

Book Club Kit

Inside this kit is material to enhance your book club experience, including recipes, playlists, additional resources, and more.

www.jackiecopleton.com

 JackieCopleton

 @jackiecopleton

Recipes

I feel I never had a bad meal in Japan. From the street stalls serving okonomiyaki (savory pancakes) to traditional restaurants serving lobster sashimi, the meals were sensational.

Two specialties that originate in Nagasaki have links to its past trading routes. Castella is a sponge cake brought to Japan by the Portuguese in the 16th century. Champon is a noodle dish inspired by the city's Chinese connections. The noodles are similar to ramen. Chef Mayuko Ieiri, who lives in Glasgow, Scotland but is from Kumamoto on the same island as Nagasaki, has come up with these recipes for you to try. She says the Castella is tricky to pull off so if you'd like to try other options, please do visit her wonderful website at mayukoskitchen.co.uk.

—Jackie Copleton

Okonomiyaki

Serves 2, can be easily multiplied to serve more

The original recipe uses metric measurements. There are estimated US conversions in parentheses below, though the metric measurements are more precise.

Ingredients:

100g (3 ½ oz) unsmoked bacon, cut into bite-size pieces
200g (7 oz) cabbage, finely chopped
110ml (3 ¾ oz) dashi (if you are using dashi powder 2 tsp should be dissolved in 110 ml of warm water)
1 tsp soy sauce
1 tsp mirin (rice wine)
70g (4 ⅔ tbsp) plain flour
30g (2 tbsp) self-rising flour
1 medium egg

Toppings:

Tonkatsu sauce
Mayonnaise
Aonori powdered seaweed (optional)
Bonito flakes (optional)



Instructions:

1. Combine mirin, flour, soy sauce, dashi and egg in a large mixing bowl.
2. Mix well until all flour is dissolved.
3. Add bacon and cabbage to the bowl and mix in well.
4. Add a little oil to a large frying pan and place on medium heat.
5. Pour pancake-sized portion in to the pan and cook until golden brown.
6. Flip the pancake and continue cooking until opposite side is golden brown.
7. Place on plate and cover with mayonnaise and Tonkatsu sauce and other toppings.

Castella Cake

20x20cm (approx. 8in. square)

Ingredients:

6 large eggs
200g (7 oz) caster (superfine) sugar
6 tbsp golden syrup
50 ml (3 ½ tbsp) mirin (rice wine)
170 g (6 oz) strong flour
40g (2 2/3 tbsp) demerara (raw) sugar



Preparation:

1. Break eggs into a large bowl.
2. Line cake tin with baking paper.
3. Scatter demerara sugar evenly over the base of the cake tin.
4. Preheat oven to 200°C (around 400°F).
5. Boil water for water bath.

Instructions:

1. Place bowl with eggs in a tray with water (at around 100°F) and whisk eggs for 2 minutes.
2. Remove bowl from water and add sugar, continue to whisk for at least 10 minutes until the batter forms ribbons when lifted.
3. Heat mirin in the microwave for 5 seconds and whisk into the egg mixture.
4. Heat golden syrup in the microwave for 5 seconds until runny and whisk into the egg mixture.
5. Sieve the strong flour into the egg mixture and whisk for 30-40 seconds (no longer or the mixture will not rise when baked) until the flour is completely absorbed.
6. Gently fold the mixture for about a minute to remove air bubbles (this shouldn't take more than 2 minutes).
7. Pour mixture from a height into the cake tin.
8. Using a chopstick or skewer, draw lines over the surface of the mixture (left, right, up, down) to remove air bubbles.
9. Place cake tin in oven, and reduce temperature to 170°C (around 340°F) for 10 minutes.
10. Reduce temperature to 140°C (around 285°F) and bake for 75 minutes.
11. Once done, remove cake tin, and drop from a 30cm (12 in.) height onto a chopping board to remove any trapped air.
12. Remove cake from tin immediately and wrap tightly in plastic wrap.
13. Cake is ready to eat, however the flavor is even better after 2-3 days.

