English translation of the booklet distributed at the celebration of life ceremony for Masaru Kawasaki, on February 24, 2019

(Translated by Tomomi Kawasaki, granddaughter of Masaru)

We are so grateful to all of you for your presence here today and so happy to be able to hold this flower ceremony. The fact that our father, Masaru Kawasaki, was able to complete 94 fulfilling years, living a joyful life full of music, leaving behind many compositions, and maintaining his curiosity and youthful spirit until his last days – all of this is due to your warm support, and for this we thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

In his younger days, our father was your classic science type, even having aspirations of becoming an engineer. Even as he neared 90, he was a capable computer user, burning CDs and printing labels, binding and shipping his scores himself. However, it seems he also specialized in asking all of you whatever he did not understand himself and making impossible requests, troubling many of you with lengthy phone calls, and we sincerely apologize for the inconvenience he caused you. Our father may have been a con artist of sorts – in the best sense of the word – as we imagine some of his pupils felt that they could not decline our father's requests even if they wanted to. To all of you who dealt with him, we hold the deepest gratitude.

Always eager to try out new things, our father was quick to purchase the earliest recording device that SONY offered for sale to the general public during the early sixties, and he took delight in putting it right to use for his work. Whenever he would receive any award for his composition, he would spend the prize money on an imported sectional, or purchase a Renault as his first car. He was a cool, stylish dad that we could boast about. Of the work he did at the time, the job that left the strongest impression on us was for an educational program on an NHK radio broadcast. It was a social studies program, probably about 15 to 20 minutes long, and each week our father was responsible for the accompanying soundtrack. At the beginning of every week, a producer from NHK would call and, as if placing an order of noodles for lunch, request "15 seconds for a tragic scene," "a 3-second bridge," "5 seconds for a scene change," and so forth. Our father would thereafter prepare such music in two to three days and drive his own car to deliver the scores to the copyist in Fujisawa, who would hurriedly create the orchestra parts. Once the parts were ready, the voice actors and live orchestra gathered in the NHK studio to record the program. He continued this time-pressured work for many years. Although the whole process could be completed nowadays by any middle schooler with a smartphone, at the time such work was truly a large-scale production.

Having grown up in Hiroshima with a love of the ocean, our father built a home in Chigasaki in 1956. Back then Chigasaki was the sort of rural area that people made fun of, with

nothing to speak of but peach forests, mosquitoes and flies. Nevertheless, our father enjoyed taking some of his pupils out for a day of swimming at the beach, cycling to Enoshima Island with the two of us on the back of his bicycle, keeping fish that he caught in Enoshima in the fish tank at home for a while, and casting nets for smelt in the Hanamizu River with his friends. He thoroughly enjoyed the nature in the Shonan area.

We have vivid memories of December 8th 1966, the day our father left for this studies abroad in America. His flight departed at 10 a.m., so a car arrived at the house early in the morning and, with large suitcases and the four of us in tow, headed for Haneda Airport. A large group had gathered at the airport to see our father off, including students of his holding banners, and our father was moved to tears as he boarded the plane. At a time when the exchange rate was 360 yen to the dollar, he certainly had no surplus of money, but the encouragement he received from the many who surrounded him with their support, this was our father's life savings and his greatest treasure.

Surviving the war and the atomic bomb in Hiroshima undeniably had the greatest impact on our father's life. What follows below is an edited version of a manuscript that our father wrote himself about his survival story and submitted to the alumni magazine of Tokyo University of the Arts in 2011 (when he was 87 years old). Although it is somewhat long, our mother Taeko and we his two sons wish to leave you with this manuscript today, in the hopes that we may convey to you our father's sentiments in his own words.

We have appended a list of our father's compositions at the end of this booklet. It is the desire of our whole family that his compositions may continue to resound in your hearts forever.

We sincerely thank you for your presence today, this 24th day of February, 2019, at this flower ceremony in honor of our father, Masaru Kawasaki.

Masashi Kawasaki (elder son)

Masaya Kawasaki (younger son)

A Call for Peace

by Masaru Kawasaki

I matriculated at Tokyo Academy of Music as a flute major in April of 1943. It was then that I began my studies in composition with Professor Saburo Moroi, as I hoped to become not only a performer but also a composer. Even after the war, I continued to receive instruction in harmony, counterpoint, and musical analysis at the home of Professor Moroi in Nakano, Tokyo. There my studies extended from baroque to contemporary music, to twelve-tone serialism, and to the analysis of works such as those of Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern.

