DRAGON IN THE DUST

AN INSIDE HISTORY OF THE JAPANESE CONSPIRACY

DRAGON IN THE DUST
INDIA AGAINST THE STORM
HATHOO OF THE ELEPHANTS
THE GOLDEN LEGEND OF ETHIOPIA
HAWAIIAN WONDER TALES
ALBANIAN WONDER TALES
RUSSIAN WONDER TALES

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DRAGON IN THE DUST

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Contents

The Jewel in the Dragon's Head

THERE *was once a Dragon whose Habitation was a Cavern. He was a Recluse, and the Folk of the Countryside, counting him a Quaint and Ingenuous Creature, with no Speck of Harm in him, besought him to come forth and have Comradeship with them. For a time the Dragon demurred, urging that he was of an Ascetic Temperament, and something of a Sabbatarian, but they became so insistent that at length, saying to himself, "If I do not Humor these Barbarians they will presently drag me out by the Tail," he came forth and made the conventional Gestures of Amity.*

His Solitariness abandoned, he proved an unqualified Social Success, the men of those Parts finding him Naive and Appealing if somewhat lacking in Originality, and the Frailer Sex even pronouncing him a Romantic, particularly after an intriguing Story gained Circulation to the Effect that he carried a Jewel in his Head. So for a lengthy While his Popularity grew.

At End, however, a Shadow fell upon it, certain of the adjacent Residents asserting that he was making away with their Fowls and Porkers. Yet the Dragon's Bonhomie had by this time become a Proverb. The People in general closed their Ears, and the Complainants were forced to leave their Losses to the Arbitrament of Time.

Now in his Cave-Hermitage the Dragon had subsisted on Wild-Rice and Lily-Bulbs, and with his new Porcine and Poultry Diet he waxed exceeding Huge and Strong. Both his Appetite and his Depredations increased, till the Despoiled ones Protested Openly. Said the Dragon then to them, "Do you not know that I have a Divine Jewel in my Head? That I possess this Sky-Sent Attribute proves me Su-

perior to all other Habitants of the Universe, who are born to be my Slaves!" And he leaped up and with Flame issuing from his Nostrils galloped abroad, Ramping and Roaring and Slaying every living Thing he Encountered

At that the angered Countryside gathered in Posse and Surrounding him, Fell upon him with Sticks and Stones, and Beat him till he lay Half-Dead and Helpless in the Dust. After which they took Counsel together as to what should be done with him. Said some, "It is the Jewel in his Head that has caused his Frenzy. Surely an Operation is Indicated." But when he heard this the Dragon humbled himself, weeping Salt Tears "Nay," he moaned, "Take not my Jewel from me! For it is Coeval with Sky and Earth, and I have carried it from Ages Eternal." Whereupon others said, "He is Right It is a Sacred Thing that it would be Blasphemy to touch!"

Being at Variance, they submitted the Matter to a famous Wiseacre, and after he had pondered, said he, "This is my Decision. The Dragon shall in future keep to his Cavern, and we shall file his Teeth and cut his Claws, so that he will be Powerless to do more Harm. And Gratitude that we have left him his Jewel will Constrain him to be a Good Dragon hereafter."

But asked the Chronic Doubter, "Will not his Teeth and Claws grow again?"

The Wiseacre answered, "It may be so. By that Time, however, in Contemplation of our Benevolence, his Heart will doubtless have turned wholly to Virtue."

Foreword

I

WHAT IS to be done with Japan?

The question looms large in the American public eye today and is destined to loom larger as its implications are more completely understood. What, with our help, is she to make of herself now that the cataclysm is over? What is to be her process of regeneration and rehabilitation? How, meanwhile, can we dispel her fantastic Japan-must-rule-the-World delusion? And what of the spectacled little Man-God in Tokyo, whom the Japanese masses worship and the official bureaucracy and the intelligentsia so successfully pretend to? To reorient the mental processes of eighty million persons is a sobering task, but on our failure or success the future peace of Asia may depend.

General MacArthur's stern application of our long-range occupation policy for Japan, so far as it has been implemented, has made it clear that in all essentials the destiny of the Empire and of the Japanese people is to be in our hands. That is as it should be We have no wish to govern the archipelago the Japanese must govern themselves. And not on the old totalitarian pattern of militarism and ultranationalism that the more enlightened peoples of the world have discarded. They must take their stand with the Democracies of the West, which a tyrannous oligarchy taught them to hold in hatred and contempt. It is for us to bring them to comprehend that only so can they re-make their ruined land into a self-respecting State that can once more be received into the commonwealth of modern nations.

During our grim years of the war in the Pacific we knew the end from the beginning. With our resources and potential strength there could be only one result But when the finish came with its dramatic suddenness on the heels of the atomic bomb, we were by no means prepared for it. Our plans were perfected for military invasion, but beyond that, outside of the padded departmental walls of Washington there had been practically no public discussion As to what our general occupation policy was to be there was, up to the close of last summer, the densest ignorance, shot through with a vague misgiving as to the quality of the peace that should be demanded, sharpened by a

thriving suspicion that it might be too soft to slake the rage that had been mounting with the roster of Japanese enormities.

Our uneasiness had begun with Doolittle's nose-thumbing flight over Honshu, when one of his squadrons passed at tree-height directly over Isé Village—over the Isé Shrine. Was not that the very nest of the Chimera, the home of Japan's Goddess who had bade her vanquish the world? Reluctance to lay violent hands on the religious beliefs and practices of a people, however primitive and benighted, is instinctive to our race. Tolerance is one of the badges of Democracy. But there was surely a limit even to religious tolerance.

It is the thing nowadays for the pundits to say that the *Shinto* is not a religion. The Japanese officially approve this verdict, since *Shinto* is compulsory, and under the Constitution religion is free. Also, in order to crush out Buddhism and Christianity, Japanese law bans religious teaching in all schools, and *Shinto* instruction is the main feature of Japan's educational system. The *Shinto,* nevertheless, however camouflaged, is a religion. It has the familiar animistic background of primitive stocks the world over, with the ancestor-worship whose peak is the veneration of the Ancestral Ruler, from which stems the concept of his divinity. Students of comparative folklore will recognize the process

Japanese casuists dodge the question by inventing a distinction between the *Shinto* of the people ("Sectarian *Shinto*") and the State *Shinto*. But this is pure sophistry. As well may one find a difference between the Christianity of the Church of England and that of the English people. Recently John Carter Vincent, Director of the State Department's Office of Far Eastern Affairs, and incidentally chairman of the Far Eastern sub-committee of the State War and Navy Coordinating Committee, has gone on the air with the announcement that the Japanese Government is to be "taken out of *Shinto.*" Does he assume that deprived of State support and stipends, the system will, as he puts it, be "done away with" as a consequence? The so-called "*Shinto* revival," which officially cast Buddhism into outer darkness, by no means "did away with" Buddhism! Can one suppose that with the *Shinto* disestablished, the Japanese masses will instantly cease to worship the spirits of their ancestors and the Emperor, and forget their cherished dreams of national glory?

Shinto, however, differs from all other modern religions in that, like Japanese ethics and Japanese poetry, it is wholly without spiritual quality. It does not inculcate righteousness and purity of living—the Japanese race, it teaches, is from its origin incapable of evil. Its preachment modernly is that as the race has a divine source, the one pure stream in the ocean of

racial turbidity, its mission is to smite and overcome all other races and rule the planet. It lays this as a sacred command upon every Japanese, from coolie to noble.

A hundred years ago the *Shinto* was a fragmentary assemblage of primeval folklore, with no bearing on the nation's ethics or ambitions, a faded palimpsest written and cross-written over with tattered legends of diverse origins The descent of the Imperial Ancestor from the Sky was a fable smiled at by Japan's scholars, and his mythical adventures were called by her historiographers symbolic interpretations of natural prehistoric events Through the centuries the hoary traditions had had no effect on the formation of the National State or the development of its Imperialistic tendencies. It is the sinister doctrines that have modernly and with malign intent been woven into their texture that have made the *Shinto's* gospel one of blood and conquest. Till it is purged of these it must remain outside the pale, and its holy-of-holies must stand as a type and sign of practices abhorrent to Heaven.

In India the blood-drinking Hindu Goddess Kali had her worshippers. They were the infamous sect of the Thugs, which a century ago the old East India Company destroyed. But first they blotted out her famed Temple in Jaipur. Under Kali's inspiration the Thugs strangled wayside travelers; the worshippers of Isé's Sun-Goddess, Bright-Sky-Shiner, under her aegis were murdering their tens of thousands of innocent men, women, and children in Korea and China, and now were out to destroy all human freedom! Was not the Isé Shrine as much a poison-spot as the Jaipur Temple? Did not its sanctuary bear as clearly the mark of the beast?

Since it was for us to win this war, would not a single blockbuster (we asked ourselves) dropped on that plain wooden structure that houses the archipelago's Infinitude of Glory, have done more to destroy the national morale than the sinking of a hundred ships of war and the annihilation of as many Army divisions? To see that fane blasted and demolished, with no lightning from the Sky to strike dead its despoilers, no "Divine Wind" to overwhelm our air-fleets, might well have been a blow to Nipponese confidence that no pronouncement from the palace in Tokyo could mitigate!

But our policy-planners had let the opportunity go by. With the weapon in our hands to send a deadly thrust to the heart of the monstrous myth which in little more than two generations has infected the blood of a semi-barbarous people and inspired them to the insane and ghastly *amok* which has cost us so dear in lives and treasure, we had withheld the blow. Doolittle's planes had made their sleeveless flight, that our parachuting

bombers might be tortured and executed to make a holiday for the populace.

And Tokyo had not failed to broadcast to the people that Doolittle's fliers did not bomb Isé because they *dared* not. That the Great Goddess of the Sacred Mirror was unassailable and imperdible, protected by her divine power from the impious attack of the western savages!

Public misgivings were not allayed the following year by the statement of Elmer Davis, Director of the Office of War Information, that our government policy was to avoid slighting references to Hirohito, as any personal attack on him might arouse popular resentment There was a feeling in the air that the policy-makers, for purposes of their own, were clearing the track for Hirohito's absolution The mistrust was deepened by the publication in December 1943 of the State Department *White Book* on Japan, which quoted a cable sent more than two years previously by Ambassador Grew in Tokyo, stating that the Emperor had forbidden the Japanese Army and Navy to attack the United States and Britain.

This suggestion of a secret conference, with the Emperor opposing the conclusions of his military chiefs, was so staggering that the current *Fortune* made no bones of calling it whitewash; and the belated publication of the incident pricked the suspicions of observers who looked down their noses at the Department's group of Far Eastern "Experts," whose past performances in appeasement had not endeared them to the man-on-the-street One New York newspaper captioned a column, "Is our State Department Building up Hirohito to Use as a Jap Petain?" and another entitled a special article, "Hirohito's Plea for '41 Peace May Save Him. Allies May Let Him Remain On Throne."

By the close of 1944 Grew, then Assistant to the Secretary of State, was regarding the Emperor as "Japan's sole stabilizing force" and her Emperor-Worship as an element that could be "an asset, not a liability, in a reconstructed nation" This, however, brought a sharp rejoinder from China and a roar of protest from the press that threatened to block his confirmation as Under-Secretary. Admiral Halsey's warning that if America did not insist on *absolute and unconditional surrender,* it "would commit the greatest crime in the history of our country" was a gauge of the popular feeling.

But the official propaganda of a "peace with honor," for Japan, with the assistance of a Senator and a Representative or two, was by then afloat, and since that time, up to the very debut of the atomic bomb, the Department had handled its official publicity with kid gloves to protect the Emperor's pres-

tige. The few strident voices from the eye-for-eye school of avengers (notably the *Honolulu Advertiser,* which demanded Hirohito's "execution with his fellow conspirators") had been lost in a full-throated chorus whose burden was: "We must purge Japan of her militarism, allow her a period of probation for her re-education, and then give her a helping hand to reinstate herself in the family of nations But we must leave her her sacred Emperor! He is the innocent victim of a crafty military clique and that clique must be destroyed. But to the Japanese people he is a God, the center of their religious faith, upon which we must lay no violent hand"

This ultra-benevolent attitude toward Hirohito did not chime with his Declaration of War issued the day after the Pearl Harbor sneak-attack, with its every phrase couched in false pretence, naked and unashamed. Were we, in solicitude for the primordial institution of Emperor-Worship, to open our hearts to Hirohito? Were we now to foster the notion of his inviolability, the keystone of the arch of Japanese governmental authority? "Anything resembling the defense of *Shinto* and the Japanese Emperor," said the New York *Times* in grave rebuke, seems out of place while our forces in the Pacific are fighting against everything they symbolize."

2

The war, as such, was over before the American people were made acquainted with what was to be our national policy toward conquered Japan. That policy—affecting nearly a hundred million people of other race, quality and culture, and of more significance to America's own future as well as to that of the Japanese people than many that have been the issue of momentous international conferences—had been under discussion for many months by the Department of State, in collaboration with the Army and Navy. On August 29th, four days before the signing of the surrender, their elaborate joint Directive covering our initial policy was sent to General MacArthur.

Yet only on September 22nd, nearly a month after our warships entered Tokyo Bay, and then only after open rebellion in the Senate against the hush-hush treatment accorded it, was the outline of the Washington Directive made public. It gave the blue light to Japan's pre-war pattern of administration, which we accepted as the framework of our national policy. It was *fait accompli.* The Supreme Commander was to "exercise his authority through Japanese governmental machinery and agencies, *including the Emperor.*"

The free use of the Departmental kalsomine brush during the past three years was no longer a puzzle—we were to capi-

talize Hirohito's official face-value to our own fancied profit. And all the fair words of the thesaurus, however artful the propaganda asseverating that the missing syllable was really there, could not now make Japan's surrender an "unconditional" one.

The Washington policy-makers had framed their plan before the atomic bomb appeared, and its blue-print naturally provided for the conventional invasion of military theory and practice. It had been a tactical build-up for a bloodless invasion and an occupation without fireworks, dictated by "military considerations." Military rule, we were told, operating without the Japanese Government, would have taken several million troops to enforce and the policy adopted resulted in an "untold saving of American lives, money and time."

It would be interesting to hear detached military comment on this surmise. Japan had no longer navy or air-force worthy the name. We had ships of war to make encirclement of the four Great Islands complete. Our planes could have covered their skies like an umbrella. The opportunist argument that only the Emperor's command could bring about a bloodless surrender might have had a certain weight before the atomic bomb, but afterward? The blasting of Hiroshima and Nagasaki had shown Japan that we could flatten her every city as completely as we had flattened Kwajalein, if she remained obdurate. Any attempt at organized resistance to our invasion was inconceivable. No desperate street-to-street, house-to-house snipers' carnival would have been remotely possible under our bomber canopy. She was finished and her leaders knew it. Nothing was left for her but the unconditonal surrender we demanded.

If there was a realization that the bomb had altered the situation and its necessities, however, it was not allowed to alter the set-up And to the relief of his shivering military leaders, Hirohito's jubilant Rescript assured his dazed subjects that "the structure of the Imperial State has been saved and will be maintained without change."

This, to be sure, was jostled by the London Foreign Office's blunt reminder that the Allied surrender terms did not bar charges against him as a war criminal, or make impossible his trial before the bar of an outraged West, since when the State Department has found it expedient to announce somewhat vaguely, that "there was no indication how abdication" (which incidentally, is specifically forbidden to Hirohito by Japan's Constitution) "would absolve him from any war-crimes." Under-Secretary of State Acheson skated gracefully over the thin ice. "It (the American policy) is, and has been, that the surrender of Japan will be carried out—that she will be put in a position

where she cannot renew aggressive warfare—that her present economic and social system, which makes for a will to war, will not continue, and that whatever it takes to carry out this policy will be used." Queries as to Hirohito, however, met with snug silence.

The question will not down so easily What of the American contention, in connection with the Nazi trials, that conspiracy to wage war is a crime against humanity, and aggressive warfare constitutes an international crime? Yet can anyone suppose that we, who have been employing the Imperial prerogatives to such alleged benefit to ourselves, are not now constrained to special treatment by our complaisance, or that the cunning of his apologists has not delivered Hirohito from the jaws of the trap that have snapped upon so many of his adoring subjects?

We threw away one of our aces when we spared Isé. We threw away another when we engaged to leave Hirohito seated on his "Throne" It is probable that we could not have chosen a more effective way to convince the Japanese masses that the West, though temporarily the victor, nevertheless knew their Emperor divine, and dreaded the vengeance of the Sky!

3

The reaction to our leniency from every Japanese leader, great and small, was open arrogance and braggart impenitence. The admission of defeat was beamed in English to the United States and to Europe, but not in the vernacular to the Japanese people They were led to believe that the "surrender" applied only to the Armed Forces. The announcements eschewed the word itself, referring to the Allied Ultimatum as a "Declaration," which the Emperor accepted "to preserve humanity." To the Japanese troops in the field before the formal surrender the defeat was by studied implication pictured as a mere interlude in Japan's ensanguined progress to world-domination. "In spiritual power we have not lost yet," the Chief of the Tokyo Broadcasting Corporation's Overseas Bureau assured them, "this is only temporary. Our mistake was lack of material strength, scientific knowledge, and equipment. *This mistake we must amend.*"

"Japan's scientists," said the former President of the Board of Technology, "were beaten by the Americans and the British because they had been helplessly hampered by mutual jealousy and sectionalism."

In his official farewell Suzuki, the retiring Premier, counselled a "restoration of the national prestige." He made no mention of the fact that before the atomic bomb appeared we had wiped out Japan's Navy and Air Forces, battered her installations into

rubble, and totally destroyed her power to make further war. No. He told the people that it had been the bomb that had lost Japan's "war-aim." They were on no account to be permitted to think that anything less than an incalculable orgasm of nature had defeated the Imperial forces. The closing words of the retiring Cabinet's Proclamation, broadcast in the vernacular to the Orient, were "We dare to request our comrades to seek revenge!"

In every line of these was an apologia for the discredited regime, and a looking forward to a resurgence of the old Japan of insolent pretensions and ingrained affrontery.

Stubborn recalcitrancy appeared in the smaller details of the surrender negotiations. And long after the government's instructions must have been publicized, our photographic and reconnaissance planes over Tokyo were being fired upon, our battleship "PENNSYLVANIA" was being attacked off Okinawa, and Japanese troops in Manchuria were putting the torch to villages and supplies.

Hirohito's unprecedented Rescript at the time of the surrender capped the climax He proclaimed that Japan had declared war on America and Great Britain "from Our sincere desire to insure her self-preservation and the stabilization of East Asia." It had been "far from Our thought either to infringe on the sovereignty of other Nations or to embark on territorial aggrandizement." It was in a divine self-abnegation, "to prevent the total extinction of human civilization" by a "new and most cruel weapon," that Japan had surrendered, "to pave the way for a grand peace for all generations to come."

So ran what is perhaps the most barefaced memorial of national hypocrisy ever assigned to the lips of a modern ruler. His second pronouncement was a glorification of the "fighting spirit of the Imperial Japanese Army and Navy, still as high as ever," exultantly pointing out that "a considerable portion" of Japan's military forces "remain intact, without any actual defeat on the field of battle and with their morale unimpaired," and that she ended the war "with a huge reserve of power." This, as a London newspaper characterized it, was "the boast of a defiant man, leading a defiant nation." It carried no hint of a defeated and dishonored people who can be redeemed only by a regeneration within themselves.

The high-light of our occupation was the artfully contrived political about-face by which the Higashi-Kuni post-war Cabinet presented suddenly to the world a quasi-democratic regime, which we were asked to believe was the Sky-inspired scheme of the Emperor himself.

To clear the way for this astonishing transmogrification, mili-

tary training was abolished off-hand, and the totalitarian party *Dai Nippon Seijikai*, political creature of the Militarists, was split six ways, a Liberal and two Socialist Parties magically appearing among the fragments An agitation, spawned overnight, demanded a revision of the election law, "to carry out," said Tokyo, "the terms of the Potsdam Declaration for free political expression by the Japanese people." We were expected to find, in short, that Japan, with a mere "Presto! Change!" had turned herself inside out, had become a genuine Democracy, and that therefore the Allied occupation, to all intents and purposes, might be sweetly brief. The project was quaintly reminiscent of the sleight-of-hand with which some decades ago Manchuria was turned into young Henry Pu-Yi's puppet Republic of Manchukuo

The composition of the Cabinet, formed after a frantic search for ex-functionaries whose war-smirch was not embarrassingly apparent, showed that the military grip had not loosened.

The Imperial Prince Higashi-Kuni, the Empress' uncle, hastily designated as Premier, was a member of the Supreme War Council and Commander of the General Headquarters of the Home Defense. Significantly, he chose, as Minister without portfolio and acting Vice-Premier, Prince Konoyé, former Minister of War, under whose Premiership Japan launched the war on China in 1937 And for his War Minister he selected General Shimomura, Supreme Commander of Japanese forces in North China In a fanfare of self-righteousness Shimomura tearfully bespoke our ."sympathy and understanding," while the new Minister of Justice, a hold-over from the old Cabinet, demanded "equality and justice for Japan from the entire world "

The Imperial Rescript, read by Hirohito, in all the panoply of a Grand Marshal of the Army, boots, spurs, and decorations, at the opening of last September's Diet, called on his people to "make manifest the innate glory of Japan's national policy, and win the confidence of the world!"

This is the Hirohito who issued the Ordinance punishing 'dangerous thoughts" by death, under which ten thousand persons were tried in three years. The Hirohito whom today our news-correspondents who are fortunate enough to be allowed to approach his sacred presence (with the required genuflections) ask, "Would Your Imperial Majesty care to speak of the future of Japan?" And are assured in his reply that Japan, under his guidance, is now all for the new road of peace and a democratic regime and will justify her resumption of her "rightful place" in the Family of Nations!

Some of our correspondents in Tokyo have seen in these

protestations a proof that Hirohito is indeed "liberal in sentiment," as certain earlier advisers of the State Department alleged. From their recent cables and the Department's unhappiness over the popularity of the Army-shown film *KNOW YOUR ENEMY—JAPAN,* whose expose of Japanese Emperor-Worship brought a reaction from soldier-audiences unfavorable to Hirohito's retention, one may wonder if more whitewash is not mixing The new line seems to be that since World War I the Emperor had been virtually a prisoner in the palace, surrounded by spies of the entrenched militarist clique, who have dictated his every action A true democrat at heart, he has longed helplessly to break the bureaucratic chains that have bound him and proclaim to the people his disapproval of Japan's belligerency and his desire that the nation return to the democracy of the Meiji Era before the militarist epoch. This is stated on no less authority than that of the new Minister of the Imperial Household. There are hints of a reorganization of the Household Department in accordance with the Emperor's "fervent desire" to break away from his whilom "advisers" and assume the real leadership of the nation.

In view of his supine subservience to the predatory regime that has hedged him from his birth, and his spineless concurrence in Japan's shameless career, can one see, through Mr. Grew's eyes, in this suddenly peace-loving, eager-for-leadership Hirohito, "a force for good, to turn the people from their warlike ways?"

4

When our forces poured into the Great Island, Honshu, in last August, we had, thanks to our hands-off policy, no discredited ruler to deal with. From the beginning every subterfuge had been employed to preserve in the minds of the masses the concept of the Emperor's unqualified perfection untarnished by the defeat.

In the public mind he was indissolubly linked to the insensate doings of the military. During all the years of the war he had been given a consistently military build-up. The broadcasts from Tokyo had told every hamlet of his activity He had "practically dismissed his Privy Council and was asking guidance only from the Sky" He "never missed a session at the Imperial General Staff Headquarters" He virtually lived in his Marshal's uniform His personal attendants in the Palace were "strictly ordered to awaken him at any hour of the night to receive important news from the front." In 1943 he signed a little under ten thousand official documents and received cabinet ministers, generals and admirals in a hundred and ninety ceremonial

audiences. Premier Tojo's last New Year's message to the people had told them that it was "under the guidance of His Imperial Majesty" that Japan fought. It was the reservoir of his divine virtue that was being tapped for every early victory. But failure could by no possibility be laid at his door. It had been borne in upon them that the fault lay with themselves!

Premier Suzuki, in his broadcast, had told them with what divine magnanimity Hirohito had overlooked their failure, desirous of saving them "even though he should lose his own life thereby" All present at the historic conference at which He declared His sacred will, "could not but weep" Before His "boundless and infinite solicitude," he told the nation, "in the sublime Palace-Plaza, the throngs bowed to the ground. Alas! In their shame how can they raise their heads? With the words 'Forgive us, O Emperor! Our efforts were not enough!' the heads bow lower and lower as the tears flow unchecked."

There had been a plethora of *hara-kiri*. General Anami the Cabinet's War Minister, Vice-Admiral Onishi Chief of the Navy General Staff and originator and Commander of the *Kami-Kazé* (suicide) bombers, and others following their lead, knowing the game was up anyway and that their names would be on the fatal list, chose the way-out of the little dirk and made apology to Hirohito by the belly-stab for the heinous crime of losing the war When our surrender terms were beamed to Tokyo the statement that the Emperor was to take his orders from the Commander of the occupying forces was met by a frantic effort to jam it from the air. The fevered people must at all costs count him still supreme, the scion of their vaunted dynasty "coeval with Sky and Earth," before whose majesty the hated barbarian, even in his hour of triumph, must tread warily!

There can be no doubt that outside the cultured intelligentsia —the arrogant and impenitent militarist following and their dependents—the official ruling class, wheel within wheel, who sold their souls for place in the hierarchy of success—the scholars and teachers and scientists whose perquisites have hung upon their loyalty to and support of the enforced system—the censor-ridden writers who have labored in dread of the torture-chamber, the arsonist and the assassin—that outside of these, ninety-nine of every hundred Japanese have from their youth believed implicitly that the Emperor they worship is a Man-God. What if these had seen him treated as the mere man, Hirohito, the fallen ruler, to be thrust incontinently aside by the victor as of no consideration in the plans for the Empire's future? Loss of "face" to the Oriental is a stigma that can adhere even to an Emperor, and this must have spelled to them a last humiliation

But we saved Hirohito's "face." We threw over his malign

regime the fair cloak of regularity. We buttressed the arch that was ready to crumble, the outworn arch of Kingship based on subjection to absolute and irresponsible authority Could it be otherwise to this teeming majority than an evidence that though by material power the West had overcome Japan's arms and now dictated her course for a space, it was by the High Gods' decree, and with the sublime Emperor's sanction? The evil dream would pass, Bright-Sky-Shiner, the Sun-Goddess, was watching from Isé and Japan had only to bide her time.

There was surface cleverness in the idea of making Hirohito *ipso-facto* MacArthur's executive officer during the initial period of our occupation, we formulating our commands in the background and he putting them out in the shape of Edicts which, if his status was preserved, the masses would unquestioningly obey, while the militarist hierarchy, cowed and teeth-gnashing, would not dare do otherwise. A quick and easy taking-over with popular acquiescence—no elaborate military machine of occupation—a minimum (because forcibly controlled) of the confusion and disorder that attends abrupt social changes. Yet by the plan we gained little we might not have had for the taking, and have left untouched and flourishing the pernicious plant that must be destroyed root and branch if Japan is ever to regain soul-health, the delusion of the Emperor's divinity This is a guaranty of a longer and more costly occupation Unbiased history is likely to call our yea-and-nay program a makeshift expedient on the "peace in our time" principle, rather than the broad perspective of an indefinite period of occupation, with the rejuvenation of Japanese thought and the reformation of Japanese ideals for its object, and for its further goal lasting peace for the Pacific and the ultimate security of Eastern Asia.

Modern medicine knows the value of shock in the treatment of certain mental diseases, and the shock of an uncushioned invasion might have been salutary even if it inaugurated the era of political and social chaos our policy-makers shrank from. Chaos is the pregnant pulp from which revolutions shape themselves. The American colonies were in near-chaos when our own revolution was born. The Japanese people today would conceivably be ripe for revolution against the bureaucracy which has enslaved them if our policy had not, by conserving the Emperor's authority and thus confirming the notion of his infallibility, left him a rallying-point for that bureaucracy to invoke. We put the weight on the safety-valve, and there will be no explosion now. It is to be the slow job for us, the decades-long process of character-education, chipping away here-a-little-and-there-a-little at the stubborn rocks of incomprehension and hatred.

5

At this date of writing, with all the baffling implications of our double-headed blue-print, our occupational forces have made telling progress. Not only are we in complete and bloodless possession of Japan's home islands with a million of her troops demobilized, but her authority is dead in the territories she had overrun. The last major Japanese force remaining in China has surrendered to General Sun who met the first attack eight years ago at Marco Polo Bridge. In all seven million armed men have laid down their weapons.

The concentration-camps, those purlieus of torture and bestiality, have given up their victims. The Imperial General Staff and the Black Dragon Society have been dissolved. Japanese radio has been brought under control. News agencies which proved their hostility to MacArthur's benign censorship by the circulation of lying reports of looting, banditry and rape by American soldiers in Tokyo, have been throttled. A significant array of the militarist leaders have done *hara-kiri*. In obedience to MacArthur's orders, Japan has arrested and delivered over many of her surviving war-criminals for trial and judgment of an Allied Commission The "Big Business" combines that bolstered the Military Party are in process of being broken up. The search-light has been turned on the vast accumulated fortunes of the Imperial Family and the "Five Families," on the persecutions of the Christian Church, on Japan's narcotic drug-traffic and her use of narcotics to debauch the peoples of the seized territories.

Freedom of speech, press, religion and assembly have been decreed, and universal suffrage, male and female, has been enacted. The brutal "thought-control" police, which hounded and terrorized the public for so many years have been disbanded and their spies have slunk into the background. The liberated thinkers know them all—they will take care of them in their own way in time The political prisoners are free: The time is coming when the welts of their police-beatings will be worn with the pride of decorations Finally, a true Liberal (Baron Shidehara) whose friendship for western democracy, and in especial for the United States, has been proven too often to be questioned, heads an anti-militarist government replacing the two-faced post-surrender government of Prince Higashi-Kuni.

These accomplishments strike at the roots of Japan's greatest evils, her militarism, government tyranny over the individual and the suppression of the Four Freedoms, the low standard of living and concentration of wealth in the hands of a chosen few,

party-control of legislation, and all the rest. The enforcement of the new sweeping regulations will make Japan a better place to live in for the civil population Seeing in peaceful operation the democratic institutions which they have been taught to hate and distrust, should point the way back from totalitarianism.

But meanwhile the iron grip must be held. Our troops were lessoned in Japanese character in the long hard way of a war darkened by sadism and unnameable brutalities In their invasion they were not fooled by tea-parties of welcome, with bowing breath-sucking phalanxes of hospitality-protesting officials. Nor did the sight from our incoming ships of a Japanese-painted sign on a Yokohama warehouse, "THREE CHEERS FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY AND ARMY," soften the outlines of the dreadful picture of the five hundred starved, beaten and tortured Allied prisoners in the black hell-hole at Ofune two miles away! Now, in the knowledge that the dreadful ordeal is over, let us not be lulled into comfortable complacency by reports from Tokyo that after a few months' occupation by our forces the Japanese have passed from swagger and arrogance to fear and servility That the spirit of Japan is broken and the nation utterly demoralized. We have on our hands, in the islands proper, something like eighty million people, the great mass of feudal instincts and predatory habit, to whom hypocrisy is second-nature, whose minds for a generation have been warped under pressure of a false teaching cunningly calculated to distort truth and stifle all tendency to peaceful progress, and whose reactions to calculated stimuli are largely unpredictable.

Let us not forget that western culture, after a century of infiltration, is, so far, in the vast majority even of Japan's higher classes, only a veneer. That "Tokyo Rose," whose jibing broadcasts in English, reciting the unfaithfulness of American service-wives at home gave amusement to our fighting forces in the Pacific, is one Iva Ikuto Toguri, an American citizen and a graduate of the University of California at Los Angeles, where, at the outbreak of the war in Europe, she was majoring *in German.* That five of the inquisitors of the infamous torture-camp of Ofune held degrees from the latter University and two others from Stanford. That Toshikazu Kasé, spokesman of the Tokyo Foreign Office, who presumed to "warn" our occupational authorities that if their treatment was over-severe the Japanese people would "react," and Masakatsu Hamamoto, Tojo's ex-Secretary who aided General Yamashita the "Tiger of Malaya" in the latter's trial for his life at Manila, were graduated (Hamamoto with a *cum laude*) from Harvard That the Michio Ozaki, who pleads that Americans dislike the Japanese only because they do not "understand" them, is Chief of the Ameri-

can-Asiatic Board of the Japanese Christian Association and Minister of a Christian Church in the shadow of the American Embassy in Tokyo That the Toyohiko Kagawa, who during three years before the surrender was broadcasting anti-American propaganda from Tokyo, is the same Christian leader and social reformer who before Pearl Harbor was a popular lecturer to Church groups in America.

Let us recall these things when ex-Premier Higashi-Kuni plaintively cries, "People of America, won't you forget Pearl Harbor?" Let us remember Bataan's death-march and General Patton's "depraved beasts whom we had considered human beings."

Our ears must be open to subterranean rumblings It has been said that the Japanese are "either the most disciplined or the most deceitful people in the whole world." Long residence in Japan leads one to believe that they are both The danger-signals which warned our invading forces to keep their tank-bonnets buttoned were a foretaste of tactics that we have not yet overcome, a mastery of guile and pharisaism that we must expect will be pitted against us to the end of the chapter. The leopard is in leash, but he will not be quick to change his spots. We may disarm the Army, but we cannot disarm the Intelligence Service, which has been operating with baleful efficiency in a dozen countries since 1914. A Japanese Underground would not lack organizers and directors. We may dissolve the Imperial General Staff, but we shall not so easily dissolve its members' loyalty to their master-plan. After World War I the Treaty of Versailles abolished the German General Staff, which vanished—only to reappear, with even its secret archives intact, as the *Allgemeine Truppenamt* (General Troops Office), with the notorious General Von Seeckt as its Chief, to lay the plans which Hitler was to utilize.

With the rest of the world the Japanese know now that the war of great ships, army divisions, and planes is a thing of the past. The war of the future will use other raw materials. The engines it will employ will be of a different type, discarding almost certainly masses of the heavier metals. Japan has scientists worthy of the name, physicists, chemists, metallurgists, and science is the servant of no one race or nation. An atomic discovery made in a secret laboratory in a mountain ravine might render violent revolt possible to a people disarmed and otherwise impotent. Till the Japanese mental formula suffers a wholesome change Japan's activities must be subjected to watchful and unremitting scrutiny.

In the era of peace she must not find the second chance which we gave to Germany.

6

Japan's process of re-birth will begin with the prospective election under the universal suffrage, and the opening of the new Diet, which is its constituted Parliament. And that should be the signal for the passing of the Emperor and the close of his "Era of Radiant Peace." Every month that has gone by since our occupation began, with Hirohito seated on his sacred Throne, however much his divine prerogatives have been pruned, has made clearer the fact that he is far more liability than asset. He can have no part in the new spirit of freedom. He belongs with the childish Dogma of racial super-eminence and the grandiose visions of world-rule that emanated from it And the more the hollowness of these things comes home to the masses, the more they realize what frauds and pretences have been practiced upon them in the name of the Throne, the less use they will have for its living symbol.

As for the Imperial Institution, that is another thing. If the Throne is ever abolished it will have to be by the Japanese, for we have covenanted not to impose on Japan "any form of government not supported by the freely expressed will of the people." One often hears it said that it might be well to let the Japanese people vote whether they will be ruled by an Emperor or not. But in Japan, where even the franchise is still a tentative experiment, a plebiscite is in itself a concept quite unknown, and it is incredible that the masses, even if the experiment were possible, could visualize any change in the Institution. The Throne must remain for a period to which we can at present assign no end.

It is possible that even before this study outwits the pulp-paper shortage, Hirohito will have passed from the picture. There can be small doubt that the new Cabinet, under Shidehara, sees the handwriting on the wall, and that there is substance in the rumors of plans for Constitution-revision.

Such revision must be the task of the new Diet, for a Constitution is the framework of a State. Through the provisions of the present Constitution the Militarist Party gained its baleful ascendency, and under it a new government based on democratic principles could not be trusted to evolve. But our timid policy missed the forthright way of the clean slate: we cannot now sweep the document wholly away for another of our own devising—too much water has gone under the bridges for that. We have no choice but to guide, so far as is possible, such popular leadership as may arise in the new Diet to the effective revision of the present Constitution, so that the result will be more than a patchwork of trial and error, truce and compromise, appease-

ment and indecision If legislation is to go forward under orderly procedure the basic constitutional problem must be solved before there can be real progress.

In Japan King-craft is not the simple thing known in the West. It is *sui generis* It poses a problem containing factors with which our exoteric algebra has never dealt. Under the Constitution the Emperor is not subject to the people—they have no sovereign rights whatever He does not rule by their gift or consent, but by a right bequeathed by his "divine" progenitors. Japan has ratified all her treaties not in the name of the Japanese people but in the name of the Emperor. She said so specifically in the case of the Kellogg Pact outlawing war, and the text had to be altered accordingly. Even for overriding the law he is not responsible, for he is not subject to it. He can dissolve the Diet at will and issue Ordinances which have the full force of Law He cannot be forcibly removed from the "Throne" for any reason under Heaven. His person is not even subject to comment or his acts to criticism

Here is where Ito tied his trick-knot. The Imperial House Law, promulgated with the Constitution and virtually a part of it, forbids an Emperor's abdication So long as he lives Hirohito cannot abdicate. The act would require a Constitutional amendment, and while amendment is possible, the people cannot petition for it nor can the Diet either participate in it or decree it. The power to initiate an amendment is exclusively reserved to the Emperor. But no amendment can abolish him, or suspend or abolish the Constitution, nor can even he amend its first Article. "The Empire of Japan shall be governed by a line of Emperors unbroken for ages eternal." No amendment may be made during a Regency.

If any constitutional legist thinks this lay-out has a flaw in it, let him raise his hand!

Within the existing framework of government there is but one way, short of violent revolution (for which under present conditions one cannot hope) of eliminating Hirohito. That is by the invocation of the "illness or inability" proviso of the Imperial House Law The Constitution providing that the Regent must be a member of the Imperial House, during the minority of Akihito, the Crown Prince, now twelve years old, another of the Imperial Princes could carry on the rule as Regent, Hirohito remaining titular Emperor during his own life-time.

The probable choice for Regent would be Chichibu, the eldest of Hirohito's brothers, a seasoned man of forty-three, who for a generation has been Japan's chief show-piece in its gestures to the West. He spent a while at Oxford, where he acquired an

impeccable British accent and a love of athletics. His wife, of the Matsudaira House, was educated at a school in Washington, where her father was Ambassador. Incidentally he is a Major-general in the Japanese Army that was, though but for a short period in China in 1938 he saw no active service. Except as a required figure-head he will be of no use to the new Japan.