Champon

Serves 2, can be easily multiplied to serve more

The original recipe uses metric measurements. There are estimated US conversions in parentheses below, though the metric measurements are more precise.

Ingredients:

100g (3 ½ oz) pork or unsmoked bacon, cut into thin slices
6-8 king prawns (raw)
20g (¾ oz) squid (optional), cut into bite-size pieces
20g (¾ oz) Japanese fish cake (optional), cut into bite-size pieces
200g (7 oz) thick fresh egg noodles
150g (5 ¼ oz) cabbage, diced into large pieces
40g (1 ½ oz) carrot, sliced thin
Half an onion, sliced thin
50g (1 ¾ oz) beansprouts
20g (¾ oz) mangetout (snow or snap pea), sliced thin
A pinch of salt & black pepper
Dash of sesame oil

Broth:

500ml (2 cups) organic chicken stock
50ml (3 ½ tbsp) whole milk
1tbsp soy sauce
2tsp oyster sauce
1tsp dashi powder
1tsp double cream



Instructions:

1. Add all the broth ingredients in a saucepan and mix.
2. Heat mixture, stirring constantly, and remove just before boiling.
3. Add a little sesame oil to frying pan and put on medium heat.
4. Add the pork, onion, and prawns.
5. Once cooked, add the rest of the vegetables, and season with salt & pepper.
6. Allow cabbage to soften, and then remove from heat.
7. Add ingredients and the noodles to the broth and return to heat.
8. Once noodles are cooked, remove from heat and serve.

Plum Wine Spritzer

Sparkling sake is a wonderful, light drink that is delicious on a hot summer's evening. Plum wine (umeshu) is a sweet liqueur that can be taken neat or diluted with soda water or ice. The Japanese also do some of the world's best whiskies. For non-alcoholic drinks, why not try some brown rice tea (genmaicha) or barley tea (mugicha) or Calpis, a milky drink similar in flavor to plain yogurt, which can be mixed with water or soda water.

—Jackie Copleton

Equal parts plum wine and sparkling or soda water
1 tbsp lime juice per serving
Serve over ice with a lime wedge

Discussion Topics

For further discussion questions and more from *A Dictionary of Mutual Understanding*, check out the full **Reader's Guide** on Penguin Random House's website.

"Pikadon has left its mark, not just in broken limbs and burnt flesh, but hidden in bones and muscles and fibers and young minds." How much did you know about pikadon before reading the book? What impact do you think it had on a whole generation of Japanese people and their culture and outlook?

What did you think when the character of Hideo was introduced at the beginning of the book? Did you believe he was who he claimed to be? Did your opinion change throughout the course of the book? Is this man Hideo Watanabe?

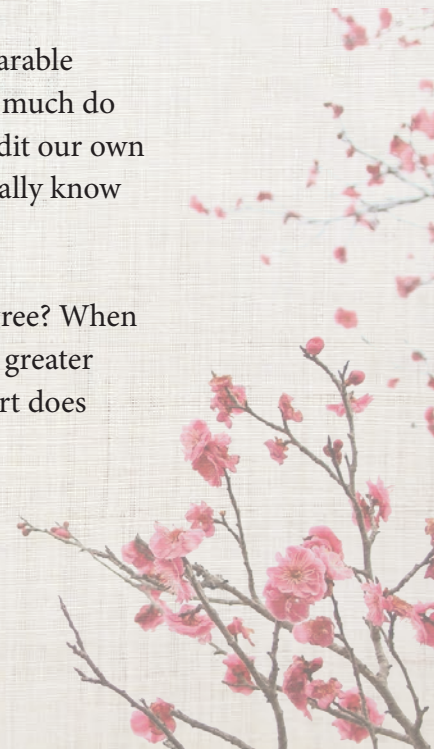
Amaterasu has a strong feeling of her duty as a mother. Is there a better way that she and Kenzo could have handled the situation with Yuko and Sato? If your parents or other family members try to stop you from seeing someone, do you think it always backfires?