I first gained recognition as a composer in 1956, when I received the composition award at the 11th Arts Festival of the Japanese Ministry of Education, Science, Sports and Culture. I was also fortunate to be granted a UNESCO fellowship for creative artists and was able to study composition at The Julliard School under the tutelage of Professor Persichetti.

After the war, it was 30 years before I could bring myself to compose music on the subject of the atomic bombing, and this was for two reasons. First, I did not want to promote myself as a survivor of the atomic bombing. I disliked the idea that my music might gain fame and media attention simply for being the work of an Atomic Bomb Survivor. Second, for many years, survivors of the atomic bombings faced discrimination and prejudice. Survivors would become the subjects of unsolicited social interventions or political designs, and it was a generally unpleasant time to be a survivor of the atomic bombings. For instance, simply being a survivor was cause for hesitation when it came to employment and marriage prospects, as survivors were shunned by society in many cases. Although I myself was fortunate enough to continue my studies, resume my work as a composer, and be married, it was a time when survivors faced much prejudice.

Even so, finally in 1975, thirty years after the end of World War II, I dedicated my Prayer Music No. 1 “Dirge” to the city of Hiroshima, and it is now performed every year at the August 6th Peace Memorial Ceremony of the city of Hiroshima. In the ceremony, it is performed every year during the flower offering and is customarily timed to end at 8:15 a.m., the exact moment of the detonation of the atomic bomb. Truth be told, it was many years prior that Mr. Masuhiro, a resident of Hiroshima and my senior at the academy of music, had suggested I compose a piece

on the subject of the atomic bomb, but it took me over ten years to overcome the reluctance I described earlier and to present this composition to the city of Hiroshima. When I presented this Prayer Music No. 1 “Dirge”, I included the following message with my score:

> *I humbly dedicate this piece to all those souls forfeited to the atomic bomb. Although thirty years have passed since that day, I can never forget the experience of surviving that atomic bomb. Having managed to survive only by the slimmest difference in destiny, I myself can only pray for the peaceful repose of the souls of all victims of that atrocity, to whom I dedicate this prayer music.*

The piece is not a portrayal of that day but rather it seeks to express my indignation and offer some comfort for all those victims whose lives were lost. “I feel sorrowful whenever I play this piece.” These are the words of a high school student who performed this dark, heavy piece. The piece received much media coverage, although this was the exact opposite of my intention. However, when that happened, I resolved to make it my life’s work to compose a series of prayer music, and to date I have composed six pieces. Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are symphonic band compositions. Prayer Music No. 5 “Morning Prayer” premiered in 2007. Last year, when I was 86, Prayer Music No. 6 “Evening Prayer” saw its premiere in Hiroshima. I am currently struggling to create No. 7.

My grandmother was the younger sister of Kenshi Nagai. Mr. Nagai, my great-uncle, received a government-sponsored scholarship to study abroad in France and, having assumed the office of army bandmaster upon his return to Japan, played an exceedingly important role during the time of the founding of the military band. Although my father, Yutaka Kawasaki, enlisted at Toyama Military Academy where his uncle Kenshi Nagai was bandmaster, he aspired to become a vocalist, so after his military discharge, he joined the Asakusa Opera as a tenor. There he collaborated with artists such as Rikizo Taya and Ken’ichi Enomoto. My father was an extraordinarily well-built and handsome man whom my father-in-law likened to the famous actor Toshiro Mifune. His voice was so powerful that when he would vocalize or sing at home, our neighbors found him to be such an annoyance that we were forced to relocate many times. This was the reason I transferred to six different elementary schools.

My father Yutaka Kawasaki was a dramatic tenor who performed Pinkerton from Madame Butterfly and other selections from operas such as Tosca and Pagliacci. He had big dreams and traveled to Milan, Italy to study vocal music, and upon his return, he joined with Tamaki Miura to perform the role of Pinkerton in Madame Butterfly, and the records he produced when he was a

singer under contract with Columbia Records still remain in the archive. He once even sang the anthem of the Italian National Fascist Party on a Japanese national radio broadcast. While my father was away in Italy for two to three years, my mother and I awaited his return in his hometown of Hiroshima.

For a time, my father stayed at the home of his uncle Kenshi Nagai. Perhaps influenced by having lived in the atmosphere of a military household, my father disliked the world of song as public entertainment. In his last years, he trained many pupils and his life's journey ended at the distinguished age of 96 years.

