes. There were occasional discussions of injuries sustained by the Japanese--including *Death in Life* by the famous author Robert Jay Lifton--but, by and large, nuclear histories moved to a level of abstraction and Americans lost touch with the facts on the ground.[5] In some cases, and I say it with some shame, Americans felt an unambiguous national pride that World War II had come to an end without the need for an invasion of Japan after the grim battle for Okinawa which would have cost 250,000 lives (President Truman said in 1945), a figure that had grown irrationally in statements by later Presidents to 1 million.

Decades after the war's end, exhibitions like that of the Enola Gay at the Smithsonian Museum generated protests against inclusion of photographs or statements representing Japanese survivors. A small op-ed piece I wrote on the 60th anniversary of the bombing of Nagasaki generated vicious hate mail of a kind I had never received previously, a level I found shocking. Even permanent museum exhibitions routinely efface the atomic bombings. The Imperial War Museum in London represents Hiroshima and Nagasaki for example by a small placard placed at the foot of a stairway where you have to bend down to read it, that uses the

passive voice ("On 6 August 1945 an atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima and, three days later, a second fell on Nagasaki."); the large room that follows features the image of a mushroom cloud, converting the nuclear into an issue about the environment.

In recent decades, there have been histories of disarmament *Bomb Scare* and histories of the Bomb and Cold War politics, *The Bomb,* as well as various representations of events associated with the McCarthy hearings and the execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.[6] But discussion of Hiroshima and Nagasaki on the ground has remained surprisingly slim given that the deployment of atomic weapons quite literally changed our world and influenced American foreign policy for decades, as well as fostering the proliferation of disaster narratives in books, films, and TV.

In a similar way, books, films, and other media in the U.S. typically represent nuclear events not historically, but by projecting them onto a large American city (usually New York) or onto a generalized notion of the heartland or by eliminating the detonation of bombs in cities entirely and displacing it onto other kinds of events from terrorism to environmental disaster. Of these trends, both terrorism and environmental disaster have had the strongest life in the 21st century, with the Empty City motif enjoying a new life in Green narratives.

In 1959, Alain Resnais represented the first atomic bombing in Japan via a romantic encounter years afterwards in the much-discussed film *Hiroshima, mon amour.* I discuss in *The War Complex* how, almost 40 years later, the Academy Award winning film Anthony Minghella's *The English Patient* mutilated the novel from which it comes by ending right after V-E day in May 1945, deleting the U.S. bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, which form the turning point and climax of the novel.

To my knowledge--and I am always open to new information--no major American film represents the actual explosions at Hiroshima and Nagasaki on the ground and books on the topic are far fewer than one might expect. We have segments of *The Atomic Café* (1982), a BBC documentary shown in 2005 that used color footage from Hiroshima that has appeared and been lost repeatedly in the archives. We have John Hersey's 1946 *Hiroshima,* Lifton's *Death in Life,* and a handful of more obscure medical texts or memoirs. We have an excellent anthology published by an obscure press (and hence available only in libraries) called *Hiroshima's Shadow*.[7] And then, in 2010, we got the fascinating new book called *Last Train to Hiroshima* with which I began--and which disappeared almost immediately from libraries and bookstores.

Now it is, of course, true (as I have said), that Occupation forces in Japan initially and then over a period of years suppressed photographs of human victims in Hiroshima and Nagasaki and banned public statements. [That made political sense in the context of war crimes trials in Japan and Europe.] And I know that Hiroshima and Nagasaki have had an equally complex and intricate history within

Japanese life and scholarship, and still do, sometimes being rejected as themes that feed into a "victim complex."

But it's 2010 and Americans have still never really faced the harsh realities of the history of (rather than projections of) nuclear attacks, let alone of routine fire-bombings during WWII-which killed more Germans in cities like Dresden and Hamburg, and more Japanese in Tokyo than died at Hiroshima or Nagasaki. Images of radiation injuries, while initially suppressed, had reappeared by the 1960s but, typically, under the coding of American aid to survivors, including the Hiroshima maidens, shown after reconstructive surgery.