Did your opinion of what Amaterasu had done change once you realized what her previous involvement with Sato had been? Why do you think Amaterasu would never tell her daughter why she was so set against Sato?

How did the chapter headings help your understanding of the characters and the cultural conditions they were bound by? Did any of the definitions remind you of similar attitudes in the West?

"I convinced myself an edited version of my past was necessary for a bearable life . . . I changed details . . . depending on my mood or audience." How much do you trust Ama's version of events? Is she a reliable narrator? Do we all edit our own histories depending on our audience? How well do other people ever really know us? Ama says, "Some stories are best taken to the grave." Do you agree?

Sato says that personal goals must match national ambitions. Do you agree? When it comes to war, do you think personal sacrifice is justified if it is for the greater good of a nation? Do we owe our country a "blood debt?" How big a part does national loyalty play in today's politics?



Given what you know about Sato's past, do you feel any sympathy for him? Ama describes him as a moral coward. Do you agree?

Ama asks if Hideo and Yuko died so that the war could end. Does the end justify the means in war? Can you think of other examples of highly controversial military interventions? How has the legacy of Nagasaki and Hiroshima affected your view of nuclear weapons? Do you see them as necessary to keep the world safe or should we get rid of them? Can you imagine a world free of nuclear weapons?

A new generation of people who were not even born when the bombs were dropped are now taking on the responsibility of passing on the stories of the survivors, the hibakusha. How important is it to remember the past?

When Sato describes meeting his wife, he says, "We were young, she seemed perfect, as youth does to youth." Would you agree with Sato's depiction of young love? Ama says, "Women aren't put here to love." Can you sympathize with her opinion and to what extent, if any, do you agree?

What role does faith play in the book?

What do you think the title of the book means?



A Conversation with Jackie Copleton

Q. What sparked your interest in a story set in Nagasaki? Of the two cities targeted by the atomic bombs, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, why did you choose Nagasaki?

A. I'm going to have to take you back to 1993. I was 21 years old. I'd graduated from university with a degree in English and had no idea about what I wanted to do in terms of a career. As I trawled job advertisements at my parents' home, a friend who was working at a school in Japan wrote out of the blue: "Come here. You'd love it. You can teach."

In that weird synchronicity of life, an advert appeared in a newspaper looking for graduates to apply to GEOS, at that time one of the world's biggest English language schools. I got the job and was allocated, at random, to the city where I'd be teaching: Nagasaki. Fate, I guess, or luck, led me there. I loved my own small piece of Nagasaki: the curious ramshackle home I rented with the hole in the floor in lieu of a flushing toilet, the tatami mats and paper sliding doors in the bedroom, the tailless cats that loitered on my doorstep, the lack of street names that left me lost on my first night, the temples and shrines and foreigner cemeteries, the food, and the sheer adventure of being dropped into a world so alien I had my own "alien registration" card.

I knew I wanted to set my first book in Nagasaki but I was wary about tackling the atomic bomb. It was too big a topic, the devastation real and not imagined, the aftermath still felt by generations of families. However, every time I wrote about the city, the plot—or rather the characters—took me back to the Second World War. And so reluctantly, and cautiously, I began to feel my way towards a story about an elderly woman called Amaterasu Takahashi who had lost her daughter and grandson when Bockscar dropped Fat Man over Nagasaki—and who had lived with that loss for forty years.

During my two years living in Nagasaki, I attended the 50th anniversary of the atomic bomb at Nagasaki Peace Park, alongside 30,000 more people who gathered together in the stifling heat to remember the dead. I watched a small boy eat ice cream by a fountain built to commemorate the fatally injured who had cried out for water. I stored the memory of that boy away and later he turned into Hideo Watanabe, the seven-year-old child seemingly killed on August 9, 1945.