I was born in Tokyo in April of 1924. Although I entered Fuji Elementary School in Asakusa, my father soon left for his studies in vocal music in Italy, so my mother and I moved back to my grandparents' home in Hiroshima. It was at that time that I received piano lessons from my mother. When my father returned, our family relocated to Tokyo, and I led a happy life during Japan's peaceful early days of the Showa era. Before long, however, with the Manchurian Incident and the Marco Polo Bridge Incident, Japan rapidly became a nation at war, and classical musicians found it difficult to continue their work. My father found employment as a vocal coach in the welfare department of the government-sponsored South Manchurian Railway, so my parents moved to Mukden (now Shenyang) in Manchuria.

I remained in Hiroshima at the home of my relatives and attended Hiroshima Second Middle School, but my hopes were to be admitted to a high school in Lüshun, a city that young men everywhere dreamed of. When I learned that middle schoolers who were Manchurian residents could earn preferential admission to that high school, I joined my parents and transferred to Mukden Second Middle School when I was in my fifth year of middle school. (Under the traditional system in place at the time**,** middle school was five years long.) I enjoyed a calm and expansive life in Mukden. The beautiful sunsets there made an impression that remains with me even to this day. I loved horseback riding on horses formerly used by the cavalry, which I rode past the crowded streets to the public gardens dedicated to the mauseloum of Emperor Qin Shi Huang. Until then, I had been planning to apply to a science university after graduation, but something about the stately calm of the Northern Manchurian sights, the likes of which could not be found on the Japanese mainland, raised within my soul that *music* that had been hidden in my heart. I entreated my father, "I want to become a composer."

My father responded, “From my experience in music, my advice is this: If you want to become a composer, you must first know the subtleties of performance. However, it is too late for you to become a pianist, and the quality of your voice is not suitable for a vocalist. So, it would be best for you to major in a wind instrument, which you may still be able to learn.” He brought me several instruments including the flute, the oboe, and the clarinet, but it was the flute on which I was able to produce a sound promptly and easily and which thereafter became my beloved companion.

In March of 1942, having graduated from Mukden Second Middle School, I moved to Tokyo and apprenticed myself to Professor Shozo Suzuki. I auditioned for the Tokyo Academy of Music, was of course rejected, but the following year, I auditioned again and was accepted. For the practical exam, I played Mozart’s Flute Concerto No. 2. I don’t remember how I played it, but I think it was probably a mess. However, I had all the *Chorübungen* memorized and I passed the piano and ear training exams with no trouble. At the final interview, though, Principal Norisugi queried me, “Young man, are you Japanese?” to which I replied confidently, “Yes! I am proud to call myself Japanese.” He scolded me, “Then what are these marks you’ve earned in Japanese class!?” but thankfully granted me admission. Principal Norisugi was a graduate of the Department of Arts and Philosophy of The University of Tokyo.

At the time, Tokyo Academy of Music required one year of provisional enrollment. Full admission was granted only if both one’s grades and behavior were acceptable. Therefore, I was pleased that I was able to become a sophomore at the Academy of Music in April of 1944. Right after we had gained full admission, a notice was placed on the school bulletin board that read: “Seeking students interested in enlisting as military students to join the military band of Toyama Military School. Advantages will be granted.” The notice was signed by Principal Norisugi. I later understood that those advantages were that admission to Toyama could exempt one from enlistment in a general military department.

Along with my peers in the composition department, Yasushi Akutagawa, Hajime Okumura, Takanobu Saito and Ikuma Dan, I hoped to enlist at Toyama Military Academy. However, because the academy consisted of volunteer soldiers, a physical was required, which I unfortunately failed solely due to severe myopia. I had no choice but to undergo a draft inspection, but because of my myopia, I was enrolled in the Hiroshima Second Platoon in September of 1944, as a soldier not of the highest class but of the second rank.

One day not long before the day of my enlistment, I went to give my greetings to Professor Norisugi. On my way home, as I walked through Ueno Park toward the station, I heard the blare of warning sirens. Students had been instructed to interpret them as a signal to rush to the defense of the school, so I hurried back. “Oh, perfect timing!” said Principal Norisugi, who did me the great favor of introducing me to army commander Hakaru Gondo. As it turned out, this meeting would impact my fate during the war in immeasurable ways, as Commander Gondo was there to request a music student for the army naval division.