As a result, descriptions of what nuclear impact does to bodies and the sheer number and conditions of the corpses it produces can shock even people like me, fairly well read in the topic: skin dropping off as bodies bleed massively outward; flesh dropping from bones as a walker enters a river; passengers on a bus turned to coal as they sit aboard or enter the vehicle. Piles of human remains --most of them unrecognizable--stacked for burning. Many Americans simply do not realize that, while human bodies did vanish for those at the very epicenter of atomic events, atomic bombing (like firebombing) more typically produced charred and damaged bodies and corpses barely recognizable as human remains. It was all substantially less sanitary than the rapture-like disappearances shown in empty city narratives like *The World, the Flesh, and the Devil.*

Given the disjunction between historical facts and cultural representation, it does not seem at all too strong to suggest that considerable repression, displacement, denial, or what Freud called derealization (a willful looking away) operates in the motif of the Empty City, as it does in many, even most, of the ways that American culture has represented--or, rather, has opted not to represent--Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Typically, even emotionally fraught historical events begin to be represented 30-40 years after the event, if only (as Georg Lukacs said long ago) "to justify the past to the present."[8] As a culture, we have gone nuclear now for more than 60 years. Americans have seen sporadic bursts of attention to actual history rather than projected fears, which typically recede without making the histories legible in cultural memory. When will books, let alone film--the truer lingua franca between generations of our time--catch up?

Now--and let me end here--in the few years since *The War Complex* appeared, we have seen a spate of representations of some once taboo topics from WWII, most, but not all from outside the U.S. I use the word "spate" advisedly, since memory has tended to surface in the past (much as certain archival footage does from time to time), only to be lost once again.

Clint Eastwood's remarkable *Letters from Iwo Jima* (2006) represented Japanese points of view and the shocking realities of the mass suicides that ended many Pacific battles. *Katyn* a 2007 Polish film (director, Wajda) represented of Polish suffering. *A Woman in Berlin* a 2008 German film (director, Faberbock) took us to Berlin during and shortly after its occupation by the Soviets and focused on the reality of systematic rape. And *The Sun* a 2007 Russian film

(director, Sukurov) released in the U.S. in 2009 followed Emperor Hirohito's actions and emotions as he prepared to renounce his divinity.

When I began to draft this talk in January of 2010, just as Charles Pellegrino's *Last Train to Hiroshima* appeared to critical acclaim, it seemed another sign that the United States might be in the process of producing, or at least receiving, narratives about the end of World War II not presented from xenophobic perspectives. But as has been typical of post-war American history, the signs remained few and, with rare exceptions, not directly concerned with the atomic bombings. The fate of Charles Pellegrino's *Last Train from Hiroshima* once again makes it seem extremely unlikely that a new level of discourse has in fact been reached.

Notes

1. Dwight Garner, "After Atomic Bomb's Shock, the Real Horrors Began Unfolding," *The New York Times* (January 19,2010), http://www.nytimes.com/2010/01/20books/20garner.html.
2. The publisher, Henry Holt and Company, announced it was ceasing publication, had recalled copies from bookstores, and would not publish a paperback. The statement, which appeared on Amazon.com, has since disappeared. The book continues to be sold for far higher prices than the original $27.50.
3. Charles Pellegrino, *Last Train From Hiroshima: The Survivors Look Back* (New York: Henry Holt and Company: A John Macrae Book, 2010). The page count comes from this first (and only, as of September 2010) hardcover edition.
4. Topics covered in *The War Complex* include D-Day, the Holocaust, and the atomic bombings in Hiroshima and Nagasaki.
5. Richard Rhodes, *The Making of the Atomic Bomb* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1985) and *Dark Sun: The Making of the Hydrogen Bomb* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1995) and Robert Jay Lifton, *Death in Life: Survivors of Hiroshima* (Chapel Hill: North Carolina University Press, 1991).
6. Joseph Cirincione, Bomb Scare: *The History and Future of Nuclear Weapons* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2007) and Howard Zinn, *The Bomb* (Sab Francisco: City Lights Books, 2010.
7. Lawrence Lifschultz and Kai Bird, editors, *Hiroshima's Shadow* (Stony Creek, CT: Pamphleteer's Press, 1998).
8. Georg Lukacs uses this formulation in the first chapter of *The Historical Novel,* Translators Hannah and Stanley Mitchell (Lincoln and London: University of Nebraska Press, 1989).