Before a Regency is decreed, however, Hirohito must be required to issue a single Rescript, without which Japan cannot take her first step toward democracy In this Rescript he must initiate three amendments to the Constitution. First, the Imperial veto-power must be limited Second, the Ministers of the Army and Navy (anticipating a time in the distant future when Japan may be permitted again to *have* an Army and Navy) must, like the rest of the Cabinet, be made wholly responsible to the Diet, not as now, solely to the Emperor. Third, future amendments to the Constitution, *originating in the Diet,* must be made possible, even during a Regency.

These three amendments, which can be initiated only by himself, must be passed by the Diet.

Under the Regency Hirohito would become the most recent of the long line of "cloistered" Emperors that has threaded Japan's history The matchless palace-pile at Kyoto provides a fitting and placid seat for an Emperor Emeritus, and the old Traditionalist Court-families would supply an appropriate entourage The Imperial Family (the only nameless one in the world) is now probably its richest, not excepting even that of the semi-recluse Nizam of India's Hyderabad It has lands, banks, forests, mines, and shipping lines. Through the so-called *Zaibatsu,* who, in the Emperor's shadow, furnished the industrial base for the war, and its Big Three—the Mitsubishi Trust (Industrial development of Korea, Manchuria and Formosa), the Sumimotos (shipbuilding) and the Yasuda-Mitsui-Asano group (banking in Malaya, Java and the Philippines)—the family's golden investments have covered almost all Asia. Since 1933 it has sucked dividends from nearly all heavy industries. MacArthur's demand for an accounting of this vast estate points to an ultimate shrinkage in its assets, but it seems unlikely (though one of his cloistered ancestors, before the fable of the divinity of the Emperors was made an Article of Belief, eked out his living by the sale of his autograph) that Hirohito or his line will suffer.

7

We shall not understand the tensions and paradoxes of Japanese character, as shown in this war, if we do not recognize the

preposterous doctrine of the Divine Descent as the motivating principle of the nation's murderous frenzy.

There is no evil trait discernible in the Japan of today that has not its seed in the Dogma, or has not been nourished thereby. Her arrogant pretensions to a moral superiority that is as non-existent as the square-root of zero, that counts the race the superior of all races and the repository of all the virtues. Her contempt for all other stocks and all social systems not her own. Her inflated belief in her invincibility as a nation god-born and god-protected. Her avowed mission to reform the world on her own lines. Her sadistic torture of her enemies and the imbecile ferocities inflicted upon their helpless and wounded. All of these are the fruits of the poison-tree that has its upas-roots in her primeval cosmogony, whose central tenet has been made the Sky-Descent and the divinity of the Imperial Line.

This is the *deus ex machina* which has made Japan's masses mouthing peons, her scholars and scientists sycophants, her officials strutting roosters and her peasant-soldiers hyenas. It is this which must be given its quietus in the period of reorganization and re-education now beginning. If the virus remains in her blood it will infect her coming generations and leave her, though for decades impotent, a persisting menace to a peaceful Orient

With all her obsequious submission, Japan has surrendered nothing of the vicious make-believe that has inspired her jingoism. Puppet or witling, we have made no dint in the polished patina of Hirohito's divinity. And until she rids herself of this obsession her masses will not abandon their faith in her decreed destiny ultimately to conquer the world. It is this that must be swept away, with the cult of Emperor-Worship. So long as it remains a living force we shall have failed in our mission. The Japanese have been bloodily taught that their "sacred" land is neither inviolate nor invincible, but they have yet to learn that they themselves are not inherently "immeasurably superior" to other peoples in either courage or intelligence, that the gods on whom they have depended are false gods, and their "divine" Hirohito only a man like other men

The prevailing belief among western nations that the "Divine Descent," to which the divinity of the Emperor is a corollary, has its root in the very soul of the race, and that to seek to eradicate it would be a crime, is a curious commentary on this generation's casual and unreflecting reading of history.

The claim, industriously dinned into the ears of the West by Japanese pamphleteers during the past half-century, is as untrue as most of the statements made by Japanese commenta-

tors. It is often stated, even in some histories, that the Dogma is laid down in Ito's Constitution, which dates from 1889, but that is not the case. It was only in his *Commentaries* on that document that Ito delivered himself of the stupefying doctrine that "The Emperor is Sky-Descended, divine and sacred." As anything more than popular legend and folklore, the Dogma is purely modern. As a government tenet it is of my own time.

When I first knew Japan, in the early days of the century, it was in its infancy, and during my succeeding years at the American Embassy there, I saw it grow step by step, indoctrinated by intensive government propaganda, till it reached its apex in 1941 with Pearl Harbor The story of Japan in those decades is a complex of mounting megalomania, of falsification of history, of the mental seduction of the youthful intelligentsia, of the cunning promulgation of puerile and fantastic doctrine, of intolerant persecution and cowardly assassination in the name of patriotism, that will intrigue historian and psychologist alike for many a decade to come

It is at base the story of a great conspiracy, whose secret object was the subjugation by the Sun-Kingdom, then dreaming its first dreams of wide-flung dominion, of continental Asia and ultimately of the world. It was hatched in silence and darkness, unsuspected by the chancelleries of Europe and America, to whose thinking the utmost bound of Japan's ambition was the control of China. Our own observers sounded the first warning that her course was being deliberately charted for wider aggression, only ten years ago And only with her alignment with the Axis Powers and her subsequent attack on Pearl Harbor, did the profile of the sinister plot reveal itself

The parties to the conspiracy were the chiefs of the militarist faction in the Diet and the leaders of the so-called "Traditionalists." The latter were the little coterie of old Court Nobles who had revolved about the cloistered Emperor in the ancient palace at Kyoto, and who, with the "Restoration" of 1867, had followed the Imperial stripling to the new Capital, Tokyo. The brain of the complot was Field Marshal Prince Yamagata, Elder Statesman, President of the Privy Council, and in the era succeeding the Russo-Japanese War of 1904, Chief of the General Staff and the acknowledged military ruler of Japan. After his death in 1920, General Baron Tanaka, known for the so-called "Tanaka Memorial" which was the blue-print for the Japanese military program, took his place.

The conspirators' plan was threefold· First, to build up a Military Party in and outside of the Diet to control legislation and overthrow the Liberal (Conservative) party which Prince Ito, the founder of the New Japan and writer of its Constitu-

tion, had been at such pains to establish to carry forward the reorganized nation along the lines of the Western democracies.

Second, by an absolute control of all education, from primary to university grades, with rigid censorship of all publications and proscription of foreign books and translations, to root out all western ideas and mold the thought of the masses to their purpose, which was to create an intense national patriotism based on racial pride.

Third, to make the Emperor, who to the great bulk of the population had for centuries been only a shadow and a name, the living focus in which this patriotism should centre To this end life was to be breathed into the hodge-podge of childish stories, which the Traditionalists had preserved in the Court's ancient ceremonial and which coalesced in the legend of the Sky-Descent, counting on this to weld the people, beyond any possibility of disunity, into a mass wholly committed to the militarist program

These three measures were to be carried out concurrently.

Future historians will recognize this sinister conspiracy of Yamagata, whose progress this book details, as the *causa causans* of Japan's wild orgy of blood and vainglory Like a giant octopus it sent its tentacles into every department of the government and every category of public life, debauching all it touched, stopping at nothing from shameless blackmail and intimidation to wholesale assassination, to gain its purpose. It furnishes, as it disclosed itself to a single oberver in the field, a picture in bold relief of the how-and-why of Japan's gradual degeneration and final ruin

To those concerned with the question of what now to do with her and her people it is background history, a part of the historic setting for the work of reorganization and re-education to which we have now set our hands.

CHAPTER ONE

What the "Black Ships" Brought

1

IT WAS in 1906 that I arrived in Japan to take my first diplomatic post. Theodore Roosevelt had just issued his revolutionary Executive Order putting the American Diplomatic Service into the Career Class, and he offered me, as the first aspirant to pass the examination therefor, the Embassy at Tokyo "If I were a young man just starting out in The Service," he told me, "that's the place I would choose." It was exactly what I would have chosen, for I wanted eventually to know the Far East at least as well as I knew Europe, and it seemed the ideal place to start my study. With its flair for western progress it should be a good bridge to an impossibly inert and sluggish China. Which goes to show how crass was my ignorance of the real character of the peoples of both countries.

Those were the old days when the Liberals counted for something, when democratic ideas were still fashionable. Prince Yamagata, cold as an iceberg and pitiless as hatred, was head of the Military Party, but it had not yet come to feel its power. The purges it was to initiate when it stooped to social ostracism, arson and assassination, were far in the future. Prince Ito, maker of the Constitution, was still alive, and the Diet which he had created seemed to be operating successfully along the

lines he had laid down for it. He was the crony and cup-companion of the aging Emperor Mutsuhito, whom the ancient *Shinto* legends said was descended from the Sun Goddess.

I was to spend two periods of service in Japan, in all more than seven years. I was to see the strange obsession of the race's superiority over all other races become an official tenet and the aberration of the Emperor's divinity grow from the status of a folk-legend to a living doctrine, dictating and controlling the nation's activities. Under the influence of these I was to see government and people slowly but surely pass through every degree of demoralization and degeneration till all that had been admirable had perished, till freedom of thought and liberty of life had vanished and the very name of the Sun-Race had become contemptible, a hissing and a by-word to the true Democracies of the West.

This book is the story of that tragedy, as I saw it, and its underlying causes. And to understand these one must begin with a long look backward.

2

Nearly a century has gone by since Matthew Perry, the burnsided Commodore of our young Navy, warped his flagship *Mississippi* into Edo (present-day Tokyo) Bay and, by his unwelcome midwifery, brought to birth the modern Japan. The reported robbery and mistreatment of shipwrecked foreigners, atrocities blamed by the Japanese authorities on ignorant and lawless fishermen, were the cause of the expedition, which was in no sense a punitive one.

His exploit, mildly chatted about at Washington tea-

tables, received a fillip from the arrival in New York, in 1860, of a Japanese Commission of three, with a suite of nearly fifty, for a return visit. For its official welcome, New York closed its shops, turned out the militia, and gave them a parade up Broadway to Union Square—which was "uptown" then—with a dinner and a mammoth ball at the old Metropolitan Hotel. The binge cost the city a pretty sum.

The group stayed two weeks, visiting Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, showing great curiosity as to our forts and making sketches of our harbors and fortifications. Our eastern press, such as it was, gave much space to their queer kimonos and outlandish queues. Only one newspaper touched on the international bearing of the visit, the *New York Times* of that day, which with singular prescience said, commenting on our presentation to the visitors of models of our howitzers and Dahlgren guns, "That they will profit by this excessive liberality we may rest assured. We can only hope that we may not find ourselves among the earliest victims of our overzealous and mistaken benevolence."

But with the departure of the guests the fortnight's sensation was soon forgotten, and Japan was as far away as ever. We had few books then to tell us of the little-known archipelago. And if we had had them our reading public was a very limited one. The country had been too busy organizing its major industries, building its railroads, and opening up its great West, to have developed a reading class. And the Civil War presently occupied our full attention.

Perry's published report of his mission, which came in due time, with his trenchant observation that the Jap-

anese were "a highly unveracious people" and his warning that 'spying and deceit pervade their entire policy," did not go very far, nor did the later diary of forthright Townsend Harris, our first Minister Plenipotentiary, who made no bones about calling them "the greatest liars on earth."

Until the '70s, when General Grant made his famous post-presidential round-the-world trip, the spare volumes of letters issued by the Foreign Missionary Societies which, perhaps not unnaturally, did not expatiate on native shortcomings (if any), were about all we had to tell us of Japan and the Japanese. It was Grant's tour, which made one of our first "best-sellers," that started the tourist ball rolling Japan-wards. After the jaded globe-trotters, ennui'd with Paris and Rome, trailed him to the quaint and fascinating land of the rickshaw, our stay-at-homes began to discover it in the Sunday newspapers

In the '80s, our intelligence-quotient was being lifted perceptibly by a sturdy handful of ripe scholars. They were to give us the stirring heroics and folk-tales of the young Mitford, later to become Lord Redesdale, the penetrative studies of Aston, of Basil Hall Chamberlain, of Fenollosa. Pick-and-shovel scholarship, some of it, but it laid bare the sub-soil of Japan's native literature. We had translations of portions of her history, sacred and profane, of annal, song and story, epic and lyric, play and memoir, a composite of Japanese life and character—the formula of the national soul, set down in the familiar symbols of the West.

In the leisurely '90s our reading class was full-grown, but the demand was for lighter and pleasanter quill-driving. The romantic period had set in for Japan, with the

prissy idyls of Pierre Loti and the ecstatic rhapsodies of Lafcadio Hearn—who was to recant in later life, when the mischief was done—and our daughters were playing Yum-Yum and Pitti-Sing when their high-school dramatic clubs "did" *The Mikado.* The Japan of our lending-libraries was a land of heroic samurai, kimono'd, fan-fluttering *geisha,* Fuji-mountain, chrysanthemums and beautiful snow.

A land whose babies never cried! Whose people lived in houses built of bird-cages and paper-napkins, and squeezed joy out of a morning-glory lifting from a bamboo wattle, the patter of rain-drops on banana-leaves, the *kiri-kiri-kiri* of a cricket in the hedge, the gleam of a firefly in the dusk. Whose life was a fairy-story in a picture-book world. Our fancy painted her tawdriest temple in shimmering colors and the sails of her most noisome *sampan* had the iridescent texture of a soap-bubble

The output of the popular Edo print-makers had familiarized us with the Japanese costume no less than with the country's landscape, and we learned with apprehension that Japan was adopting western dress. What a pity, when her own was so picturesque! Her court, for example, must be a kaleidoscopic marvel of silks and brocades and decorative head-dresses, that would outshine any European Court, even with the latter's gold-lace uniforms and Worth "creations." But, after all, the aesthetic loss, perhaps, was no great price to pay for the westernization which she was going in for so wholeheartedly.

The question of character had been long ago solved for us by the romantic school. The people of Japan, by and large, were a complex of all the virtues: industry, frugality, honesty (daughters even sold themselves to the

brothel to pay their fathers' debt), patience in enduring misfortune, love of nature.

Did the carping venture to quote Townsend Harris on Japanese veracity? We were quick to spring to the defense with the quaint legend of the innate courtesy of the Japanese which forbade the infliction of the bald truth on one to whom it would obviously be unwelcome! It was just a part of their quaint upside-down-ness, like wearing white instead of black for mourning, or drinking their wine warm instead of cool, or having wholesale prices higher than the retail, on the ground that if a buyer wanted ten umbrellas instead of one he must have great need of them and should be willing to pay more for each. What was truth, anyway, as jesting Pilate asked?

And the Japanese had decorated their substantial virtues with achievements in art and literature. Fenollosa pronounced Japanese art even superior to China's and our sophisticated circles talked of Korin screens and Hokusai prints in the same breath with Watteau canvases and Tardieu etchings. Why, the Japanese even printed poems on their chopsticks, and the Court held annual poetry competitions when the Emperor and Empress themselves took part!

All these factors, added up, made Japan almost a rage in this country in the Mauve Decade. Out on the coast it was no longer smart to have a Chinese cook, and on Fifth Avenue a Japanese butler, gold teeth and all, was almost a passport to gentility.

3

There is small wonder that we counted Japan's career, up to that time, amazing. At one jump she had leap-

frogged over the centuries that normally intervened between feudalism and democracy. Before the '70s she had no railroads or steamship companies, no newspapers, no banking-system or stock-exchange, not even horsecars. Now she even played baseball! The history of Europe had never seen its like, and we were intensely proud of the part we had played in drawing her into the great society of the western nations. Governmentally speaking, too, we were deeply sympathetic to her painstaking efforts to fit her alien contours into the pattern of the West. We strongly disapproved the attitude of the European Powers who, having in the case of Turkey gotten away with her "capitulations," were disposed to frame their early treaties with Japan along similar lines, with extraterritorial courts, customs control and all the rest of it. Washington had preferred to go lightly on these restrictions. In 1857 we had made a new Japanese treaty conceding customs autonomy, as a model for Europe to follow.

As for herself, Japan had more than made good on her early promises In 1880 the Emperor had issued an Edict providing for a Constitution such as the Western nations had—all but Russia—and Japan's cleverest brains had studied the problem. She had her Constitution now. Marquis Ito had framed it. He was the first President of her House of Peers, for Japan had a Diet, an up-to-date government of two Houses, like England's, with a lower chamber corresponding to the British Commons or our own House of Representatives. She was planning a system of compulsory education. English was taught in the schools. Bright Japanese youths were being sent to European and American universities. They were popular students at Princeton, Yale and Harvard. The son of a one-

time Minister for Foreign Affairs in Tokyo was a Greek-letter fraternity brother of mine at the University of Pennsylvania, a laughing likeable lad—in those days.

It was natural perhaps for us to judge the Japanese, if not by ourselves, by other peoples of more primitive cultures who during the past century or two had come into the orbit of western civilization. It is difficult even for the travelled to understand that a people who speak, however haltingly, our own tongue and wear our clothes, who are patterning their institutions after our own, even to the wholesale adoption of our official ceremonials, may think not at all after the fashion of our thinking, may base their reasoning upon a very different logic that, with identical premises, may lead them to opposite conclusions. Superficial likenesses have a way of blinding one to fundamental differences.

This is no fanciful sketch of our attitude in the '90s toward Japan. We knew no more of the contradictory elements in her population, of the forces that were even then contending for the possession of her soul, than we knew of the other side of the moon.

4

In those days Korea, the ancient "Hermit Nation" wedged in between Japan and China, was hardly more than a name to us. Only a narrow strait separated her from Japan. The Koreans wore white robes and preposterous horsehair hats, and we sent medical missionaries to them to wean them away from their toad-broth electuaries and caterpillar poultices. They were a long way behind progressive little Japan, and it had seemed natural enough—when in 1894 an *émeute* led the Korean mon-

arch to ask aid in putting it down—for Japan to step in with a handful of troops in the interest of order. (The incident is modernly cited as evidence that she has from the first been that luckless nation's "protector.")

It seemed a proper enough procedure when presently she proposed to "reform" the country—no doubt, we thought, it needed it. Few of us would have been disposed to question the services of the Japanese which were being put so generously at the disposition of her backward neighbor. And when China disapproved so strongly that Japan felt obliged to make war on her, we saw no reason to get excited.

It occurred to few, if to any of us, that China, by ancient treaty, held sovereignty over Korea. We could not guess that when Korea asked for a mere detachment, Japan had poured in an army and taken possession of her capital and royal palace, nor that Japan had declared war on China only because the latter declined to be her partner in the rape of her victim. Japanese censorship was strict and news travelled slowly in those days.

We put the declaration of war down to growing-pains. It was understood that Japan, with the help of the Germans, had been developing her Army and, under the tutelage of the French, had even built quite a snug little Navy. When it came to the great, inert, unwieldy China, she could give a good account of herself. She would capture a port or two and collect a reasonable indemnity, and that would be that. It was unfortunate that Korea, on account of her geographic position, had to be the battle-ground, but that could not be helped.

One wonders what Washington thought about it, for we had had an American Minister at Seoul for a decade,

even invaded Manchuria and captured Port Arthur at the tip of the Liaotung Peninsula We thought it an outrage that Germany, Russia and France joined hands to make her disgorge it, so that Russia could have the lease of that ice-free port. Japan in our opinion had earned it. But when the war ended, she had a consolation prize in the Pescadores and the island of Formosa, almost as big as Switzerland, not to mention the little matter of two hundred million *taels* indemnity—whatever a tael was.

And presently our battleship *Maine* went up in its thunderous explosion in Havana Harbor, and there was the Spanish War on our hands, with the annexation of Hawaii thrown in for good measure, and the lagging problems of the Philippines. The Boxer Uprising in Peking came next, at the close of the century, and with the seasoned Japanese troops marching with ours to the relief of the beleaguered legations, few of us even remembered that long past bloody morning at the Kyung-Pok Palace in Seoul.

6

When Japan opened her war with Russia in 1904, America, by and large, was almost belligerently pro-Japanese. *Madam Butterfly* had been topping the lists of the countrywide best-sellers for two years, and John Luther Long's *The Darling of the Gods* had had an unheard-of run, to standing room only, at Belasco's New York theater. As for Russia, we had small love for her. We had been nourished for a generation on such journalistic pabulum as Frank Carpenter's press-letters, and George Kennan's descriptions of life in the vast sluggish Empire of the Tzars. Her very name suggested a lurid panorama

of be-starred officers drinking champagne out of jewelled slippers, and of glamorous nihilist beauties tossing bombs at dissolute grand dukes, with a background of bearded boyars knouting grovelling serfs and revolutionist chain-gangs toiling across the frozen steppes to the Siberian salt mines.

To us the Muscovite colossus, stretching half around the world, was a semi-barbarian Goliath who needed to be taken in hand. If Japan thought herself strong enough to be his David, well and good.

We voted almost unanimously that she had plenty of excuse for her action. Russia had no sooner juggled her out of Port Arthur than the trans-Siberian railroad had been brought down through Manchuria to that stronghold, threatening to extend Russia's Manchurian policy into Korea. Japan was bound to resist that! And ever since the peace, Russia had proven obdurate. She had not withdrawn her troops on the dates fixed The Japanese had even sent an embassy to St. Petersburg which had labored vainly for nearly a year to gain a statement of the rights of both countries in Manchuria and Korea, but Russia had been unyielding.

Great Britain had already taken alarm. There was her treaty with Japan, the precursor of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. It recognized the independence of both China and Korea, with the special interests therein of both parties. It looked as if, in this war, she did not consider that Japan was overestimating herself, for it seemed unlikely that Japan would have gone off the deep end without consulting her. We thought well of Kuhn Loeb for lending her that four hundred millions to finance it.

Some of the more conservative of us, it is true, cling-

ing to old prejudices and the shopworn principles of the unwritten International Law, had not enthusiastically approved Japan's "sneak-blow" that had bottled up the Russian fleet in Port Arthur two days before she declared war. But there were precedents for the action, and the adroitness of it intrigued us When Stoessel so mysteriously surrendered the fortress we were pleased as Punch.

"Mysteriously" because the place had been counted well-nigh impregnable, and it was known that, in the first assaults, Nogi had lost little short of a hundred thousand men; because Stoessel had twenty-five thousand effectives when he surrendered, and neither food nor ammunition was exhausted. We told ourselves that the Japanese battleships had taken a card from Farragut's "Damn the torpedoes!" in Mobile Bay, and had sailed in regardless, to reduce Stoessel's fleet and fortifications to wreck and rubble, while Sakhalin, hopelessly invested, was hoisting the white flag of surrender. Plucky little Japan had achieved the impossible. She had captured the greatest military bastion in the Far East!

What we worried about was whether she could do it again. For Rozdhestvensky had reached Madagascar with his fleet from the Baltic.

And she did it again. Togo, the oval-faced goateed and clipped-bearded little admiral, did it in Tsushima Strait four months later, and Rozdhestvensky and his staff were prisoners, with their flotilla sunken hulks or battered strays fleeing for neutral harbors.

That disposed of Russia's sea power, but she had immense forces in the field. Marshal Oyama was facing them in Manchuria with all the divisions Japan could muster. He had had victory almost in his grasp at Mukden, but

not quite. It would be a long struggle and we wondered anxiously if Japan had bitten off more than she could chew. The political barometer was down in St. Petersburg. If it came to the worst—for Japan, of course—revolution there might save the day. Our Russia-phobia was at a new high that hot summer. I believe prayers were offered in some American churches for Japan's victory.

If the prayers did not do it, Theodore Roosevelt did, with his Peace of Portsmouth.

7

It came at the crucial moment, this rabbit from the magician's hat, to evoke national applause. The State Department under Elihu Root was jittery. Japan had spent two billion yen and was at the blunt end of her whittled resources. She was our buffer state. With no bar between Russia and the Pacific the whole Far Eastern balance would be upset. There was no desire to see Russia seize the hegemony of Eastern Asia. Beveridge, Roosevelt's strong-arm in the Senate, had just published his *The Russian Advance,* which had made a deep impression on the human dynamo in the White House.

It was clear to the Washington wiseacres that at Port Arthur and Tsushima Russia had touched her apogee. After the near-debacle at Mukden, in his masterly retreat that has ever since been the admiration of military tacticians the world over, Kuropotkin had extricated his forces from the closing pincers of Oyama's five armies. He had cashiered his blundering general officers and shipped home the imperial princes who thought themselves field-marshals. He had got the Siberian railroad

running again. Give him another year to organize and he would be driving the Japanese into the sea That would never do!

For Imperial Russia it was Hobson's choice. It must be the long in-fight now, close range, with no material reinforcements For the situation in European Russia was too threatening. Disorder was growing in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, and a long and costly war would be a godsend for the revolutionists Anyway, Russia had always played the long shot. She had all the time there was, she would come back. That generation or the next—what did it matter? So she signed on the dotted line. She lost her chance for the time being in Eastern Asia, and Roosevelt had saved Japan's bacon.

At the expense of the United States, as we were before long to begin to suspect.

CHAPTER TWO

"Close Your Eyes in Holy Dread"

1

THE INK was hardly dry on Roosevelt's Portsmouth parchment when I left Washington for my post.

On the whole it was not too agreeable a journey. In San Francisco the 1906 earthquake and fire had left few landmarks standing. I had been there the Christmas before and now I was as lost as a man from Mars. My steamer reservation could not be honored: every berth had to be held out for passengers from the wrecked *Manchuria,* stranded at Honolulu. The *Empress of China* was sailing from Vancouver and, if I could make the five o'clock train, I might catch it.

I had been instructed to hasten my journey as I was "much needed at my post," so I bought a ticket to Vancouver. I was too young to the service to know when I was well off. For when, in the course of time, I sent in my accounts for my journey, I had a crisp reply from the Department of State informing me that I had deviated from my route as ordered, and the extra expense was disallowed. I had a pile of correspondence with the auditor an inch thick before I gave it up as a bad job and wrote the item off. This seems an opportunity to accomplish my day's good deed by passing a gratuitous tip to neophytes in our Diplomatic Service. Red tape is mighty and must prevail. In 1914 I was ordered from Rome to Tokyo and instructed to go via the Trans-Siberian Rail-

me, "than he ever thought was in the world"—these and a hundred others, all as eager to know and understand the Japanese as I was. *Eheu fugaces!* America, Britain, China, India, the Philippines, we all were to come to understand them in good time.

In those earlier days, however, if there was lurking distrust and dislike in some quarters there was no sign of it in the diplomatic circle. I would have found it hard to imagine a friendlier group than surrounded my wife and me at our Embassy wedding: Marshal Prince Oyama, hero of the Russian war and idol of the armies, whose wife had been graduated from Vassar, Admiral Count Togo the victor of the Battle of Tsushima Straits, bright-eyed and silent; thick-set, oval-faced Prince Tokugawa, the Sho-gun-who-would-have-been, the kindly America-liking President of the House of Peers; courteous, old-school Baron (later to be Count) Makino the then Minister of Education; Admiral Baron (later Viscount) Saito, with his candid open face like a trustworthy clock, the Minister of the Navy, and his wife, Viscount Kaneko, Harvard Law School, '78, Prince Ito's protege, so well-known in America from New York to San Francisco; Ishii, the future Viscount, then a young and untitled Foreign Office *attaché* destined to be Ambassador in Paris and Washington, and in the end to be killed in his Tokyo home, with his wife, in one of our bombing raids in 1945; dapper, pink-cheeked Ozaki, the up-to-date Mayor of Tokyo, and his lovely half-Japanese, half-English wife, at whose hospitable country house in the Karuizawa hills we were to spend a portion of our honeymoon; the six Masters-of-Ceremonies of the Imperial Household, who acted as ushers; my best man (my one-time University of Pennsylvania fraternity brother then on the Foreign

Office Staff) whose wedding-gift had been a magnificent costume of a Japanese gentleman, *haori* (coat), *hakama* (wide trousers), double-kimono, girdle and silken footwear, with all the accessories; these and fifty others, all of the Liberal persuasion, all of them admirers of America and most of them knowing Europe as well There was political friction enough in the air, but no hint of the coming passion of hatred for the West and all its works that was to submerge the great bulk of the population high and low in another generation. My wife's novel of modern Japan, *The Kingdom of Slender Swords**, was published at this time, and Count Makino, in the Introduction which he wrote for it, referred to the United States as "the greatest republic of the world, whose friendship we Japanese prize in no common degree."

Today, aged and retired from public life, he is one of few remaining of the old Japan's great Statesmen and gentlemen, who, I do not doubt, would still subscribe to that sentiment.

2

I had found the Capital still trying to realize that Japan had won the first victory of an Asiatic nation over an European power, and an unbelievably stunning victory at that. For by the Peace terms, Manchuria was to be evacuated by both parties and restored to China. They gave Japan all that was not nailed down, including the southern half of Sakhalin and the old Russian lease of the Liaotung Peninsula, and recognized her "paramount political, military and economic interests in Korea."

But Ito's Diet had spawned political parties and their

* Mrs. Post Wheeler's *nom de plume* is her maiden-name, Hallie Erminie Rives.—Ed.

feuding was a feature of every session. The outs had been making the most of the opportunity, screaming to high heaven that Japan had had 230,000 casualties and here were her envoys back from Portsmouth with only a token indemnity! For the first time since the Restoration, Tokyo had been put under martial law and censorship had been clapped on the press. When a mass meeting was called in one of the public parks the gates had been closed by the police, but the public, fifty thousand of them, had broken them down and taken possession, passing vehement resolutions demanding rejection of the treaty. Police stations were burned—something unheard of in that law-swaddled, police-muzzled population—and near-riots had run up a total of more than a thousand casualties. Hundreds of arrests had been made. The Commissioners to the Portsmouth Conference, notably Count Komura, who was soon to be made a Marquis, had had to come back to Japan under heavy guard. In the end the government had fallen.

I had brought to Japan the concept held by Americans generally. I was charmed with her art and miniature gardens, her street-manners, her habitual courtesy, and the punctilio of high and humble alike.

One afternoon, while I was receiving the ministrations of my hair-cutter, one of his fellow-workmen, with dreadful suddenness, drew a knife and stabbed him in the back through the lung—a terrible wound, from which the poor fellow died a few moments later in my arms. The next morning, at my house, my head-boy ushered before me the entire family of the murdered man, his aged mother, his widow and their three children, one a tot of four years, all dresed in their temple-best. They had come to return thanks, with many double-bowings, for

such offices as I had been able to render the dying man. Even the funeral preparations must wait. I was a foreigner and an official, and the family obligation was a debt of honor that came before all else.

These were simple townfolk, with no pretensions to a standard of etiquette above their class It was folk like them that one rubbed elbows with in the native theatre, in which I delighted, and in the *Yosé,* the tiny halls of the Guild of the Story-Tellers, which beckoned me when I had gained a smattering of the vernacular. The Tokyo of their betters was the social Tokyo, the Court and peerage at the top, with the personnel of the vast intricate machine of government. The townspeople—traders and craftsmen most of them—stood between this galaxy and the lower swarm of the rice-field, the lunk-headed peasantry, the vast sea of unintelligence that laps the towns and furnishes the great percentage of Japan's fighting forces that the military dictatorship of the present has regimented and brutalized for its purpose.

3

At the time of my arrival, the Diplomatic Corps had been much diverted by a recent experience of one of Tokyo's famous scholars, Professor Kumi, of the Imperial University. He had published a learned work on Comparative Religion, and enemies had started a cabal, alleging that it contained teaching that was irreverent and impious. There had been a grand row over it among the faculties and he had resigned his position. The case intrigued me, as Japan's Constitution guaranteed freedom of religious belief, and I could not understand how any charge of blasphemy could have lain against him.

My Japanese secretary, however, enlightened me. The

professor had been punished, not for sacrilege, but for aspersions against the Imperial Family! One sentence in his book might be construed, it seemed, as implying—if somewhat vaguely and indirectly—a scientific doubt of the Emperor's divinity!

To me this was a surprising incident. It sent me to the libraries for a book on the ruling family, but I searched in vain. I found that beyond a mere list of the Emperors, with the dates of birth and accession, there had never been a vernacular publication on the Imperial origin and genealogy!

Everybody knew there was a moss-grown legend that the first Emperor, who was supposed to have reigned nearly a thousand years before Christ, was descended from the Sun-Goddess. It was the nucleus of the *Shinto* (God-Way), the native system of worship with the Chinese name, which western students of comparative religion called a vague and unorganized weave of nature-deification and ancestor-worship, to be pigeonholed with the deification of the Roman Caesars and all the other dynastic fictions. The exaggerated reverence the peasants were said to give the Emperor had seemed to me a poetic and beautiful thing, a sublimation of the national respect for superiors, capping the pinnacle of a habitual deference. I had not thought of his divinity as a living tenet, even among the illiterate. But here it was, cropping up in the circle of the very highest culture and intelligence!

I had read enough in early Japanese history and literature, however, in preparation for my post, to know that in past centuries the intelligentsia, as a class, had counted the hoary old fable a mere superstition, beneath the notice of the cultured. In one of the ancient poem-collec-

tions, dating from the middle of the Twelfth Century, I had come on a poem addressed to the deities (*Kami*) themselves, which, translated, ran—

O myriad-mighty *Kami!*
If so be *Kami* ye || Veritably are,
I pray you look on me with pity.
Even the ancient *Kami* once || Were men, as we are.

This seemed conclusive enough. To the peasantry, the cloistered Emperor could have been only a shadowy phantasm, vacuous and illusory.

The people could not have held a serious belief in the Emperor's divinity four hundred years later, or how could the Jesuit friars have built up a body of two hundred thousand converts (some of them Provincial Princes) when Rome has always condemned ancestor-worship?

In the next century, one of Japan's greatest Confucian scholars was openly teaching that Jimmu-*Tenno,* the first Earthly Emperor, was descended from a Prince of China, and no political earthquake swallowed him for his temerity. In the Eighteenth Century, the general opinion among the learned was that the Sky-Deities were men, deified after their death, and the miraculous portions of the legends allegorical. That was for Japan the early twilight of science and philosophy in which fundamentalism should be most pitiless, yet heterodoxy had been no crime. It had not even been noticeable.

Here, in the Twentieth Century, was modern Japan, with an Emperor whose collection of autographs contained even that of the late Pope, and who liked to tinker with clocks like Louis the Sixteenth. Was she throwing back a thousand years to dig in the dust-heap

for a discarded fable that had not the dignity even of a respectable fairy-tale?

4

I had seen the Emperor Mutsuhito only once, at the military review at Aoyama parade-ground on his birthday, when I had stood, a mote in the brilliant background of striped marquee, diplomats in plumed hats and ladies in furs, and tall fire-bowls of rose-red charcoal sending their quivering heat into the frosty air. His mount was a stocky China pony, and he sat in the saddle crouched over its withers, with the Princes-of-the-Blood on fine bay stallions about him, while the band rendered the *Kimi-Ga-Yo,* the "Hymn of the Sovereign," played only in the Imperial Presence or its outward and visible tokens. Adapted by a German bandmaster sixty years ago, it is one of the most effective bits of counterpoint the world of music knows.

While the troops with the battle-torn ensigns went goose-stepping by, the pony stood with its legs wide apart, as motionless as Prince Paul Troubetskoi's bronze one that holds his famous statue of the Tzar Alexander III in the Plaza at Petrograd. I could swear he did not even swish his tail. It was a triumph of equine training, unless his hoofs were really pegged down, as some of the Corps professed to believe. There was reason in the idea; a deity who breaks his neck in public in a cropper from his horse would take some explaining.

I was soon to have a nearer view of him, at my official presentation at the palace, with the Embassy staff, a little later.

There was a long half-hour wait in a small gold-screened ante-room, where one stands about, uncomfort-

ably encased in evening dress and white kid gloves, which, in however many Courts one may have worn them, never could seem, in the garish daylight, to lend the proper feeling of assurance.

I had been meticulously instructed in the ceremonial. I had even practiced it. One ramrod-bow from the waist at the door of the audience-room, five steps and the second bow, a little deeper, in the middle. Five steps more, the handshake with the right hand ungloved, and a deep bow over it. Then the conversation, which was cut and dried: "Did you have a good voyage to Japan?" . . . "I had, Your Majesty." . . . "I am very glad." . . . "I thank Your Majesty." The walk-out was the walk-in reversed, three bows and all. Backward. There seemed nothing difficult about it whatever.

I was thrown off my stride just before the start by a puzzling improvisation that had not been on the cards. One of the young Masters-of-Ceremony—it was the son of Prince Tokugawa, the stripling who at that moment, had there been no Restoration, would have been the heir-apparent of the Shogun—approached me and whispered sepulchrally, "Will you please take off your glasses?"

I whispered back blankly, "Why?"

His reply was a bit involved, but I gathered that it was *lèse-majesté* (or shall one say *lèse-divinité?*) to obtrude anything as mundane as quartz lenses between my human optics and The Presence. Was the divinity dictum paraded even before the foreigners? Was *I* supposed to act as if I were being presented to the Supreme Being? I must have hesitated, for he asked anxiously, "Can't you see without them?"

"Some," I muttered. "Only I'm liable to try to shake hands with a pillar or something."

"There aren't any pillars," he said.

So I took off my pince-nez and put them in my pocket. The signal, a knock, came just then, and the sacred door noiselessly opened. Another Ceremonies man whom I knew stood on the threshold. He had on glasses himself that were the spit-and-image of mine—no one ever saw him without them. I advanced with him into the audience chamber, deftly putting on my own glasses as I did so.

5

Mutsuhito stood up-stage, flanked on either hand by two of the Imperial Princes and a half-dozen officers —were they Field-Marshals or Admirals-of-the-Fleet?— in bestarred uniforms, a thick-set, gray-bearded, somewhat round-shouldered figure with a not unkindly face, prognathous and bushy-browed. He stood flat-footed and ill-at-ease, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, his ungloved hand fumbling a glove-button. He wore a single decoration, the great Star of the Rising Sun, on his breast. His trousers from the knee down were strangely corrugated for, as I was to learn later, his sacred person may not be touched by the low hand of a tailor. Measurements must be guesswork and, being the Emperor, he must be presumed to be of heroic stature.

His handshake had the tentative uncertainty inevitable in a people who, by their own custom, do not practice it, and which can almost always be noted even in the greeting of a Japanese of Western education. The interpreter, the venerable Marquis Tokudaiji, stood beside him, with head bent and eyes on Mutsuhito's patent-leather shoes. I felt sure I would have gained great merit with the entourage by looking, as Tokudaiji did, at his

shoes instead of his face, but lifelong habit was too much for me.