Shortly after this encounter, I joined the military corps of Hiroshima. On the pre-enlistment survey regarding special skills, I reported music and horseback riding because I had experience horseback riding as a middle school student and because I attended music school. I secretly hoped my ear for music would be acknowledged with an assignment as a correspondent. Instead, my familiarity with horses earned me a position behind the reins as a luggage handler.

Now after enlisting, I endured exceedingly brutal treatment in the barracks, beaten left and right for no apparent reason. “Take off your glasses, spread your legs, clench your teeth!” A fist of iron would materialize through my haze and batter me over and over again. For about a week, I was terrified. After that, I was no longer afraid even if I was beaten again, but the swelling of my face would not subside. Morever, it was the mental bullying that was truly intolerable, the details of which I cannot bring myself to write. (Was this sort of bullying that had nothing to do with martial law or military regulation a portent of the collapse of the army toward the end of the war? I wonder now.)

One day about a month after my enlistment, I was boarded onto a train headed west from Hiroshima Station without a word as to our destination. Perhaps to keep the transport of soldiers a secret, the shutters were drawn over the windows, so I could not see the view outside, but we arrived at Shimonoseki, Yamaguchi Prefecture. From there, we continued on via carrier ship to Pusan, boarded another train to Seoul, headed east, and finally arrived at Hunchun on the right edge of the Korean Peninsula, bordering the Soviet Union. I cared for the horses and endured grueling training as a member of the vast military corps of Hunchun, when suddenly I was summoned to headquarters and ordered to transfer to the army naval division. Sent off with mixed feelings from the soldiers in my cohort, I retraced my steps along the same railways, but this time alone, and returned to my beloved Hiroshima. Although the army naval division was

headquartered in Hiroshima, I transferred immediately to the platoon centered at Koyo Middle School, which the army had requisitioned in Nishinomiya in Hyogo Prefecture.

Because the naval division to which I belonged was a clandestine unit, soldiers were prohibited from going out. Exercise meant sprinting through the suburbs in the company of a surveillance officer. As I caught glimpses of women in their baggy monpe trousers, I came to know the sad destiny of a man in my position. Later I learned that the piano department professor, Mr. Motonari Iguchi, also belonged to this division as a civilian in military employ, but I never met him.

On August 7th 1942, when the Japanese army captured Guadalcanal of the Solomon Islands, they found a radar system misplaced by the American armed forces. Seizing this and carefully investigating its construction, Toshiba created its own radar, made in Japan. (Nowadays radar is not unusual, but at the time, America was the pioneer in the development of radar.) [Editor's note: The author's use of radar here and following possibly refers to sonar.] The radar developed by Japan was called *Type Su* and the mechanism it used was to emit underwater sound waves and then catch the waves reflected back by an object, displaying the elapsed time and the direction of the reflected waves in a cathode-ray tube. By placing a receiver against one's ear, one could differentiate by sound whether the waves were reflected back by a crag, a fishing vessel, or an enemy submarine. The outstanding hearing of music students was found to be ideal for this role, so I was recruited as part of the personnel responsible for the acoustic education of young soldiers, and received training as a commanding officer.

By 1944, Japan had lost battleships of all sizes to American submarines, specifically 1,009 vessels including transport ships, and so urgently needed to develop its radar system. As it happened, the radar was not manufactured in time, so drills could only be conducted on the open seas two or three times. Instead, our squad practiced hearing the command "Engage the switch!" and replying "Yes, sir!" while flipping a model switch attached to a piece of plywood. Thinking back on it now, it was both comical and pitiful.

Now as I aimed to become a commanding officer of acoustic training, I memorized the Imperial Military Code and studied things having nothing to do with music, such as the construction of the radar system and how to operate each apparatus. Even after lights out at 9 p.m. we cadets continued studying in the officer's office and retired only at midnight, but before daybreak around 3 to 4 a.m., we would be awakened by an emergency roll call. We all stood in

formation and shouted in order “One! Two! Three!” as roll was called, and those who responded sleepily were quickly punished with a kick and an iron fist!