Decades pass in the book, and a man going by the same name arrives on the doorstep of Amaterasu's home in the US to declare he is the grandson she thought dead. The adult Hideo has a type of retrograde amnesia and I wanted his condition to reflect a certain historical amnesia that we have in the West with regards to the atomic bombs. Nagasaki was the second city hit. When we talk about nuclear war Hiroshima is more often cited. That's quite a thing, to have second billing but to have shared the same horror.

Beyond inspiring my first novel, Nagasaki has had a huge impact on my life. It gave me my first job as a teacher, later my profession as a journalist—and wonderful memories.

On my first night in the city, a sushi restaurant owner, who also happened to be a former boxer, declared: "For as long as you live in Nagasaki I will protect you." I feel the book is my way of repaying my debt to all the kind people who looked after me when I lived there. They protected me when I was young and a long way from home.

Q. Family and relationships are central to this novel, especially the secrets we keep and the question of how well we can ever know those closest to us. Why did you choose to explore the history of Nagasaki's bombing through the lens of family?

A. The statistics are hard to verify, people were on the move, the war was chaotic, so we will never know how many people in total died in Nagasaki because of the bomb, but one estimate is 74,000, with half of that number killed that day. How can one person, one reader, one writer assimilate, comprehend and articulate that loss? The number is too big. So step back, and take another step back and another until you are left with just one family and one single perspective: Ama, a survivor, a hibakusha.

I wanted to imagine what happens when personal and public history collide. Ama's relationship with the bomb is more complicated than just being a victim. She believes herself responsible for her daughter and grandson's deaths. She feels her actions, her flaws, her determination to try to control the world around her—and those she loves—is the reason they are killed. She drove them to Urakami, the epicenter. When we meet Ama, in her early 80s, she is still carrying this guilt. Why should she get to live when those closest to her die? This is her torment.

I wanted to explore what happens when our own “small” lives—the secrets we keep, the harm we try not to do but do, the compromises we cannot bear to make—are overshadowed by one bigger moment that defines us for the rest of our lives. The bomb is the physical force that destroys Ama's family, but she is also an emotional force that causes untold damage, she thinks. People feel sorry for her because of the former and she hates herself for the latter.

Ama lives with her failings every day until a man who claims to be her grandson begins to suggest she can forgive herself, that regret and guilt are not necessarily the end of her own story. That maybe she can allow herself a happier ending.

Q. How did you research this novel? Were there any organizations or resources in particular you accessed?

A. I was lucky to meet people involved in peace organizations based in Nagasaki, whose message was a simple one: “Never again.” I also read a lot of memoirs from people living in the city when the bomb was dropped. Perhaps one of the best known is *The Bells of Nagasaki* by Takashi Nagai, a doctor who movingly recounts his experience as a survivor. He also collated other memoirs, the most affecting being, for me, the accounts from children.

Another extraordinary resource was *Japan at War: An Oral History* by Haruko Taya Cook and Theodore F. Cook. This is a stunning compilation of recollections by ordinary Japanese. I used my own knowledge of Nagasaki, my memories of living there twenty years ago: the Dutch Slope, Glover Gardens, the bath houses, the diving platform at Iojima, my own home, they are all places I visited and loved. I also read other novels based in the city: Kazuo Ishiguro's *A Pale View of Hills* and Eric Faye's *Nagasaki* are wonderful. David Mitchell's *The Thousand Autumns of Jacob de Zoet* is another book inspired by the city's rich history.

I did background reading on the medical effects of the bomb: the different kinds of burns, the signs of radiation sickness, how the doctors attempted to help so many wounded with limited resources. I was specifically interested in how fetuses were affected. Many miscarriages occurred in the aftermath of the bombing, and in babies who were born live there were reported cases of microcephaly, a developmental brain disorder. I wanted to think about the damage done not just on the day of August 9, but

the legacy the bomb left in the bones and blood and organs of the children. I was also influenced by one Japanese doctor who I used to teach who was studying gigantism in children. In the book, Jomei Sato is a doctor working at an orphanage and we follow his research into the medical impact the radiation may have had on some of the children he meets there.