The Presence uttered seven monosyllables.

The Marquis spoke, in the hushed and awe-stricken tone in which one would say, "Had you heard that your father and mother died yesterday?" He said, "His Majesty deigns to inquire whether you had a pleasant voyage to this country."

Curiously—it must have been young Tokugawa's bright thought of my glasses, or the corrugated trousers perhaps, or maybe the general lugubrious atmosphere—my instructions had vanished wholly from my mind.

"I was unfortunately seasick nearly all of the trip," I said, trying to get my voice, which Nature has made no susurration, down to the proper level, and realizing with the last word, in horror, that I had probably pulled the worst boner that had ever shocked the Imperial Palace.

The Marquis translated—or pretended to.

"Hah!" ejaculated The Presence huskily, pulled at his glove, and repeated "Hah!"

Tokudaiji got in neatly on me with his translation: "His Majesty," he said, "commands me to convey to you the keen sense of pleasure with which he hears your words."

6

The ceremony had impressed me most of all with its showmanship. It had been good theatre. The whole atmosphere had been algid with manufactured awe—the presence of real Godhead in that audience-chamber could hardly have made it awfuller. But it seemed childish to suppose such mumbo-jumbo in civilized trappings could

impress an educated foreigner in any way but humorously.

My one-time University of Pennsylvania fraternity brother and I had talked of Mutsuhito. He had spoken of him with an excess of respect, but without this hushed reverence of the palace. There had been no suggestion that he was any less human than we two were ourselves. When I was a boy in London, my cousins, dear old ladies of sixty, used to speak of Victoria, who was alive then, in much the same way. She was never less than "Her Gracious Majesty" to them.

But there had been no halfway measures in the palace ceremonial. It had been deliberately devised to imply that the Emperor was more than man, more than superman—that he was sacrosanct, made of the stuff of which the very Gods are made!

Could Mutsuhito's generals and admirals, the officers of the Household who saw him every day—Tokudaiji, for example—the Cabinet Members and Elder Statesmen who were supposed to inform and advise him—the noble valet who got him into the corrugated trousers—could they really believe that Heavenly-Descended rigmarole?

7

For the formal New Year Court, patterned closely after the British Court at Buckingham Palace, I had nothing but admiration. It was a miracle of taste and detail. The Court had been put into foreign dress at the turn of the century. The then Grand Chamberlain, Baron Sannomiya, had been schooled in his youth in London, and the lady of the house in which he sojourned had had an attractive daughter. He had married her and brought

her back with him to Tokyo, where she had become a personage and a prime favorite with the Diplomatic Corps. They basked in her likeableness and admired her for her unfailing aplomb and a dignity unmarred by her English, which was to remain unadulterated Cockney to the end. Her quotable observations were legion. One of them that has clung to my memory through all the years was "Hany one should be 'appy if 'e 'adn't a 'air-lip."

She looked like an ample edition of Queen Victoria, and was a social power in the Empire. Nothing could dismay her—not even when it came to putting the *obi'd* ladies of the Court into *décolleté* (for it was she who ordered the Paris frocks, four-yard trains, Prince's feathers and all) when some of them, deeming the corsets' unfamiliar bulges a sheathing for the hips, appeared at a garden-party wearing them upside-down. The difficult transition period was well over in the Capital, lingering only in an occasional stove-pipe hat of the vintage of Benjamin Harrison.

In those days, if an elderly matron found the foreign dress too terrifying, it was permissible for her to wear the national dress of the Genroku Period, when the art of living reached the zenith of sparkle and decoration, the era of flamboyant colors, elaborate head-dresses and jewels, the golden heyday which was the sunset of Old Japan. Thus variegated the Court was something to see. Mutsuhito, with his Empress beside him, tiny and doll-like and dainty, with the unlined face of a petunia, looked their parts.

And there was no atmosphere of holy awe about the spectacle, whatever. One could be sure that no one had been asked to take off his glasses.

CHAPTER THREE

Ito, Midwife to a God

1

BEING a newcomer to Japan, I lacked a basis of comparison, but my diplomatic colleagues were all agreed that the war with Russia had given a terrific jog to the military spirit, which seemed only to be expected. But I myself soon noted the growing popularity of patriotic parades, with the marching of jingling soldiery in the streets. The bugles on the hill overlooking the embassy precinct began to make my dawns hideous. And anybody who read the papers could see how the military budget was soaring.

It was the new situation developing in Korea that brought sharply home the unpleasant connotations of this rising spirit. The country had been handed to Japan on a silver salver, its *de facto* military occupation, reversing the usual order, had become a *de jure* one, and the administration in Seoul seemed to be running amok. Our consular reports suddenly became most disturbing. One after another, measures were decreed which it was hard to believe could be countenanced by Tokyo. The Japanization of the Korean schools, the proscribing of the country's language, confiscatory taxes, the leveling of it centuries-old social grades, discrimination and denial of justice in the courts—they were all of the same repres-

sive pattern, an overt tyranny calculated to make Korea's helpless millions little better than slaves.

Yet the men who, nominally at least, were at the helm n Tokyo, who since the Restoration had typified the lemocratic western regime—men like Prince Saionji of he Elder Statesmen, Junior Grade; Ito (a Prince now, oo) the Resident in Seoul; thick-set, oval-faced Prince Tokugawa; Baron Makino, destined to be Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal and in the fulness of time the last Moderate left in the entourage of the Emperor Hirohito, Admiral Viscount Saito, and a score of others highly placed in the financial world, like the Mitsuis and the Suruitomos—men of their grade could play no part in uch a callous program. It was clear that a hidden struggle vas going on between the old line Liberals and the rising oterie that centered in the War Department, whose eader and champion was Field-Marshal Prince Yamagata, Elder Statesman, President of the Privy Council and the cknowledged military ruler of Japan, as Ito was its outtanding statesman. In conversations at the Foreign Office on the subject of Korea, one could sense a certain tension, hough all was outwardly friendly and smiling there.

From month to month, as the iron grip tightened on hat unhappy country, the unwelcome speculation oulked larger and larger. What was to be the outcome? Studying the text of Ito's Constitution in the light of he history of the past twenty years, I was wondering if he old constitutional bottle could hold the new wine of sensational military success.

In the second year a delegation, headed by a Prince of he Royal House, escaped from Seoul and made their vay to the Hague Conference to protest. But Britain had

renewed her alliance with Japan for ten years, and the Conference would no more listen than the League of Nations was to listen twelve years later to Haile Selassie when he protested Mussolini's rape of his Ethiopia. The defiance was swiftly penalized. Ito was gazetted as Governor-General. Two weeks later he was ordered to disband Korea's army.

If any more had been needed to show the swelling arrogance of the military faction it was furnished by this contemptuous shouldering aside of Ito, whose humane and peaceful proclivities were well known. I was aware of the peculiar provision of his Constitution that put the Army and Navy in all essentials beyond the jurisdiction of the Diet. I had considered it a hangover from the old feudal system which, in time, would yield to the growth of the new democratic principle. Above the Diet were the Privy Council and the Elder Statesmen, who advised the Emperor. They were to be the balance-wheel.

When Ito framed the Constitution, the two great allied Clans of Choshu and Satsuma had stood for the might of the Empire. They had made possible the Restoration. By tradition, now the Army recruited from one and the Navy from the other. I could understand that to put their tangible power in the hands of the new and untried representative Diet must have been unthinkable to Ito.

But there was the flaw. The Ministers of the Army and Navy not only had seats in the Cabinet: they had direct access to the Emperor, over the heads of Elder Statesmen and Privy Council. Originally, in practice, only the Chiefs of the Army and Navy General Staff had had this privilege, but, in the end, the Ministers had claimed it too. And the Ministers must be generals and admirals—

no civilian need apply. This had been a palpable sop to the military though, in a report to the Emperor in 1891, Ito had called it "indispensable" to keep the supreme command beyond Diet interference and party politics, and to prevent the decline of Imperial prerogatives. Thus, through their Ministers, the Army and Navy had become a law unto themselves. They had their own military and naval attachés in foreign capitals who were answerable to neither Diet nor Foreign Office. The Ministers had the Emperor's ear, and the Emperor had an unlimited veto. This was what was happening now, and Ito's civil policy for Korea was set aside. He was caught in his own trap.

The disbandment of the National Army was the last straw for Korea, and presently the youth of the country turned to violence. Ito's diplomatic adviser, an American, was murdered in San Francisco by a member of a Korean patriotic organization who had followed him from Seoul. Tokyo's reply was to force on the king a treaty which made the country a Japanese protectorate. As a result, the legations incontinently shrank to the status of consulates, no foreign power had any longer a diplomatic representative in Korea, and the occupational authorities were answerable to no one except through Tokyo.

Fate played into the military's hands. The insurrection that followed the dissolution of the Army lasted through two years of shocking violence until, bluntly confessing himself unable "to reform the Korean administration" (which was the military), Ito resigned. While on a subsequent trip to Manchuria, on the eve of his return to

Tokyo, he was assassinated in the Harbin railroad station.

2

So passed Japan's foremost statesman of his day, Doctor of Laws of Yale, from whose brain had flowered most that was worthy in the new nation. Hirobimi Ito had been a boy of twelve in a samurai school when Perry came. As a youth he had been an anti-foreign bravo, a soldier in the army of the Choshu Clan and one of the malcontents who burned the first British legation.

At twenty-three he had smuggled himself (a capital offense) on a Shanghai junk, and from Shanghai, shipping by error as a deck hand, had beaten his way around the Cape of Good Hope in the *Pegasus* to London. He came back disguised as a Portuguese when trouble began to brew in '64, to warn his Clan of their certain defeat in any conflict with the foreign Powers. His efforts to this end made him enemies in his own Clan. There were attempts to assassinate him. Once in a tea-house he would have been taken but for a waitress who hid him under the flooring. He married her eventually and never regretted it.

He brought about the alliance between the two great Clans of Choshu and Satsuma which was pledged to restore the imperial regime and abolish the Feudal System. He enthroned the Emperor Mutsuhito. He unsworded the samurai, established the institution of the Elder Statesmen, wrote Japan's Constitution and created the National Diet Big, warm, jovial Ito, with his bald head, his wispy beard and mustache, and his human

smile! Whatever his errors, he lived according to his lights, strenuously, selflessly, for Japan.

And for Korea, too. A few days before his death he had detailed to me his scheme for the reform of the Korean currency. When, dying, he was told that a Korean had fired the fatal shot, he muttered, "What a fool!" and there was pity, not anger, in the words. One must pity them both, indeed. He himself had had only the good of Korea at heart. He had fought the arrogant military clique every step of the way, and though his wiser policy had been overridden, who knows but that he might yet have prevailed in the end? Perhaps that thought was back of those last three words he spoke.

The assassin was one An Chung-Eun, the leader of a band of fourteen youths who had sworn to kill the man who to them typified the power that had enslaved their land. An was no less a patriot than Ito. At the hour when I knew he would be standing on the scaffold at Port Arthur, I drank a silent toast to both of them.

It was a raw winter's day with a shrill and bitter wind when the flag-draped gun-carriage, bearing Ito's catafalque, went slowly through the Tokyo streets that had been swept clean of snow for the passing of the cavalcade. The *Shinto* burial is in a sitting posture and for this final journey he sat in a square Shrine of unpainted wood and exquisitely delicate architecture. Prince Yamagata was chief mourner. Tall, straight, painfully thin and pallid, at seventy-two he looked like a walking ghost, though he was to live to be eighty-five.

The two were of the same Clan; as boys they had attended the same school. But they were as different as chalk from cheese. Ito had been fiery and intolerant,

Yamagata delicate and shy. As a youth, Ito had been squat, big of head and broad of shoulder, Yamagata slight, frail and narrow-faced, deserving of his nickname "the crane." In manhood Ito was candid and direct, universally liked even by those who disagreed with him. Yamagata was cold-blooded and secretive, with many admirers but few friends. Newspapermen hated him.

For fifty years they had worked together, growing further apart all the while. In the turbulent era preceding the act of Restoration, Ito had participated in the killing of a suspected spy of the Shogunate, and had shut his eyes to the murder of a historical scholar who had suggested a doubt of the continuity of the Imperial lineage. But, with the years, he had put violence and blood behind him. In his bias against the West, Yamagata had grown more bitter and uncompromising. Behind the scenes he had blocked Ito step by step, tirelessly building the Military Party to fit his plan; it had been his demand that Ministers of the Army and Navy be military and naval officers. Ito had died the Apostle of Peace and Civil Government; Yamagata sat at his funeral, the Satrap of Japanese Jingoism.

Did the Military Party connive at Ito's murder? Upton Close says the belief was held in some quarters. Certainly on that fatal day at Harbin he was given no protection.

The Diplomatic Corps, according to protocol, attended the obsequies in full diplomatic uniform, which is of the button-up-to-the-chin variety, with a well-padded chest reinforced by gold braid, and for cold-weather emergencies a woolen jerkin to be worn underneath. Our own democratic simplicity piously eschewing braid and brass buttons for our diplomats, the State Department

regulations require that on ceremonial occasions our Foreign Corps, in lieu of a uniform, wear full evening dress. I was carrying a post-flu temperature. Overcoats are not uniform, and there are more attractive ways of giving one's life for one's country than taking part in a wintry and windy outdoor ceremonial in a silk hat, patent-leathers and white piquet waistcoat. I wrote the Ceremonies Department that illness confined me to my house and watched the procession pass from behind a window curtain.

With one exception—the funeral of the aged mother of the Chief Cabinet Minister of the "Old Buddha," as they used to call the Empress-Dowager, in Peking—it was the most impressive burial cortege I have ever witnessed. As far as one could see, the Tokyo pavements were packed with the silent, stirless people, old and young, watching. The masses of the townfolk knew Ito's greatness and the debt the nation owed him, though the military were out to destroy, if they could, all that he had stood for!

His murder gave the government the excuse it needed. General Terauchi, with his spiky Tartar beard and artificial hand in its kid glove, Minister of War and as keen a militarist as the party held, stepped into Ito's shoes at Seoul, and it was announced to the world that Japan had annexed Korea. It was henceforth to be "Chosen" (Land-of-Morning-Calm!) and its Capital, "Keijo." The wheel had come full-circle.

Ito's Constitution had guaranteed a free press and religious liberty. But under Terauchi all organs of popular opinion were suspended or ruthlessly suppressed, and it was decreed that "Every Christian church in Chosen must install in the building's most honorable place a

Shinto Shrine." In reply to protests, it was blandly declared that the Shrines, *"in the eyes of the National law"* were not religious, but only emblems of reverence for the Emperor!

3

Ito's prime error was in thinking that the military leopard, with the Restoration, could change its spots.

Though he had convinced the Choshu and Satsuma Princes of the wisdom of restoring the ancient power to the Emperor and patterning Japan after the western nations, it had been no easy task. They alone had kept the semi-sovereign power from the old Shogunate days when the Emperor was their creature, and the Tokugawa Shoguns had trod warily in their bailiwicks. The proposal to take Japan apart and put her together again after the ideas of the "big-nosed barbarians" had little appeal for them. But Perry's ships had been a trenchant argument, and it was clear that something had to be done: the Shogunal Government was not strong enough to cope with the situation, and neither were they.

They had had a preliminary lesson while Ito was making his adventurous secret journey to London and learning English in the family of a kindly professor there. As a stripling, he had spied in Yedo for the Prince of Choshu, and had persuaded him to reform his samurai army, which was still using bows-and-arrows. The prickly Prince, presuming on his new equipment, together with the Prince of Satsuma, had refused to recognize the right of the foreign ships, granted by the early Shogunal treaties, to use the Strait of Shimonoseki, which skirted their dominions, and had turned his antiquated muzzle-load-

ing cannon on them. The American merchantman *Pembroke* had slipped her moorings and got away, but a Dutch ship had suffered damage and loss of life. This had called for harsh measures, and British gunboats had bombarded the Satsuma capital and blown up the Choshu batteries, levying a wholesome indemnity on the Prince, to boot. It was this fracas and its possibilities for worse that had brought young Ito back from England on the double-quick to save the day.

He had found his boyhood companion, Yamagata, with their Prince, sullenly contemplating the ruined Choshu fortifications he had built, a hole in his sleeve through which a shot had passed. Ito had seen further and more truly than Yamagata. Through the troublous years that followed, he had put all his effort back of the foreign treaties. In 1868, the Japanese officer who had given the order to fire on the ships at Kobé was condemned to do *hara-kiri*. Satow, the British witness at the ceremonial belly-stab, in his celebrated account does not mention the name of the presiding officer, but it was Ito.

In the end Ito had won both the Choshu and Satsuma Princes to his plan of the Restoration, but they had agreed mainly because they had hoped that, with a unified government, the hated foreigner might be put, once and for all, where he belonged. They would not have turned over their Clan powers to the Shogunal Government in any case If it was to go, there was only one rallying point. That was the Emperor. So they had agreed, but no doubt with many a mental reservation. On the principle of the *ju-jutsu* (win by yielding), they came in and bided their time.

The example of Great Britain had, of course, been in

Ito's mind. He had seen its Parliamentary system at work. Anything approaching a *res publica* was abhorrent to Japanese thinking. In England, the Royal House furnished the rallying-point that Japan must have.

But the flaw was there in the Constitution, and it was to vitiate the whole system. The universal military service that replaced the Provincial troops had proved the unpredictable element. The disgruntled samurai officered and stiffened the mass, and their code and truculent temper permeated the whole. The strain of mediaeval savagery which had tinged the long era of the feudal Shoguns with patricide and bloody betrayal, was in their veins, and would not mix with the tempered policy of Ito's new regime.

Under their influence, in the '80s, pseudo-*ju-jutsu* schools had sprung up everywhere like mushrooms. The old decorous *judo* schools of rote and rule vanished, their places taken by the new style, which was without fair play or sportsmanship, with eye-gouging, kicking in the groin, and no holds barred.

A Liberal Party had evolved, as Ito had expected, but the Military Party had evolved with it. In the Diet, it had grown more and more unmanageable.

There were notable men among the Army and Navy leaders, men whose names were known around the globe and whose birthdays are now celebrated in Japan's battle-shrines. There was Marshal Prince Oyama of the Elder Statesmen, and General Prince Katsura, the recent Premier. There was General Baron (soon to be Marquis) Komura, whose long tenure in Katsura's Foreign Office had made him almost a fixture. There were likable, gray-bearded, home-loving General Count Nogi, and Admiral

Baron Saito, Minister of the Navy. These were men of Ito's mental ilk. But they were older and the few. The bulk of the younger officers rising into notice and slated for advancement, now that Japan had tasted blood in the Russian war, where chafing at the bit. Korea had furnished the longed-for opportunity.

In effect Ito had not merely outlined a new Imperial policy. He had perpetuated and implemented, in a modern framework, a policy which had existed in Japan since the Stone Age and within which lay all Japanese history. What he had fathered in his Constitution was a purely military government, exactly what Japan had had in all the centuries of the Shogunate. All her representative institutions had now become only a cloak for that.

4

Nor was the direct access to the Supreme Power, which he had given the Military Party, the only evil Ito had saddled on the new Japan with his epoch-making document. In it he had locked, beyond hope of release, the sinister doctrine of the Divinity of the Imperial line.

"The Empire of Japan," he had written in its first sentence, "shall be reigned over and governed by a line of Emperors unbroken for ages eternal." And in the Oath the "restored" Emperor took in the Palace Sanctuary before the Spirits of his Ancestors, when the Constitution was promulgated, he had welded Sky and Earth into a single hierarchy: "We, the Successors to the prosperous Throne of Our Predecessors, do humbly and solemnly swear to the Imperial Ancestors that, *in pursuance of a great policy coextensive with the Sky and the Earth,* we shall maintain and secure from decline the ancient form

of Government . . . May the Sky-Spirits witness this Our Oath."

As a fitting colophon Ito had written in his *Commentaries,* "The Emperor is Sky-Descended, Divine and Sacred. He must be reverenced and is inviolable." With this harpoon from the new governmental craft, Ito had made fast its first line to the unwieldy *Shinto* leviathan.

A second line that had followed without delay, was the Imperial *Rescript on Education* (though it does not bear his name, internal evidence points unerringly to him as its author) an innocent-seeming document whose literal translation in English uses scarcely more than two hundred words, but whose phrases linked it indissolubly to the legend of the Sky-Descent. It had declared itself "the teaching bequeathed by Our Imperial Ancestor . . . infallible for all ages and true in all places," and had commanded every subject of Japan to "render illustrious the best traditions of your forefathers" and to "guard and maintain the prosperity of Our Imperial Throne, coeval with the Sky and the Earth."

This was uncompromising enough. It was no mere insistence on a conventional attitude of respect toward a popular and nation-wide superstition as old, perhaps, as the race itself—for even an enlightened government may well think it wise to go slow about making up-to-date lamp-posts of the old tribal totem-poles. It was a deliberate determination not only to perpetuate as fact what Ito's innate intelligence must have recognized as unadulterated fable, but to make that *soi-disant* fact the foundation of the Japanese governmental superstructure.

One could see what had actuated him. In making the Emperor the seat and symbol of temporal power, he had

felt the need of giving him every possible ounce of authority. His aim had been to vivify for the people the vague and misty Ancestral Ruler of their legend, to make him, by the immutable law of the land, a God who was yet a man, the mortal receptacle of the divine essence.

But a system founded on fraud can have no permanence, and that Ito, with all his acumen, failed to realize this, is a somber reflection on his wisdom.

5

Mercifully, perhaps, Ito did not live to regret his mistakes. For the time being all was well, and he had set Japan on the highroad to international greatness. The fifteen-year-old Mutsuhito, whom he had found in the Palace at Kyoto robed in womanish attire, waiting to be "restored," a youth with fashionably blackened teeth, heavy-lidded and rouged like a catamite, who had received the first foreign Envoys clad in white silk robe and crimson trousers, with high painted eyebrows and lips tinged with gold-leaf, sat in his Exalted Seat. Heralded as the veridical scion of the Sun-Goddess, in whose earthy veins ran the ichor of the Sky, he had deigned to take the rule into his own sacred hand for the glory of the Land-of-the-Great-Eight-Islands!

In Mutsuhito's own mind there had been no doubt of his own divinity—how could there be? There had been none on the day of my ceremonial presentation at the palace, when the youth of the Restoration was a man approaching sixty. I personally had reason to know this.

For, some years previous to my coming, a crack-brained vagabond had tried to assassinate him (it made an unheard of sensation at the time) and, quite recently, a

modern-minded Japanese friend of mine, educated in Europe, had told me this curious incident, related to him, so he said, by an old noble who had then been a palace attendant:

The Emperor, alluding to the outrage, had said to him, "How strange it is! That man who tried to kill me yesterday must actually believe that I am not a God!"

CHAPTER FOUR

Yamagata, Prince of Welshers

1

WITH ITO'S death vanished Yamagata's greatest, though undeclared, foe. Henceforth there was no one of a calibre successfully to oppose his deep-laid plan. Ito had been Meiji's friend and cup-companion, perhaps the only man in Japan, outside of the Household entourage, who had informal access to him at all hours, and there had grown a deep and genuine liking between them. One fancies the irresponsive field-marshal was a poor substitute for the genial, good-humored statesman.

Yamagata's photograph, which he once gave me, shows a face gaunt and stern, high cheekboned like an American Indian, with pursed lips under a close-cropped, grizzled mustache. He and Prince Saionji in feature were distinctly of the type the West calls "aristocratic," but Saionji's face had a certain kindliness: Yamagata's was flinty and set in hauteur. He was frostily taciturn and had the name of being grouchy, as any man with chronic stomach ulcers for bedfellow has a right to be.

With the youthful samurai-worshiping class, he had an enormous popularity which rested largely on an incident harking back to the Satsuma Rebellion of '77, the last stand of the fanatic two-sword-men against the troops of the new Restoration Government.

At the Restoration the Princes of the two great Clans, Choshu and Satsuma, together with other Princes, took

Ministerial office in the cabinet of the new Government in Tokyo. But Prince Shimazu, the Satsuma Chieftain, grew disgruntled. He had hoped to gain power for his Clan in the new deal and things were not working out that way. He resigned and retired to his own Province. With him went the chief of his samurai, Saigo Takamori, who gathered together a rebel army of forty thousand malcontents and declared war on the Imperial Government.

Yamagata had become its generalissimo. He defeated Saigo, who had been his friend from youth and his one-time commander, and Saigo did *hara-kiri* The Japanese, from the dawn of their history, have had a penchant for beheadal (a bequest, it seems likely, from the Malayan blood-strain of which the stock shows such plain traces) and Yamagata, according to native authority, acting the part of Saigo's second, obligingly cut off his head. The pair are regarded as a modern Damon and Pythias and their Shrines divide honors. But it is Saigo, the rebel samurai, whose heroic statue stands near the palace in Tokyo.

To the Japanese the deed reflected the noblest chivalry Yamagata's loyalty was pledged to the Imperial cause, and if the Prince of his own Choshu had been the rebel the outcome would have been the same Yamagata would have seconded his *hara-kiri* and cut off his head with the same aplomb with which he beheaded his friend the Satsuma master-of-samurai. The Japanese rightly count it an earnest of the inexorable firmness which made his later career so preeminent. From the western viewpoint he was a great knave and scoundrel, but to them, to whom knavery and scoundrelism are not to be judged *per se,*

but when employed for a patriotic purpose are to be counted the noblest of virtues, he was a patriot *sans reproche.*

Such a tale can be told of him in which craft and scoundrelism go arm in arm through the mazes of an outre and fantastic intrigue whose details it fell to me to trace. Isolated fragments have here and there crept into public record, but nowhere has the complete story been told, even in outline. It throws a lurid light on the torts and contradictions that darkle in the unseen depths of Japanese character.

Through the devious grapevine channel of secret service exchanges, a whisper had come to me which was doubly intriguing, for it purported not only to lift the curtain on the mystery of the surrender of Port Arthur in the Russian War, but to show that Yamagata, a soldier to the bone, bred in the German military tactique, had not failed to master its double-dealing and treachery.

The whisper ran that it had not been by the guns of the Japanese Fleet nor by the gallant charges of the Japanese infantry that the stronghold had been so quickly taken, but by the skilful use of *money;* that officers of Stoessel's command, men trusted and in his confidence, had sold out to the enemy. Specifically, the whisper continued, they had delivered to the Japanese the charts of the mine-fields masking Port Arthur and the defenses of Vladivostok and this had been the secret of Stoessel's "premature surrender" for which he, with some of his senior officers, were court-martialled and condemned to death, though his own sentence had been commuted, permitting him to die on a prison-cot instead of a scaffold. The betrayers, who had done the job for a stupendous

price, were now claiming their reward, and Japan—in the noble person of Prince Yamagata—was welshing.

However incredible, the tale was too circumstantial to suggest pure invention. The scent was fresh and I took it. Within a few months I had the details of the story up to that date. The details of the last act I was to pursue and capture in later years.

2

The three Russian officers who had betrayed the fortress did so for no personal gain. They were men of position. One had been Military *Attaché* at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, had spent a dozen years at the Russian Embassy in Tokyo, and knew Japanese. He had been one of Russia's secret agents in the Far East. Another had been a captain of naval engineers, charged with the fortification of the port of Nicolaieff on the Black Sea. The third, a relative of Stolypin, the Russian Home Minister, had been an officer of the Hussar Regiment of the Guard at Moscow, and of artillery in Manchuria. All three were secretly leaders of the underground revolutionary junta in St. Petersburg.

The Party, at that time, did not demand a violent revolution. Their aim was a parliamentary regime and their plans were slowly taking shape in what was known as the "Duma Movement," a German inspiration. Germany was using Russia as a cat's-paw, and to end the eastern adventure they planned a stalemate as a move toward the westernization of Russia's archaic institutions. Behind their treachery was a motive as patriotic as that assigned by his apologists to Benedict Arnold.

As the price of their betrayal, they had been promised

the astounding sum of one hundred and thirty-eight million rubles, more than sixty-five million dollars, more than thirteen million pounds sterling! To Japan it would have been well worth it: her victory at Portsmouth had made her one of the foremost world Powers, and to the betrayers the money had meant perhaps the success of the ripening plans of the junta at home. The bargain had been set forth in a formal contract, the chief of the signers being Prince Yamagata himself. At the close of the war, the contract was to be exchanged in Japan for a Memorandum stipulating the circumstances in which the payments were to be made, together with three notes-in-hand, each for forty-six million yen.

The provisions of the Memorandum were sinister ones. The notes were not collectible for ten years. If "lost" they could not be replaced. With the death of the holder, each became void; it could not pass to his estate. The time element was on the Japanese side: in ten years, three lives might easily be accounted for, and there would be nothing to pay.

After the Peace of Portsmouth, one of the three Russian signatories had been invited to come to Nagasaki (now of atom-bomb fame), to Prince Yamagata's headquarters, where the exchange should be effected. Their leader had come, and the Memorandum, signed (for the Japanese) by Prince Yamagata and (for the Russians) by General Laponoff, who had been Governor-General of the island of Sakhalin, was given to him, with the three promissory notes.

He had scarcely passed out through the headquarters' doorway when a bullet, fired from behind, struck him dead in the street. He had taken the precaution, however,

to have another of the trio waiting there. He snatched the documents and fled across the square to the safety of a Russian vessel which was about to sail.

The lives of three men had stood between Yamagata and the contractual payment. One of the trio was now dead. It was one up and two to go—for Japan.

3

The surrender of Port Arthur was seven years past when old Mutsuhito ascended to the ineffable Heaven of the Sun-Goddess. And General Nogi, the hero of that episode, accompanied his Master.

Nogi had been one of the principals. He must have known all the details of the *coup;* of Yamagata's shabby trick, and of the Memorandum whose portentous terms were the badges of that planned and murderous chicane. When, on his return from the victory—the story went—the Emperor summoned him to the palace to receive the high decoration conferred on him, Nogi had wept, and Meiji, thinking he grieved for his losses in the assaults and guessing that he thought to atone by the belly-cut, had said, "Not while I live, Nogi. That is my order." Nogi delayed his passing until the Emperor's funeral procession was on its way to the burial, when he did *hara-kiri* in his home, in a suburb of Tokyo, while his wife performed the feminine equivalent, the throat-stab, in an upper room. The dwelling is now a national Shrine.

A few evenings before, Nogi had called on Yamagata and left behind him a poem. When Yamagata read it, he said in agitation to his wife, "I read the meaning in this. Nogi is to die." We have her puzzled statement that

"The Prince retired broken and disheartened." What was behind that curious incident?

I think Yamagata in his flinty heart knew, though his wife did not. I can believe that, as Nogi stood before his Emperor that day in the palace, the tears that splashed on his Star of the Rising Sun had welled from a deeper source than the Emperor knew. Though of the military, Nogi belonged to the group of Japanese gentlemen whom the Army Radicals were, in a few years more, to butcher out of hand, because they stood for the newer ideal, and would have kept Japan's honor untarnished before the world. They were none of them welshers. I can believe his tears were for that shameful and sordid adventure in which he had been obliged to participate and which, to him, dimmed the honor of the new Japan.

Others than I, who knew him, will not find it unbelievable.

4

With the murder of the too-trusting Russian officer at Yamagata's headquarters at Nagasaki and the escape of his comrade with the guilty documents on the Russian steamer, the trail of my inquiry broke. It was long before I stumbled across it again. The scent I followed then pointed in many directions, and when the final pieces slipped into place in the grotesque pattern, I had the outline of as strange a tale as I have encountered in all my varied years of service. This is as good a place to tell it as anywhere.

The Memorandum and promissory notes lay hidden, for some years, in the vaults of the Maritime Insurance Company in Odessa. Not until 1913 was one of the re-

maining two partners, by means of a false passport, able to bring the Memorandum and his own note-in-hand to Amsterdam, and later to Switzerland, where they were deposited in the Swiss Bank Verein in Lausanne. He ran desperate risks in crossing Russia, for the revolution had not yet come and he was under sentence of death there. The Japanese had seen to that!

Down to his last franc, he took his documents to Geneva's principal bank, asking that they be examined and held against a personal loan. No doubt the stupendous sum involved suggested to the bank either crime or craziness. It queried the government at Berne and the fat was in the fire. He found himself under arrest on suspicion of attempting to secure money by the aid of fraudulent documents, with his papers impounded.

The police could not hold him, for there was no evidence, but the Japanese secret service, thus apprised, took hold without delay, and a systematic and atrocious persecution began. Baseless charges were lodged against him, his belongings were seized by alleged creditors, blackmailing newspapers were employed to print columns of scurrilous abuse. These attacks were traced to the Japanese Consulates in Freibourg and Zurich. In despair, he appealed to the Prosecuting Counsel of the canton to stop the tirade of vilification. The police, under pressure, allowed him to make a trip to London, where he placed his precious documents in Hoare's Bank, and a syndicate of responsible British financiers was formed to handle his claim, whose payment was due the following year, 1915.

5

Hoare's Bank had Yamagata's photographic signature verified by Mr. Kichi, the Counsellor of the Japanese Embassy; by Mr. Satsumi, the Japanese manager of the Yokohama Specie Bank in London; by Mr. Nidori Komatsu, one-time Director of Foreign Affairs in Seoul and, for some years, Yamagata's private secretary; and by others. Both the Embassy and the Specie Bank stated in writing that the signature was "entirely genuine."

Suddenly, however, the weather changed, presumably on order from Tokyo. The Embassy, the Bank, the one-time secretary, made frantic efforts to retract their statements. Japanese secret-service men approached members of the syndicate with more or less camouflaged proposals for an "arrangement." Three confidential agents of the German Government strangely spent months in efforts to help Japan in her predicament. A prominent Japanese resident in London proposed to the syndicate a "private talk between gentlemen" and, in his last interview, asked bluntly what it would take for the documents. From one Japanese agent came the naïve suggestion that the Russian holder drop them "accidentally" in the street, or privately surrender them to the Japanese authorities in the hope of a "generous reward"! A well-known merchant of Newchang, known to the whole Far East and intimately associated with the Japanese administration in Manchuria, carried on a long negotiation for them in vain.

When World War I broke out, the documents were in the hands of the British Foreign Office, their status being exactly that of the instruments of any commercial obli-

gation of a foreign government. As is customary, the matter was first taken up unofficially with the Japanese Embassy, which blandly replied that the affair had long ago been looked into by the government at Tokyo, which had found the claim fraudulent.

This did not go down with the hard-headed British group. Could one suppose that a Russian persuaded a Japanese to draw up a series of documents in the Japanese language, involving the enormous sum of thirteen million pounds sterling, and to forge to these documents the signature of so well known a statesman and soldier as Field-Marshal Prince Yamagata? And so successfully that the very Japanese Embassy in London was deceived thereby? And that the said Russian had then deposited the documents in a leading London banking house, pursuant to representations to the British Foreign Office for aid in securing payment from the Japanese Government at Tokyo? The supposition was preposterous.

Unfortunately, however, the war had complicated the situation. Japan, as an ally, was demanding that her troops be allowed to play a major part in the European conflict, which did not suit Great Britain's book, and relations between the two governments were decidedly strained. It was thought wiser to postpone action on the matter. And so, for the duration, the claim was tabled. "Your Embassy has pronounced the signature of Prince Yamagata genuine," the legal counsel of the syndicate wrote. "If you are not prepared to communicate with your government in order to assist us to probe this matter to the bottom, may we ask to whom we should write in Japan, and what is the address of His Excellency Prince

Aritomo Yamagata?" The Embassy took refuge in stony silence.

6

Meanwhile, the Russian officer, who had returned to Switzerland, was made the target of renewed attacks until, after indignant British protests, the Swiss authorities agreed to an examination by a London court. He was sent under police guard to London, where an official inquiry was held by Sir John Dickinson, Chief Magistrate at Bow Street.

The Court inquiry lasted some days. All available witnesses were called. But the personnel of the Yokohama Specie Bank and of the Embassy had been changed: the officers who had testified to the Yamagata signature had been called to Japan and were "unavailable." The Embassy took advantage of its diplomatic immunity and refused to make any statement. On such testimony as was obtainable, and on the internal evidence of the documents themselves, which were studied by experts (including Dr. McGovern of the School of Oriental Studies and political adviser to the Government of Mongolia, and W. O. Greener, the English-Russian expert, who was selected by the British Intelligence Division), the Court declared the holder of the documents blameless of fraud, and the police took him back to Switzerland.

Following the Armistice, the London *Whitehall Gazette* published a skeleton of the story and the syndicate opened long-distance fire on Tokyo. Hanihara, the Japanese Foreign Minister (formerly Ambassador at Washington) suavely wrote: "After investigation I have found that the documents in question are downright forgeries.

The bearers were tried some years ago in Switzerland, on a charge of swindling." Japan's Embassies in London, Rome and Vienna, presumably to forestall any action by the London Foreign Office, issued statements calling the syndicate's claim, "flagrant fraud."

7

What to the diplomatic chancelleries of Europe has since been known as "The Russo-Meiji Deal" exploded with an embarrassing bang in London in March, 1920, when the *Star* published its sensational "Did Japan Buy Port Arthur?" But Great Britain was on the eve of renewing her agreement with Japan, made in 1905 after Portsmouth, and London was already planning the street decorations for the visit of the Japanese Crown Prince, the present Emperor Hirohito. The affair was very hush-hush and the press, with true British *sang-froid,* fell into line and soft-pedalled.

As a sequel to the story, Count Chinda, Japan's departing Ambassador, and his successor in London, Baron Hayashi, sent confidential communications to a credulous magistrate in Berne, as a result of which the Russian owner of the documents was again thrown into a Swiss jail, to be held incommunicado and without pretense of a trial for eleven months! There is record of a release, then of another arrest, this time with a sentence.

After that he vanishes from the picture. I have been unable to discover whether he is still alive. Probably not, for the Japanese are thorough.

The fate of the third member of the Russian triumvirate, who had escaped from Nagasaki with the documents and carried them to Odessa, beyond much doubt

was death also. He dropped out of sight in that same year of 1920, when the Bolshevists swept into that port and the Denekin cause shrivelled. Yamagata died two years later.

The Yamagata Memorandum and the single note-of-hand, with their noble welsher's signature, are still in the vaults of the London Bank, a bit of flotsam for historians of another century, perhaps, to smirk over.

This story of an illustrious military leader of modern Japan is significant, for it is typical of the *modus operandi* employed by her *over and over again* in her dealings with other nations.