Whether due to the continued intense training, a routine physical showed a drastic drop in my blood sedimentation rate and I was diagnosed with a left pulmonary infiltration. In despair and at my wits’ end, I was too stunned even to cry as a senior officer accompanied me to the army hospital at the foot of Himeji Castle, also known as “Magnificent White Heron Castle”, where I was hospitalized. (Even now, when I see that castle through a train car window, it brings me to tears to think of those times long ago.) After I was hospitalized, my health improved to a degree and it was determined that I should continue my recuperation at the hot springs and inn in Kinosaki, a city under army occupation on the coast of the Sea of Japan. Over the course of my two-month convalescence there, I pored over and was completely absorbed in reading *Functional Harmony* by Professor Saburo Moroi, the sole possession I was allowed and which I carried with me through all the travels of my corps. (“Until I die in this war, I study to give my life meaning.” Was this not the cry not just of myself but of all soldiers-in-training?) When my fever broke and my health improved, I was granted a monthlong medical furlough and returned home to recuperate at the house of my aunt in Hiroshima. (I was not permitted to return to my parents’ residence in Mukden.)

On that fateful day, August 6th 1945, I rose early and headed toward Hiroshima station, intending to meet my cousin Yoshiaki Minato, a student at the naval academy in Etajima. I thought this was my last chance to see him. However, although it is unthinkable now, I arrived at the station and could not procure a ticket due to sales restrictions, and after considerable persistence, I gave up and headed home on a city streetcar. The tram I rode that day passed through ground zero, but it was about thirty minutes prior to that tragedy. After arriving home, I was telling my aunt the aforementioned sequence of events, when – *bang!* – a somehow light yet sharp explosion reverberated simultaneously with a blinding flash that lit up the whole city. At that moment, the atomic bomb had burst 580 meters above the streets of Hiroshima and in an instant annihilated the city of Hiroshima within a 2 kilometer radius. The house where I was bombed was 1.5 kilometers from ground zero, in the first ward of the town of Nishikan’non. The house collapsed instantly, the broken lumber crushing myself, my aunt, and my three cousins. I lost consciousness and remained buried, who knows whether for five minutes or for ten minutes, but when I came to, I clawed through the rubble and instinctively screamed, “Help me!

Somebody help!" However I regained my wits and took matters into my own hands, removing my shirt and wrapping it around my neck to stop the bleeding from the laceration under my left ear. Before long my aunt and cousins also emerged, but due to my profuse bleeding, my vision went hazy and I collapsed on the spot. Yet fortunately, a strong man who happened to be nearby put me on his back and carried me to the closest riverbank. It was later noted that this man was of Korean descent.

Soon my aunt and cousins, who had escaped injury, gathered scrap wood from the rubble and built a semblance of a cramped hut for us and placed me inside, allowing me to escape the ensuing downpour of black rain that carried the nuclear fallout. At the time, strangers ran into our hut to avoid the black rain, saying "I am so-and-so from such-and-such ward. Please notify my family as to my whereabouts!" Clearly, survivors did not yet comprehend the ghastliness of the atomic bomb. Before long, the city became engulfed in raging flames and transformed into a city of death.

The town of Hiroshima stands at the delta where the Ota River diverges into seven rivers. Taking the one bridge that had remained intact over the Fukushima River in the city's west side, my aunt raced to her older sister's – in other words, my other aunt's – home and begged for assistance, "Somebody help Masaru!" At once, this aunt dragged over a large two-wheeled wagon that was nearby and carried me in it to the vicinity of Koi Station on the west side of Hiroshima City. During that ride, whenever I came close to losing consciousness, my aunt apparently gave me a good pinch anywhere and everywhere and shouted in my ear repeatedly, "Come on, pull yourself together!"

Even in those circumstances, I remembered what I had been taught during military training: "When you sustain a serious injury, do not drink water." Even though I was unbearably thirsty during that transportation, I restrained myself and did not drink any water. When one is bleeding profusely, drinking water causes the blood to thin and to flow more and more freely, making one thirst even more. My mouth was so dry I could not even speak. Yet because my aunt pulled me in the large two-wheeled wagon with all her might, I somehow made it safely to the plaza near Koi Station. There, a bus was on standby waiting to take on the wounded. Injured persons who could walk boarded the bus one after another, but I was ignored, being unable to walk. Rescue those who had potential to be saved and ignore those who were unlikely to survive; this was the inviolable rule in times of chaos. My aunt who had carried me all this way shouted

fervently, “This man is a soldier! Let him onto the bus!” I will never know if it was because of her voice, but thankfully I, who was unable even to sit, was carried onto the floor of the bus. I later learned that the bus that saved me was from Ohnoura Garrison.