Q. What was most surprising to you from your research?

A. I guess for any writer, one of the joys, but dangers, is how seductive research is. Every book, or journal, or photograph or first-hand account begs to be included. You want the story to be an honest reflection, right? The result is an ever-expanding jigsaw puzzle that just keeps growing until the point where you have to give yourself a strict talking to and say, "Enough, just write!"

The next tough task is the great cull: what stays and what goes? What would the characters know, what would be hidden from them, what do you have to file away if you want your story to ring true? What details of nuclear injury are too distressing to include? When Ama and her husband Kenzo leave Japan, he ends up unwittingly working for an American shipyard that helped develop the bomb. I didn't realize that at first until I was fact-checking. I remember sitting back shocked, on his behalf. The question then becomes: would he have known this, and if he did, what would he have done?

I also didn't realize how emotionally exhausting the work would be. I wouldn't recommend spending years reading about violent and mass death. It took me to some dark places, something I just hadn't prepared for. Reading about other people's grief is humbling. I hope I have treated their memories with care and respect.

Q. *A Dictionary of Mutual Understanding* is set both in more recent history in the United States and, through flashbacks, Japan in the first half of the 20th century. How did you decide to structure the novel this way?

A. Memory isn't linear so why does story-telling need to be? Our past, present and future are all gloriously, irrevocably, and sometimes terribly linked.

My own family history probably also played a part in the structure of the novel. My maternal granddad was killed in Normandy, France on August 5, 1944 and my paternal grandfather fought against the Japanese in Burma, but died before I was born. These men are strangers and yet their legacy lives on through their offspring. My mother will never stop mourning a father she never knew. Two slices of history collide and run parallel: the living cohabit with the dead. How are our lives shaped, or lessened, by such loss and how can we understand our selves fully if there are these missing chunks in our past?

I will confess I didn't appreciate how tricky the split-time narrative would be. I had endless notes to check that the births, deaths, and marriages aligned. Chapters were shuffled back and forward, others were erased, historical dates had to be slotted in and then worried over. Despite the challenge of weaving the two timeframes, I loved how it helped drive the plot forward, showing why Ama's present is a product of her past but also how she might carve out a different future.

Q. You bring Amaterasu to life so vividly on the page. Was it challenging to inhabit a character whose time and culture are so different from your own?

A. Yes. In fact for a long time I wanted my main character to be a Western woman, so that I had a point of reference: me. But I wasn't hugely interested in writing my story! And the joy of writing is the freedom it allows you to inhabit other lives, cultures, and genders. Luckily I also had three women who inspired Amaterasu.

When I lived in Nagasaki, my landlord was an elderly lady, elegant and sprightly despite her age, who lived in the house next to mine with her disabled husband. We would take tea together whenever I paid the rent and amiably sit together and laugh away at conversations neither of us understood as my Japanese was poor and her English non-existent. Despite our inability to communicate her personality shone through. The twinkle in her eyes suggested a rich life lived beyond her final role as a carer for her husband.

A few years ago I was also privileged to meet a woman of the Baha'i faith who had fled Iran 35 years ago when the Khomeini regime came to power. Her daughter, a young beautiful university graduate, stayed behind and was killed in the repressive wake of the revolution. We met weekly at a sauna with two other women in their late seventies. Her English wasn't fluent but somehow we would find a way to talk, tell our stories and laugh. The loss of her daughter raised one of the main questions in the book: how do we carry on when we lose those closest to us? How do we learn to smile again? Are we ever free from grief?

The last woman is my own grandmother, who became a widow at 19 years of age during the Second World War. She already had one baby girl and my mother, Roberta, was born a month after my granddad, Robert, died. My gran, Nancy, left school at 14, worked in factories most of her life, raised two children and two stepchildren, married a much older man. Gran was my heroine. Ama would have been a little older than Nancy but I think they share a certain stoicism—even if I suspect both would have hated that description. One of the women in the book says: "Women make do." I don't want that to sound depressing! It's a compliment to women of that generation. They got on with life. Gran never left the house without her make-up on. We present our best face to the world. What else can we do?