She used it in her murderous seizure of Korea under pretence of giving her aid; in her overt war with China on the specious claim of interference with her Korean "reforms"; in her hypocritical rape of Manchuria by the artifice of a fictitious "Republic of Manchukuo"; in her fraudulent fortification of her Mandated Territories under the mask of peaceful occupation; in her "sneak-blow" at Pearl Harbor while her Envoys were in Washington in pretended negotiation for peace in the Pacific.

It is the formula of the secret passage, the covert-way, and the Double-Cross.

CHAPTER FIVE

"Only a Korean"

1

JAPAN'S ANNEXATION of Korea had been so swiftly implemented that Washington hardly knew what had happened before it was *fait accompli*—a procedure that, with Tokyo, has always been axiomatic. But it probably made no difference. Although, under our treaty provisions, we could have interfered to maintain Korean independence, Washington's policy was non-interventionist in capital letters. Besides, it had clearly enough favored Japan's foothold on the Continent and it could not, with good grace, strain at the Korean gnat after swallowing the Manchurian camel. The Korean Emperor had made a private appeal to Washington but we did nothing, which left Korea's pitiable plight, technically and diplomatically speaking, the business of nobody but Japan. For this dereliction, among plenty of others, the slow but inexorable mills of God are now grinding us.

In general, while abating no jot in her Korean policy, Japan, after the annexation, had been fairly cautious in her dealings with other nationals. American interests were not involved and, so far, our schools and hospitals had had no complaints to make. Before long, however, over-confidence in their own cleverness led the occupational authorities into overt seizures of property that could not be permitted to go by default.

I had studied one such case whose documentary record

promised to make as many volumes as the Encyclopedia Britannica. Previous to the China War, a foreign corporation had purchased from the Royal Government a mining concession whose value ran into the millions, and one of the principals of the corporation was an American citizen. The proper cabinet minister, by the King's direction, had certified the grant and affixed thereto the official seal of his office.

In Korea, as in other Oriental countries, it is the seal rather than the individual's signature that is the prime badge of legality. The Japanese, with not even a by-your-leave, had ousted the corporation's engineers and taken possession. They had set up a specious claim that, though grant and certification were in legal form, the concession had been obtained by chicanery. The seal, they alleged, had not been affixed by the Minister, but in fact had been stolen from him and used without his knowledge. For two years the case had been enwound in legal procedure and facts camouflaged with cunning Oriental artifice, while British and American counsel had fought doggedly without result. Meanwhile the Japanese engineers had gone on mining the gold.

Washington had no reason to doubt the *bona fides* of the transaction, but ultimatums are serious things. It had to have assurance before it acted. It lacked the yes-or-no testimony of a responsible Korean witness, and the only man who could furnish that was the Minister who had affixed the seal. The Japanese had been careless about that one point, for it was known that he was still alive. Out of office, in disgrace, confined to his house in a suburb outside the Seoul city wall, but still alive. It fell

to my lot to supply the lack, if humanly possible, and one spring day found me on my way from Tokyo.

2

The goose-step was not the only innovation that had come back to Japan with the German-trained cadets. They had brought also the Berlin spy-system whose *ne plus ultra* was attained in the Third Reich's Gestapo. So far its work had been crude and obvious, and the Diplomatic Corps had been more amused than irritated by it till it was discovered that its operatives included not only every native of their chancery staffs, but their house-servants to a man as well. The embassies and legations had been driven to the construction of concrete vaults in which all records were immured when not in use, and the final daily duty of the last secretary to leave the chancery was a meticulous burning of the contents of the wastebaskets.

We were all more or less used to being dogged on the Ginza (Tokyo's Broadway and Fifth Avenue in one) by earnest young men in spectacles and trousers, who breathed down our necks in the shops while we priced *netsukes* and Hiroshigi prints, and on the train across the Great Island I was not especially annoyed to note that my progress was followed by the usual "shadow." Straw hat, yellow shoes, shiny attaché-case, and natty foreign cane, he stuck like a leech. On the boat to Fusan, he had a deckchair near mine and, on the Seoul train, a seat in the same coach.

One scene in that link of that particular journey stands out in my memory like a black silhouette on white paper. We were on the high narrow trestle that spans the Ra-

kuto-ko River. As I watched from my window the tumbling torrent of yellow spume beneath, I felt the shudder of the emergency brake, and went to the door to see the cause. We had overtaken a coolie, who was saving a long mile's walk by the trestle short-cut—which to be sure he had no business to do—and elbowed him into the river. He was handicapped by one of the ungainly pack-saddles Korean laborers carry on their backs, and was struggling desperately for hand-hold on the steep and slippery bank.

The Japanese conductor stood on the windy platform beside me as the train slowed, and I was telling myself it would take only a matter of seconds for a brakeman, or myself for that matter, to scramble down to the rescue, when he jerked the cord and the brakes lifted.

"Hold on!" I shouted, against the wind. "Can't you see he'll drown?"

He gave the cord another jerk and pushed me back into the doorway. "Why you trouble?" he barked. "He only a Korean."

Through the foam-blur, as the train caught up speed, I saw the poor devil's clutch break as the boiling current swept him away. I wondered if a time could possibly come when to that little brass-buttoned bantam I myself might be "only an American."

My "shadow" spoke over my shoulder, sucking in his breath with a toothy smile: "Mr. American should not to be displeased with conductor doing required duty. Maybe coolie learn now not to walk on trestle. *Né?*" I found the heat suddenly oppressive and went into the next car.

3

In Seoul, ensconced in our one-time Legation building, now the Consulate-General, I had a daily reminder of that morning, so few years before, when the Japanese killers had rushed the palace, though the well in the courtyard had been filled up. After the murder of his Queen, King Yi Hyeung, with the Crown Prince, had escaped from the palace and taken refuge in the Russian Legation. The next year he had dared to set up his pitifully shrunken Court in another royal mansion and had assumed the title of Emperor, in order that the mangled body of his greatly-loved consort might be tombed in all the dignity that he could command.

It had been his departing gesture. He had been forced to abdicate. In his last refuge now—a friendly compound adjoining the Consulate-General—he was a quiet sad old man at the end of the long road. I used to greet him over the tiled wall when I took my morning chocolate under the Stars-and-Stripes, floating so bravely above the terrace. I wondered what he might be thinking of that flag which stood for all his own land had lost.

But I had something to do beside drink chocolate. Something that was put in train while I prowled away a fortnight, an eager tourist in a bright blazer, chaffering for knickknacks in the old bazaar, or kodaking ancient tombs and temples, with my "shadow" industriously trailing me, and of evenings bridging with a congenial and knowledgeable trio in the big living-room of the Consulate-General fronting the lantern-lighted garden, with its window-shade raised a little for the benefit of an inquisitive eye under a familiar straw hat.

On one such evening there came a moment when I was dummy. I slipped into an inner room and the man who came out (wearing my blazer and eye-shade and incidentally looking to a casual glance somewhat like me) took my place in the circle Presently, I was scrambling in the dark through the kitchen hedge and into the cook's decrepit old rickshaw in the lane, then pelting along side streets, through the west gate of the city wall, and into a gloomy suburb.

There was another last hedge to negotiate, then an unlighted doorway and a silent walk through dim corridors, piloted by a trusted servant until, at the top of a stairway, I was in a small shuttered room, shaking hands with the man whose yes or no I had come to get.

4

He had been prepared for my visit. He spoke perfect English, for he had many years before been secretary of the Korean Legation in Washington. Beside his photograph, taken at that time, I had with me an imprint of his palm—it does not matter how I got it. His servant rubbed up some India ink and he gave me its duplicate. There was no mistake; the palm-print does not lie.

Yes, he himself had affixed the seal to the grant of the concession, at the command of the King. I had ready an affidavit in the proper form. I showed it to him. Would he sign it?

He pondered. "As you know," he said, "I am virtually a prisoner. But perhaps you do not know that they have killed my two brothers. I do not know where my wife and family are—whether they are alive or not. If this paper

with my signature were found on you, perhaps you would live, but I would not."

I felt shamed. I folded the paper and put it in my pocket.

"No," he said, "give it to me." He read it again. "I am an old man," he said. "I would not matter much. Perhaps Korea is dead too. And the corporation are honorable men. They paid well for the concession, and the Emperor would wish them to keep it." He beckoned to the servant, who brought wax and set the candle at his hand. He signed it with his signature both in English and in Korean characters, adding his personal seal and, for good measure, his palm-print, and handed it to me. I had a flat packet of oiled silk for it, under my shirt, next my skin.

"Only one man in Washington shall ever see this," I told him. "There will be no official record of it anywhere. I promise you this."

He thanked me gravely. "Good-bye," he said. "I am doing this because it is just, and because I am the Emperor's man."

I returned as I had come. Once again, in the inner room of the Consulate-General, my substitute dummy gave me back my blazer, and I slipped into the game. It was as easy as that. But I was wringing wet. I did not sleep well that night, either.

It was better not to seem in any hurry so, with my oilskin packet locked in the safe, I spent another idle week sight-seeing, but keeping to main thoroughfares and never without one of the consular staff, just in case. . . . When I left Seoul he crossed with me to Tsuruga Port, where one of the Tokyo Embassy group was waiting for

me. From Tokyo the document I had brought went to Washington in the diplomatic pouch. As I had promised, only one person there saw the affidavit, and it was sufficient for the Secretary of State.

The polite but cogent ultimatum of the American Government in time came back. The United States regretted that it could not accept the demurrer put forward by the Japanese Imperial Government. It must insist that the grant of the concession be recognized as valid.

And it was.

CHAPTER SIX

"This Divine Business"

1

To THE OBSERVER in the Far East the strangulation of Korea—startlingly sudden and shockingly violent—was so plainly dictated by the new military spirit that it was hard to believe the sober sense of the Diet would not in time moderate the extremists and correct the situation. But there was no hopeful sign. The ease with which Korea had been bagged had filled the military faction with blatant assurance and a belligerence which its leaders were at small pains to conceal. Inevitably this showed itself more and more in Japan's attitude toward the United States. The press was a good mirror.

Western students of the Japanese have noted in them a characteristic trait: the inability to bear obligation. Mark Twain put it in unforgettable billingsgate when he observed that there is a certain type of blank-of-a-blank who, if you do him enough of a favor, will hate you till he dies. Here is the Japanese to a T. Lifelong friendships are rare in Japan. Friendship implies mutual obligation; eventually, the burden becomes onerous to one party or the other, and he cancels it with a quarrel. From her entrance into the great commonwealth of western nations to her recognition as one of the world's great powers, Japan has owed the United States too much for her to support. Roosevelt's Peace of Portsmouth was the over-plus that soured her friendship.

2

The ill feeling first came into the open with the California school question, which raised such a ruction on the Pacific coast and heated the diplomatic ball-bearings in Washington. The friction was deliberately maintained in Tokyo for months on end, with a press campaign that was intolerant and abusive.

This was the beginning of the organized propaganda of Japan's over-population problem, which has ever since been ding-donged in the ears of the world. The answer will always be the same: why is the great northern island of Hokkaido sparsely settled? It has as good a climate and soil as many sections of the United States or Manitoba. It has some snow, however, and the Japanese are not partial to snow, unless it is the snow of the Great Island which never lies more than twenty-four hours, and can be utilized to write poems about. But a snow that lasts throughout a winter is quite another thing.

They prefer Hawaii or the Philippines, or best of all, Southern California, willy-nilly our vegetable-and-fruit-ranchers. This explains the peculiar logic with which Japan at the same time bemoans her rising population and prays for its increase. It is with her eye on these localities that she violently suppresses the birth-control movement with one hand and puts a high premium on large families with the other. The same tactics have been employed in other countries. While Hitler, on the ground of expanding population, was demanding the return of the colonies taken from Germany in World War I, he was using every means to increase its birth-rate. Mussolini, while he made the same excuse for seizing

Tunisia and Ethiopia, was offering prizes for large families.

The California agitation was finally allowed to simmer down with the drafting of the so-called "Gentlemen's Agreement" by which Japan herself limited emigration of her laborers to the United States, a solution so reasonable and so inevitable that prudence, if not friendship, should have dictated it in the beginning. One humorous feature of the affair was the sudden unheralded arrival in a Japanese port, while the carefully nurtured anti-American press agitation was at its height, of a meager junk-load of Chinese laborers, whose ship was not allowed even to cast anchor. What was sauce for the Japanese goose was by no means sauce for the Chinese gander.

This frenzied effort to make an international mountain out of the school molehill stuck in California's craw, linked with later Japanese settlements on the Central American coast and the secret negotiations—in 1912, only a year after the renewal of the Gentlemen's Agreement—for the purchase of Magdalena Bay in Lower California and the establishment there of a Japanese colony. These things were to be remembered at Versailles, when Japan's proposed racial-equality proposition in the Treaty was denied. They had not been forgotten when Great Britain and the United States passed their later Exclusion Acts. (Not that I like Exclusion Acts: I believe they are apt to be boomerangs. But in this case it can hardly be denied that Japan had asked for it.)

In view of the fever of resentment that had been spread throughout the archipelago by the California incident, Washington decided on a cold douche. As a suave reminder that, after all, the United States Navy was not

a flock of painted ships on a painted ocean, Roosevelt sent his great fleet (we used flippantly to call it "Teddy's-Big-Stick Fleet" then) to anchor for an amicable visit in Tokyo Bay.

When I said good-bye to him in Washington he had said, "I had something to do with calling the Portsmouth Conference, and I am mighty anxious to see what Japan will do with her victory." And he had added, "When the Tokyo street-cars stop to let your carriage pass, don't get chesty. The Japanese know you are backed by a country they can't lick." Perhaps by this time, I reflected, he had begun to doubt the political expediency of that Peace. It was the Japanese, at any rate, who were getting "chesty."

The war had given Japan reason to think well of herself, and the raising of their Legations to Embassies by the major Powers, whose criterion was military strength, had not been calculated to lower her sense of self-esteem. Instead of the run-of-the-mill legation chiefs, she had suddenly Ambassadors who were diplomats of career and distinction. Our own Ambassador had been Governor-General at Manila. The British Ambassador, Sir Claude MacDonald, had been Commissioner of a British Protectorate and was Dean of the Diplomatic Corps in Peking during the siege of the Legation Quarter in the Boxer rising. The Italian Ambassador was Count Guiciolli, whose wife was the sister of Count Von Benckendorff, German Ambassador at London. Russia had sent George Bakhmetieff, later to be Ambassador to the United States, the husband of Washington's Mary Beale. Baron Mumm of the famous champagne family, the German Ambassador, was one of the diplomatic pets of Potsdam. From being wooer, Japan had become the wooed, a

shift that in governments as in individuals is apt to go to the head.

From Washington's point of view the dispatch of the fleet was a clever move, for the mercury in the Japanese clinical thermometer fell in short order. The newspapers dropped their captious tone. The fleet anchored in a harbor throbbing with the salvos of great guns pealing a salute. The Yokohama water's edge was lined with cheering crowds. Files of marines were drawn up beneath green-trimmed arches and cutters flying the sun-flag lay at the wharf where groups of officers stood in dress-uniforms. Japanese officialdom wreathed the ships with flowers. In Tokyo one could not see the street-signs for bunting. Our navy officers were dined and feted day and night, the President of the United States was toasted in imported champagne, and thousands of school children in butterfly kimonos lined the thoroughfares waving their tiny flags and shouting their *banzais* as the gold-laced American admirals drove by to pay their respects (the newspapers were careful to call it "homage") to the Emperor in the huge moated palace in Asakusa.

But when the last banquet was over and the homing cruisers hull-down on the horizon, the lurking disquiet remained in the little circle of the Embassy. We had felt too long the under-surface stirring of what did not chime with the bunting and *banzais.*

At home, however, Japan's welcome to our armada was spread-headed from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and a hundred fulsome editorials acclaimed it a new entente, thus lulling to rest any misgivings the American people may have had.

3

To all Americans in the Far East, even, I think, to the tourist troupers, the old concept of Japan was beginning stealthily to fade. The bright colors were dimming. To us in the official squirrel cage the process was not so noticeable: our contacts with many Japanese were on a basis of personal friendship and the wheels of official society were always well oiled with urbanity. Yet, here and there, something was missing. Greetings, perhaps, were less spontaneous, entertainment not so expansive. Our servants omitted none of the conventional formulae of respect but, now and then, there would be a note of smug comment that barely grazed insolence.

It might be my translator: "*Dana-San* (Master), at night-school yesterday our teacher instructed us that in American Army soldiers receive wages of forty *yen* per mensum. Is that true?"

"Quite possibly, Takeguchi. Why?"

"It seems strange for a such case to be in a noble nation like America. In Japan soldiers receive no wages. They fight for love of the Emperor."

"There is no conscription in America, Takeguchi. Its soldiers enlist because they choose to. All Japanese must be soldiers, whether they may want to or not. They fight because they *have* to."

My number-one boy was in earshot and I figured that Takeguchi had lost a bit of "face" in the exchange. He evidently had for, the next day, he left my employ for "duties in honorable elsewhere," as his stereotyped Spencerian hand informed me.

Or it might be my new *betto* (coachman). There were

at that time, 1908, only two automobiles in Tokyo: one presented (naturally by the Kaiser) to the Emperor, which was never seen, as no one of the Imperial Household Department had any inkling how to make the newly-invented contraption go; the other the property of a British exporter, and regarded with grim disfavor by the police by reason of the crowds it drew when it appeared in the streets. On the selvedge of such a crowd, one day my driver stopped the horses and, descending from the box, proceeded to perform a self-service appropriate to a latrine.

"Taka," I said to him from my doorway on our return, "am I, then, a dog, that you do an other-than-accustomed canine thing in my presence? You were *betto* to Count Kabayama, were you not? Would you have done so before him?"

He was bowing elaborately, a sucking-breath bow. "Kabayama-*San* is with Buddha."

He had the answer pat. In Japan the servant may not discuss his dead master with a new employer. A flank movement was necessary. "And where on the highway was this not-to-be-named atrocity accomplished?"

He looked puzzled. "Where but by the honorable moat, *Dana-San?*"

"The moat!" I was trying to register shock. "Can it be possible?"

"That is so."

"The *Imperial* moat? The cincture of the august precinct where deigns to dwell—" I stopped, taken aback, for he had dropped abruptly to his knees, palms on the ground, in the full obeisance.

I had spoken with no thought but to turn the exchange

against him, and have the last word, a *sine qua non* in dealing with native servants in all Oriental countries. If I had not been indignant my words would have been playful. I suppose subconsciously I was still thinking of the divinity of the Emperor rather as a hackneyed superstition than anything else. I had not stopped to reflect that if it was an article of real belief to Taka, it was not a thing to be flippant about.

And it was a serious thing to him, for there was more than apology, there was actual anguish in his posture. I suddenly realized that the obeisance was not for me: he had turned sideways as he knelt, and was facing in the direction of Palace Plaza.

I shut the door on the kowtowing figure, wondering whether I had had the last word, after all. Maybe it had been Taka's!

For there was only one explanation that would pass muster. He knew better than to believe he had, either knowingly or unknowingly, been guilty of disrespect to the Emperor. There, on the open highway, outside the Tartar wall and beyond the outer moat? No, it was that an act of his had caused me—had caused anyone—to *think* that he had! I knew next day I should dread to call for my carriage lest I be told he had done *hara-kiri* in the stables.

4

As I sat in my study, puzzling the thing out, I told myself that however much of the palace ceremonial may have been spoof, with the common people at least there was a great deal to be said for this "divine" business.

In the routine of the common schools, I knew, the Em-

peror's portrait was hung behind a curtain and unveiled with peculiar veneration on all special occasions, when the pupils bowed deeply before it. I had heard of a Kyoto schoolmaster who had committed suicide because, during a thunderstorm when the school was not in session, the rain had dripped through the roof and, though no fault of his, had spotted Emperor's Mutsuhito's photograph whose value was perhaps a dollar. And the schools, most certainly, were under close government supervision and direction.

There had been the case of the postage-stamp that had carried the Emperor's picture—until it was realized that the Imperial features were being sacrilegiously banged by the cancellation stamp. A fine row had been raised, with official reverberations I did not doubt. And there was that poor wretch of a farmer who had unwittingly given his baby son the Emperor's name (never having heard it, for the Emperor's "given" name is never spoken except by foreigners) and later drowned himself. Instances of the sort multiplied as I thought of them.

The Polynesians, according to the books, before the missionaries arrived, had the same tradition of heavenly descent. Their chiefs, one of whom in 1779 dined in old Hawaii on Captain Cook, claimed to be incarnate Gods. But they were savages, and that was over a hundred years ago. This was the Twentieth Century and the Japanese had had a high type of civilization for a millennium.

How had it come about in Japan that, what up to a century or two ago had been only a vague and diminishing legend, had modernly acquired the status of an official teaching and an avowed belief, alike among the school-

men and the common people? How had the legend acquired this authority?

It was not hard to understand the attitude of the official ruling classes. Ito had given them a system they had to preserve if they were to live themselves. The Emperor was the apex of that system, and the Sky-Descent its background and motivation. It had had to be accepted as a whole, and everybody, whatever his mental reservations (which the intelligent classes must necessarily have) was obliged to play the game. Even to the extent of pretending they expected us foreigners to believe it, too, thus reducing the formula to the terms of a government racket. I had held that opinion ever since my presentation ceremonial in the palace, and I knew it would be a permanency with me.

The unofficial intelligentsia, the university professors and higher-school teachers, to save their own skins, *had* to be good. It meant a discreet choice of lecture topics and a shying away from historical and philosophical pitfalls. An occasional "example" like the case of Professor Kumi would keep them in line.

But the acceptance of the doctrine by the common people—the unlearned peasantry who were in hand-touch neither with the official circles nor the cultured intelligentsia—that was harder to understand.

I had learned a part of the answer to that already, but I had not put two and two together. It fell into place now like a fragment of a jigsaw puzzle: the so-called *"Shinto* Revival."

5

I had been reading the story of that ferocious attempt (all too successful) to stamp out Buddhism, which had come from China *via* Korea and, for eight centuries, had entwined itself with the old native worship. The *Shinto* had accepted the new continental religion with little question, and the two systems had grown together till it was difficult to distinguish them.

This natural process of amalgamation had aroused the ire of a group of hoary scholars—fanatic lovers of the old legends—who, during the century preceding the Restoration, had preached the primeval system. Best known were the famous Motoöri and Hirata, each of whom had in large measure the complex of inferiority which has been responsible primarily for most of Japan's afflictions. They hated Buddhism because it was not Japanese.

The Japanese, said Motoöri, "not like the Chinese," were instinctively and naturally noble and virtuous. What doubt could there be that the Sun-Goddess was the Great Ancestress of the Emperors, and none other than the sun in the sky which illumined the world? And Hirata declared, "It is the fact of the Divine Descent that gives the Japanese their immeasurable superiority in courage and intelligence over other peoples." Surely no further argument was needed to oust Buddhism and set up the old Gods as the supreme and sole arbiters of the race!

It was a cogent contention that Japan should cast off the borrowed trappings and stand on her own feet. Before they passed, they had founded a school of so-called "Traditionalists" to which the old-fashioned fundamentalists naturally gravitated.

Here was a situation to Ito's liking. It might have been made for his plan to fix the composite mind of the masses upon the Emperor as the living symbol of their reverence and worship. He and the Sun-Goddess were the great figures of their legend-mass, which was the raiment of the *Shinto*. Its widespread revival and reinstallation would be a make-weight to the Constitution. So, the ceremony of accession, which is the Japanese enthronement, accomplished, Ito had put his vast prestige behind the movement.

The Traditionalists had greeted the government's new program with rapture. They had gone at it hammer and tongs, and, within a year, the *Shinto* Revival was an accomplished fact. Buddhism was summarily kicked out of the smaller Shrines it had held in charge, and the older Shrines of the *Shinto* were exalted.

Seven years later—in accordance with Bismarck's advice when Ito was making his studies in Europe for the Constitution—it was proclaimed the State system of worship, and the *Shinto* sheep were separated from the Buddhist goats in a so-called "purification" that blotted out an enormous number of artistically priceless monuments of Buddhist architecture. It was such an orgy as raised the Puritan revolt in England to the nth power. Buddhism lived through it, with head bloody but unbowed, by adopting the *Shinto* gods as avatars of Buddhist deities.

Ito had been a great planner. Here was a fresh breeze that blew into every Shrine and Temple (the words are used nowadays to differentiate the sacred edifices of *Shinto* and Buddhism), and touched every peasant in the archipelago. It revivified, in the minds of the people, the atrophied power of the Imperial House by stamping it

with the authority of the religious sanction provided in the legends. Hitler was fumbling for such a sanction when he invented his fatuous "Nordic Supremacy"; but the conceit had no stupendous weight of centuries behind it, and he hitched his Nazi wagon only to the trumpery half-gods of Valhalla, not to the High Deities of the Sky.

With the Revival the legends themselves had acquired a new value in the people's minds. They had become alive to this new generation as the Emperor was alive.

I did not wonder so much at Taka's serene confidence in Mutsuhito's divinity.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Fantasia of the High Gods

1

MY SPECULATION on the manner in which the idea of the race's celestial ancestry had bitten into the mental make-up of the Japanese pointed me inevitably to the "Sacred Scriptures" which embalm the bizarre doctrine of the Divine Descent. The most important of these were written in the first half of the Eighth Century, before the birth of King Alfred of England.

Altogether there are some score, only two of which have been wholly translated into a European tongue. I got all the translations procurable and had more made from the vernacular. I collated and assembled them into a coherent whole—something which, strangely enough, the Japanese themselves have never yet done—and from them built up the elaborate story they contain.

Here, *nuda veritas* (some of it very *nuda* indeed) and with due regard for accuracy of translation, is the story's skeleton.

2

In the beginning is only the primordial Chaos, but at length the Sky and Earth draw apart and Gods appear spontaneously in the Sky. The first is Mid-Sky-Master, who stands alone in the center of the universe-to-be. Other Gods appear, singly and in pairs, and eventually the first creative pair, He-Who-Invites and She-Who-Invites.

From the "Floating-Sky-Bridge," which modern folklorists would no doubt call the rainbow, they are commanded to thrust down a spear into the sea-brine, and the silt that drips from its point becomes the first island of the Japanese archipelago. They descend and live on it, making the spear the central pillar of their house.

They wish to be husband and wife, but do not know how this is to be brought about, till they see a water-wagtail beating its head and tail together; imitating it, they invent sexual intercourse. He suggests that they go round the house-pillar, he to the left and she to the right, till they meet, when they shall begin cohabitation. This they do but, upon meeting, she speaks, first, saying "O lovely youth!" He is displeased at her speaking first, and the result is a child which is a weakling. They procreate a boat (also a deity), and set him adrift in it.

Other island offspring they produce do not please them, and they ascend to the Sky for advice. They are bidden to go down and try again, this time with He-Who-Invites speaking first. Now the result is good, and they produce the Great-Eight-Islands, with the deities of food, wind, sea, rivers, mountains, trees and plants.

In bringing forth the Fire-God She-Who-Invites is burned and sickens, Gods being produced from her vomit, her faeces and her urine. She divinely dies and departs to the Under-World and he kills her child, from whose blood and body spring various deities.

Longing for her, he follows to the Under-World, but she refuses to return and forbids him to look upon her. He disobeys and sees that her body is festering and filled with maggots, and that eight Thunder-Gods are seated upon it. She is ashamed that he has seen her thus and,

when he flees, sends to pursue him the Thunder-Gods and the "Ugly-Females-of-the-Land-of-Night." He escapes the hags by throwing down his headdress and comb which become grapes and bamboo-shoots. While they stop to devour these, in urinating he produces a great river which further delays them The Thunder-Gods he puts to flight by hurling at them three Peach-Deities that grow by the wayside. His wife meanwhile joins in the pursuit, but he blocks the pass to the Upper-World with a rock, over which they divorce one another.

In the Upper-World he bathes, the garments and jewels he throws down, with his body-filth becoming deities. As he washes his right eye, the Moon-God is born and, from his left eye, Bright-Sky-Shiner, the Sun-Goddess; to her he gives his necklace, charging her with the rule of the Sky.

The Moon-God accompanies her there, but is sent to Earth to attend the female Food-Goddess. She offers him food from her mouth, her nose and her anus and, in anger, he kills her and hews her body to pieces. The ox, the horse, the silkworm and the mulberry-tree are born from the flesh of her torso, and various grains and legumes from her vagina and fundament. Angered at her murder, Great-Sky-Shiner sends him to rule the Sea.

As He-Who-Invites washes his nose, Brave-Swift-Impetuous-Male is born, and to him is given the rule of the Earth; but he weeps and wails, his wailing withering the mountains and drying up the rivers and, in loathing, He-Who-Invites gives him the rule of the Under-World, supplanting the Moon-God, of whom no more is heard. Before departing Brave-Swift-Impetuous-Male asks permission to bid farewell to his sister, Bright-Sky-Shiner, in

the Sky, and, having granted this, He-Who-Invites likewise vanishes from the story.

3

In the Sky Brave-Swift-Impetuous-Male gives free rein to his evil nature. He runs Bright-Sky-Shiner's rice-fields, persecuting her with malicious mischief, fouling her palace with his ordure. At the end he breaks a hole in the roof of her weaving-hall and throws through it a flayed piebald colt, at which outrage she shuts herself in the "Sky-Rock-Cave," so that both Sky and Earth, denied her refulgence, are darkened.

The assembled Gods entice her from it by exhibiting to her a Mirror, forged for the purpose, while one of them, Sky-Frightening-Female, dances lewd dances before it, with indecent exposure that causes all the Gods great merriment. Dancing, she gives forth "a divine utterance," which is, "One—two—three—four—five—six — seven — eight — nine — ten — hundred — thousand—myriad" (believed to be the origin of the names of the digits). Brave-Swift-Impetuous-Male is fined and punished, his hair and beard cut off, his fingernails and toenails pulled out, and he is driven from the Sky.

It being the rainy season on Earth and the Earth-Gods refusing to shelter him, he reascends to the Sky, where, thinking he has come to take from her her Realm, Bright-Sky-Shiner arms herself. To prove his good intentions he proposes a test in child-bearing. He will produce offspring: if they are females, it will be a sign that his heart is black; if males, that it is red. Pursuant to the agreement, he crunches her jewels with his teeth and blows the fragments away and, from the mist of his

breath, five male Gods are born. He then departs downward, with his son, to Earth, enroute to the Under-World.

On the Earth, he plucks out his hairs and scatters them, those from his beard and eyebrows becoming camphor trees and cryptomeria for shipbuilding, those from his breast firs for building Shrines, and those from his buttocks black pines for making coffins. He encounters a monstrous Eight-Forked Serpent, who is scheduled to devour a maiden, daughter of the Mountain-God.

It is a fearsome beast, by the latter's description: "Its eyes are red as the winter cherry, its body is eight-headed and eight-tailed, rock-firs grow on its heads, on each of its sides is a mountain, and on its back grow moss, pine-trees and cryptomeria. Its length, as it crawls, trails over eight valleys and eight hills, and its belly is bloody and fomented." Brave-Swift-Impetuous-Male, however, is not dismayed. He makes the creature's eight heads drunk with *saké* and kills it, finding in its tail a sword which he sends to the Sky, and takes the girl to wife.

As a final feat, before descending to the Under-World, judging the land to be too meager a heritage for his son, he tows across the sea-strait portions of the adjacent Korean coast, which he cuts off with a spade, and sews them to it. From his marriage, the descendant in the sixth generation is the Earth-God, Great-Land-Master.

4

Great-Land-Master is persecuted by his eighty brothers, whom he has outdistanced in a love-affair by the aid of a hare. A crocodile has tricked the latter into the loss of its fur which he helps it regain. (The character here and

elsewhere rendered "crocodile" some scholars translate "shark," but the older commentators are a unit for the saurian.) Plotting his murder, the eighty heat a great boulder red-hot and roll it down a mountain, and when he seizes it, taking it for a boar, he is burned to death. Moved by his mother's tears, one of the primal Gods sends his daughters, the Cockle-Deity and the Clam-Deity, who annoint him with a milky trituration which restores him to life.

The eighty then fell a huge tree, split it with a wedge and make him stand in the cleft, when they withdraw the wedge and thus kill him again. His mother a second time restores him, and to escape them he flees to the palace of Brave-Swift-Impetuous-Male, his great-great-great-great-grandfather, in the Under-World.

Brave-Swift-Impetuous-Male is not at once pleased with him. He sets snakes, centipedes and wasps upon him and lastly sends him into a grass moor to find a lost arrow and fires the moor on all sides. His victim is protected from the snakes and insects by Princess-Forward, his host's daughter, who has fallen in love with him at first sight, and is rescued from the fire by a speaking-rat, which also finds the lost arrow while its ratlings bring him its feathers.

Brave-Swift-Impetuous-Male, now thinking better of his visitor, seats him by his side in the palace and makes him pick the lice from his head, which harbors also many centipedes. Princess-Forward slips him aphananth-berries and red-earth, telling him to chew and spit them out while at his task, and Great-Land-Master, thinking he is thus entreating the centipedes, "feels fondness for him in his heart" and falls asleep.

While he sleeps Great-Land-Master ties his feet and hair to the rafters of the palace, takes Brave-Swift-Impetuous-Male's weapons and lute, and flees, with Princess-Forward on his back. Unluckily, the lute strikes against a tree and the sound wakes Brave-Swift-Impetuous-Male who starts up, pulling down the palace in freeing his hair from the rafters; but his pursuit is too late, and Great-Land-Master makes his escape to the Earth.

With the stolen sword and bow, he vanquishes his eighty evil brothers and assumes the rule of the land. In its establishment he is assisted by a midget-deity dressed in white wren's-skin who comes to him in a boat made of a grape-skin and who, when Great-Land-Master sets him on his palm, leaps up and bites him in the cheek. The Scare-Crow-God declares the manikin to be a vagabond child of one of the primal deities.

Great-Land-Master and the midget-deity labor long together in organizing the land, taking from the rocks, trees and grass the power of speech, and inventing disease-healing charms and hot-spring bathing. On one occasion they dispute whether it is easier to walk a long distance carrying a load of clay or to do so without evacuating. The Midget-God wins the wager. In the end, he climbs a millet-stalk, gets snapped off, and thereafter cannot be found.

5

Meanwhile, in the Sky, Bright-Sky-Shiner, the Sun-Goddess—wishful that her progeny shall rule the Earth —sends her son downward to reconnoiter. From the "Floating-Sky-Bridge" he hears a clamor as of evil Gods and returns to her, reporting the Earth "a tumble-

down land, hideous to look upon." She calls all the Sky-Gods to divine assembly, and it is decided to send down the most heroic of them all. The choice falls on one of the five who had been born from her jewels when her dissolute brother, Brave-Swift-Impetuous-Male, "crunched" them But he, currying favor with Great-Land-Master, sends back no word for three years, and his son, sent after him, does likewise. Prince-Sky-Young, who is next sent, marries another daughter of Great-Land-Master and stays, planning to be ruler himself.

Next are sent the Cock-Pheasant and the Dove, who remain to eat the grain, and after them the Hen-Pheasant, whom Prince-Sky-Young shoots dead. The bloodied arrow pierces the Sky, where the primal deity puts a curse on it and flings it back through the hole it has made. It kills Prince-Sky-Young, whose wife and children bring the corpse to the Sky, where the Goose, Heron, Crow, Sparrow, Wren, Pheasant, King-Fisher and Fish-Hawk hold the funeral.

The two Gods who are lastly dispatched are the son of the Sword with which He-Who-Invites had killed the Fire-God, and the boat in which the first Creative Pair had set adrift their first weakling child The pair descend to Earth, to the beach of Great-Land-Master, and setting their swords hilt-down on a wave-crest and squatting on their points, demand in Bright-Sky-Shiner's name that he abdicate in favor of her son. He at first refuses, but agrees when promised that he shall be made Master-of-Worship. A Palace is built for him and the envoys return to the Sky and report.

Great-Sky-Shiner commands her son (the first of the five Gods born of her jewels in their teeth-crunching by

her vicious brother) to descend to assume the rule of the Earth. He, however, has a son of his own, whose stupendous name is Prince-Sky-Plenty-Earth-Plenty-High-as-Sky's-Sun-Fire-Ruddy-Plenty, and he suggests that the son be sent in his stead.

The celestial foray at last prepared, Ruddy-Plenty, the Divine Grandchild, descends with a vast retinue of eight hundred deities, Great-Sky-Shiner investing him on his departure with the Mirror with which she had been enticed from the Rock-Cave, the Sword which had been found in the tail of the Great Serpent, and the necklace which He-Who-Invites had given her at her birth, as emblems of his rule. She bids him regard the Mirror as her own spirit, promising him that the reign of his line shall be everlasting.

Between Sky and Earth an advance scout reports that there is on the road a stranger-God with a long nose, flaming mouth and posterior, and eyeballs like mirrors. As no other dare face the danger, Sky-Frightening-Female (she who had danced lewdly before the Rock-Cave to entice Bright-Sky-Shiner from it) confronts him, "baring her nipples and pushing her trouser-band below her navel." He proves to be only an Earth-God come to serve as the Sky-cavalcade's guide and, thus reassured, the Ancestral-Grandchild, "opening the road with a sacred road-opening," descends upon a mountain peak in the southern island of Kyushu.

6

Ruddy-Plenty weds the daughter of the Mountain-God, who gives birth to triplets. As he has slept with her but one night he doubts his paternity and, angered, she

builds a doorless hall, enters it with them and sets it afire, saying "If these are not thy offspring let them perish!" But in the midst of the fire they spring out, announcing themselves as his children, and he makes apology to her.

One of these sons, Fire-Glow, is a fisherman and another, Fire-Fade, a hunter. Having poor luck they exchange weapons, and Fire-Fade, fishing, loses his brother's fish-hook. Weeping on the sea-shore for the other's rage, he meets a sea-deity, who lowers him into the sea in a basket. On the sea-bottom he comes upon a palace built of fish-scales. It is the abode of the Sea-God (whether this is the Moon-God who was earlier sent to rule the Sea-Realm is not made clear), who gives him his daughter to wife and, hearing his story, calls together all the fishes, and the lost hook is found in the mouth of the sea-bream.

Soon, Fire-Fade grows homesick for the land, and the Sea-God sends him there on the back of a crocodile, bidding him spit three times and throw his brother the hook with his hands behind his back, while pronouncing a curse which he teaches him. He gives him also two jewels of Tide-Flow and Tide-Ebb. On the land Fire-Fade impoverishes his brother by means of the curse and, when the other attacks him, he throws down the jewel of Tide-Flow and the sea overwhelms him. Fire-Glow flees to a mountain and climbs a tree on its summit, but the tide submerges it. With the jewel of Tide-Ebb, Fire-Fade causes the waters to recede and gives the other his life on condition that he become his slave.