The bus transported us to Ohnoura on the opposite shore from Itsukushima. There we were housed at a neighborhood elementary school, but for some reason we were laid down in the schoolyard, not in the school building. The following morning, under the blazing summer heat, I lay outdoors and the treatment of my wounds began. That treatment was truly hellish agony. What pain I suffered as the wound below my ear was sterilized without any anesthesia! It was such extreme pain, as though I were being stabbed with red-hot tongs, that the suffering put me on the brink of death due to shock. And then, as the military physician sutured my wounds, he was in such a panic that he broke not only the thread but also the needle. “Wait here!” he ordered, and after a little while, those same burning-hot tongs returned! As the combat medic next to me cried, “It’s no use; these intestines cannot be saved,” it was truly a scene straight from hell.

The curse of the atomic bomb brought such agony beyond description, that language lacks the means to express. As a consequence of being exposed to radiation and having white blood cells destroyed, the wounds of atomic bomb survivors festered and filled with pus. After having endured such extreme pain to have my wound sutured, now every last thread had to be cut out, exposing a hideous open wound. That so-called “atomic bomb keloid” scar would torment me for many years.

Around the time I had at last grown accustomed to the pain, I heard of the Soviet Union’s participation in the war and prayed for the safety of my parents in Mukden. Also around that time, an elderly lady came to look after the wounded and sick. “My dear, I don’t know you, but my son is a soldier just like you,” she said with tears streaming down her face, as she used a wooden spoon to pour porridge into my mouth. It was while I was recuperating here for some time that my cousin Doi borrowed a charcoal-powered vehicle from who knows where and carted me to his house. Doi was still a high school student. His family were farmers in the village of Hachiman in the northern part of Hiroshima Prefecture. Although my quarters were the family barn, it was sufficient to rest my body and recuperate.

From about the beginning of 1943, America had devoted huge sums to undertake the development of the atomic bomb and had finally achieved success on July 16th 1945, twenty days

prior to the detonation of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima. The pilot of the B-29 bomber that contained the atomic bomb, Colonel Paul Tibbets (thirty years old at the time), had gained distinction as a renowned bomber pilot and had been pulled from the European front to come to Tinian Island. He had named the bomber after his mother, Enola Gay. The Enola Gay started off from Tinian Island, one of the Mariana Islands in the western Pacific Ocean, which America had captured on August 3rd 1944 after a fierce battle with Japanese armed forces. Prior to this, thirty kilometers west of Tinian Island, Saipan had also been captured on July 18th, and the Japanese military airfields on both islands were outfitted by American armed forces. It was from both of these airfields that U.S. forces air raided the Japanese mainland for the next ten months, reducing the principal cities of Japan to scorched earth.

Now during the Meiji era, troops were garrisoned in Hiroshima, the foremost city in the Chugoku region. With its high-traffic Ujina Naval Port, Hiroshima held an important position as a military capital. Consequently, with strong protection against air raids, Hiroshima suffered little damage from them. Soon after America's successful manufacture of the atomic bomb, the USS Indianapolis transported the bomb from San Francisco to Tinian Island. On August 5th the atomic bomb was loaded onto the Enola Gay, which took off the following morning at 2:25 a.m. Having reached the skies of Hiroshima, the Enola Gay dropped the atomic bomb from an altitude of 9600 meters, fifteen minutes and thirty seconds after 8 a.m. Ground zero is estimated to be roughly 150 meters southeast of the site of the Hiroshima Peace Memorial, commonly called the Atomic Bomb Dome. Together with a violent explosion, the atomic bomb generated a fireball in midair of approximately one hundred meters in diameter. The center of the fireball reached a temperature of 300,000ºC, exposing ground zero to irradiation of 6000ºC. All wooden homes within a two-kilometer radius collapsed and caught fire from the heat rays, causing a citywide conflagration. Although some concrete buildings like the Atomic Bomb Dome remained standing, windows were blown away and the interior was destroyed by fire.

The destructive might of the atomic bomb was due to the composite power of the bomb blast, detonation pressure and heat rays, but the casualties were due to the invisible radiation. Moreover, any material that was exposed to radiation became tinged with radioactivity, and for a long time afterward emitted radiation (particle beams of rays such as alpha, beta, and gamma rays), causing obstacles such as hair loss, high fever, vomiting, vomiting of blood, bloody bowel discharge, and bloody urine.