As for Ama's background, well, without giving the plot away, I'd gained a small insight into her earlier life through contacts in Nagasaki. Her splendid house in the city is a composite of some of the lovely homes some students lived in. But in the end Ama is her own being and I didn't want her solely defined by how her Japanese culture would have crafted her. I had a strong visual sense of what she looked like, how she moved and spoke but mostly I felt her pain, her anger, her quiet, determined removal from the world. Ama's flaws are the flesh on her bones, I hope.

Q. You include Japanese words and their definitions at the start of each chapter. Where are they from? Why did you decide to use them, and how do they relate to the title of the book? What does the book's title mean to you?

A. When I moved into my first flat in Nagasaki I found two books left behind by the departing teacher I was replacing. The first one was called *An English Dictionary of Japanese Culture* by Bates Hoffer and Nobuyuki Honna (1986). Each definition appears in Japanese with an English translation and is sometimes accompanied by fairly crude but delightful drawings. I picked definitions from the book to form most of the chapter headings. For example the book begins with a definition of *yasegaman* (endurance). It

means the combination of *yaseru* (to become skinny) and *gaman-suru* (to endure), or to endure until one becomes emaciated. The language seemed exhilarating different, so vivid and visual.

But beyond the delight of the language itself, I wanted the chapter headings to provide a layer of understanding about some of the cultural mores the characters might be influenced by. I aimed to give readers who were not Japanese a shortcut into that world, a code of sorts since many of the tensions experienced by the characters might be internal ones not expressed verbally. For example, take another definition, *sasshi*. This can be translated as “understanding” or “conjecture” and refers to the idea that direct self-expression is frowned upon, people are expected to guess what others intend to say. By including *sasshi*, I hoped readers would understand that what is being said might not be what is being felt. The silences may be where the story lies.

The second book is called *Nagasaki Peace Trail*, compiled by the organization Mutual Understanding for Peace Nagasaki (MUP). The guidebook provides a history of the city, a walking trail of landmarks affected by August 9, 1945 and a glossary of terms related to the atomic bomb. Seeing the translations of those terrible words—charred bodies, men literally like rags, ruined city—moved me deeply, not just the words themselves, but also the image of a group of people sitting down and wondering: how do we educate people who are not Japanese about the bomb from a Japanese point of view?

I think that drive for communication, the need to find common ground, to reach some “mutual understanding” despite differences in language, culture and geography, is a glorious ambition.

I did toy with book titles that were a lot shorter. It is a mouthful! That’s part of the point. Communication isn’t easy, neither is appreciating another point of view so different from our own, especially if that point of view comes from a person once labeled an “enemy.”

When we meet Ama she has been living in America for years but her English is still poor. This suits her. She doesn’t want to communicate with neighbors; she wants to be cut off by her lack of vocabulary and grammar. If she can’t speak English, she can’t tell her story. Her journey is about learning to converse with the past rather than rejecting it. Can she reach a mutual understanding with people who are no longer alive?

Japanese people might look at the novel and think: “Hmm, so you’ve decided to write a book set during one of the most painful periods of our history from the point of view of a Japanese woman when you don’t speak the language, have not been brought up in the culture and were not alive at the time? Really?” The title is also meant to acknowledge that I am attempting to cross cultures to reach common ground.

Clearly I am not a man. I am not Asian. I’m not a soldier. But when I read accounts from Japanese soldiers of those final days of war as they marched, diseased and starving, through stinking jungles and rotting coastlines, I can imagine the suffering. I recall stories of men clinging together in one final embrace as they detonated a hand grenade between them, or soldiers collecting the fingers of fallen comrades so that some part of the dead could be cremated and returned to their families. These men fought against my paternal granddad in Burma, but in those moments of death, I don’t see sides taken, I just see young men dying. I guess that is my attempt at mutual understanding.