Fire-Fade's wife of the Sea-Realm, when about to bear his child, comes to land tortoise-back, and enters the "bringing-forth-house," thatched with cormorant-feath-

ers, which he has built for her. She forbids him to look at her while she is in labor; he disobeys and, peeping in, is aghast to see her writhing about on her belly in the form of a crocodile Outraged at his disobedience, she abandons her boy-babe on the sea-shore, and returns to the Sea-Realm.

She sends back her younger sister to be the child's nurse. The boy, in time, takes her (his maternal aunt) to wife, and from the pair is born, by Japanese chronology in the Seventh Century B.C., Young-Three-Hairs Moor, the first Earthly Emperor, known today by his posthumous name, given him a thousand years after his death, of Jimmu-*Tenno.*

The rest of the story concerns itself with his conquest of the Realm of Great Japan, and its organization by his Imperial Line.

This legendary *pot-pourri,* which shows traces of every world-wide system of worship known to primitive man—the Cults of the Phallus, of Fire and the Sun, adoration of the Sword, Ancestor-Worship and a dozen others—is the recorded story of the *Shinto.* It is the ultimate authority for Japan's present egregious and bombastic pose before the modern world of social and scientific achievement. Through all the woven story with its unapproachable strangeness, runs that stripe of preposterous tinsel, the Doctrine of the Divine Descent, the primeval fable of the God-Man, which she has set out to make the unique imposture of dynastic history.

But shade of Cock-Robin! The sexy tutelary wagtail—the divine indecencies of the tub-dancing "Sky-Frightening-Female"—the saké-bibbing Eight-Headed Serpent with the sword in its tail—the Guide-God of the flaming

posterior—the Speaking-Rat—the Hare-and-the-Crocodile—the Midget-God in his grape-skin boat—the Earth-God with the lice and centipedes in his hair! Are these the inspired record of the High Gods' revelations to Man? Or a farrago of fantastic, repulsive inventions of an age and people not yet emerged from the darkness of primitive barbarism?

CHAPTER EIGHT

Deity in the Making

1

THE STUDENT of mythology will observe at the outset that, the sun being the great center of this system, the Jimmu-*Tenno* of the Scriptures and his predecessors of the same stock, with their semi-neolithic followers, were of a sun-worshipping folk who brought their religion and its stories with them when they invaded the archipelago. For all peoples in their origin have had the sun-cult, and each began its deity-stories with a version of the solar-myth, the re-welcoming of the springtime sun after the darkness of the winter. Here it is the enticing of Bright-Sky-Shiner from her cavern. Because it reflects light, the mirror has been a sun-symbol with many races, including the Persians, the Mexicans, and even the Peruvians in the time of the Conquistadores.

In all likelihood the student will proceed to the assumption that the empyrean of the legends was a sun-worshipping country of the Asiatic mainland, and the recreant Gods, sent from the Sky to spy out the land for Great-Sky-Shiner's Grandson, Envoys from that previous base, the earliest of whom were seduced by the local chieftains. These things are the A.B.C. of the trained mythologist. One's natural conclusion is that if the Japanese, in this day and age of the world, still treasure this hodge-podge of God-fictions as a noble theogony and cosmogony then, in spite of their material progress, they have not made great improvement in mental or moral processes.

My friend Captain Brinkley (an old-time British sea-dog who, in his younger years cast anchor in Japan for good, married an estimable Japanese lady and became the editor of the then foremost English-language newspaper) told me that, in his opinion, the masses were as familiar with these grotesque concoctions as the great bulk of the Anglo-Saxon people were with the tales of the Old Testament. I had not made many excursions throughout the countryside before I agreed with him.

Not that the peasants or any other class except the literati could read the Scriptures, which are in the archaic dialect and character, interspersed with Chinese, and as incomprehensible to them as the Sanskrit *Vedas* to the unlearned Indian peasant. But the race is by nature imaginative and legend-loving, and the rice-farmer and his wife are as fond of ceremonial and as avid of wonders as our children at the fairy-tale age. Shut in from the rest of the world through so many centuries, when literacy was at a low ebb even in Europe, they came to make much of their indigenous legends, and the main myth-stories have become woven with the fabric of their lives, as our Bible stories are with the lives of the fundamentalist mountaineers in certain sections of our South.

The Sun, as the great centre of their myth, receives special attention. In almost any country village, at sunrise on New Year's day, one could see groups of peasants bowing to it with ceremonial handclapping. According to my translator, they called it the "Honorable Sky-Path-Person" or "Day-Wheel-Person." He insisted that it was not worship, yet the hand-clapping was precisely what I had seen at the Shrines before the images of the Gods.

2

At the theatre I had seen several of the major episodes of the Scriptures put on with elaborate settings, and great attention to detail, and others acted out in the grotesquely beautiful posture-dances called the *No*—one of them sandwiched between an Ibsen tragedy and a Viennese comic-opera—and, once I was familiar with the writings, I ran across reminders of others in pictures and carvings in the shops which showed that the townspeople, the tradesmen and artificer classes, knew them.

I found a dozen or more of them, also, in juvenile versions, in a vernacular collection whose title might be rendered *Old-Time Tales for Little Folks,* and the bookshelves of every embassy and legation in Tokyo which boasted youngsters held another batch (translated into English by Madam Yui Ozaki, wife of Tokyo's Mayor) tricked out in the swaddling-clothes of nursery stories, as in America one sees the Tower of Babel, the Crossing of the Red Sea, and Joseph and His Brethren, told for the tots of Christendom in words of one syllable.

The countryside folklore is heavily tinctured with the myth-fragments. The "Floating-Sky-Bridge", on which the primal creative pair stood when they thrust down their jewelled spear and stirred the sea-brine "till it was all *kowóro-kowóro*" to form the first island of the archipelago, fallen now to earth, is a great stony cape which your native guide will show you in Tango Province. Women in labor go to pray at a rock sacred to the wagtail which lessoned the pair in the art of love, and newlyweds on the third night of cohabitation offer them a sacrifice of sugared cakes. The weakling-God this primitive Adam

and Eve set adrift on the sea is the much besought patron deity of Japanese fishermen.

At the *Shinto* Shrine at Kizuki, in Izumo Province, you can see today the *miko* (female temple-dancers), who practice auto-hypnosis, do the ribald dance of Sky-Frightening-Female on her upturned tub, which helped to entice the Sun-Goddess, Bright-Sky-Shiner, from her cavern (in justice one should add that they omit its orginal bawdy features), and hear them chant her inspired utterance, "One—two—three—four—five—" before the kneeling worshippers. And at the nearest crossroad, you will see an image of the long-nosed deity with the refulgent posterior who guided the Sky-Ancestor in his descent to Earth, and to whom the countryside hiker prays for a safe journey.

The adventures of Great-Land-Master and his wife, Princess-Forward, are the stock-in-trade of every village. Japanese lovers carry the couple's written names on their persons as a charm. If you visit Miyonoseki, you may wonder why the skipper of the puffy little steamer from Matsué will not let you aboard till you throw away the boiled eggs in your lunch-basket, and asks you narrowly if you have eaten any eggs that day. It is because Great-Land-Master's son had a light o'love there whom he visited every night, but had to leave at daybreak. The roosters used to wake him then but, one night, one made a mistake and crowed too early. In the haste of his departure he forgot his oars and, using his hands instead, had them bitten by a crocodile. You will find no eggs for sale in the place, nor roosters either.

3

The Scriptures' list of deities who came from the Sky with the Divine Grandchild show that the tribal groups, before their departure from their homelands, had developed into Clans. During Jimmu-*Tenno's* conquering progress from southern Kyushu through the Great Island, Honshu, the Imperial and the Military Clans seem to have been practically identical. He was not only the Big Mascot of all the Clans, but the Great-What-Ho of the Military as well. He led the troops in person, battle-club in hand. In succeeding centuries, however, as the Emperor exercised the military function of his rank and office more feebly, concentrating on administration, the Military Clan became more independent and more powerful.

The God-legends, being a glorification of the Emperor, were always the especial property of the Imperial Clan, that is the Court circle. The Scriptures themselves show that the Court maintained a guild of "Reciters" whose function was to relate them on ceremonial occasions. When the art of writing came, the Imperial Family would be interested in having them recorded, and the more sacred they made the Line the better. It was an Emperor who, in the late Seventh Century, ordered the first of the Scriptures written. Writing must have been a painfully laborious task for, short as it is, it took ninety-three years to finish it!

The later narrative, when the age of miracles and prodigy had given place to stodgier all-human records, we shall find in written history. Not the history of Japanese writers—that bears little likeness to the serious and

documented studies of foreign scholars, Satow, Aston, Munro, Sansom, Murdoch—these, with no axe to grind, patriotic or otherwise, tell the true story. It is that of one military chieftain after another, though ostensibly operating under commission as "Barbarian-Quelling-Generalissimo," usurping more and more of the Imperial power till he is not only his own master but the Emperor's as well. It is not the story of a divinely founded nation developing in glory and righteousness, but of an unending dog-eat-dog struggle between Clans for the temporal mastery, with the Imperial Clan, what was left of it, as makeweight.

The chief of the Clan that came to the top called himself Shogun, and chose to control the Imperial Family rather than stamp it out. He made his daughters Imperial consorts, and his descendants were of the Blood and on occasion became Emperors themselves.

The world of the Shogunal Government was a busy world, elaborate in its organization and sharpened by intrigue Fighting was its trade, and civil war its habit. The era of the Ashikaga Shoguns, in the Sixteenth Century, was probably, for numbers involved, the bloodiest period any nation has ever known.

The machine, in all its ramifications, cared very little about the ancestral system of *Shinto,* with its innumerable deities and myriad Shrines. And it cared less, if possible, about the Emperor. *There is a legend to the effect that one of the Ashikaga factotums suggested that, as a flesh-and-blood Emperor was never seen by anyone and did nothing but eat, it would be cheaper to have a wooden one.*

But it did not come to that. He was a political pawn

and even pawns, in politics as in chess, may be useful. The less seen by the masses, the more sacred they would consider him, and the more sacred the better asset for the Shogunal Government. As for the *Shinto,* let it be his plaything. If the people set store by it and if thereby, as its head, he held a vague religious authority over them, well and good. The government had him in its pocket and could invoke the authority if and when it was needed.

Under these conditions the Emperor soon came to have neither power nor personal liberty. He was a slave, plodding the treadmill of official and religious ceremonial, impotent and sealed in a seclusion that grew more rigid every century.

In the aloof atmosphere of the Imperial Palace, however, in which it was encased, like a fly in amber, the *Shinto* was another thing. It was the centre and motif of its life.

4

From the Tenth Century on, the Court meant nothing to the real life of the people. Murasaki Shikibu, the favorite of the Empress of her time and author of the *Tale of Genji,* Japan's first and greatest novel, written in that century, describes the Empress' Ladies-in-Waiting as "like children who have never grown up." She calls the scholars and professors, who blinded themselves studying the ancient texts, self-important and censorious, squabbling endlessly over details of ceremonial, and has them talk in a jargon of half-Japanese and half-Chinese. (One can see how the modern Court dialect came to be the present fearsome complex of honorifics, archaic phrases

and courtly circumlocutions, quite different from the ordinary speech.)

Allusions to the Scripture legends seem to have been constant in their ordinary conversation. For example, her hero, greeting the Emperor after a long absence, says, "For as long as the Divine Leech-Baby drifted on the sea I have been drifting." And the Emperor replies, "Let us forget how long we have been running around the palace-pillar now that we are together once more."

By the Fifteenth Century, the Emperors, so far as the masses were concerned, were almost legends themselves. They lived on a miserly stipend hardly enough to keep body and soul together—a sufficient commentary on the government's view of their divinity. At the century's close, the corpse of the then Emperor lay unburied for forty days, lacking the money for the funeral ceremonies, and his successor had to postpone his elevation for twenty years for a like reason.

Two hundred years more and China, as recorded official communications show, had even forgotten that Japan had one. Europe had not found it out yet: Kaempfer, the Seventeenth Century German physician and traveler in Japan, inquisitive as a monkey about everything that had to do with the country, wrote that the so-called Emperor was a kind of Japanese Pope, and that the Shogun was the real secular monarch. Which was pretty near the truth.

Revolving about the secluded Emperor and Empress and the Princes and Princesses of the Blood, the nobles and their high-born ladies dawdled away their lives with etiquette, poetry-making, "incense-guessing" and anaemic flirtations. Their only serious preoccupation was the

endless round of *Shinto* fetes and ceremonials associated with the sacred myths.

The Mirror, Sword and Necklace that had been sent to earth by Great-Sky-Shiner with the Ancestral Grandson, were in the Imperial keeping: the Sword in the Family-Shrine of the palace; the Necklace in a special room adjoining the Imperial bed-chamber; and the Mirror, the Goddess' personal symbol, wherein her spirit is believed to reside, in the Great Shrine at Isé, which was an appanage of the Imperial House and served by Imperial Princesses.

These three heirlooms are known as the "Three Great Treasures" and their possession is held to be the prime act of the assumption of the Rule. Article X of the Imperial Court Law, promulgated with Ito's Constitution, declares, "Upon the demise of the Emperor, the Imperial Heir shall ascend the Throne and shall acquire the Divine Treasures of the Imperial Ancestor." A peculiar sanctity was attached to them, which the Shogunal Government, in accordance with its policy of giving an outward show of reverence to the puppet Emperor, preserved.

History records that in the Fourteenth Century the Emperor Go-Daigo, in a rare instance of revolt, tried to kill the dissolute hereditary Regent (in a period when the Shogunate had sequestered the Shogun and set up a Regency) and was exiled to an island. From this he escaped, as did Napoleon from Elba, and raised an army, but was worsted and fled. The Regent declared him abdicated and enthroned another Prince in his stead. Go-Daigo, however, had been canny enough to make off with the Three Great Treasures and, as a result, Japan for sixty

years had two Emperors, a Northern and a Southern Dynasty. When the matter was compromised it was Go-Daigo's southern line—the holder of the Treasures—which was declared legitimate, the northern Emperor adopting the southern as his "abdicated father."

The two "Great Scriptures," both compiled by Imperial command, the heart of which was the Sky-Descent, were also Imperial property. The Court's priesthood had sole charge of the Rubrics, the formulas for Health and Harvest, the Grand Incantations and Liturgies and, in these, the Emperor's Divine Nature and Origin were never lost sight of. He was "The Sovereign Grandchild, Who in the Sky-Sun-Succession Rules the Under-Sky, to Which He Descended." One of the Eighth Century Emperors in a Rescript refers to himself as "The Sovereign Who is a Manifest God," a phrase dug up a generation ago and put to good use ever since. When Buddhism came in the Twelfth Century, the problem it brought was disposed of by another convenient revelation to the Isé Shrine, declaring that Buddha and the Emperor were of equal divinity and authority.

The Eighteenth Century found the Imperial Family, under the Tokugawa Shoguns, living in the Kyoto Palace in such wretched poverty that one Emperor filled his rice-bowl by selling his autograph, and his Court were counted such small potatoes that they lived literally from hand to mouth on the niggardly pension of a second-class lord.

When Ito came to Kyoto for the Imperial scion who was to receive the Great Dignity (Japan, though it had adopted almost everything else from China, had never had a Throne), he had found the dour and cantankerous

Komei-*Tenno* dead, allegedly from smallpox—so sudden and unexpected had been his taking off that there was a suspicion that it had been pre-arranged by the reluctant Princes—and the young Mutsuhito became Emperor in his stead.

A stripling steeped in the puerile theogony of the Sacred Writings, who paid daily worship to the first of the five deity-sons born in the Sky from the teeth-crunched fragments of Bright-Sky-Shiner's divine necklace, and before whom at the Imperial table the fish we call sea-bream was never set, because, in the Sea-Realm some thousands of years before, the sea-bream stole his ancestor's, the God Fire-Fade's, fish-hook!

But he was "divine," which was what Ito had needed for his plan.

CHAPTER NINE

The West in the Dog-House

1

1910 FOUND me shifted to St. Petersburg (Leningrad) as First Secretary.

The Japanese victory in the war had been as bitter for Russia to swallow as bear's gall. In the official circles of the Court and the Foreign Office it seemed to be counted only a question of time when Russia would settle her score finally with the revolutionaries and roll eastward, over Japan's Manchurian pretensions, to the Pacific, which would be the end of her forever as a great Power. Meanwhile there was a good deal of curiosity as to her activities and a lively hope that it would not be long before Japanese and American interests would be in serious conflict.

After we had gone the rounds of the dinners given to new arrivals we gave some of our own, at the first of which the Japanese Ambassador, Baron Motono, was the honor-guest.

On the eve of my departure from Tokyo young Nevile Henderson (years later to be British Ambassador to Germany, and to give the world the story of that last straining year of Britain's hopeless jockeying with Hitler, in his *The Failure of a Mission*) had arrived from St. Petersburg as Second Secretary of the British Embassy, and we had talked of Motono. He said he thought the Baron had been given the Ambassadorship because Japan wanted a man there who would make himself liked to offset the

bitterness caused by Russia's defeat. Motono played good bridge and only bought the blue chips at poker; he was a lavish entertainer and had amateur photography for a hobby. Half the society women of the Capital had his flattering pictures of themselves and naturally he was popular at the Yacht Club. Henderson counted him about the cleverest diplomat of the lot.

He was an observing person, too, as I discovered the day after the dinner, when his private secretary called on me. After we had passed the time of day he said, without preamble, "I came to ask you something Last night at your dinner, my Chief noted the plates on which the ice cream was served. He would like to know where you got them."

The plates in question were of exquisite porcelain, in the shape of the *Teikoku-Mon* (Imperial-Crest). The *mon* in Japan plays the role of the western coat-of-arms. This one, a conventionalized, full-blown chrysanthemum of sixteen petals (eight is the Japanese sacred number) is the Imperial emblem, appearing only on Imperial property, such as the custom-house, the Imperial flag, and on some postage-stamps. The chrysanthemum of fifteen or seventeen petals has no significance, but the sixteen-petalled one is hallowed. Foreign books that hold its printed reproduction are banned and confiscated wherever found. It may not be used for any private purpose. During my early years in the country one could occasionally find a plate or bowl of the forbidden pattern in the antique shops: the Tokyo policemen used to carry little iron maces, shaped like the finger-sized jerkin we call a black-jack, to smash any such they saw on sale. Now they were rare and treasured accordingly by foreigners.

Those plates of mine, brought out only on very special occasions (I had used them the night before, in fact, in compliment to Motono) were a perfect unbroken double-set of sixteen, from a famous Kago kiln, baked early in the Bunkwa Era, about the date of the American Revolution, with the glaze sprinkled with tiny chrysanthemums also of sixteen petals. The set, I knew, had originally been presented by an Imperial Prince to a retainer, in whose family line they had been handed down, to come at last to me.

If my caller had said, "My Ambassador last night was much interested in your ice cream plates—which of course you know are not ordinary ones—and he hopes you will forgive his rudeness if he asks by what good chance you come to be their fortunate owner," that would have been quite in the Japanese way, and quite all right by me. But the hidden spring—the sacredness of the Imperial Line and all that pertained to it—had been pressed, and to save his life he could not get the touch of arrogance off his tongue.

"Where I got them?" I answered. "I got them in Tokyo, years ago."

"Yes, to be sure. But what Baron Motono wants to know is from whom you bought them."

"If the thought that they were an object of barter gives His Excellency pain," I said, "I am glad to relieve it. I did not buy them. They were a gift to me from an aged Japanese nobleman, now dead, in quite undeserved return for a favor I was happily able to do him in a time of difficulty."

Which, at least from the Japanese standpoint, was sufficiently within the truth. My favor may have been of a

monetary character, and favor and return may have been merged in a single operation, but I felt no obligation to go into details.

As the newest diplomatic arrival I had plenty of questions from the Russian side to answer. First and last I must have spent literally weeks of time discussing Japan with everyone, from the Prime Minister down to my *chasseur* (the epauletted seneschal who sports a cocked-hat and a sword and who diplomatic custom in St. Petersburg dictated must sit beside your driver for God knows what purpose), and only one man mentioned what had intrigued me most in my years in Tokyo: the *soi-disant* divinity of the Emperors. That was Stolypin, the unfortunate Home Minister so soon to be assassinated in the Opera House at Kiev. It was he who observed tolerantly that it was not to be wondered at if the ignorant Japanese peasants looked upon the Mikado as more than a mere man, when not so many generations ago the Russian *moujik* thought the "Little White Father" could perform miracles.

When I had my audience with the Dowager Tzarina, she asked me point-blank if I liked the Japanese, but instantly said, "No, you needn't answer that." She went on to say, "Of course *I* could not be expected to like the country where my son was so nearly murdered." I remembered then that the Tzar, when he visited Japan as Tzarevitch, had been attacked and wounded by a sabre-cut at the hands of a crazy student. She added that the only thing she liked about the Japanese was some of their porcelains.

I remarked that I had noticed two very fine Satsuma vases standing in the corridor as I came in.

She made a grimace at that, then laughed. "Oh, those!" she said. "They were sent me by the Japanese Empress years ago, after that happened. They've been kept of late behind a screen. I can't see why it has been taken away today!"

2

After two years of St. Petersburg with its Arctic winters and the white nights of its summers, Rome was a welcome change. It was peaceful and somnolent enough in those days. For Mussolini of the Napoleon-complex and gibbous chin had not yet arrived to restore the ancient Empire of the Caesars. He was referred to as a new-fangled socialist in Milan who had been jailed twice, once for stabbing, and was the editor of the *Avanti,* a truckling and venomous little sheet which all the embassies read, but did not display in their reading-rooms.

I got no comfort from the accounts of colleagues whom diplomatic transfers brought from Tokyo. The arrogance was rising there. It was not as pleasant a post as it used to be. A number of my old friends had dropped out of official life, and retired to their country estates. The clippings that came in my letters showed that the tone of the Japanese press, in its comment on United States affairs, was becoming habitually carping. One letter reported that the American Club, which had been the cheerful afternoon-cocktail resort of fifty Japanese whom I knew and liked, had perceptibly declined in popularity. Another even told me that baseball (which Tojo last year, in 1945, called "a sport of the decadent Democracies") was not played as much as formerly.

One of my acquaintances, knowing my interest in the

old legends, had sent me from Tokyo the newly edited vernacular readers for the primary and secondary schools. There they were, all my old friends: the Eight-Headed-Serpent with the Sword in its tail, the Cross-Sword that was sent down from the Sky to Jimmu-*Tenno,* the first of the Earthly Emperors, and the rest, nicely bowdlerized for the children. But now they had acquired an edifying moral element. They had become smug little preachments. The diverting adventure of the Hare with the Crocodile who tricked it out of its fur coat had become a sermon on rectitude: it taught the beauty of gratitude, generosity, loyalty in friendship. The story of the first creative pair and the obliging water-wagtail had not been forgotten. That they had created the Earth from a sexual embrace showed that the Gods' relation to mankind was that of parents to their children. In the mass, the new versions were nicely calculated to show that in their most dubious ups and downs in the dim ages of the world the deities of the race were epitomes of all the cardinal virtues.

The slaughter of the Serpent had been pictured on Japan's paper currency ever since the Restoration, and was engraved on an issue of banknotes, but I had fancied it used merely for decorative value, as I would have thought of a British bond-issue depicting St. George slaying the Dragon. But the latter would not have suggested that England's nobility was still in the mental grade of the knights of Arthur's Round Table. And British text books did not use Dick Whittington and his Cat as a basis of moral teachings for the schoolboy.

The Counsellor of the Japanese Embassy called on me, one day in Rome, when one of the school-readers was

lying on my table. His eye took in the title and he said, "You have served in Tokyo. Naturally you are interested in our educational method. What do you think of our new series?"

I answered that I found that particular volume most entertaining in its use of the early God-legends.

I had "fables" on the tip of my tongue. But he plainly did not care for the word I had used, either. "We Japanese," he said, "look on them as symbolic of certain episodes of our national history."

"Westerners must seem to you pretty case-hardened, I am afraid," I told him. "Our commentators are apt to find realistic explanations of folk-lore. I remember one writer thought your Eight-Headed Serpent may have symbolized a river with eight delta-outlets, like our Mississippi or the Indian Ganges, and the sword in its tail the discovery of a deposit of iron-ore at its source."

"A western writer, no doubt," he said. "But the Occident cannot comprehend the deep meaning of our sacred writings. They are to be understood only by us Japanese."

3

When I was returned to Tokyo at the outbreak of World War I, in 1914, I found a different atmosphere from that of the old days.

The palace did not house Mutsuhito now. He had died two years before. He was the God Meiji, and a gigantic Shrine was being designed for his soul to dwell in on the city's edge. Yoshihito, the one-time Crown Prince, had taken his place, middle-aged, slender, more vacant of expression, but just as divine.

As Emperor, one fancied he must at times find life irksome. While he was Crown Prince, his Chamberlains had been hard put at the races to keep him to the red carpet-strip, his habit of walking off it onto the gravel, in an ungodlike manner, keeping them in a dither. Racing days were over for him now. Wherever he went the bowings and genuflections surrounded him, a massed and shifting cincture of reverential backs. At the military reviews Prince Saionji, who preceded him, walked bent into a perfect bow, supposedly unable to bear the effulgent light of his countenance.

The New Year Court was more icily formal than in Meiji's time. There were no more resplendent Genroku costumes. The old-fashioned wives, if there were any left, were not in evidence. Only western dress and the ubiquitous uniform were to be seen. Yoshihito with his mask-like face, and his Empress with cheeks blanched with rice-powder and eyes like black diamonds—a great beauty by Japanese standards—went through the motions perfectly, if more lifelessly than Meiji and his consort, for complete lack of expression was now *de rigueur*. Mutsuhito had been alive.

After the file-past, in the buffet-room one exchanged the usual conversational trivialities with the rest. I found myself beside the engaging and circumspect daughter of the Japanese Ambassador at Rome, at home on leave, and caught up with the recent news of our colleagues on the Tiber. She asked me demurely whether I noticed much change in the Tokyo I had known in my earlier service. I said I did, particularly in Their Majesties, for the present Emperor had then been a young man. She turned the subject immediately.

What I would have liked to say was, "My dear lady, you are a woman of the world. You know Washington, and Paris and Rome. Down deep in your sweet little sophisticated Japanese soul you don't really believe the man you curtsied to on the dais in the Throne Room is a *God,* do you, now?" But of course I said something quite different. If I had asked her husband, standing nearby in his cordon and glittering decorations, he would probably have replied, "We Japanese never discuss His Majesty, you know." Or, "You are a foreigner, and foreigners do not understand the Japanese point-of-view."

Evidently, even at Court, the Emperor was no longer a subject of casual conversation. And that was true everywhere else, too. The old days when, in conversation with Japanese one might refer casually to him, as in London one spoke of the King, were most emphatically gone. Even my Japanese translator and secretary markedly avoided any reference to Yoshihito and when, in the course of the Embassy's work, it was necessary to speak of him, did so with manifest reluctance. It was almost like a *tabu.*

In Mutsuhito's time, a Japanese friend of long standing, once in speaking of him had told me that he was tremendously fond of pickled *daikon* (the giant radish which, in the process of cooking, smells singularly like a charnel-house, but properly prepared is a ravishing delectation). Recalling that incident now, I could hardly believe it had happened. One could not imagine any Japanese, high or low, even *in camera,* investing Yoshihito with innards and an appetite!

Socially the different attitude toward America was unmistakable. With the official rank-and-file, it was not

apparent: they could not be criticized for consorting with the Americans. And there were a certain number who had no political associations and perhaps looked to see the anti-foreign wave subside in time My wife and I felt it most in the subtle withdrawal of those with whom liking and intimacy on both sides had made for confidence and friendship.

My Greek-letter fraternity brother had come into his title. He was in the House of Peers and in politics up to his eyebrows. His wife—a daughter of the Mitsui House, the Rockefellers of Japan—had been a favorite of ours, and in the old days we had been often together at their home or ours. We left our cards, and theirs were returned, but that was all. The episode remains one of the sad personal chapters in our memories of the Great Metamorphosis.

For only one short period was there a resurgence of the old friendliness. It came with the sudden tragic death of the Ambassador, and while he lay in state at the Embassy with one of the Imperial Princes as Guard of Honor, with Japanese of all classes coming to bow before his casket—when the school children lined the streets as the funeral cavalcade went by, and the crowds stood silent on the Yokohama Bund as the Japanese cruiser *Azuma* sailed with his body for the United States—one might have imagined that all was as it had been. But those weeks passed and the sense of reserve and withdrawal returned.

4

Another indication that the West was bound for the dog-house was to be noted in the decline in the status of the mixed marriage. In the earlier era it had been an

approved institution. Japan had been so determined to learn the West that she would even marry it. There were many such alliances in official circles. Baron Sannomiya, the Court Chamberlain, and his British baroness had led a sizable procession.

The Japanese Ambassador at Berlin, Viscount Aoki, had a German wife whom the Kaiser, at official functions, affected not to see on account of her low rank, although their daughter married Prince Hatzfeldt. Admiral Ito, who distinguished himself in the Russian war, had married a French lady celebrated for her beauty, as were their two dêbutante daughters. The wife of the Japanese Minister at Madrid was a delightful Virginian. Skinny, be-spectacled Kuruso, with his thin, fixed smile, who with Admiral Nomura spread the Washington smoke-screen to mask the stroke at Pearl Harbor, in his early consular days had married Alice Little of Chicago.

In the social life of Tokyo, also, there were not a few Japano-American couples of the commercial and academic circles, such as the Takaminés and the Nitobés. The famous chemist, by a marriage of sisters, was the brother-in-law of Henry George, Jr., then a prominent member of the House in Washington. Professor Inazo Nitobé, known to Americans through his classic *Bushido* (Warrior-Way), a treatise on that alleged samurai code whose cloak Japanese historians are wont to throw over its most ruthless and sadistic episodes, while a romantic young student in America had wooed and married Mary Elkington, a Philadelphia Quakeress. For many years, their home had been a favorite rendezvous of American globe-trotters.

While these ancient alliances held their place in the

official and social classes, since I left Japan there had been no more of the kind. The mixed marriage was out. It was now under social interdiction. And before long it was to be forbidden to Japanese in the diplomatic and consular services except by "official permission," which was never granted.

The masses, in Japan as everywhere else, aped the classes, and the sphere of marriage was not exempt. There were mixed marriages in more humble circles which, in the growing contempt for the foreigner, furnished incidents that could not have occurred in earlier years and were sometimes difficult to deal with behind the screen of Japanese law and under the restrictions of diplomacy.

One day a lady called on me at the Embassy with a tale which I was able privately to verify. She had been a school teacher in (let us say) Virginia. Two years previously, she and her older sister had made the acquaintance in her town of a Japanese commercial traveler. He spoke English, was good-looking and agreeable, and apparently well-to-do, and her sister had married him, in the Methodist church. They had come to Tokyo where he had opened a shop (into which I suspected her money had gone) in a side street not far from the Embassy.

The wife's letters had been happy ones but after a few months had suddenly ceased, and presently he had written that she was ill with a mortal disease and could live but a short while. The younger sister had saved some money from her teaching, and she resigned her position and came to Tokyo just in time to see the other die. She had stayed on for a few weeks after the funeral, finding the husband kind and solicitous, and when the day of her departure approached he had asked her to take her sis-

ter's place and marry him. She had done so. That had been a year ago.

She had brought a little money with her—enough to pay her fare back—and he had assumed charge of it. After that, by swift gradations, she had become his slave. He had taken another wife, *more japonico,* and brought her to the house. She herself was now a chattel, slavey to them both. (By this time she had used up her handkerchief and was using mine.) She wanted to go home to Virginia. When she told him so, he and "that dreadful woman" had only laughed. When she demanded her money and threatened to go to the Embassy, he had beaten her—she showed me the blue marks on her arm. And now he had put a woman spy on her who followed her whenever she left the house. She had eluded her today in the crowd on the Ginza. She had a little more money at home, but if she sent for it he would take it from her. She knew not a single American in Tokyo. What could she do?

Nothing that I could see—nothing whatever. She was up against it, and so was I. The official instructions governing a diplomatic officer in the matter of sanctuary are like the laws of the Medes and Persians. I was familiar with the Japanese law. Her marriage made her a Japanese national. The United States law has been altered since then: an American woman who marries a foreigner can now hold on to her nationality—and most of them do with the grip of death—but the law was not retroactive. She was a Japanese wife; no Japanese wife could leave the country without a passport, and the application for it had to be made by the husband.

I explained her situation carefully to her. I even took down the books and showed her the paragraphs. But she

was quite unreasonable. She absolutely refused to realize that she was no longer an American. She wanted to go "home," to Virginia, to her school-teaching, and the Methodist church. She departed still weeping.

I went to the Club for some tennis, but every other ball went into the net. What business was it of mine if the little idiot had got herself into such a mess? When I came back, I called the staff into a huddle. I put her problem into the approved hypothetical-question form. One of the other embassies, I said, had such a case and I wondered what they could do about it. But no one had any contribution to offer.

I had a certain reluctance to being any more specific. I knew my staff well enough by this time to feel confident of their reactions. The second Secretary, in particular, had me completely stymied. He maintained a private secretary of his own to handle the tourists for him.

(You will meet him frequently in our Diplomatic Service. Generally in a gilded European capital, on his predestined way to an Ambassadorship. He occasionally gives holy joy to the occupants of the Department of State's swivel-chairs by some such communication as: "I have received your Confidential Instruction as to the So-and-so matter. Last evening, while dancing with Her Serene Highness, I had a chance to whisper in her ear your desire, and I have no doubt it will reach the proper place.")

I was aware of what would be his attitude toward poor Southern school teachers who marry Japanese drummers. If I told him that back of my hypothetical question was a real case, and that, law or no law, regulation or no regula-

tion, something ought to be *done* about it, I trembled to think what he might say.

She came again a week later, this time in the evening, which added to my annoyance, for where gossip is concerned Oriental servants are without shame. She said it was easier to get away after dark, as then "they" didn't watch her so closely. There was still nothing I could do—except give her another handkerchief. Was there no such thing in this awful country, she wanted to know, as a divorce?

Oh yes, I told her, a Japanese could divorce his wife. He simply called in a couple of the neighbors for witnesses and said, "I divorce you"—and off she went.

Of course, he wouldn't divorce her, she said—she was cheaper than a servant. She cost nothing but her food, and she didn't eat much. (One could see that.) But couldn't she divorce *him* considering that he beat her?

No, in Japan a wife could not divorce her husband. I asked her if she had written of her predicament to anyone at home, but it seemed she had her pride. She said she would die first.

There is, perhaps, an impression among workaday Americans that our young diplomats are all of ex-Ambassador Gibson's "cookie-pushing" variety. But I am here to say that other less attractive activities are often involved. I was beginning to think that if the practice of diplomacy held many problems of this calibre, I would switch to horse-shoeing. It was technically none of my affair but, damn it, the brute was beating her!

One day, at luncheon, I had a note from her. She simply *had* to see me, she wrote, for a last time (that did not sound so good). She had some personal papers she wanted

to put into my hands. "They" were going to a temple festival that afternoon and she thought she could make it. She would come about six o'clock and she begged me to be at my office. Poor little wretch! What on earth could I tell her that I had not told her already? It spoiled my luncheon—the coffee was the worst my cook had ever dared serve me!

Then I went over to the Chancery where a man was waiting to see me. He was a rowdy sort, attired in what I believe are called dungarees; a fat man with a ragged beard and a belt that seemed about to cut him in two, and he was chewing a tobacco of a most ferocious bouquet. He was no beachcomber, however; far from it. He was the owner and master of a ship. Two of his crew had been incarcerated by the unfeeling Yokohama police, and he had to clear that night by the late tide. "Just a little roughhouse in a *geisha* joint," he called it, with a bit of breakage, which he would pay for. I told him to go to the Yokohama Consulate, that I would phone them, and I supposed it could be fixed up. He was very grateful.

As he was going out of the door I asked him casually, "Is your ship a tramp?"

He shook his head. "My line's sperm. Not such a deal in whaling any more, but it's a living." I agreed with him: there couldn't be much more than that nowadays. The old whalers were vanishing. There were only a few left, but one or two came in around this time of the year, down from the Bering waters, to re-provision for the long run to San Francisco. I had seen them lying out in the Bay.

Suddenly a little bell tinkled in the back of my brain. A whaler! I caught his arm. "Come back in," I said, "I'm

being inhospitable. I think your call rates a drink." I gave him an easy chair, slid the biggest cuspidor into active service, and rang for my houseboy.

5

At dusk I was in my motor, with my hat pulled over my eyes, eating up the road to Yokohama, hoping to heaven that no one I knew would recognize the Embassy car, with the seeming hussy on the back seat with the bedraggled shawl over her head. She was terribly excited. When she came to the office, where I had had my car waiting, I had said, "You look a bit peaked and I am going to take you for a spin to Yokohama to brace you up."

She gasped. "Oh!" she said. "You've found a way to send me home!"

"Nothing of the sort!" I said, I fear crossly. "How could anyone take a sea-trip in those clothes?"

"I'd go in my petticoat!" she said.

"Besides, haven't I told you I can't help you break the law? As a matter of fact, there is a man down there I want to see." And I added, a bit lamely perhaps, "There are such things as rules in my profession."

She had been quiet when we started, but after a while I could hear her laughing to herself, and presently she was humming under her breath—an old song I remembered De Wolf Hopper used to sing:

Golden rules, made in schools, people keep 'em, silly fools!
Teachers make 'em, wise men break 'em, devil take 'em, golden rules!

"Be quiet," I told her. "And keep that blind down! There's no call for merriment. My head will probably be in the basket for this." But she only giggled.

Down at the lower end of the Yokohama Bund my man was waiting, looking fatter than ever, with the belt cutting him in two like a rope around a feather bolster. She jumped out and ran and clutched his sleeve, half laughing and half crying. "You're going to take me away!"

"Take you where?" I said, forbiddingly. "Don't be ridiculous. This is only the man I wanted to see. Go and get in the car. We are starting back to Tokyo in ten minutes." I had a bad moment then, when I thought she was going to try to kiss me. But she only said under her breath, "What an awful liar you are! You *are* going to, aren't you, Captain?"

He spat widely and hitched up his trousers. "Certainly not," he said. "It's agin the Jap law. He's got his duty to do and I got mine, too—my men are aboard and I'm sailing in a couple of hours. But there's lot of time and it's a nice night. Don't know when I ever saw such a moon. There's my *sampan* right over there," he told me. "What say I take the lady for a bit of a row? No law against that, eh? Suppose I bring her back in half an hour or so?"

"No harm in that," I said, "but only half an hour, remember. I'll be right here waiting for her."