At the same time as the violent explosion, the atomic bomb created an enormous mushroom cloud, the stem of which swelled into an immense pillar before one's eyes, traveling northwest (inland). Before long a downpour blanketed the northern and western parts of the city. While heavy rain continued to fall for two to three hours, for about the first hour the rain was black. This black rain carried both ash that ascended as black smoke at the moment of the bomb blast and soot from the conflagration and was laden with radioactivity. Therefore, those who were showered with this rain suffered the same symptoms as those subject to direct radiation. Furthermore, as this rainwater flowed into rivers, fishes such as catfish, eels and pond carp all died and floated to the surface. During the rainfall, temperatures dropped and, despite it being midsummer, those who were lightly dressed shivered in the cold.

By the end of this year, 140,000 lives were lost in Hiroshima.

My relatives, the farmers, were kind enough to take care of me. Although they had neither medicine nor the resources for medical care, one day they carried me on a stretcher to a nearby clinic. However, this clinic had only a hypodermic injection resembling red ink. My aunt thanked the doctors with gifts such as rice and vegetables instead of money. I tried moxibustion, having heard a rumor that it might be beneficial, and whether due to that or not, my health improved day by day. I had lots of moxa applied from head to toe on a daily basis, thankfully by my cousin who had come to help. Apparently, it had long been common knowledge that moxibustion increased white blood cell counts!

As the war ended and I completely regained my health, I expressed my gratitude to those who had cared for me and told the grandmother who had most doted on me, "I want to go to Tokyo." She begged me, "Masaru dear, stay in Hiroshima. Don't leave here anymore." Nevertheless, I apologized to her in my heart "Sorry, grandmother," and took the national railway ticket I had been supplied with and set off for the end of war processing office in Nishinomiya. "Thank you for your service!" These were my words as I gave the ex-general my name and platoon, and at last I received my identification papers as a Japanese citizen. The sorrow of losing the war meant that, after the collapse of the army, my identity had not been recognized until that day.

Carrying the entirety of my worldly possessions, the one blanket and the military uniform I had been provided, I came to live at the home of my uncle in Tokyo. By this time it was already mid-October of 1945! When I returned to my beloved school, although I had been sure I would

never lay eyes on it again, everyone said “Look at this monster!” but welcomed me warmly. The school promoted me to junior year, and in March of 1947, I graduated, or rather, I was made to graduate, after four years at university that included only about two years worth of study. (And this after having served my country at the risk of my life!) But I must be grateful; I was miraculously saved from death in that great war.

After graduation, I sought to make up for the studies I lacked and I entered graduate school. Thereupon, while still enrolled as a graduate student and taking classes, I joined the orchestra personnel and in addition was asked to instruct students as a part-time lecturer. I served as a part-time lecturer at Tokyo University of the Arts, formerly known as the Tokyo Academy of Music, for 49 years thereafter, including two years of military service and one year studying abroad in America. Along the way, there was talk of a permanent position, but besides teaching in the flute department, I wanted to remain active as a composer so I became that happy musician chasing two dreams at once.

I married my wife Taeko when I was 29 years old. Taeko was a violin major and three years my junior at the academy of music. During my postwar enrollment as a student, I always had a bandage wrapped around my neck for the treatment of the atomic bomb keloid under my left ear. Apparently Taeko Koide saw that and thought, “That poor person.” Because I had been told that keloid surgery was very dangerous, I endured the pain for many years, but in the sixtieth year after the war, seven years ago now, a renowned orthopedic surgeon at St. Luke’s International Hospital in Tsukiji, Tokyo, successfully removed the keloid. Perhaps because shards of glass had flown into this wound on the day of the atomic bomb, for a long time after the war, small grains of glass would come out of my left earlobe from time to time. My friends cheerfully consoled me, saying “Look, you’re producing diamonds!”

At present, my family of ten, including myself, are enjoying fullness of life as much as anyone else. Moreover, I am blessed to be surrounded by many talented people, too admirable to be called my students. As a composer, I leave behind a triple-digit number of compositions such as sonatas, marches and choral music. And the wonderful news of late is that on September 6th of this year 2011, Waldstein Palace Hall in Prague will see the premiere of my String Quartet No. 1, which may be considered the pinnacle of my work.

The atomic bomb and ensuing scenes from hell, these are such bitterly painful things that I do not want to discuss, but it is my hope that my words may somehow serve our longing for peace and the cessation of war.

– written in 2011