Q. August 2015 was the 70th anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima (August 6) and Nagasaki (August 9). How do you think the lessons learned from that time resonate in our current political climate?

A. Peace organizations continue to work hard for the removal of nuclear weapons, and those two cities remain a compelling incentive. Seventy years have passed with no third bomb detonated. However, Hiroshima and Nagasaki didn't stop more atomic bombs being built or more nations developing nuclear capability. Despite the sophistication of our conventional weapons, we appear to be determined to retain nuclear arms. In 2016 the UK will vote on whether to renew its current generation of nuclear weapons, known as Trident. For the moment, the nukes remain.

Recently I saw a photograph taken of a French nuclear test in French Polynesia, in the 70s, I think. If you just look at the image and not what it represents, it's beautiful, an intense flare of orange and red, and in the foreground the outline of palm trees in shadow, black against a mushroom ball of light and heat. Our experience of nuclear war will soon solely be contained to photographs, old film and words on paper, or screen. Flesh-and-blood witnesses, survivors, will die out within a generation. We need to keep listening to what they have to say, document their words and speak up for them when their voices are silenced.

Nuclear weapons represent our capacity for unfathomable cruelty. Maybe we just have to keep asking ourselves these questions: Have those two bombs deterred other conflicts? Will Nagasaki and Hiroshima stop further nuclear warfare? Is the horror of an estimated 240,000 being killed by two bombs enough to stop us pushing the red button again? How much faith do you have in the human race?

Q. What do you want people to take away from reading your book?

A. I hope you'll be moved and uplifted by Ama's story but I'm not sure she'd want you to feel sorry for her. I'd hope people might better appreciate the cost of war from all sides of a conflict. I'd hope people would think about the simple questions that tend to get lost among the big political arguments about nuclear arms. Why do we still have these weapons? Can we not imagine a world free of them?

Away from war, I guess the book is also about how we love people. Can we love too much, and can that be as damaging as loving too little? Do our regrets grow or diminish as we age? Can we forgive others for their trespasses upon us? More importantly, can we forgive ourselves? Is that not what we all want in the final moments of life? Peace.



Playlist

Listen to Jackie Copleton's playlist of anti-war, protest and peace songs
for *A Dictionary of Mutual Understanding* on [Spotify](#)

Billy Bragg / *Between the Wars*

Bob Dylan / *Knocking on Heaven's Door*

Bob Dylan / *Blowin' in the Wind*

Bob Dylan / *Masters of War*

Crosby, Still, Nash and Young / *Ohio*

Donovan / *Universal Soldier*

Edwin Starr / *War*

Edwin Starr / *Stop the War Now*

Eric Bogle / *The Band Played Waltzing Matilda*

Elvis Costello / *Shipbuilding*

Dropkick Murphys / *Green Fields of France (No Man's Land)*

Guns N' Roses / *Civil War*

John Lennon / *Imagine*

Martha and the Vandellas / *I Should Be Proud*

Metallica / *One*

Nena / *99 Red Balloons*

Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark / *Enola Gay*

Tom Lehrer / *Who's Next*



Further Reading

Books on the atomic bomb and novels set in Nagasaki:

Japan at War: An Oral History, Haruko Taya Cook & Theodore F. Cook

The Bells of Nagasaki, Takashi Nagai

Tales by Japanese Soldiers, John Nunneley and Kazuo Tamayama

Hiroshima, John Hersey

Nagasaki: Life After Nuclear War, Susan Southard

Scottish Samurai: Thomas Blake Glover, Alexander McKay

Nagasaki, Eric Faye

A Pale View of Hills, Kazuo Ishiguro

The Thousand Autumns of Jacob de Zoet, David Mitchell

Nagasaki

To find out more about tourist attractions in Nagasaki,
check out this great online resource:

<http://www.visit-nagasaki.com/>

Download a map of Nagasaki here:

http://www.visit-nagasaki.com/Brochure/pdf/NagasakiCity/NagasakiCity_Map.pdf