"Righto," said he, and swung her aboard the foul craft, barking at the coolies to get going. As they pushed off, he said in a low voice, "Don't worry, Mister, I'll fix her up at Frisco and she'll be all right with me and my men."

"Goodbye, oh goodbye!" she called. "And God bless you!"

Somewhere among my papers is a yellowed letter she wrote me from home. She had her old school back again, and no one in the town knew a thing. She had told everybody her husband was dead—as he was "to her," she added, which goes to show how some women can juggle with their consciences. She had told the whole truth to the pastor of the Methodist church, who—for not all country domines are as narrow-gauge as they are sometimes pictured—had not disapproved the fiction.

Once in a while, when I run across it, I read it over, just to recall how silly a young diplomatic Secretary may sometimes be, lightly risking his distinguished job (and its Brobdingnagian pension!) for the sake of a sillier little school teacher from tidewater Virginia whom he is never to see again.

6

The war had been getting into its stride when I arrived. Yamagata, Prince of Welshers, was seventy-seven; but he was the Military Party, and Odawara, where he had his residence, was in a sense more important than Tokyo. It was referred to as "the Secret Capital." The newspapers were naturally full of the war and people talked of nothing else. At the theatres old war-plays were being revived; one would have thought Japan was in it already.

And she was making no secret of her intention to play a principal part—was she not an ally of Great Britain?—which was not to British liking.

During the prolonged negotiations over the terms of her entrance into the hostilities, there was an ugly feeling

in the air, not only of resentment against Great Britain but of dislike and distrust of the United States.

While Japan was being diplomatically held at arm's length, Count (soon to be Marquis) Okuma, the Premier, said to me one day, "We Japanese are lost in wonder at this so-unchristian war which Europe's Christian nations are waging."

"Oh?" I said, "Is Japan going to stay out?"

He took his tongue from his cheek as he snapped, "No. *We* are not Christians!"

Okuma was a leather-faced, twinkling-eyed, limping old Constitutionalist (his leg had been blown off by an assassin's dynamite-shell in the domestic troubles toward the close of the last century), a Progressive, passionate in oratory, a good hater, and withal most likable. He was an ardent collector of orchids and would not ride in a rickshaw because he counted it a disgrace to Japan that any Japanese should make himself into a horse, though one of my colleagues held it was because a foreign missionary had invented the contrivance.

He had great aplomb, which I never saw shaken but once on which occasion I was quite innocently the cause. Just before leaving Japan, at the close of my former period of service, I had contributed to a sum being raised for a monument to the souls of the horses killed in the Russian war. Our Ambassador, unhappily, had contributed also. I had not seen the monument, and chancing to recall the old matter at some function or other, while I was one of a group which included Okuma, asked him where the memorial had been erected. He said, after a pause, "Unfortunately, there are still some in this lower world lacking in virtue. The collector decamped with the

money and was never apprehended." I expressed the proper grave regret, and the group remained as solemn as owls till he had stumped away, when even the Japanese contingent broke into smiles.

With his likable traits, the Count had the inflated idea of Japan's importance that the war was to make so noticeable among the politicians. I had clipped a paragraph from one of his long-ago speeches that amused me. The gist of it was that it would be Japan's "duty" to represent both East and West. "To create harmony," as he put it, "between their peoples and bring about an international civilization." A little flash of the arrogance that was in the end to be Japan's undoing!

Whatever he thought of America, his references were usually urbane even if one sometimes suspected a sly malice beneath the words. Other Japanese were more outspoken, however, and one of those was Viscount Kato, the Foreign Minister, who cherished an intense admiration for Germany and seemed to care not at all who knew it.

At a semi-official dinner at the Concordia Club (save the mark!) where some American university notables were guests of honor, he scolded the United States in a speech that set every American there back on his heels. America, he said, presumed to judge Japan and European nations by very different standards She harped on things Japan did, which Japan would not dream of complaining at in her. My diary is before we as I write, and I am astonished at the violence of his outburst at such a time and place.

Resentment cooled somewhat when Japan was given the green light and flew at Germany's foothold at Tsing-

tau. Germany had no earthly chance. No reinforcements could come from home, and all her ships in the port were sunk in short order, with the Austrian cruiser *Kaiserin Elisabeth* for good measure.

The news came on an evening and turned Tokyo into a frenzy of rejoicing. I was on the outskirts of the city, returning from the country, and my car, with the American flags on its hood, was met by a riotous lanterned procession soaked with patriotism and *saké*. The highway was broad enough for a dozen processions, but not for this one and my motor! It was incontinently surrounded and dragged to one side with a collapsed tire before the yelling cavalcade would proceed.

While the victory was insignificant enough in comparison with what was going on in Europe by that time, the popular reaction was a gauge of the steam-pressure the Military Party was getting in the national boiler. Huge crowds jampacked Palace Plaza, making obeisance to the old gray walls beyond the moat in gratitude.

For it was the Imperial virtues, not the soldiers, which won every victory, and these, being of a superlative degree, made Japan unconquerable. The Imperial troops could not help but conquer, whatever the prowess of the enemy. It was the Decree of the Sky that Japan's foes should stand in awe before the divine virtues of the Emperor!

7

With the war news overshadowing everything, the annual duck-hunt on one of the Imperial preserves was a picturesque interlude. This was my first sight of that unique garden-partyish diversion which, like the English

pheasant-drive, is more ceremonial battue than sport, and to which only Ambassadors, Ministers and *Chargés d'Affaires* rated invitations. The guests were carried to the place by a special *train-de-luxe,* shepherded by one of the Imperial Princes.

The range was a place of trench waterways, shielded by close-woven hedges, behind which crouched the guests, the women in gauzy dresses and the men in morning-coats, each brandishing a long-poled butterfly-net as big around as a barrel. Not even in the tidal wild-rice marshes of the Alaskan coast have I seen ducks in such variety of species and such unimaginable numbers. The wheeling levies literally blacked out the sunlight. When the beaters startled them from the food-sprinkled trenches, they came arrowing over the hedges and we merely had to hold up our nets. As an amusement it was lukewarm, but the plump teal and mallard we caught went home with us.

After an elaborate luncheon under a *marquee* made of fresh-cut bamboo, came what was evidently considered the high-spot and zenith of the afternoon. Again the ducks lifted into the air and, this time, a squad of falconers loosed their savage hunger-baited hawks upon them. The carnage would hardly bear description. One seized a drake in the air directly over my head and literally tore the screaming thing to pieces so that drops of blood fell on the dress of the lady beside me, who, violently sick, let go everything and fled to the rest-house.

The phrase "Oriental cruelty," before young Vittorio Mussolini discovered the aesthetic delight of bombing unarmed Ethiopians, and Hitler made the burning alive of Jewish children a Nazi pastime, was almost a *cliché*

in the West, which used to pride itself on its greater humanity. And in the Japanese I had found the indictment mildly justified in certain customs, such as the serving and slicing of fish alive at banquets (which somehow seems worse than our treatment of broiled lobsters and which, as a practice, has modernly been done away with in deference to foreign squeamishness). I remember my rage when, one day, I found my cook with a rat-trap between his knees, pleasantly engaged in killing its squeaking inmates by transfixing them with a red-hot poker thrust between the bars. But here at the *récherché* duck-hunt was something more significant than those lurking brutalities. It was a gory close-up in the raw, even if the victims were only ducks, and that it should be offered to our foreign group as the admired super-feature of an Imperial entertainment jarred on my sensibilities.

For the first time I told myself that the strain of savagery that had come to light in the atrocious repression in Korea was not confined to the military; that it was a stigma not only of the lower strata of which all stocks show recurring traces, but of the most cultured. It was part and parcel of the racial ferocity that had retained the custom of living-burial till the Seventeenth Century, and legal trial by the "wooden horse" and the water-torture till the Nineteenth, and had given up the latter only in face of western disapproval.

It was in the blood.

8

With the outbreak of the war and the departure of the German and Austrian Ambassadors with their staffs, the United States had taken over the affairs of both coun-

tries, and the Embassy had a deal of extra work on its hands. All the German reserves in the Far East had been called to the defense of Tsingtau, and with the fall of the fortress its military and naval prisoners-of-war, together with the survivors of the Austrian cruiser, were brought to Japan and parcelled out among the stockades that had been prepared for them.

These thousands of prisoners were technically in the embassy's care, and the guarding of their rights and privileges, under existing conventions to which Japan adhered, was a task to call for tact and judgment. Both of these were supplied by Sumner Welles, then a young Secretary of 24, and at the beginning of his brilliant diplomatic career, who was assigned to make a comprehensive survey of conditions prevailing in the prison camps. One must regret that his knowledge of the Japanese pyschology, or lack of it, is not still available at the Department of State in the present period of vital and far-reaching decisions.

Throughout all her history since the Restoration (and of course before it), Japan has shown not only an appalling ignorance of western psychology, but a total incomprehension of spiritual values. All serious students of her literature have noted its lack of spiritual quality. Her poetry holds no hint of it. The Japanese language has no word equivalent to the English "sublime." The word translated as "morality" has not our connotation, any more than *Bushido* connotes the English "chivalry." The *Shinto* is a religion, but it is one without a single moral principle or precept. Its Scriptures constitute the only allegedly "holy" book which is destitute of a definition of holiness.

Their list of human transgressions is largely agricultural—breaking down the divisions of ricefields, filling up irrigation ditches, sowing of tares, and the like—and includes also vivisection, mutilation of dead bodies, cohabitation by daylight, nuisance, incest and unnatural crimes. But nowhere is there a suggestion that there are subtler transgressions that belong to the spirit. And the Japanese people, bred in their theogony, have no conception of the Christian's agony of soul which, in the face of death, longs for a spiritual comfort which they cannot understand.

My longest struggle with the Japanese authority of the prison-camps was over the question of the Catholic Confession. The rule had been established that no prisoner might communicate verbally with a priest or chaplain of his nationality except in the presence and hearing of a Japanese officer who understood German. This debarred the Catholic *in extremis* from the Sacrament of Penance. For months our fight went on. The Japanese mind could see no logic or reason in the demand that the confession be heard by no one save the confessor. Several prisoners, meanwhile, one a German Colonel, died without religious consolation.

At length, when my official communications on the subject had reached a degree of what, in diplomatic parlance, is called "sharpness," the superior officer in charge of the camps called on me in high feather. He had solved the problem! He laid before me a paper scroll which, unrolled, was as long as my arm. It held two vertical columns, side by side. The left one was a list of all sins, faults, derelictions and transgressions—every deviation from rectitude that he could conceive human flesh was

heir to, including "harboring of revengeful thoughts" against the sick man's captors—and the opposite column contained all possible penances.

There could no longer be any objection to the "Japanese officer who understood German" being in hearing, for there would be no word spoken! The dying man had only to read the list on the left, put a finger on the item to which he desired to confess, and the priest could point out to him the fitting entry in the righthand list of penances.

He was quite cast down when I declined to consider the suggestion as in any way adequate and said I would continue my protests to the Foreign Office. In the end, I was glad to receive a favorable reply.

9

Tokyo was still echoing the rejoicings over the taking of Tsingtau when the real features of the gargoyle of Japanese militarism showed themselves in the famous "Twenty-One Demands." They were a series of five groups of demands laid before China. Four of the groups were designed to establish a Japanese protectorate over the better part of North China. The fifth bore the label "Confidential" and was handed to China secretly. Compliance would have delivered to Japan virtually the whole Yangtse Valley and slammed shut the Open Door beyond reopening.

No one could doubt that, ever since the China war, she had been only waiting such an opportunity. As early as 1907, I had crossed Central China, from Peking to Hangkow on the old Belgian line, and had noted how close was her surveillance. Strolling up and down on

every station platform, loitering in every freight-yard and at every ricefield siding, taking everything in, I had seen mufti-clad Japanese. They were ubiquitous. It was obviously espionage-work, and I had referred to it as such in conversation with a fellow-traveler, a Belgian superintendent of the road. He had shrugged it off with an "Of course. Everybody knows it's going on. But what can one do about it?"

Since Versailles this espionage, greatly developed and more or less open, had been constant not alone in China and its adjacent Indo-China, but in practically every country in Europe and the Americas. I noted it in 1930, on the wharves of Argentina and Brazil, and even in Paraguay, where I was Minister, a thousand miles up the river, in South America's very centre. In Brazil the Japanese colonies centering in São Paulo and Pará now, in 1946, number two hundred thousand persons. As late as 1934, as Minister to Albania, I used to see ostensible Japanese peddlers, with packs of Japan-made jimcracks (for which I never saw a purchaser), intently watching the drilling of King Zog's palace-troops in Tirana, the Capital, or prowling about looking over the old fort at Durazzo-port. All of it had been a part of the Great Plan laid down in the admonition of the Scriptures, to "draw together all the lands of the Sky-Under by throwing over them a net of many ropes!"

Tokyo's "Twenty-One Demands," at this time, were not to be shrugged off. The effrontery of the *coup d'essai,* in a crisis, when Great Britain's hands were tied by the war in Europe, was a major shock no less to London than to Washington. Our stake in Central China was so huge that the State Department's anti-interventionist wing

went into a disordered, if temporary, retreat. When it became known that Japan had demanded China's reply within a set date—or else!—Washington acted. A communication came through for transmission to the Japanese Government, mainly concerned with Group Five of the Demands, which, though Chesterfieldian in phrase, carried the authentic punch of an ultimatum. It was my pleasant duty to convey the edged missive to the Foreign Office and put it into the hands of Viscount Kato, the Foreign Minister.

I do not believe a Japanese can turn pale—pallor, like the blush, is an appurtenance of the unpigmented West. But in rage he achieves a pasty gray that is forbidding. The Viscount read the few typed lines and crunching the paper into a crackling ball in his fingers, strode to a window and stood looking out, his back toward me. I wondered if the Japanese taught their children, as I had been taught, when angry to count fifty before speaking.

When he turned, still gray-faced, he was straightening the crumpled paper, and he slapped it down on the table before me. "What," said he, in a restrained voice, "does your Government expect me to do with *this?*"

I murmured that my instructions were limited to the mere delivery of the communication to His Excellency.

He went out without the usual salutation, closing the door sharply after him, and I went down to my car. China might have to yield some of the points in the north. I could not see, things being as they were, how she could help it. But there was still to be the Open Door to Central China—for the present. And after the war ended, with Great Britain free-foot and hand-loose, one might hope there would be no more raw deals like that.

10

Great Britain was to overcome her reluctance to accept Japan as an active partner in the War in Europe. The German submarines were taking too great a toll of Allied shipping in the Mediterranean. Here was Japan's chance.

Very well, said she, Japan's ships were to guard the Allied convoys. But there was the matter of *quid pro quo*. As she had ousted Germany from Asia, Shantung would obviously fall to her, and it would be her privilege to make its people as prosperous and happy as she had made the Koreans. But if the Japanese Navy was to join in the battle for the Mediterranean, Shantung was not enough. Would Great Britain, in return, support her when the war was over, in her demand for control of the Pacific islands north of the equator? What could be more fitting than that Japan should have them? She understood island peoples; she was an archipelago herself.

Great Britain demurred: other Powers had interests in the Pacific. There was the United States.

It would not be necessary to publish the matter for the present, said Japan. It could be just a confidential agreement between themselves. In face of the urgent need, Great Britain and France signed the secret treaties, not exactly open covenants openly arrived at. Both committed themselves in advance to Japan's Pacific Mandates.

While the war roared on to the Armistice, a special Japanese Mission, headed by Viscount Ishii (chosen doubtless because of his sincere and well-known friendship for America) labored at Washington, where he was soon to be Ambassador, to create a favorable atmosphere for Japan at the Peace Conference when it should come.

All that was needed to put relations back on the old cordial basis, Ishii assured Secretary of State Lansing, was our frank recognition that Japan had special interests in China. On her part, Japan would accept the principle of the Open Door and disclaim any purpose to infringe on China's independence or territorial integrity.

It looked like a good exchange and the declarations went on the record. As that keen observer, William Hard, has said, "Japan was a 'good' nation . . . it was our dear friend. We recognized its 'special interests' in China. In others words, it was so amazingly 'good' that we handed the Chinese over to its 'special' care."

Just as we had done fifteen years before with Korea! The agreement was to last six years. So far as the United States was concerned, the stage was set for Japan's Pacific coup.

11

At Versailles Japan scarcely needed the trumps she had dealt herself, for Fate—that incalculable trickster—played into her hands. With the surly withdrawal of Italy's Orlando, the Supreme Council of Four had abruptly shrunken to three. Of these Great Britain and France were committed as to the Island Mandates, and Wilson stood alone, a minority of one. There had been no haste to acquaint him with the fact of the secret treaties. When he learned of them, he was powerless. Even so, he might have thrown the weight of his influence against the deal but for Japan's covert threat that, if she did not get all she demanded, she would refuse to enter the League. To Wilson that was the last straw, for the League to him overshadowed everything else. As Lan-

sing, his Secretary of State, was to say in a later memorandum, "The President's obsession as to a League of Nations blinds him to everything else. An immediate peace is nothing to him compared to the adoption of the Covenant." So in the Treaty—whose text the very delegates had not seen when it was laid before the German plenipotentiaries at the Plenary Session!—he signed away the northern Pacific.

Japan got her coveted Mandates: the Marshalls, the Marianas, the Carolines, the Pewlew Group—potential casemates spraddling across our natural line of communication between Hawaii and the Philippines! Our Guam in the centre targeted from both sides! The Marshalls muzzling our Wake, Howland and Baker! The West Carolines commanding our use of Yap! Henceforth America was to be at the mercy of the horde of Bright-Sky-Shiner.

12

The Peace Conference could not concern itself with one-time Korea, now the Japanese Empire's Province of Chosen. Little had been heard of it while Europe was fighting for its own life. Censorship in Tokyo was rigid and in the Korean Capital foreign correspondents were *persona non grata.* The Western world could avail itself of Japan's official *Year Book,* whose every issue had much to say of the well-being and prosperity of the Korean people.

There were certain facts, however, which that publication had not troubled to record. For example, that in the single year of 1916 fifty-six thousand Koreans had been haled to the police-courts and summarily judged after

trials that were parodies of justice. That eighty-one thousand had been sentenced to flogging or jail That exile from the country had become a common penalty.

Only once, while the Versailles witches' brew was bubbling, had an odd item found its way into western newsprint. On the day of the funeral of their ex-Emperor, whom the Japanese had poisoned, in a hopeless but intrepid gesture, two hundred thousand Koreans in the capital had gathered togther in an open square. Not to fight, for they were unarmed, but to make a Declaration of Independence, a piteous copy of our own in 1776. The number of those who died for their daring is not known. Thousands were flogged and tortured, and the leaders were sentenced to ten years penal servitude.

Did the solemn conclave at Versailles, where the Japanese legates sat in the charmed Allied circle, credit their bland assertion that the western missionaries were deeply implicated in the disorders? Or did the psalmody of Wilson, the querulous clamor of Lloyd George, the cynical twitter of Clemenceau, deafen their ears to the cries of the tortured in Keijo?

CHAPTER TEN

The Shrine of Bright-Sky-Shiner

1

THE ANNOUNCEMENT in the Court Calendar that ceremonial thanks for the victory would be officially offered at the Great Shrine of Isé sent me again to the Scriptures. For Isé Shrine, in an otherwise inconsiderable village of Isé Province, is the home of the Mirror, the focus and pivot of *Shinto*. It is the Isé-Daijingu, the Tabernacle of the Traditionalists, the Holy-of-Holies of the archipelago. Japan's one Shrine that is too sacred to possess a rank. Only priests and members of the Imperial Family may pass within its outer barrier.

The Mirror (if there is one there, for no eye has seen it since the Mythologic Age) is housed in its Inner Sanctuary. It is the greatest of the Three Great Treasures of the Realm, deity-made and a deity itself—the prime object of worship, not excepting the Emperor, in the Japanese Empire. With it, and with the antics of Sky-Frightening-Female, the Sky's divine if obscene tub-danseuse, the offended Bright-Sky-Shiner was lured from her cavern to restore effulgence to the darkened cosmos In it resides the Sun-Goddess' spirit.

What was alleged to be a duplicate used to be hung in the centre of the Shrine and could be seen by visitors, but that privilege is now denied. Legend says the original is of copper, two feet in diameter, sixty-four inches in circumference and many-sided, not round as one would expect of a sun-emblem.

It is wrapped in a brocade bag, which is never opened or renewed, but when it begins to fall to pieces from age another bag is put over it so that the actual covering consists of many layers The swaddled fetish is kept in a box of chamaecyparis-wood which rests on a low stand covered with a square of white silk. Over the whole is placed a sort of wooden cage, with ornaments of pure gold, over which again is thrown a cloth of coarse silk falling to the ground on all sides.

In its long history it has had one narrow escape. Kiyomori, the Chieftain of the Taira Clan, in the Twelfth Century, when he dredged the harbor that is the modern Kobé, and built his palace there, brought to it the Mirror from Isé, with the baby-Emperor Antoku. It was on the Imperial junk in the great sea-fight between the Taira and Minamoto. Of the capture of the ship with its precious cargo by the conquering Minamoto, the legend relates:

"When search was made of the junk the searchers came on a closed coffer of precious wood, the which they would have opened, but when they touched it they fell down senseless and blood flowed *rinri* from all the nine orifices of their bodies. Seeing this, one of the Taira wounded cried out a great cry, saying, 'Open it not, for therein is the sacred Mirror.' So they desisted and wrapped the box in silk and carried it reverently to Yoshitsuné."

The Shrine is an appanage of the Imperial Household and, until recent years, was served by Imperial Princesses vowed to celibacy. In ancient times these were chosen by divination, and legend says they did not menstruate and lived to great age. Before the Restoration no Buddhist priest or nun might enter its compound. Offer-

ings cannot be made to it at will, even that of a Crown Prince requiring a special Imperial sanction.

When you go to Isé you need carry no kodak. Photographs may not be taken, nor may you take your walking-stick. For in 1889 Viscount Mori, Minister of Education and one of the new era's most distinguished men, innocently put aside the fringe of a curtain in a corridor with his cane, and one of the bravos who hung about the place drew a knife and stabbed him to death on the spot.

The curtain hid nothing that called for concealment, and the Viscount's attendants cut the ruffian down instantly. But he became a national idol overnight. Few people today recall the name of the murdered statesman, but the murderer's name is a household word. He is worshipped in a Shrine of his own, one of the eighty myriad lesser Gods of Japan.

Cabinet Ministers on appointment, Ambassadors and Envoys on taking office and on returning to Japan, visit Isé to announce the fact to Bright-Sky-Shiner and the Imperial Ancestors. The Emperor in person, with full retinue, goes to announce a military victory. On November 12th last Hirohito, preceded by an Embassy of nobles and high functionaries of the Imperial Household, journeyed to the Shrine to inform the Goddess that the war was over. Admiral Yamamoto, whose bones are on the sea-bottom, as overture to his thrust at Pearl Harbor, paid his visit to apprize the Goddess of his chivalrous intentions.

On occasion the Shrine sees visitors of another sort. A few years ago, a certain Colonel Aizawa—a rake-hell of the type of the young Army rebels who, a little later, were to carry out their plot of wholesale murder—paid a cere-

monial call. He had come to the conclusion that milksops in the Army were holding Japan back from glory, and had appointed himself the Sky's deputy to set things right. Accordingly, he announced to Bright-Sky-Shiner his intention and as self-constituted Lord-High-Executioner, returned to Tokyo and to the War Office, where he stabbed to death General Nagata, Chief of its Bureau of Military Affairs. It was announced that he had been ordered to do *hara-kiri,* but it is next to impossible to condemn a Japanese even for the most heinous crime if a patriotic motive can be assigned to it, and there was a later rumor that he was at the China front.

On holidays and days of public ceremony, mass-visits are made by delegations from Army and Navy organizations and schools, pupils of foreign Christian schools being compelled to attend with the others. Every Japanese cherishes a desire to visit the Shrine at least once in his lifetime.

Ritualistic worship at Isé must be performed in a state of ceremonial purity. Japanese abstain from sexual intercourse for some days preceding their visit. The neighboring town of Yamada, however, within trolley-distance, noted for its tourist caravansaries and houses of dalliance, provides the prayer-sated pilgrim with sufficient relaxation.

The Mirror which the Emperor worships in the palace is only a duplicate, but even that is divine. In the Tenth Century, in a thunderstorm, fire broke out in the palace and the Emperor fled, but it removed itself and took refuge in a tree where it was found by a lady of the Court. A later fire consumed the palace but, once again, it was found, bright and untarnished, in the ashes of its

Shrine. It was miraculously preserved in two more fires of the next century.

2

According to the Scriptures the earlier sovereigns kept the Mirror in a village in Yamato Province but, shortly before the beginning of the Christian Era, the Goddess, in a divine revelation, demanded another residence. "The Province of Divine-Winded Isé," she declared, "is the Land where go the waves of the Eternal Land. It is a withdrawn and pleasant land, and there I will abide." So the Shrine was built for her in that Province. The structure, therefore, if the chronology can be depended upon (which is more than questionable), has been in existence over nineteen centuries.

It is built of *hinoki*-wood, Japanese cypress, from the Crown forests in the Kiso Mountains and, architecturally speaking, is on a level with the average one-story New England frame barn, ' a sorry low building of wood" (to quote the realistic Dr. Kaempfer, writing some two hundred and fifty years ago) "covered with a flattish, thatched roof." One may view it today with perfect confidence that he sees it precisely as it was when Bright-Sky-Shiner took up her spiritual residence in it for, every twenty years, it is levelled and rebuilt, rice-pine thatch and all, to its smallest timber, exactly as it was before. The old structure is made into pilgrims' charms.

During this periodic reconstruction, the Sanctuary is placed in a small portable Shrine of wood, covered with white silk brocade. This is transferred with solemn ceremonies, at dead of night, to a sacred structure erected in the outer compound. To this temporary abode, it is

borne in a torch-lighted procession of *Shinto* ritualists, guarded by a phalanx of priests and a detachment of Imperial troops, in the presence of a personal representative of the Emperor, distinguished Court-nobles and government officials. A subsequent ceremony consoles the spirit of the Goddess for the intrusion on her sacred repose.

3

The Goddess' use of the phrase "divine-winded" is the first Scriptural reference to the strange belief among all classes of Japanese in the so-called *Kami-Kazé* (God-Wind) or *Jirapu* (Divine Breath), which is counted her attribute—the God-weapon which, in emergency, she will not fail to send to the aid of her people.

Perhaps of all the *outré* superstitions which stem from the Scriptures, this is the oddest. In only one emergency has the God-Wind been invoked by the special and sacrificial prayer of the Emperor, but that was a supreme one and the divine answer was immediate and startlingly complete. This was at the time of the Tartar invasion in the Thirteenth Century.

Genghis Khan, the conqueror of China and the bogy of Eastern Europe (say the Japanese, and not without good evidence), was a native of Nippon, a younger brother of the Shogun Yoritomo, Japan's most admired hero and Captain, whose career of naked savagery is possibly unsurpassed in the annals of polished barbarism. The cadet-brother was Yoshitsuné, the Chevalier Bayard of Japanese story, whom—jealous of his prowess—Yoritomo would have killed. Yoshitsuné, however, made good his escape with a band of his personal followers to Ezo, the northern

island of the hairy Ainu, which he conquered and then crossed the strait to the Amur country.

A Khan of the littoral, driven from his Khanate and his tribe scattered, adopted him as his son and gave him his daughter to wife. Seventeen years later, he had knit together the roving and warring tribes and proclaimed himself Emperor of Mongolia. He took the name of Gen-Gi-Kei whose characters, pronounced in the Japanese fashion, form his Japanese name, Minamotc Yoshitsuné (Minamoto [Gen] -Koshi [Gi] -Tsuni [Kei]). "Gen-Gi-Kei" became in time corrupted to "Genghis-Khan." On his death-bed he bade his four sons gather a fleet "such as the Fours Seas have never known" and conquer the Japan that had driven him out. But the son he had made his heir died, and the rule fell to Kublai, the grandson, founder of the Mongol Dynasty, whose Capital was Kambulak, the modern Peiping. The walls of its Tartar City are all that remain of it now. In 1900 the Germans carried off his astronomical instruments to Berlin.

Legend says Kublai assembled two hundred thousand shipbuilders and built thirty thousand junks "as big as temples" and, with sides sheathed with iron, equipped them with "nets and bridges, towers and catapults and fire-vomiting iron-tubes," and sent them against Japan. We are told that the Tartar armada covered the sea like a carpet. Their ships had beams two hundred feet high for their look-outs, and were lashed together by tens, with gangways from one to another, and rafts of chained planks made thoroughfares over the waves, "as broad as the twelve main streets of Kyoto," to the shore.

As for the Sun-warriors, it is said that at the first alarm every man who could bear a sword—noble and

commoner, rich and poor—hastened to the shore. They built a wall of stone a hundred and fifty feet high and sixty feet thick and drove sharpened stakes by the thousand into the sand for stockades, setting up on the wall banks of shields and massing their army, horse and foot, behind it.

By the chained rafts, ten thousand of the Tartar cavalry charged the sea-wall while the fire-tubes and catapults of the junks hurled iron-pellets "as big as footballs," and their cross-bowmen shot flocks of poisoned arrows and blazing fire-balls. Three days and three nights the fight raged "like a thousand scuffling dragons," while all the Shrines of all the sixty Provinces beat their drums, the holy priestesses danced the sacred dances and the chanting of the priests, with the *chirín-chirín* of bells and the smoke of incense, spired to the High Sky.

4

At last, when it seemed that the Tartars must prevail and Japan's sacred soil be invaded and despoiled, the Emperor made petition to the Great Shrine at Isé, lying prostrate on his face before the Sanctuary of the Mirror during a whole night. And as he prayed, weeping, beseeching Bright-Sky-Shiner to accept his life as a sacrifice, the folding doors of its holy-place flew open, the Sanctuary rang with the trampling of hoofs and the clash of bridle-bits, and a cloud of five colors, shaped like a serpent, came from it and sped westward with a great noise of hissing. A company of priests beheld following it a gigantic demon, carrying a bag as huge as the Shrine itself, from whose mouth he loosed a hurricane of hot wind which blew toward the west, uprooting great trees

as it went. The Memorial testifying to the apparition, signed by the prelates who witnessed it, is preserved in the Shrine's archives.

A thousand lesser fanes heard Bright-Sky-Shiner's call from Isé. Their sacred mirrors clashed together behind their brocade curtains, and the holy swords leaped from their scabbards and whetted their edges. The stallion sacred to the God of Sumiyoshi pawed the ground, while sweat foamed under its saddle, and the Shrine's ornamental shields clangored. The sacred animal-messengers of the Gods gathered together—the Crows of Kumano-Mountain, the Foxes of Inari the Rice-God, the White Herons of Kebi and the Monkeys of Hiyoshi Shrine—and fled westward.

At the coast, the whole strand that was the scene of the battle was suddenly swathed in darkness. Lightning flashed and thunder rolled as if the sky was falling and the mountains crumbling beneath it and, in the uproar, the God-Wind fell on the Tartar host. It snapped the iron chains that bound the Tartar junks together *poki-tó* and scattered them on the sea like leaves, so that some foundered and others crashed on the rocky reefs that ripped and tore them. The shingle was piled high with corpses of men and horses, and the few junks that remained afloat fled before the gale to refuge in bays and inlets, where the galloping Sun-warriors searched them out and slew all the Tartars on them. Of all the great armada, only three Tartars were left alive, and these were sent across the strait to Chosen to carry the news to Kublai in Kambulak.

That is the story. For six hundred years it has been a prime favorite of the professional story-tellers. I had

heard it related with all the trappings of Tokyo's most famous raconteur, in a hall full of shouting and weeping listeners.

The belief in the *Kami-Kazé* has bolstered the arrogant faith of the Japanese people in their triumphant destiny to be the over-lords of creation. Everything else might fail them, but not the *Kami-Kazé,* for that is the breath of Bright-Sky-Shiner, who has promised them the domination of the World and all its nations and peoples.

Perhaps the gale which once destroyed the Spanish Armada and saved England was sent by a higher power that rules the tempest. But the God-Wind in which the British put their trust is not kept in a gilded Shrine. And the God-Wind which blew the Japanese from their mandated casemates in the Pacific had nothing in common with "Divine-Winded Isé, the land where go the waves of the Eternal Land."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Preachment of Hatred

1

STOCKHOLM, after the war, was to be our "window into Russia" and I was *Chargé d'Affaires* there when the Peace was signed in July, 1919. The Department of State sent the legation five hundred dollars to be used for "illumination," something of a joke in a capital where, in midsummer, one can read a newspaper on the street at midnight. The Corps made me Master-of-Ceremonies for the grand dinner of celebration, at which the necessity of toasting all the Allied Chiefs-of-State brought the two hundred of us to our feet every eight minutes.

The Japanese Minister, Hioki, I had met in Tokyo on one of his leaves-of-absence from Peking, his previous post. He was La Guardia-sized and roly-poly, and a pet of the military faction. It was he who, under Yamagata's supervision, had concocted the "Twenty-One Demands" on China in 1915. At the close of the dinner we went out together and from the doorway he looked back at the tables with their litter of flags and flowers, being cleared away now by a regiment of waiters for the dance that was to follow, and turned out his hands with a shrug.

"Ah, well," he said, "peace is all very good as a gesture. But that is all it is. Man is a fighting animal. There always has been war, and there always will be. Without wars there can be no human progress."

"How long a life do you give this peace?" I asked.

"Perhaps twenty-five years," he hazarded.

On the evening of the peace-signing I had encountered Baron Lucius, the German Minister, who had been my colleague in St. Petersburg. During my months in Stockholm, as enemy nationals, we had had to pass one another as strangers. "At last," he had said, "this bloody business is ended and we can speak—till another war begins." I had asked him, as I was asking Hioki now, "How long do you think that will be?" And he had answered explosively, "How long do you suppose we Germans are going to stay in those Versailles handcuffs? Give us twenty-five years!" Hioki's answer now seemed an echo of Lucius' words.

In my Stockholm diary, the two estimates—the German and the Japanese—are entered on the same page. And both replies were in character: most of the Japanese whom I have known in public life have been, like the Germans, disciples (and incidentally brutalitarian perverters) of Nietzsche, who once wrote, "Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars—and the short peace more than the long." And they conveniently forget that he also wrote, "They (the Germans) are responsible for . . . the sickliness and stupidity that oppose culture, the neurosis called nationalism. They have robbed Europe of its meaning and its intelligence."

Hioki was the younger type of diplomat on whose counsel the military leaned. They were all of the same cast, cynical, unscrupulous, contemptuous of the western Powers, and riveted in a vast belief in Japan's superiority.

2

Versailles was the beginning of the real out-and-out battle in Tokyo between the Liberals and the Militarists. There had been ominous rumblings ever since Tsingtau. The year before the Armistice there had been an attempt to kill Ozaki, who had become one of the leaders of the Constitutionalist Party, at a mass-meeting in which he had demanded the resignation of the Terauchi Cabinet for its belligerent foreign policy. And the cluster of fat Island Mandates that the treaty tossed into Japan's lap had been fat to the fire. Expansion was in the air.

It was no new doctrine. Expansion is an instinct natural to all young and vigorous nations and Japan, while old historically speaking, was young in her modern orientation. All her leaders, ancient and modern, civil and military, have been at heart expansionist

What was Jimmu-*Tenno,* when he led his bark-clad rabble from their toe-hold in Southern Kyushu to overrun the Great Island? The famed Empress Jingu, Japan's Third Century Boadicea, sailed Japan's first fleet to loot one of the kingdoms of Korea and proclaimed herself its suzerain (the episode is used to justify the modern taking over of the country), and the next two hundred years saw a score of like invasions, less successful for the Koreans were stout fighters in those days.

Since the Sixteenth Century the great samurai ideal has been Hideyoshi, Japan's peasant-Napoleon, who has come down in history as one of her greatest adepts in the art of beheadal. He beheaded his nephew and the young man's three small children, with thirty ladies of his household and all of his friends who might by any chance be

expected to cherish resentment. On one single occasion, he beheaded four thousand fighting monks. But it is not for this that samurai circles revere his memory. It is because he was the first great expansionist of Japan's historic era. His obsession was the dismemberment of Korea as a first step toward the subjugation of all Eastern Asia, a grandiose scheme which might have succeeded but for his opportune death.

In the subsequent centuries he has had many would-be-emulators. In 1859, only a few years before the Restoration, the Choshu firebrand, Torajiro Yoshida, had preached the seizure, not only of Japan's adjacent islands, the Kuriles, the Luchus and Formosa, but even Manchuria and the Amur littoral in Siberia. He had had so great a following among the younger samurai that the Shogunate executed him, fearing trouble with the foreigners with whom, as aftermath of Perry's visit, they were grudgingly entering into treaty relations.

Naturally Japan preferred to make her early territorial snatches without fireworks, and with what could be made to look like good feeling on both sides. Such an occasion came in 1872, when she appropriated the Luchu Islands off her southwest coast, which had been Chinese since the beginning of recorded history. She did it by a ruse similar to her more recent Manchukuo dodge. She walked in and ran up the sun-flag on an alleged "invitation," then recognized the local government, labelled the people a Japanese Clan, and made their Chief a Japanese Marquis. China protested, but without effect.

Modernly the Liberal Party, which Ito had founded, the first opposition party to take shape in the Diet, were for expanding not by force but by commercial infiltra-

tion and diplomacy. Count Tadasu Hayashi typified them when, in 1895, as Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs, after Japan had been forced to return the Liaotung Peninsula to China, he said, "What we have now to do is to keep perfectly quiet, to lull the suspicions that have arisen against Japan and to wait, meanwhile strengthening the foundations of her national power, watching, waiting for the opportunity that must surely come one day in the Orient."

The Militarists had a thorough-going contempt for the Liberal policy. They cared nothing for western "suspicions," and they knew how to create opportunities when they needed them. An island or two, like Formosa or Sakhalin, seemed piffling gains after the sizeable bolus of Korea. Their eyes were on huge, lethargic China. But diplomatic trickery and commercial infiltration would not get them that It would have to be by forcible seizure; for that they must have more than military divisions. Behind the troops must be a people welded beyond any possibility of disunity, wholly committed to the military program. Only an overwhelming surge of patriotism, based on racial pride, could create it.

3

The comprehensive program, worked out behind the scenes during the years while the West was preoccupied with its post-war problems and the post-revolution developments in Russia, shows a significant parallelism with the Nazism so soon to sprout in post-war Germany. It began at the bottom, with the children in the schools, and characteristically with the Scripture-legends.

"These things," Motoori had written, "are in their

nature infinite, not to be measured and mysterious." And the official *History of the Empire of Nippon* had commented, "Strange and difficult-to-be-believed legends have been transmitted from that era" (the Age of the Gods) "but in order to understand the history of the Empire's beginnings, the traditional incidents of the time must be studied."

Following this line, the molders of the juvenile mind took another step forward. The legends, well moralized, became at a stride actual history. Not parables or apologues; not allegories or personifications. They told of things that, however strange, had really happened. With the Gods nothing could be too wonderful!

The infant-class thus disposed of, the makers of the new policy turned their attention to the middle-and higher-schools. A system of rigid control was instituted. The middle-schools were "reformed" and all study in the humanities was forbidden to the higher grades.

The universities held less promise, but the reformers did what they could with them. They made admission a matter of careful selection; anthropology, philosophy and political economy were cut from their curricula, and the history of western nations, even of Korea, was forbidden. This in a population that was now over ninety per cent literate!

For the masses, the national history was rewritten by a board of approved scholars, who wrote with an eye single to the glory of the coming Japan, and a complete disdain of truth and contemporaneous annals. The whole educational program was deliberately designed to turn the popular current, that had been running over strongly

toward the western culture and its democratic ideas, into the new channel of patriotic nationalism.

This was not difficult, for loyalty of a sort is highly developed in the Japanese character. To the Western mind it verges on fanaticism. In Old Japan it was loyalty to one's chief: the commoner to his lord, the foot-soldier to his commander, the samurai to his Prince, the Prince to the Shogun. In the West the admired loyalty has an ethical element, but in Japan there has never been any tendency to pin loyalty to a moral principle. Be a Prince's cause bad or good, the faithful retainer counts giving his life, and the lives of his family, therefor a duty and a privilege. All the loyalties to which the people had been bred and by which they lived were now to be combined in a single basic loyalty to the Emperor and the Gods.

As one of its chief instruments, the government seized upon Ito's *Rescript on Education,* which Mutsuhito, the Emperor of the Restoration, had been made to father. It had always been regarded with reverence and read in the schools on holidays and special occasions. Henceforth rigid rules were to govern its use and care, elaborate ceremonies to attend its reading. Reams of commentary were published on its key-phrases. It was given the status of a sacred pronouncement, of more authority than a Papal Bull, a document in every detail inspirational and declaring the will of the Sky, holy to a Japanese as the Bible is holy to a Christian.

The heart and centre of all was an intensive propaganda of the Imperial origin. The gorgeous *No* which concern themselves especially with the God-episodes of the Scriptures, sprang into a renewed popularity. One

saw in the newspapers more frequent notices in the Court Calendar stating that, on such and such a day, Dr. So-and-So, of the Imperial University, Tutor-in-Extraordinary to His Imperial Highness the Crown-Prince, would hold forth to the Court on "The Significance of the Mirror in the Imperial Regalia" (the Three Great Treasures, the Sword, the Mirror and the Necklace) or on "The Cult of The Sword in the Heian Era," these glorifying the Sky-Descent of the Imperial Grandchild and the snipping of the Divine Sword from the tail of the Eight-Forked Serpent.

In the apotheosis of the ruler the subject, too, has his part. Some of the Court families count their descent from Mid-Sky-Master, the primal deity who, in the beginning, stood alone in the centre of the universe (being a lineal and physical descendant of God Almighty presenting no difficulty to the Japanese mind), and all the great Clans and Guilds and the noble Houses trace their line to deities who accompanied the Divine Grandson from the Sky. The family *mon* are often earmarks of this descent, and their bearers treat the God-ancestry with the utmost gravity.

Years ago in London I had a genial club acquaintance named Blayde, whose pet pride was his claim to be a lineal descendant of King Bladdud, that early monarch of London—"New Troy" it was then—who, legend says, made himself wings, like Icarus, and fell and broke his neck on the steps of his Temple of Apollo. Blayde was wont to bring in a reference to his royal forebear whenever a new man was in the club circle, but he never insisted on its being taken seriously, and a smile was quite in order when he did. I am certain, however, that any-

thing approaching levity in connection with an allusion by a Japanese to his Sky-lineage would meet no answering smile.

And in the veins of the most humble of the Sun-race, also, runs the celestial blood. Though he may trace his line to no specific deity, even through a Clan, he partakes of the racial glory. The God of the Scriptures merges into the demigod, and the godling into the superman, and the hero-epic is the vestibule of the drama of the aristocracy. There is no break in the chain which links the Gods of the High-Sky to the coolie who brings in the bath-water.

4

Meanwhile the Traditionalists had been furbishing the new Imperial formula. Uyehara had blazed the way in his *Political Development of Japan:* "He (the Emperor) is to the Japanese mind the Supreme Being in the Cosmos of Japan, as God is in the universe to the pantheistic philosopher. From Him everything emanates; in Him everything subsists; there is nothing on the soil of Japan existent independent of Him. He is the sole owner of the Empire, the author of law, justice, privilege and honor. . . . He is supreme in all temporal affairs of State as well as in spiritual matters, and He is the foundation of Japanese social and civil morality."

Following him closely, in time and text, the author of *The Philosophy of the Serious Minded* declared, "The hallowed Scion of Divine Descent, our Emperor, represents on Earth all the celestial virtues, wisdom and might. He comes among us in unbroken lineage from the remotest ancestral Deity, the Sky-God who laid the foundation of the Empire. . . . In His veins runs the very blood

of the God, and in Him we behold the glory and effulgence of the Supreme Being, self-existent and eternal."

What these flamboyant phrases were meant to signify is anybody's guess. Meiji, so recently deceased, was neither eternal nor self-existent. He was procreated as all his predecessors had been, proliferated like them, and died as they had died. But logic means nothing to a race whose Emperor is, in one person, a nameless, unnameable essence in human semblance, unapproachable even in thought, and a tangible if cloistered earthling, who likes pickled radish and wears corrugated trousers.

Presently Dr. Kato Genshi, holder of the chair of *Shinto* in the Tokyo Imperial University, was writing: "The Emperor is incarnate deity, and occupies in Japanese faith the position which Jehovah occupied in Judaism." A popular Japanese magazine had already anticipated the logical reasoning which should follow this premise: "Is it possible," it demanded, "to reconcile the idea of the sacredness of the Emperor with the doctrine of Christianity? Is it not against the very Constitution of Japan to recognize supreme beings such as a God, a Jesus, a Pope, a Church, or a Bible, other than the Sovereigns of the country? Do Christians mean to regard Jesus as a faithful subject of our Emperor? Or do they mean to bring down the latter under the rule of the former, so that he might offer the prayer that says, 'Jesus, Son of God, have mercy on me'?" A prophesy for the Christian Church of evil days that were coming!

The stage was soon set for the Japanese counterpart of the Spanish Inquisition. The old case of Professor Kumi was vastly improved upon. He had been eased out of his chair with a certain decency, but that was all. Dr. Mi-

nobé, Professor of Public Law and Japan's foremost authority on Constitutional Law, was an eminent victim of the new method.

Some twenty-odd years before he had published a paper in which he had referred to the Emperor as an "Organ of the State." The juridic concept was common enough; he had taught it all his life But the propaganda had by this time done its work. Someone stumbled on the old scent and immediately the saffron news-sheets (for with the top hat, the soda-fountain and baseball, Japan had adopted our "yellow-journalism") were baying for his blood. The Emperor a part of the Governmental framework of the State? He who was the State itself? Blasphemy!

Unfortunately, in a debate on the civil control of the Budget, Minobé had crossed wires with the Militarists. It was the unforgivable sin. Now they leaped joyously in for their kill. Singled out for persecution, defamed, ostracized, his honors and decorations taken from him, his books forbidden circulation, he was broken, disgraced and ruined.

From this time on the Emperor was to be all-wise, all-knowing, almighty. The divine will of Bright-Sky-Shiner, the Sun-Goddess, was instinct in his spirit. For a Japanese to question the unqualified divinity of Yoshihito, now fortyish, was to be as anathema as it had been for Galileo in Seventeenth-Century Rome to deny that the Earth was the centre of the physical universe.

5

All along the Liberals had held stoutly to the belief that in time the democratic influence would win over

the turbulent spirit of the Militarists. It had been their expectation after World War I that the Emperor would come to play the part more after the manner of other constitutional rulers. Physically and mentally handicapped from birth, Yoshihito owed his elevation to the fact that he had been his father's favorite son. Meiji had had no son by his Empress but, from the fifteen offspring of his quartette of Imperial concubines, he had insisted, against the strong opposition of the Court-Party who had picked another candidate, on having his way.

It had not been a lucky choice. As a young man, Yoshihito had developed tuberculosis and, in his middle-age, paresis had set in. It was clear that the Crown Prince, Hirohito (the present Emperor), must soon be made Regent and the process of "rationalization" would have to be applied to him.

The government was not at all averse to this. It was still to their profit that the West should believe Japan to be continuing its development along western lines. Seeing is believing, and Hirohito was sent on a visit to England, primarily to return the call of the Prince of Wales (the present Duke of Windsor) the year before, and not so much to see Europe as to have Europe see him.

Like the holy awe of the palace audience-room in Tokyō, this was theatre, though of another sort. It was not for home consumption. The London crowd that had gaped at Gandhi could understand a saint, but to be told that the grave, horn-spectacled youth—whose favorite occupation in Tokyo was amateur botany—riding sedately down Piccadilly beside King George, was going through intensive training to be a God, would have called forth only guffaws.

I had last seen him as a small boy, in knee-pants too long for him, being shown by his tutor how to stand at attention at the parade-ground, and to see him now, on English soil—to sit at the splendid official banquet in his honor at the Hotel Cecil and hear the few conventional words (in Japanese) with which he expressed his pleasure at England's greeting—was reassuring. Perhaps, I reflected, the dubious reports that came from Tokyo exaggerated conditions there. Maybe, in the end, the Liberals would win out and he would become a proper Emperor, with none of the divinity hokus-pokus about him. At least, he was having a chance to see what the life of an Imperial Family was like in the West. He was free to be himself as he had never been for an hour in his life.

The Prince of Wales had enjoyed his own Japanese trip. He had told my wife that at Nikko, the temple-town in the mountains, one day, feeling the need of exercise, he stopped his rickshaw, made the rickshaw-man get into it, and pulled it a mile or two himself, to the consternation and horror of his Japanese escort. Hirohito was not relaxing in London to that extent, but he was doing everything King George did. He had even ridden in the tube and gone shopping in Bond Street! After the sacred strait-jacket of Tokyo, the nonchalant freedom of Buckingham Palace must have been a strange sensation. What did he think of it all? Did he believe that he was divine, as his grandfather Meiji had believed?

But I was glad the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was expiring that year: the Four-Power Pact that was to replace it was a better bet for both Great Britain and the United States.

Hirohito was back at home in 1923 when the terrible

earthquake and fire laid Tokyo waste and made Yokohama a smoking shambles. But it was not the Koreans who were doing the murdering then, it was the Japanese. The disorder and confusion served as a smoke-screen to cover a plot to kill all Koreans in the archipelago While our American Red Cross supplies and food were pouring into the stricken area, armed gangs of the people we were succoring were massacring, in cold blood, nine thousand innocent Koreans in Tokyo alone!

One might safely wager that of a hundred Americans asked, not more than one would have known of that atrocious deed.

6

During this era of forcible "reeducation" of the people, the group of older Liberals, hard beset, doggedly and desperately fought on for parliamentary rule and democracy. Among their number were some of the best minds in Japan, men like Viscount Ishii who had been Ambassador in both Paris and Washington, than whom America has had no stauncher friend, and Baron Shidehara who, during World War I, had been respectively Minister and Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs and later Ambassador to the United States. They were by instinct parliamentarians and on principle opposed to all that was autocratic and reactionary. There were others who were not party men but whose tendency was strongly Liberal, such as Prince Saionji, by then a full-fledged Elder Statesman. He called himself an Internationalist rather than a Nationalist, and in all crises threw his weight with the Liberals. But the Military Party was well heeled, expertly organized and close-knit, and knew what it wanted, while the

Liberals were without cohesion, of varying shades of opinion, and of divers purposes.

Outside the official classes, and aside from the active Liberals, there were beyond question many serious-minded Japanese of education, far-sighted men of the older school, who appreciated the best of the western civilization and watched the course of the Militarists with keen distrust.

One such, whose friendship I deeply valued, and who was much in England at this time, was Dr. Masaharu Anesaki, Professor of the Science of Religion at the Imperial University in Tokyo, known to America through his courses given as Professor of Japanese Literature and Life, at Harvard. Acquaintance and correspondence, over the years, had made me know his breadth of vision. He saw the chasm toward which Japan was steering. Men of his stamp would never be swept from their moorings by militarist lunacy. But he knew the class to which he belonged by temperament and by erudition were surrendering, and it was an agony to him.

There were many, also, in commercial concerns who had had business or academic training in Europe or America, who did not belittle either our goodwill or our enormous potential power, and counted war with the western Democracies, particularly a war with the United States, nothing short of suicidal. But these could not swim against the undertow, which drew its increasing strength from the deep sea of popular approval. One by one, it carried them with it and, in the rising tide, the few uplifted voices were muffled and muted.

The Liberals' champion in the Diet, where he had had a seat for thirty years, was Ozaki, the one-time Mayor of

Tokyo and later Minister of Justice. He was an alert and brittle speaker, witty, ironic and scathing by turns, as fearless and as tenacious as a bulldog, and quite as worrying to the military clique.

The most spectacular of his battles was fought in '21, when London and Washington were exchanging notes on the Reduction of Armaments—that fond dream that was to have for America such a haggard awakening. In a fiery speech in the Diet he demanded that Japan join the concert. When his Resolution was defeated by a huge majority, he took the cause to the people. It was a daring thing, one almost unheard of in Japan, and the public reaction approached that which greeted Woodrow Wilson's famous self-determination speech in 1919 in Southern Europe.

He made a crusade of it, with seventy-odd speeches in Japan's biggest cities, and a large segment of the press, caught perhaps as much by his boldness as by his rhetoric, supported him. There was apparently a strong popular ground-swell for the plan of reduction, and in deference thereto the government accepted the American invitation to the Conference.

Admiral Baron Kato, Minister of the Navy, went to Washington as Plenipotentiary and in his absence, Hara, the Prime Minister, assumed charge of the Navy Department. In his hatred of the West, and especially of the United States, Hara could qualify with the Militarists. In Stockholm, Baron Palmstjerna, the head of Sweden's Foreign Office, had told me that Hara, when touring Europe in 1907, had said to him seriously, "Western contact is an evil thing for my country. I hate you all. When I get back to Japan I shall do my best to have the government

wipe out foreign influence entirely." But Hara was a commoner and a civilian, and that a civilian should assume to direct the Navy roused the fury of Prince Yamagata, and was not to be forgiven by the Military Party. Four weeks later he was assassinated at the Tokyo railway station. The following year Yamagata died.

If Liberal hope had been raised by the sentiment for the proposed treaty, popular because it promised a lowering of taxes, they were dashed by the Hara murder. For it opened the way for an even stronger military government alignment. This reached its apex in 1927, with General Baron Tanaka, the former Minister of War, as Premier.

As Hitler is known for *Mein Kampf,* so Tanaka is known for the so-called "Tanaka Memorial" which Japan has been at such pains to persuade the world was a clumsy forgery. Whether forgery or not, the correspondence, phase by phase, of its design with the Japanese program of aggression, is sufficient evidence that it has constituted the blueprint. It charted Japan's now familiar course: the seizure of Korea and Manchuria, the Philippines, the Netherlands East Indies, the strategic Pacific Islands, the suzerainty over China, the intimidation of Russia and the eventual subjection of the West—it is all there, the "New Order in the Far East" and the "Japanese Co-Prosperity Sphere."

Tanaka was a Choshu man, one of the top ranking members of the military oligarchy, and he wasted no time in taking the Foreign Office into his own hands. He was hardly seated before a part of the Manchurian garrison was rushed into Shantung, ostensibly to "protect" Japanese residents.

This has always been Japan's alibi, protection needed by her interests or nationals, with herself the sole judge of the need. Tanaka issued a series of "Instructions" to the invading military, outlining a new "positive policy" as to China, and particularly as to Manchuria and Outer Mongolia, asserting that Japan's "special interests" (a careworn phrase by this time) made it her duty to keep peace and order there.

As proof to Washington that though his government might be corrupt and reactionary his own heart was pure as the driven snow, Tanaka was at the same time preparing for the Emperor's signature the Pact of Paris for the Renunciation of War!

China protested this overt military invasion of her territory, but her Nationalist armies were marching against Marshal Chang, the Manchurian war-lord, and she had troubles of her own.

Chang had been Tanaka's friend, but now that Tanaka had brought off his coup he had no further need for him. The too trustful Marshal was assassinated at Mukden one night, under a railroad bridge that was at the moment held by a detachment of Japanese troops.

Although the Home Department gagged the press and Tanaka pleaded with the House of Peers to keep silence, the affair was too crude even for the complaisant Diet, and, as a result of its inquiry, of which no Tokyo newspaper was permitted to print so much as a word reflecting on the government, Tanaka retired from the premiership. But the camel's nose was now in the tent. No report of Chang's murder was ever published.

The new Premier, Hamaguchi, had strongly Liberal leanings. He put through the ratification of the London

Naval Treaty in 1930, against the protest of the Navy advisers. But while the Liberals were rejoicing over what seemed a genuine triumph of parliamentary government over the Military Party, Hamaguchi was fatally shot.

Murder was coming to be a handy weapon for the clique.

7

By the close of the '20s the seed sown by the Militarists was producing its expected crop. The pre-war university output were now middle-aged men, swept from their moorings, unhappy, lost and sullen, their Liberal opinion outlawed, their only recourse hypocritical compliance or social ostracism. The best of them had sunk into the back-ground. The new lot were amenable and within another ten years would be ripe. The high-school contingent were pure and simple fanatics, Nationalist to the marrow, wanting only time to make them ready for any desperate adventure. Their further training was to be in the Army or Navy.

Hardly a liberal-minded professor was left in the universities or high-schools. Midway of the decade, the phrase "dangerous thought" had been coined. It covered every idea that, by any stretch of the imagination, could be counted heterodox in religion, politics, morals, or government. An elaborate system of spying to put the Nazi Gestapo to shame was instituted. Pupils were encouraged to betray teachers, and children parents. Students were dragged from schools by hundreds to be browbeaten by the police. Foreign books and magazines in tourists' baggage were confiscated and destroyed. All incoming mail

was rigorously censored, and espionage was extended to all Japanese nationals living abroad.

When Yoshihito died and became the God Taisho, at the close of 1926, and Hirohito, the present Emperor, succeeded him, Japan was well on the way to being, for a second time, a closed country. But this time it was to be no mere closure of her ports against the "black ships" of the West. Mentally, morally, and spiritually, she was drawing further and further into the old shell of egotism, ignorance, and mistrust of the thought and aspirations of the rest of the world.

In increasing tempo, the preachment of hatred was dinned into the ears of the people by the militarist press and magazines. The text they had chosen from the beginning was "the inevitability of war with America." Japan was the proud and innocent one, cruelly isolated by the western Powers, which denied her natural and inalienable right to expand. By multiple aggression they had come to dominate all Asia. They had seized everything: China, Malaya, Java, Indo-China, India. Even the United States, with her enormous continental territory, dragon-like, had swallowed Hawaii and the Philippines. Both she and Great Britain treated Japan as an inferior nation. They were partners in hypocrisy! Let Japan remember her divine origin and noble history, and lift up her eyes to her ancestral Gods!

It was the astonishing success of this prolonged program of "reeducation" of the masses to a national fury of faith in their divine mission and a hydrophobia of hatred of the West, which convinced me finally that Japan was past recall to sanity; that her people were rapidly attaining the unity of purpose for which the Military Party had

been laboring; that when the final call came for their God-decreed crusade, they would rise—as Arabia's Semitic nomads rose at the call of Mohammed—to hurl themselves upon Christian Europe with their shout of "The World for Allah and his Prophet, and death to the Unbeliever!"

CHAPTER TWELVE

"To Hell with Babe Ruth!"

1

WHAT CHANGED the whole aspect of the Far Eastern situation was the explosion of a bomb on the tracks of the South Manchurian Railway on September 18, 1931. It is a cardinal date, for it began the series of significant events which was to reach a climax in the fateful attack on Pearl Harbor ten years later. Presumably the bomb was "arranged," one of the "opportunities" the military knew so well how to produce when it was needed. The masses would follow the lead; it was only the squad of stubborn fighting Liberals that, in the last analysis, had to be reckoned with.

The echoes of the explosion had scarcely died away when the Japanese forces at Mukden were in motion. Without orders from Lieutenant General Honjo—Commander-in-Chief of the Kwantung Army—they seized strategic points, occupied the barracks and arsenal, and disarmed the Chinese garrisons. While the Cabinet at Tokyo were digesting the crackling news, four thousand Japanese troops were crossing from Korea into Manchuria under orders of the Chosen commander. Japan had seized Manchuria. It was a *fait accompli* before Wakatsuki, the Liberal Premier, or the Diet, knew what had happened. The Military Party's way!

The League of Nations, at the appeal of China, was called to session. It found awaiting it the declaration

from the government at Tokyo that Japan "harbored no territorial ambitions in Manchuria," that the invasion was necessary to protect her "vested rights."

Even for the half-hypnotized Japanese public the seizure was going a bit too far, and there was, at first, a violent outburst of criticism in which the labor organizations joined. The police put on the screws and suppressed by force any popular demonstration. Organizational resolutions were forbidden. The militarist propagandists harangued the crowds on the squares, pricking their loyalty and pride of race, instincts of the *Shinto* that they understood. Was Japan, the sacred country of the Gods, to be spat upon by the clods of China? Military officers addressed men's clubs, talking of Japan's "life-line" and the need of defending it. In the end the public let itself be convinced that Japan was acting only in self-defence, for the preservation of the Empire.

In the seething Diet General Araki, the diminutive and explosive Minister of War, a hard-boiled disciple of Yamagata, and the third ranking member of the complot, stormed and blustered. The thing was done. "Let the League of Nations say whatever it likes. Let America offer whatever interference it pleases. Japan must hold to her course unswervingly!" To assure this, General Honjo bombarded Chinchow which had been Marshal Chang's temporary Capital.

The government in Tokyo hedged. To forestall punitive action and put on the brakes till a policy could be decided upon, it suggested that the League send a Commission to the Far East to make a "broad survey" of the situation. The Commission was decided on. Even before the fact was announced at Geneva, Japan's militarist

speakers were lacing their oratory with covert threats that, if the outcome should go against her, she would quit the League—the same tactics she had used at the Peace Conference in 1919—a species of blackmail in which Japan has always excelled.

The Foreign Office was in a dilemma. Wakatsuki, the Premier, was for the parliamentary regime, yet there was nothing he could do but counsel prudence and caution. Neither word was in the Militarists' lexicon. They were screaming for Tanaka's policy of "Positivism" in China, and they assailed the government for favoring the League's entrance into the controversy. They would have preferred to settle it themselves, with tanks and bombers.

They had a man after their own heart in the Home Minister, Kenzo Adachi who, thirty-five years before, had plotted in Seoul the dastardly murder of the Korean Queen, Min. Adachi had become an undeclared leader of the Communist movement which had been bludgeoned out of existence by the police in the '20s, but was now reappearing in a Fascist make-up. With no party loyalty to trammel him, Adachi was a ready tool. Without consulting his Chief the Premier, or his fellow Cabinet members, he published a blazing broadside in the press calling for a "Nationalist Government." This treacherous bomb blew up the administration. The Cabinet resigned and the Militarists had scored again.

2

Within a week after the Manchurian invasion, Borah, combative Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, had his say. In an address before the University of Idaho he bluntly charged Japan with violating

the Versailles Treaty, the League Covenant and the Pact of Paris. In other American quarters, however, when it came to the Far East, non-intervention was worth more than treaties, the *New York Times* advised the Senator, in the interest of peace, to hold his tongue—a feat, to his credit, as impossible to Borah as to turn inside out. Stimson, Secretary of State, backed him with a sharp formal protest to which Japan replied, in her stereotyped formula, that she had "no territorial ambitions" in Manchuria, but that her "national policy" (it was now only too plain what that was) was at stake. On the heels of this note came the news of the attack on Shanghai.

The Council of the League appealed to Japan's "high sense of honor," and she replied that the powers interested might be better occupied in inducing the Chinese to refrain from their "aggressive acts."

Things moved swiftly after that. Adachi's tirades were taken by his henchmen as an attack upon the monied interests that were known to be of Liberal leaning, and the assassinations of Inouyé, former Minister of Finance, and Baron Takuma Dan, a representative financier associated with the vast Mitsui holdings, followed in quick succession. The Militarists had the bit in their teeth and were riding hell-for-leather for their Grand Prize.

The Supreme Army Command at Mukden proclaimed the Province a republic under the presidency of the deposed ruler of China, the young Henry Pu-Yi, later to be solemnly crowned as its Quisling Emperor and seated on a "throne" hastily manufactured in an Osaka factory. A Declaration, issued in the name of an imaginary "All-Manchurian Convention," expressed the joy of the new nation's twenty-seven million inhabitants. By this shallow

subterfuge Japan seized control of a territory of a million and a half square miles, more than double the area of Japan, Korea, Formosa and Sakhalin.

Thus, by Caesarian-section, was born the puppet state Manchukuo, its birth heralded by the firing of salutes and simulated rejoicings by the bewildered Manchurian peasants, echoed by a gagged and suborned native press. The government in Tokyo hailed it as a *de facto* conquest by a "secessionist movement" and its legal experts proudly announced that Japan had scrupulously adhered to her sacred promise not to annex a foot of Manchurian soil!

3

There were a handful left who dared to speak out. Ozaki called it a "high act of nonsense" to ascribe the farce to the free-will of the people. Others had the courage to demand that if it must be done, Japan should assume full responsibility. But these voices were thundered down by the popular acclaim. Here, to the masses, was success in capital letters.

A stupendous gain for Japan without a battle! The western powers, even the League of Nations, could not match her leaders for cleverness! It was "a triumph of the Army and the Gods"! With the jubilation a wave of impatience at the Liberal drag of the Government swept the country. For Inukai, the Premier, was pulling back. Just as Hamaguchi had done, he was demanding that the parliamentary system, the Diet, be in control. In the next month, a band of men in military and naval uniform broke into the official residence of Inukai and shot him to death. Simultaneously, the house of Count

Makino, Lord Privy Seal and Adviser to the Emperor, one of the few remaining Liberals of high position, the Mitsubishi Bank and the Bank of Japan, Police Headquarters, power-stations and other public buildings, were bombed and burned.

The Militarists, in face of this murderous orgy, had to submit to an inquiry. The evidence pointed unerringly to secret societies subsidized by the Army Party, known as the "Brothers of Blood," and "Soldiers of God," outgrowths of the ill-famed "Black Dragon Society" sired by the late Mitsuru Toyama, the aged undercover head of that Japanese "Murder Incorporated" and the dagger-hand of the clique. Every soldier, when mobilized for service, was expected to join one or other of these societies, and Toyama's repute as a killer drew the pick of them to the Black Dragons.

Of recent years this unspeakable ruffian who, in any western country, would long ago have been gibbetted, held a reputation comparable to that of Hassan, the "Old Man of the Mountains," Chief of the Order of the Assassins of Tenth Century Persia, and his recruits matched Hassan's hashish-crazed satellites. Toyama's soul belonged to the Military Party, and he freely risked the lives of his fanatic followers (if not his own) for its emprizes.

He was from the beginning a powerful adjunct to the party and hand-in-glove with all its aspirations. He backed Aguinaldo in his rebellion in the Philippines, and ever since the Russian War his Black Dragons, under one name or another, have been active. They worked with the Filipinos and Malays, the Chinese, the Siamese and Burmese and the Hindus, organizing the Fifth Column brigades Japan found so useful in her southern opera-

tions. They paved the way for the late Subhash Bose, the Indian rebel, in his attempt to gather a force to invade India through northern Burma. Chosen groups of the Black Dragons went through a preliminary course of spy-work in China, preparing the way for the coming invasion, and the most promising were singled out for use in desperate emergencies, such as the Inukai assassination.

The latter was only a limited success. It got the Premier, but the death-list, it was shown, had contained the names also of Prince Saionji, now the last of the Elder Statesmen, Foreign Minister Shidehara, Prince Tokugawa, President of the House of Peers—all of them Liberals or of Liberal persuasion—and one representative of each of the great vested interests whose conservatism had so far inclined them to the Liberal group. But the Militarists protected their own. No one was executed for the outrage although there was one life-sentence; however, that could always be cancelled after a nominal imprisonment. The inquiry brought to light a whole series of conspiracies, one of them a plan to kill the entire Cabinet and to set up a military dictatorship.

Admiral Viscount Saito, on the recommendation of Prince Saionji, took the helm as Premier. Twenty-five years before I had known him, though a non-party man, for an uncompromising ally of the parliamentarians. He had been Minister of the Navy, Governor-General of Chosen, Foreign Minister. Now he was old and worn, past fighting as he had fought in the past. His speech, that had been trenchant and magnetic, was halting and uncertain. When the Diet unanimously called on the government to "follow the American example at Panama" and recognize the puppet-state Manchukuo, he so recom-

mended. Perhaps there was nothing else to do. But he was not the man for the Militarists. Handbills were soon being circulated by the "Brothers of Blood" calling for his violent removal.

4

American trust dies hard. Even in that hectic summer, after Japan had blazoned her bad faith and hypocrisy to the world in a dozen overt acts, there seemed a curious disposition in Washington to defer judgment, to hope still that the conservative element in Japan would gain the upper hand.

Following her practice of creating a favorable atmosphere, Japan, in preparation for the impact of the pending League of Nations Manchurian report, had sent to Washington Professor Nitobé of *Bushido* fame who, with his American wife, was well and favorably known to many Americans. He was a persuasive advocate of distinction and personal charm, and he said it with flowers. It is possible that those conversations with an aggrieved Stimson planted the seed of the idea, held in the Department of State apparently even up to the hour when Japan joined the Axis, that under the pressure of world displeasure Japan would regain her normalcy, and that the Emperor was only waiting for the wave of fanaticism to spend itself to declare his will.

It was understood that our Military Attaché in Tokyo reported that Hirohito disapproved of the whole Manchurian adventure, that he understood perfectly the position of the United States, was most anxious to stop the anti-American campaign, and had strictly warned his military and naval commanders that on no account was

Peking to be taken or war precipitated against this country.

The only color for this mischievous opinion appears to have been the fact that Count Hayashi, the then Minister of the Imperial Household, was a known Liberal of very broad views as to the Emperor's westernization, and that Viscount Matsudaira, one-time Ambassador in Washington, was of like mind and was thought to have much influence with Hirohito. In fact if, at that time, either had dared express his views, the press would not have risked printing them.

As to the implications of the apologists, there was never the slightest indication that the Emperor knew a tenth part of what was going on outside the walls of the palace compound.

Nitobé was an intense Nationalist but no fanatic. He was a lover of America until we passed our Exclusion Act. He swore then that he would never again enter the United States till it was repealed, but Fate ruled otherwise. He did not accomplish as much in Washington as the Militarists had anticipated. Their only yardstick was success, and after his return to Japan he achieved the fatal blacklist. His wife discovered it in time to smuggle him into a Tokyo hospital, where he lay *perdu* till she got him out of the country Ironically it was America that was to be his asylum. He died there on the west coast and she brought his ashes back to Japan, where she too died a few years later.

5

When the Report of the League's Commission on the Manchurian steal was published, it did not mince mat-

ters. It nailed Japan to the cross. Her action in Manchuria had not been in self-defence. Japanese civil and military officials had conceived it and carried it out, the General Staff directing and assisting. By unanimous vote of the League Assembly Japan stood on every count condemned. The Report, skilfully handled by the Military Party, threw the populace into a frenzy of anger and in the storm Japan withdrew from the League.

At her departure her last word, which climaxes her blatant megalomania, was spoken by Matsuoka, her official delegate. "In a few years," he declared, "we shall be understood by the world, as Jesus of Nazareth was, . . Japan's mission is to lead the world, spiritually and intellectually . . . Japan will be the cradle of the new Messiah!"

It has been said that Washington proposed invoking the Nine Power Treaty and stood for sanctions, but that Sir John Simon was "not interested in Manchuria." And many Americans count that side-step of Great Britain's the first link in the long chain of evils that followed, holding that it was the unpenalized rape of Manchuria which encouraged Mussolini to over-run Ethiopia, in turn emboldening Hitler to seize Austria—the beginning of Europe's deluge of blood from which it is now at long last staggering. Manchuria was the first brick of the toppling row.

But there is another version which one may hear where Englishmen congregate. It is that Washington coupled its proposal to Great Britain with the statement that we were not prepared to resort to force, and that when Great Britain suggested economic sanctions, the President rejected the idea. Those of us who rightly gauged the

strength of American isolationism, in that fateful year, will have little difficulty in deciding which story is the true one. At any rate there was no official invocation of the Nine Power Treaty and no sanctions. Japan felt safe.

In Tokyo the mad race of the Militarists toward all-out war was now on its last lap. There was almost mob-rule in Tokyo. One Liberal leader, daring to upbraid the Military Party, escaped lynching only by leaping from the second-story of a hospital. The sessions of the Diet were clotted whorls of passion, of hurled chairs, desks built into barricades, hired bruisers brought into action. Adachi, the Home Minister, was vociferating, "The roots of Liberalism must be torn from Japan's sacred soil!" and General Araki was shouting, "Shall the Army turn back when the Emperor orders us to carry forward the flag of the Rising-Sun?" The "War of the Pacific" was beginning to be openly talked of. Maps were hawked in the streets showing all China labelled "Great Japan" and omitting areas held by Great Britain, the Netherlands, France, and Portugal.

The propaganda of hatred for America reached a new high in 1935, when a nationalist bully stabbed to death the publisher of Tokyo's third largest newspaper only because he had sponsored the visit to Japan of an American baseball team led by Babe Ruth. "To hell with Babe Ruth!" at once became a national slogan. Japanese suicide-squads charged our lines on New Britain with this still popular battle-cry.

The subsidized press and popular magazines gave great space to articles by Army and Navy officers, treating of Japan's sea- and land-power, and to calumniation of for-

eign nations. Tokyo put on a show of black-outs on the pretense that Russia was contemplating an attack.

It is now known that the militarist leaders were, at this time, seriously considering relegating the Imperial Family to its ancient seat at Kyoto, in order that they might invoke alleged danger to the Emperor's sacred person to arouse the people to the last pitch of hatred for the West and will for the war which was their obsession—a sufficient proof that the legend of his sacred inviolability meant to them only a means to an end.

For, once the transfer had been made, Hirohito was not to come back. It was to be in effect a return to the discredited and discarded Shogunate. The Emperor was thereafter to be only the nation's spiritual head, the Pope of the *Shinto*. With him and his divinity on the religious shelf, the Military Party in Tokyo would do the ruling, on the old Clan lines. It would be Ito's Restoration in reverse.

The lesson of the baleful militarist teaching was brought home to such Japanese as still retained a modicum of sanity when, on February 26, 1936, a rising, plotted by the younger element in the Army, electrified the Capital. A picked body, led by two Captains of an Infantry Regiment in Tokyo, took possession of the government and a portion of the City.

While they held the Emperor *incommunicado* in the palace, they broke into the house of Admiral Viscount Saito, the ex-Premier, and shot him dead at the feet of his wife. General Watanabé, Inspector-General of Military Education, they murdered, together with his entire family, including the house-servants. Takahashi, the Finance Minister, they hacked to death with swords. Ad-

miral Suzuki, the Grand Chamberlain, was another victim. Only an error saved Okada the Premier, and by a timely warning, the aged Prince Saionji and Count Makino, Keeper of the Privy Seal and Adviser to the Emperor, escaped by the skin of their teeth. Fourteen hundred troops were involved.

When Tokyo came to from the shock, the Minister of the Navy, quite without precedent or authority, assumed the Premiership. Messages were dropped from planes to the rebels, stating that the Emperor demanded their submission. It is doubtful whether Hirohito knew anything about it: if the sound of gunfire chanced to penetrate the wide close of the palace, it could be otherwise accounted for. The rebel leaders, however, were bluffed. They were infected, possibly without realizing it, by the poison of the divinity propaganda, and it destroyed them. Some of them did *hara-kiri* and the rest surrendered. A court-martial followed, as a result of which thirteen military officers and four civilians received sentence of death and five of life-imprisonment. All the dead leaped into national fame, as heroes and martyrs.

In this bloody insurrection the Dictatorship of Terrorism, the Military Party, cleared the board for its large-scale war in China.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Hirohito, Lord of the Universe

1

THE VICTORY for the Liberals—if it *was* a victory—was a sorry one. The series of bloody purges, of which this was the last, had eliminated, Nazi-like, the strongest leaders of the best element in public life. Of the older groups, those who had protested openly went in fear of the dagger of the "patriotic" gangster and the midnight incendiary, or suffered social and political ostracism. Some chose voluntary exile abroad—one wonders where these are now? Some shrugged and accepted cynically. The party was a shrunken island in a rising sea.

There were a few dyed-in-the-wool Traditionalists who were nevertheless conservative, such as Prince Konoyé, who was of an ancient Court-noble family and who became Premier after the disgraceful army rising, and his successor-to-be, Baron Hiranuma. But Konoyé was vacillating and temporizing, and Hiranuma was innocuous. The non-party Liberals, with few exceptions, had sold their souls to the militarist devil.

The money-barons were going now with the current. Big money does not remain always conservative, and they were ready to take the plunge. Mitsubishi, Iwazaki, Sumimoto, Yasuda—the names together represented all Japanese industry. They could swing everything, from the Manchurian railways to the smallest button-factory, toward all-out war production. In 1943 bullet-headed Tojo was to hold them all in his mailed fist.

The intelligentsia of the older era were past the battle-age. They had no scope for their mental activity. Individual opinion had no chance to be heard even if one dared to express it.

The high-school levies of the re-education period were at the reconstructed universities, as mindless a lot as was to be expected. Their minds had been closed so long to vivifying influences that they had lost all sense of intuition or leadership. They were either *zombies* or zealots. The zealots (and these were the greater number) were robots too big for their kimonos, steeped in the new history of Japan, with its deification of the Emperor and the glorification of Japan's fallacious victories over the contemptible *hoi polloi* of the West. They were almost ready for the brand of the suicide dive-bombers who blew up the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales* off the Malayan coast, the human torpedoes, the behind-the-line paratroopers, the two-man-sub-runners, the green-paint-daubed snipers, lashed to the Burma tree-tops, whose skeletons still rattle in the jungle winds. The fewer *zombies* were lack-lustre yes-men or sullen sourballs, whose every ambition had been killed by the policy of repression, who hated the compulsory military training and cared nothing for the plans of the Militarists. They were the useless by-product of the system.

There was small hope in the tradesman and craftsman class. All that had once promised to make Japan worthy of high place among the nations: freedom of speech and the press, freedom of religious belief and practice, the rights of public meetings, and associations—all guaranteed by the Constitution—had been taken from them. As for the peasantry, the nationalistic propaganda preached

tirelessly in the rice-villages by the agents of the Militarists was shaping them into cannon-fodder.

2

As a buttress against attack from Siberia by the new and vigorous Russia, Japan had made her anti-Comintern Pact with Germany and had added to this a secret treaty with her providing, in the event of war, for a split-up between the pair of the southern areas held by Great Britain and the Netherlands—Java and Malaya—a bit of forward-looking which did not tend to allay Washington's anxiety when it learned of it. Since there was to be no invocation of the Nine Power Treaty or the Kellogg-Briand Pact, there was nothing to do but wait to see which way the cat would jump.

This *laisser-faire* policy, it must be said, suited a large segment of the American public, which still insistently demanded what our isolationists called "minding our own business." This sentiment had hardened when, in 1936, Hitler reoccupied the Rhineland and neither Great Britain nor France moved. Congress was still strong for "peace at any price" when it passed the neutrality legislation the following year. We put our ostrich heads in the sand and stoutly refused to believe the worst of Japan! Were not Japanese officials, visiting the United States, addressing American-born Japanese on the west coast, counselling them to become good American citizens?

London was getting the same soft-soap treatment. 1937 was Coronation year and Prince Chichibu, the Emperor's brother, tall and personable, was a Royal Guest. He was Hirohito's representative, and the British had to be polite, though with the situation in China what it was, the

amenities must have felt the strain. His A.D.C. was big, amiable General Homma, so popular with Americans. (The day was coming when we would see him leading Japan's Fourteenth Army in its invasion of the Philippines from Formosa, but that was several years off yet.) In London, with his irreproachable Oxford accent, his genius for carrying his liquor, and his bottomless script of very western smoking-room stories, Homma was a prime foil for the quiet, dignified scion of the Sky.

It was the moment for the militarist junta in Tokyo to strike again. What had Japan to fear? Bigswoln by her recognition as an ally in World War I, by her successful forced-trading at the Peace Conference, by the free gift of her Pacific Mandates, by spineless acquiescence in her rape of Manchuria, they saw her as a World Power, surpassing in subtlety all the vaunted West, a power which nothing could restrain. They saw Great Britain as an Empire top-heavy and hesitant, muscle-bound by her world-commitments, her pristine glory fading, her vigor impaired, drifting toward a care-worn senility. They saw America, isolationist at heart, fattened by wealth and luxury, controlled by sordid politics and peace organizations, and hectored over by female pacifists.

They struck at the Marco Polo bridge, near Peiping. It was, as modern warfare goes, a trivial incident, no more than a local clash between Japanese and Chinese armed forces. But it was the beginning of the long war which we helped to finish, the all-out struggle for survival of a peace-loving and long-suffering people against the unspeakable horde. The curtain was up for the last act.

The Japanese answer to Nanking's offer of an armistice was the horrible bombing of Shanghai, whose aftermath

was President Franklin Roosevelt's blunt speech at Chicago, calling for a "quarantine" of aggressor nations. In reply Japan refused to be represented at the Nine Power Conference in Brussels, and presently the United States gunboat *Panay,* with members of our embassy staff aboard, was deliberately sunk by Japanese gunfire on the Yangtze River and its survivors machine-gunned in the thickets to which they had swum. Tokyo's grudging apology had hardly been received when the wires were humming with the news of the ruthless slaughter at Nanking, with the violation of American homes and the desecration of our flag by Japanese troops.

Twenty thousand men, women and children were killed in cold blood. It was the greatest single massacre recorded in modern history. An American of twenty years' service in China, who witnessed it, called it "four weeks of hellish beastliness." While it was proceeding communications were cut and all report was suppressed. After it was over, and the troops were sated with rape and murder, the hypocritical Tokyo broadcast blared to the world that "The hoodlums responsible were discontented soldiers of Chiang Kai-shek. They have been captured and executed. Now all is quiet and the Japanese Army is feeding three hundred thousand refugees!" The sickening mass-bombings of teeming, sweltering Canton followed quickly.

Four months later Japan spoke the doom of the Open Door. Up to this time all her Foreign Ministers had declared agreement with the principle the United States had fought for so long and consistently. But Arita was running the Foreign Office now, and the Door slammed

with a bang that rattled the windows of the State Department.

This was well into 1938. And at the behest of our placation joy-riders in Washington, counselled by Ambassador Grew at Tokyo, our freighters were still clearing from Hoboken and Puget Sound, bulging with scrap-iron and steel for Japan. Between the following February and September, 1941—three months before Pearl Harbor Day—we shipped her eight million tons, whose destination may well have been our ships and sailors at Pearl Harbor and our soldiers and marines at Bataan.

3

Japan was girding herself for a struggle that might be long, and with the "China incident" she turned her attention anew to the student-body although education had already reached the level of pure regimentation. Only a picked ten per cent of the graduates of the high-schools were henceforth to be permitted college or university, and the number of required hours of English was materially reduced.

The Ministry of Education organized a Department of Propaganda (they called it a "Spiritual Culture Institute") and introduced throughout the schools the Communist cell-system. All foreign books capable of inspiring independent thought—John Locke, Rousseau, Emerson, Anatole France, Dostoyevsky, John Stuart Mill, Bertrand Russell, Thomas Hardy, James Joyce, George Gissing, Aldous Huxley—were put on the blacklist. Within a year four hundred young men and women were arrested on suspicion of "holding liberal opinions," and in a single month of the year following, five thousand

students in Tokyo (these of the *zombies*) were arrested, some of them to be expelled or jailed for "not taking the emergency seriously."

The "emergency" is the Militarists' great ally. Whenever they have had dirty work to do they have invoked one. An "emergency" compelled them, of course against their will, to annex Korea. An "emergency" called for Tanaka's invasion of Shantung in 1927. Honjo's seizure of Manchuria, the "incident" at the Marco Polo bridge, were necessitated by "emergencies." Japan has invariably been the innocent party on whom the regrettable action has been forced. Through the dastardly collusion of her enemies she has always found herself behind the eight-ball.

The alleged crisis now furnished an excuse to tighten the educational screws to a new tension. There was still another revision of the textbooks. In this rehash, individualism is shown to have been the curse of western countries, and the historical portion concerns itself especially with Japan's triumphs, ancient and modern, in Asia. Her early freebooting descents on Korea are outrageously magnified. Hideyoshi's ruthless invasion, in the Sixteenth Century, is a crusade with whose nobility one finds it hard to associate the famous "earmound" at Kyoto, reared of 77,400 ears and 38,000 noses of dead Koreans and Chinese, brought back in pickle as a memento of his prowess. The adventures of the popular half-Chinese pirate-hero Nagamasa in Seventeenth-Century Ayudia (modern Thailand) become an epic of high-hearted patriotism.

In 1935 the order had been issued that "derogatory reference to Emperors, however far back, must be ex-

punged from Japanese literature," which had created a holocaust among books by foreign pens. One wonders at a people able to read English who would see nothing ludicrous in a British decree that would blot all derogatory mention, say, of Henry the Eighth from English literature! As to the ancient Emperors, it was too late: their exploits, some of them difficult indeed to reduce to peccadilloes, are embedded too deep in the Scriptures.

For example, to consult the record of the Japanese Nero, who reigned at the turn of the Sixth Century, appropriately named Muretsu (Bravely Raging):

"He never failed to witness all manner of cruel punishments and all the folk of the Empire feared him. He cut open the belly of a pregnant woman to examine the womb. He caused men's nails to be pulled out. He caused the hairs to be pulled from men's heads and made them climb to the tops of trees and shot them with bows, and then felled the trees so that they were cast down and killed. In this he found pleasure. He caused men to lie prostrate in the waterways of embankments so that they were washed away, and these he thrust through with three-pronged spears. He placed naked women on broad tables and causing horses to be brought in. . . . In his own warm raiment he took no thought of the folk who perished from the cold, and whilst he ate tid-bits, took no thought that the Empire starved. He patronized many dwarfs and entertainers, permitting vices without shame. This Sovereign sought great harm and did no good thing."

If there is no other way, however, to conserve the proprieties, reprehensible Imperial acts can be shifted to a handy neighbor and, with the approval of the older commentators, Bravely-Raging's excesses are alleged to have been confused with the annals of a Korean contemporary, King Multa of Kudara! Such sensitiveness as to the Im-

perial House may seem odd in the light of the Scriptures, wherein the Gods themselves thieve, seduce and decapitate even their fellow deities with such nonchalance and abandon.

The civil wars, with their swashbuckling samurai armies, the new historians, leaning heavily on Nitobé, make a panorama of knightly chivalry. As to Yoritomo, who after the defeat of the Taira Clan put its women in brothels and buried its young boys alive, they quote Dr. Ariga, the authority *par excellence:* "His manners were gentle, his voice clear and grave. His disposition was magnanimous. He never forgot a kindness." This of that cold and narrow intrigant and fratricide whose dark character all the romantic legends cannot lighten!

4

The educational program had, for its main feature, a concentrated propaganda of the Imperial apotheosis. The sacred sphere was enlarged to include even the "Three Great Treasures." Again, as with Dr. Minobé, the maniacal reformers chose a shining mark. This time it was the distinguished scholar, Tetsujiro Inouyé, Professor Emeritus of the College of Literature of Tokyo's Imperial University, whose scholarship had been won in the Universities of Leipsig, Heidelberg, Berlin and Paris, and whose studies in the ethics of philosophy and religion have a permanent place in the great libraries of the world.

In an earlier book, unnoted by the malignant critics, he had referred to the Imperial Regalia as of an authenticity "perhaps not indisputable"—this of a necklace and mirror that came down from the sky, and a sword hacked from a prehistoric serpent-monster's tail! Accident

brought the book, with its damnatory phrase, to light. Inouyé was prosecuted and drummed out of the university. Of all Japan's savants not one came to his defense. The censor who had passed the publication was dismissed. Some years afterward Inouyé's appearance on a public platform was the signal for a dastardly bodily attack. He was beaten with chairs, kicked by thugs and one eye was gouged out. No one was punished for the outrage.

As regards the Emperor, the Traditionalists went a step further. The stress, heretofore, had been on his divinity. Henceforth he was to be given divine worship. A saying of Viscount Oura, Minister of Commerce thirty years before, was resuscitated: "The majesty of our Imperial House towers above everything else in the world. . . . If it is contended that Japan needs a religious faith, then . . . we must adopt the worship of the Emperor." That was in a period when some of the reformers, pondering the wealth and power of the western nations, were asking themselves, with Cassius, "What meat do these our Caesars feed that they are grown so great?" and suggesting that Japan also might profitably take over Christianity for what those countries had got out of it. The movement, however, had come to nothing. The worship of the Emperor now was no longer to be camouflaged as "filial reverence." Being a God, Hirohito was to receive a God's perquisites.

This was in direct contradiction of earlier official pronouncements which, when the authorities of Christian schools protested against the order requiring their students, on days of special ceremonies, to pay reverence to Imperial Shrines, had announced that the act was *not*

worship in any religious sense. After the annexation of Korea, the point had been raised and so answered for that country. It had cropped up again, after the seizure of Manchuria in 1931, when Catholic university students had been compelled to attend the mass-services at Isé. The Vatican, at the instance of the Archbishop of Tokyo, had raised the question then. The government had given its assurance that only "filial reverence for the Imperial Family" was involved, and after prolonged consideration in Rome, the body of "Cardinals of the Sacred Council for the Propagation of the Christian Name" had accepted the statement on its very doubtful face-value.

These subterfuges were now kicked overboard. Shrines to Bright-Sky-Shiner, containing sacred relics from the Great Shrine at Isé, appeared on all school premises. A system of home-worship was devised and instructions governing it were circulated throughout the country. The same policy, long since put in force by violence in Korea, was decreed for Manchuria, Formosa and all other dependencies. The official teaching was now, broadly, that "*Shinto* is a faith that is to be found at the base of all true religions," and that the Emperor is the centre of religious faith as well as of temporal power. Meanwhile Japan was erecting gorgeous Shrines of the Sun-Goddess in all her new jurisdictions on the pattern of the enormous golden Shrine of Formosa. Now, in 1946, there are Isés in Singapore, in Thailand, and in Java.

From this time Christianity was on the way out. It was prostrate under an unfriendly and contemptuous State control. The new policy of repression was nicely calculated to debauch all the Christian schools, of whatever grade, that had been founded in the Meiji Era and in

which many of the younger Liberal leaders had been developed. In one Protestant church a prayer for the Emperor that had been in use for thirty years was forbidden on the ground that it was "disrespectful" to pray for him to any God but his Sky-Ancestors. Professor Willis Lamott, for nearly twenty years a teacher in Japan, tells of a Christian missionary in Manchuria who was jailed for preaching from the text, "There is none other name under Heaven whereby ye must be saved!"

The leaders of many Christian organizations made valiant efforts at compromise. One can regard their formulas only with pity. One of the best of them, in the shadow of the coming events, was led to write, "Christianity is not opposed to the notion that when the Empire was founded, its early rulers were in communication with the Great Spirit that rules the universe. Christians . . . without doing violence to their creed, may acknowledge that the Japanese nation has a divine origin." Another native Christian teacher declared, before a gathering of Christian ministers, that there was "no contradiction" between the three primal Gods of the Japanese hierarchy and the Christian Trinity. And even Toyohiko Kagawa, the Japanese Christian Socialist who has addressed many American audiences in the spirit of human brotherhood, said, "Jimmu-*Tenno's* God and the God of the ancients was the Creator of the Universe, a God in whom even Christians can believe!"

The apologia, by slow and painful steps, reaches Japan's goal in the astonishing assertion of the General Secretary of the Japanese Christian Council: "The policy of extending to the Continent our family principle, which has its centre in an Imperial House, is the concrete

realization on earth of the spiritual family principle of Christianity. The basis of the Japanese spirit is thus one with Christianity." In other words, Japan's murderous saturnalia in Asia is the triumphant march of the Kingdom of God!

Japan's crowning touch of hypocrisy, at this time, was her dispatch to the United States of a flock of allegedly prominent Christian Liberals "to explain her cause" to unbiased Americans. This card has been often played. Her innocence and virtuous intentions have always been "misunderstood" by the crude and materialistic West.

One of the most arrant of these junkets was the American tour of the "Manchurian Mission of Peace and Amity" Its vice-chairman was a Captain Amakasu who deserves a passing word. He was one of the "reeducated" ruffians the government at Tokyo had used to such purpose in the Manchukuo seizure. A few years before the American visit of the Mission, there had been a flurry of anti-communistic excitement and among others to be jailed was one Osugi Sakae. He was known as Japan's most eminent socialist; if it had had a Socialist Party, he would have been its Norman Thomas. Amakusu had gained entrance to the prison, where he strangled Sakae with his bare hands, and thereafter did the same to his wife and child. He had been given a luxurious "token" imprisonment, from which he had emerged a national hero.

The American newspapers that gave complimentary space to the group's activities in the United States overlooked this tidbit of background history.

5

Throughout this mad career of sword-rattling grandiloquence, the cohorts of the Traditionalists were treating the western Democracies to the spectacle of a mass-schizophrenia in the making such as the world has never seen. The only approach to it is the Nazism of Hitler's youth-battalions.

In the swelling delusion of grandeur the archipelago, at the stroke of an inspired brush, becomes the world. Inasmuch as the first pair, He-Who-Invites and She-Who-Invites, created land out of the Chaos, they must be regarded, we are told, as the creators not only of Japan, but of the world. And all other countries owe them gratitude for their own purblind and wretched existence.

Strangely the Scriptures omit to mention this. Bright-Sky-Shiner's decree, in stage-setting the Divine Descent, is a miracle of understatement. "The Land of the Fruitful-Plain-of-Fresh-Rice-Ears," she says, "is the land which shall be ruled by My descendants." The phrase is one of the country's ancient designations. And the Earth-God, Great-Land-Master, later, with like modesty, proclaims, "In the Great Beginning it was promised that Her (Bright-Sky-Shiner's) Sky-descendants should reign over the eighty spirits of the Central-Land-of-Reed-Plains." To the Imperial Grandson she says, "This Fruitful-Reed-Plain-Land-of-Fresh-Rice-Ears-of-Ten-Thousand-Autumns thou shalt rule." And his obedient answer is "I will descend accordingly " His descendant in the Eighth Century, the Emperor Mommu—he who first called himself "a manifest God"—named himself merely "the ruler of the Great-Land-of-Many-Islands."

But the fiat has gone forth. It was not only Japan that the Divine Grandson was to rule. The Emperor today is the Emperor-Elect of the world!

The corollary is the inherent and incontestable superiority of the Japanese over all other races Proper to a land of divine origin, they are inevitably the super-people of the globe. "Foreign countries, not being the special domain of Bright-Sky-Shiner, have not permanent rulers and spirits of evil have corrupted them." As inferior to Japan, all other countries have only to gain by coming under her rule. The League of Nations? "Only by placing the Imperial House of Japan at its head can the League, which was proposed to save mankind from war's horrors, attain its objective."

With Japan at its apex civilization would be infinitely superior to its present pitiable muddle. "Japanism being a cosmic principle based on human righteousness, the nations of the West should follow it. Without it a perfect order for humanity can never be realized."

It is Japan's divine mission: "The task of instructing the rest of the world devolves upon us and upon our nation. It is the destiny of us Japanese to become its dominating factor. We possess the faculty of universal sympathy and progress. As Japan has a special civilization of her own, she must believe that she has a special mission to mankind."

Of course it is possible that some nations may be so blind as to prefer their own unspeakable governments. In case the United States may be so absurdly misled, a modern booklet designed "to show Japan's position to Americans" (Prince Konoyé, Premier in 1941, and Higashi-Kumi's choice as Vice-Premier after the surrender,

actually wrote its introduction) kindly reassures us: "Japan wishes not to lord it over all other nations, but to create a Paradise on Earth, where all nations and all races may enjoy their lives under the boundless virtue and benevolence of a Great Emperor."

This is the velvet glove, but there is an iron hand in it. Fist would be a better word. For America, among the others, is to have no choice in the matter. And we are to be castigated if we decline Japan's good offices. "To Japan, under the leadership of her Emperor, is entrusted the divine task of creating a universal family comprising all mankind, *and of chastising perverse nations impeding the carrying out* of this celestial undertaking."

Well may we shudder, for this is a high official of Tokyo's Ministry of Education talking, in 1943. And a popular and universally read magazine of the Capital follows this with the declaration, "The Mission of Japan's Imperial House is as worthy of respect as God, and the embodiment of benevolence and justice. . . . It is above all racial considerations. All human disputes, therefore, may be settled in accordance with its immaculate justice. For this Japan must have a *strong punitive force* of supernatural and super-racial character, and only in the Imperial House of Japan can this be found."

Do not smile, Gentle Reader. These are no irresponsible voices crying in the wilderness. This is a stentorian bellow from the seats of authority. Listen, and you may distinguish the voice of General Nobuyoshi, as he leaves Tokyo to take up his duties as Supreme Military Commander in Manchuria and Ambassador on Special Mission to the newly constituted State of Manchukuo: "Our kingly way is to guide the policy of Manchukuo in a spirit

identical with the glorious regime peculiar to Our Imperial Destiny, to control the moral and spiritual progress of the world." And you may hear in it the accents of Lieutenant-General Araki, Minister of War, proclaiming, before the seizure of China's Province of Jehol, "The spirit of the Japanese nation is by its nature a thing that must be propagated over the seven seas and the five continents. *Anything that may hinder it must be abolished, even by force.*"

The succeeding phases of schizophrenia are clear in these quotations: the persecution-complex utilized by the government propagandist, the swelling sense of power, the belief that Japan is exceptional and the race unique and lastly, the conviction of the Divine Mission to control and reform the planet. In the individual, it is a familiar pathologic process: with a people, it is happily less common. One may hope that Japan's mass-megalomania will remain history's most grotesque and fateful example.

She apparently reached her limit in a declaration of an Imperial Ministry. It included a "Bureau of Research into Japanese Spirit and Culture," whose Chief announced that Bright-Sky-Shiner, whose earthly manifestation is the Emperor, is "the Progenitress of the Whole Physical Cosmos." One commentator rounds this out triumphantly: "On the great heart of the Imperial Ancestors is founded the Oneness of the Universe. . . . In a large sense the Imperial Family is the parent body of the world and the universe. Therefore our race has before it a great ideal, a great commission to assimilate the Earth and the Universe"!

Thus, readily for the Japanese, a prehistoric invasion

of an insignificant island by a barbaric Chieftain assumes at a leap astronomical dimensions.

And these incredible Masters of Make-Believe are of a race which has produced no art, or drama, or poetry which is recognized as great, no single composer or architect of genius, no great philosopher or physicist or mathematician, no outstanding leader in moral betterment!

They are the little people who massacred the helpless Koreans, stripped and raped American and British women in the streets of Hong Kong, bayonetted the wounded soldiers in Singapore's Red Cross hospitals, systematically decimated North China with brothels and heroin stews, slashed off the hands and feet of natives in the Philippines, tortured and beheaded the Allied parachuting bombers, and made booby-traps of our dead marines in the Pacific Islands!

The maggot-headed horde whose High Admiral Yamamoto, after Pearl Harbor, was gleefully looking forward to dictating peace terms in the White House in Washington!

6

So came the dawn of Armageddon. The Austrian paper-hanger with the Charlie Chaplin mustache and the heart of a hyena was ready. The end of the old Europe was at hand.

The Austrian Republic fell. Chamberlain made his "peace in our time" flight to Berchtesgaden. Czechoslovakia was invaded, then Poland, the Nazi-Soviet Pact having set the stage for Hitler's attack.

Britain and France declared war.

Denmark . . . Norway . . . Holland . . . Belgium. Italy stabbed France in the back.

Japan's Militarists were roaring drunk on the Nazi victories. Saionji—last great Liberal—died, a sad and broken old man.

Japan embraced the Axis. She was on the bandwagon, and nothing could stop her now! The New Order was blazoned, the "Greater East-Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere." Her troops, two hundred thousand of them, were moving into southern Hainan. Today all Asia, tomorrow the world!

7

I had come in 1941 from India, torn with its nationalist bitterness, where the Indian Army was frantically struggling to take fighting shape, preparing for the worst. Java was in perturbation. Shanghai and Hong Kong were sending their women and children to Chinese cities, supposedly safe in the interior. Kobé was like a vast anthill, clanging with war industries. For many months Hitler had been pouring his colporteurs, his sutlers, his tallymen, an organized army, into Japan. They had taken charge seemingly everywhere.

As I walked along the Yokohama street, looking for old landmarks (for I had not been in Japan since the great earthquake and fire of '23), a man crossed in front of me. He was in mufti, a typical Prussian, cropped hair and a head with no perceptible back to it. I hailed him in German, intending to ask my way. He wheeled, throwing up his hand in the Nazi salute, which I did not return. He scowled as I asked my question, muttered *"Verdammt Amerikaner!"* and went on without answering.

Some urchins in school-kimonos passed me, swinging their book-packs. They had caught the German's sneer, and one and all spat into the gutter as they went by, turning presently to throw back a jibe or two in the vernacular. As a group of tourists, male and female, rounded the corner, they called out "Fish-face!" and "Wasp-waist barbarians!" and vanished, snickering.

I paid my respects at the new American Consulate-General halfway down the Bund, and a courteous member of the staff took me for a motor-ride. For all the signs I could see of the old Yokohama, I might have been in Vladivostok. I saw only one red brick building that I recognized.

The embassy and consulate groups were not having a happy time, he told me. It was unbelievable that the Japanese would dare to invent so many ways to be disagreeable. The general impression in the colony was that they had entirely lost their heads or else "had something nasty up their sleeves" for America. Nobody thought things could go on much longer as they were. There was bound to be an explosion of some kind.

The motor dropped me at the new edition of the Grand Hotel, and I sat awhile in the lounge over a cocktail, watching the Japanese bellhops and bobbing kimono'd waitresses scurrying about for the Nazis. For the place clearly was their rendezvous. I saw only one non-German, evidently a neutral, who walked through hurriedly, as if he cared even less than I did for his surroundings.

The Germans sat about their beer steins, talking in low tones—those at the nearest tables had moved further away when I sat down, spotting me, no doubt, for an

American—so that I caught none of the conversation, except the names of Koiso (the General known as "The Tiger of Korea," who was to become Premier after Tojo was made the official goat—not because he had dragged Japan into war, but because he had lost Saipan) and of Admiral Nomura, the new Ambassador at Washington. Evidently they were "in the know."

As I was finishing my drink one of them rose to go, saying he had to meet an incoming group of "our friends" at the station. Well, I thought, that was that. Japan was in the Axis, and I wished her joy of it.

8

I found my way finally with difficulty, for even the streets ran in unfamiliar fashion, to a shop in a side-street which of old I had frequented, and entered its open door. The proprietor was sitting over a pile of brocades and he rose and called me by name. He had been as rotund and benign then as the Money-God; now he was old and grizzled and thin, but he managed to smile for auld lang syne. We passed the conversational compliments and, after he had closed the door tightly and slid the paper partitions shut, we fell into talk. It had a conspiratorial air, for he spoke in a hushed voice that at times became a whisper. Evidently the Gestapo spy-system was flourishing.

He trusted me as an old friend, which touched me. There were some good Japanese of the old school left, I reflected, though they must be very few. He had been well-to-do, he reminded me, even rich for a Japanese. Now he was poor; not from the earthquake that had almost razed the city, but from the moral and spiritual

shake-up (the "soul-earthquake," as he put it) that had destroyed the old life and ways. One had no friends any more. He told me in a shamed voice that he himself had even been arrested and questioned for a whole day and night—he, who had been an honest citizen all his life!

One of his sons had been killed in Manchuria. They had sent for him to come to the ward police-station and had given him a little wooden box: the lad's ashes. That was the way he had learned it. And they had given him a tiny sun-flag to hang in his window. The neighbors said he ought to be proud of it. Almost every family in the neighborhood had received one or more of the little boxes—one had received three, with as many little flags. They all acted as if they were proud and pleased, and smiled, but their eyes were red.

Business? There was none now. The tourists were as scarce as three-cornered eggs or honest courtesans. He had had only one customer that week. No, no, he protested, when my hand went to my pocket. He was not thinking of my buying anything—I was an old friend. Well, if I really *had* intended to, that was a fine old priest-robe I was fingering I could have it for just what it had cost him. That was a bargain for him nowadays.

Everybody seemed to be fox-crazy. Talking about ruling the world! *He* didn't want to rule the world. He only wanted to live as he always had lived. He had liked Americans; the son who had been killed had wanted to go to California. Now, the newspapers said, one had to hate them. He found it quite impossible. He seldom read the papers now, they were so full of things he didn't understand. Yes, he sometimes listened to the radio; he had

one there in the corner. He would turn it on for me—it was just the time for the afternoon broadcast.

He twirled the dial and music seeped into the room: the *Kimi-Ga-Yo,* "Hymn of the Sovereign." It was just ending A voice came on then—brisk, unctuous, full-volume—and I jotted down the outline of the discourse in my notebook. The *aide-memoir* I copy here:

"Today the news from the seat of war is ear-gladdening. The barbarous enemy are fleeing in eight directions from the heroic might of our samurai, and the ground is heaped breast-high with the slain. This is due to the supreme virtue of our Emperor, whose divine benevolence transfixes us with awe

"How blessed above others are we folk of Great Nippon, who eat our rice under such an Emperor as ours! When Jimmu-*Tenno,* the first of our Earthly Emperors, twenty-six hundred years ago, deigned to assume the Great Dignity, looking up at the High-Sky-Vault, he gave forth a divine utterance, which was, 'Eight Corners, One Sky.' * Let us cherish these words in our hearts, for they mean that one Sky covers all the corners of the world. In them he declared Nippon's sacred mission, to draw together all nations, as with a net of many ropes, into a single family, of which our Sky-Descended Emperor is the head.

"That is our land's duty and destiny, to extend peace and happiness over the whole world. It is for this that our fathers, our brothers and our sons are fighting in China. And they are not fighting alone The spirits of all Japanese who have died in the battle are fighting with

* *Hak-ko, Ichi-u.* This is the famous slogan that has been used as a tocsin by the Militarists since 1940

them. Unseen and voiceless, they are putting out of order the enemy's wireless instruments, so that the barbarous Chinese bandits are thrown into confusion and attack one another, while thousands slay themselves in hysterical terror.

"Let all thanks be worshipfully lifted to the Dweller in Holy Isé for our continued victories."

9

I had begun to realize that I had stayed in Asia overlong. The Nazi steam-roller was plunging on. Hungary—Bulgaria—Rumania—Yugoslavia—Greece. Was the pace never to slacken? Japan was slyly pushing southward. Ensconced in Indo-China, what would she do next?

As we plowed across the swells of the Pacific, the lines of the vague pattern became balefully distinct. There were the Philippines, as open as the air. And what of the Island Mandates, that vast sprinkling of coral atolls that our tourists of late years had found impossible to visit? Were we awake in America, or were our isolationists still in the saddle over there?

Admiral Nomura, the tall monocular adjutant-bird of the Foreign Office, at the Embassy in Washington, was said to be "conciliatory." But Conciliation-Where-Japan-Was-Concerned, that toothless and tottering valetudinarian, had dropped dead with the President's "quarantine" speech, and the crepe was on the State Department doorbell. There would have to be a showdown, and it would be Japan that would strike first—probably soon, and at the Philippines.

I was wrong, to be sure. The blow was not to fall till I had reached America, and Hitler had double-crossed

Russia. Not till December 7th, when Old Glory was torn from the Embassy flag-pole in Tokyo, and Japan's radio blared to the world the news of her "glorious" victory at Pearl Harbor.

Postscript

AGAINST the background story of Japan's sensational rise and ignominious fall, our occupation, as so far carried out, is seen to be only the beginning of our real problem. The situation is one of indefinite armistice and the Peace is very far off. It should come only when it is certain that the Japanese mind has for good and all repudiated sham divinity and that young Japan has turned its face toward the new dawn.

There is an influential antimilitarist and antifascist minority in Japan, though since 1938 it has been savagely suppressed, which is eager for democratic ways. Most of these, of the academic class, many of them holders of University professorships, have long been living in forced retirement. Many of the elder Liberals in the political life of Tokyo fled in the end to foreign countries. I knew a score of them in London in the late 20's, and more in this country. Few of these will return, as Russia's exiled revolutionaries flocked back to Petrograd to organize the new government after the revolution: only a baker's dozen are now alive. Of those who remained to bear the brunt of the storm in the 30's, eleven personal friends of mine, fearless, modern-minded men, leaders in the shrinking Liberal faction, were struck down by bullet or dagger in the disgraceful series of purges that marked Japan's deepest descent into the maelstrom One was burned to death in his own house. Some of these may have left sons who will carry on the work of their martyred fathers.

A handful of the old-time Liberals who at risk of their lives refused to be gagged—men like the veteran Yukio Ozaki, the old wheel-horse of Count Okuma's "Progessive Party" of the 80's, who against all odds has never ceased to fight fiercely for parliamentary procedure and democratic freedom, even since Pearl Harbor—are still to be counted on. In last October the prisons opened to disgorge 39,000 prisoners jailed for various forms of opposition to the militarist tyranny. One cannot doubt where they will stand in the new order, or that the spark of liberalism will be blown again into flame by those who have nourished that spark in durance or in hiding.

Our strictly military regime will not be long, for an occupational military force, trained for invasion, cannot be competent to understand or deal with problems whose solution demands a knowledge of Japanese character and psychology to be gained only in years of residence and close acquaintance, and Japan's mental and moral regeneration cannot be brought about by curfew and brass hats. We shall soon enter the semi-military stage, whose personnel must be for the most part civilian. We have no such a body of civil servants, chosen and trained for the task, such for example as Great Britain possesses in her Indian Civil List. Lacking colonies and dependencies and desiring none, we have had no need of them.

We need top men now of this sort for our work in Japan, career men trained at home and seasoned by foreign service, who will be backed by our military and working in cooperation with our own Intelligence. For there will still be much undercover beating of the old gong of hatred, many idle spawn of the jingoistic terrorist organizations such as the "Black Dragons," and fanatic

younger officers of the secret political societies, at a loose end and eager for underground activities. We must develop such a corps. They will be outside the military orbit and best able to choose their Japanese cooperators. Their numbers can be swelled by recruits from the many American and British teachers and mission workers and organizers who still remain in Japan, and from the larger number who have left in despair but whose painful experiences of pre-war years in the archipelago will not dissuade them from returning, with renewed hope, to their old labors. These will constitute a qualified company of unselfish men and women dedicated to a task calling for the highest degree of patience and understanding. We shall need them, for outside their ranks there are probably less than a hundred American citizens, not of Japanese extraction, who can converse in anything but a slipshod patois with a Japanese of education, or read more than the headlines in a vernacular newspaper or magazine.

One element from which great help may come is the *Nisei,* the second-generation American-born and bred Japanese. Many of them, when the test came, obeyed the call of race. But many fought under our flag in Burma and in the Pacific where their risks were greater than those of white parentage. The Japanese-American soldiers of the 442nd battalion in France and Italy, according to one of their commanders, formed "the finest combat unit in the Army." Some *Nisei* received the Purple Heart for gallantry in Italy and the Pacific Islands. Some lie under white crosses or in unmarked jungle graves beside our boys from Maine and Texas and Nevada. Saburo Kido, the National President of the Japanese-American Citizens League, spoke for those who survive

when he said, on the day Hirohito proclaimed Japan's surrender to his people, "We Japanese-Americans are happy. . . . We have won the shooting war. The great job of winning the peace lies ahead."

Some of these loyal Americans—no less loyal for a sentimental attachment to their racial home—may, if they will, give Japan a great gift. During this period of chaos and the longer era of painful confusion, through which will flit the shadows of what is to come, they can help in Japan to teach her people the lessons they themselves have learned in America.

For the older generation such a mental revolution as is implied in the essential repudiation of the social and political complex may be impossible. There will be little to hope for from the classes of higher culture, associated with Court and Government, though some may come from the ranks of the nobility, as in France a hundred and sixty years ago. Nor is there hope in the peasantry, to whom the government has never meant anything but police. The millions of peasant soldiers Japan has been using in China, for whom the war's lifting of moral restrictions has loosed the inherent sadism of the stock to the license of orgy, will return to their home villages corrupted and brutalized by the infamies they have seen and wrought, and indefinitely unfitted by the long years of soldiering for anything above the sluggish toil of the paddy-field.

I believe Japan's greatest hope of rehabilitation lies in the craftsman and tradesman class, the masses of folk in every city and town of the archipelago who constitute so large a body of the population beneath the intelligentsia. That is the class of my forlorn old friend of the Yokohama brocade-shop. Honest and well-meaning and

contented only a handful of years ago, to my mind they had—even up to the outbreak of the war—a greater degree of balance and self-respect than the swashbucklers of the samūrai feather or the intellectuals of the schools, with their secret societies and pulsating furores.

They were finally to succumb to the madness with the rest, but in the end, when they have grasped the implications of the national delirium and defeat, they should be the first to react, and should prove a force to count on for reconstruction. Yet even for them it will be a long and painful way back, and they will have to bear, with their betters who have beguiled them, the suffering and deprivation inseparable from a national collapse.

For the population in general reform will have to come primarily, as all lasting reforms come, from the present younger generation. With them, mentally warped in their formative years by a vicious indoctrination, it will be a tug-of-war between the old and the new, between the growing social and political consciousness and the silent, stubborn undertow from the deep sea of inherited prejudice. And this connotes a long period of re-education, which may call for mental bombs quite as devastating in their way as the atomic bombs we launched on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. We must begin, as did the militarist junta, with the children, and we must fortify ourselves against disillusionment, for the process of relearning will at first be largely unwilling. But we can invoke the compulsory system and compel where we cannot persuade.

The recent Washington Directive purging the schools of Japan of militarist influence and personnel indicates a realization that military, economic and scientific con-

siderations are not all our reform has to do with, but that a broad and drastic overhauling of the entire system of education is on the cards. Hirohito has blandly declared that the future object of Japanese education will be "the fostering of the search for truth and the inculcation of a correct world-outlook." We shall make this true to an extent that he cannot dream. With all use of press, radio and film this will be possible in time with a people who are over ninety percent literate, the highest national percentage in the world.

But it will mean a rigid censorship on all printed books and brochures with wholesale confiscation For all Japan's books printed in the past twenty years, historical, critical, exegetical, commentary, are tarred with the same brush. Two official broadcasts, one of them by the new Ministry of War, just before MacArthur's steel fist closed on the Tokyo radio, outlined a plan for the re-writing of Japan's history, "to give her code to the world and for the enlightenment of the coming generations." That history will be re-written, but not by the Ministry of War. It has been three times re-written in her text-books already under those auspices during the course of the Great Conspiracy.

Even to a people psychologically and spiritually as far apart from us as the poles, we can have faith to believe that the concept of democratic government will in the end come, if perforce slowly. It will come with the infiltration of Western ideas, the freeing of youthful minds from the iron tyranny imposed upon them; with the return to library shelves of the prohibited books that hold the best thought of the world; with freedom of opinion restored to the faculties of higher schools and

universities so that the word "education" shall once more have a meaning; with religion stripped of its strait-jacket; with free-speech and a free-press, the two Shibboleths of true human liberty.

And let us hope that, under the new and vivifying impulse, the mildewed doctrine of the "Sky-Descent," with its absurd Dogma of the Emperor's divinity, will eventually fade back into the shadowy empire of legend, from which is was plucked by a conscienceless junta of would-be Lords Paramount of the Universe, to become the basic tenet of a cajoled and deluded populace.

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Dragon in the Dust is the fruit of long official service at the American Embassy in Tokyo and of private visits in Japan over a period of thirty-five years. *Dragon in the Dust* is more than a political and historical discussion. It is a personal history of the author's life in Japan replete with drama, espionage and high comedy. Its thesis is a simple one which has, strangely enough, not been publicized. It is that for the safety of the world we must root out what has been the inspiration and the weapon of the Japanese military machine, and must not be allowed to live on under the ashes of the present defeat to break out in a coming generation.

Post Wheeler lays bare the demerits of the present peace under the occupation, analyzing the responsibility and demonstrating cause and effect.