Chinese were murdered there. Volume two, a 789-page document collection is appended and readers are left to reach their own conclusions. Although the association of former Imperial army officers was in a unique position to come to a judgment concerning one of the principal war-crimes issues still left over from those years, their willingness to leave the question open is evidence of how little those involved are, even today, willing to acknowledge responsibility for what happened in that war.

Qualifying as a Leader

TOMINAGA SHŌZŌ [1]

"Then, university-student status still brought with it a deferment from active duty. After my graduation I took my professor's advice and headed for Manchuria to work for a company in charge of grain distribution all over Manchukuo. It was a good life. I could afford to get married. When the army caught up with me, I was almost twenty-six. When I reported for my physical in Manchuria I was rated Class A. I wasn't particularly keen about going into the army, but somehow I never questioned my duty."

The war in China was four years old when he was sent there in the summer of 1941. More than half a million Japanese had been killed or wounded on the continent since the China Incident began. There was no end in sight. He was assigned to the 232nd Regiment of the Thirty-Ninth Division from Hiroshima, which had been dispatched to Central China. The division was stationed at the most advanced part of the front line, up the Yangtze Valley toward Chungking.

It was July 30, 1941, when I reported in. They took me to the infantry company where I had been assigned as a second lieutenant. I was fresh from officer school. "These men are the members of the second platoon" was my only introduction to those who would be under my command. I'll never forget meeting them—about twenty men; the other half of the platoon were away from camp, on the front line. When I looked at the men of my platoon I was stunned—they had evil eyes. They weren't human eyes, but the eyes of leopards or tigers. They'd experienced many battles and I was completely green. I'd seen nothing. How could I give these guys orders, or even look into those faces? I lost all my confidence. Among the men were new conscripts, two-year men, and three-year men. The longer the men had been at the front, the more evil their eyes appeared.

The day after I arrived, a special field-operations training exercise was announced for all twenty-two of the new candidate officers. For a week Second Lieutenant Tanaka, our instructor, took us to the scenes of battles that had been fought in our area. He pointed out the battlefields where things had gone well and then he showed us the sites of battles lost, with tremendous damage and carnage evident everywhere. We walked over the ground, or ran over it at his command, looking at the physical features, trying to apply our book knowledge to a geography real war had touched.

The next-to-last day of the exercise, Second Lieutenant Tanaka took us to the detention center. Pointing at the people in a room, all Chinese, he announced, "These are the raw materials for your trial of courage." We were astonished at how thin and emaciated they looked. Tanaka told us, "They haven't been fed for several days, so they'll be ready for their part in tomorrow's plan." He said that it was to be a test to see if we were qualified to be platoon leaders. He said we wouldn't be qualified if we couldn't chop off a head.

On the final day, we were taken out to the site of our trial. Twenty-four prisoners were squatting there with their hands tied behind their backs. They were blindfolded. A big hole had been dug—ten meters long, two meters wide, and more than three meters deep. The regimental commander, the battalion commanders, and the company commanders all took the seats arranged for them. Second Lieutenant Tanaka bowed to the regimental commander and reported, "We shall now begin." He ordered a soldier on fatigue duty to haul one of the prisoners to the edge of the pit; the prisoner was kicked when he resisted. The soldier finally dragged him over and forced him to his knees. Tanaka turned toward us and looked into each of our faces in turn. "Heads should be cut off like this," he said, unsheathing his army sword. He scooped water from a bucket with a dipper, then poured it over both sides of the blade. Swishing off the water, he raised his sword in a long arc. Standing behind the prisoner, Tanaka steadied himself, legs spread apart, and cut off the man's head with a shout, "Yo!" The head flew more than a meter away. Blood spurted up in two fountains from the body and sprayed into the hole.

The scene was so appalling that I felt I couldn't breathe. All the candidate officers stiffened. Second Lieutenant Tanaka designated the person on the right end of our line to go next. I was fourth. When my turn came, the only thought I had was "Don't do anything unseemly!" I didn't want to disgrace myself. I bowed to the regimental commander and stepped forward. Contrary to my expectations, my feet firmly met the ground. One thin, worn-out prisoner was at the edge of the pit,

blindfolded. I unsheathed my sword, a gift from my brother-in-law, wet it down as the lieutenant had demonstrated, and stood behind the man. The prisoner didn't move. He kept his head lowered. Perhaps he was resigned to his fate. I was tense, thinking I couldn't afford to fail. I took a deep breath and recovered my composure. I steadied myself, holding the sword at a point above my right shoulder, and swung down with one breath. The head flew away and the body tumbled down, spouting blood. The air reeked from all that blood. I washed blood off the blade then wiped it with the paper provided. Fat stuck to it and wouldn't come off. I noticed, when I sheathed it, that my sword was slightly bent.

At that moment, I felt something change inside me. I don't know how to put it, but I gained strength somewhere in my gut.

Some of the officer candidates slashed the head by mistake. One prisoner ran around crazily, his blindfold hanging down, his head gashed. "Stab him!" Tanaka ordered. The candidate officer swung and missed again. "You fool!" Tanaka scolded. This time Tanaka swung his sword. All of us did. Everyone got covered with blood as we butchered him.

We returned to our companies. Until that day I had been overwhelmed by the sharp eyes of my men when I called the roll each night. That night I realized I was not self-conscious at all in front of them. I didn't even find their eyes evil anymore. I felt I was looking down on them.

Later, when the National Defense Women's Association welcomed us in Manchuria, they mentioned to me that they had never seen men with such evil eyes. I no longer even noticed. Everybody becomes bloodthirsty on the battlefield. The men received their baptism of blood when they went into combat. They were victimizers. I joined them by killing a prisoner.

Every March, new conscripts came from home. The men who'd been there a long time sometimes completed their period of service, but they usually stayed. Those who were conscripted in 1939 couldn't go home until the end of war, because of the huge losses. Six years.

A new conscript became a full-fledged soldier in three months in the battle area. We planned exercises for these men. As the last stage of their training, we made them bayonet a living human. When I was a company commander, this was used as a finishing touch to training for the men and a trial of courage for the officers. Prisoners were blindfolded and tied to poles. The soldiers dashed forward to bayonet their target at the shout of "Charge!" Some stopped on their way. We kicked them and made them do it. After that, a man could do anything easily. The army created men capable of combat. The thing of supreme importance was to make them fight. It didn't matter whether they were bright or sincere. Men

useless in action were worthless. Good soldiers were those who were able to kill, however uncouth they were. We made them like this. Good sons, good daddies, good elder brothers at home were brought to the front to kill each other. Human beings turned into murdering demons. Everyone became a demon within three months. Men were able to fight courageously only when their human characteristics were suppressed. So we believed. It was a natural extension of our training back in Japan. This was the Emperor's Army.

The first time I saw combat myself was late September and early October 1941. That was the time of the Changsha operation. Fighting went on day and night. Three battalions were engaged in our attack. I participated in the platoon on the left side of the company on the extreme left flank of the Third Battalion. At first, we advanced covered by light machine guns, while artillery shelled the enemy position. Our strategy was to charge at bayonet point, once we got within fifty meters. There was nothing to cover us on our approach, and a brick pillbox was right in front of us. We couldn't advance until a shell exploded near the pillbox, sending up a cloud of dust. I took the opportunity to lead my men forward, shouting "Charge!" Halfway to the pillbox, the dust suddenly settled, and the enemy started shooting at us again. Dust now kicked up at our feet. We were completely exposed. Strangely, we weren't hit. I was running with the thought that I might fall at any moment. It was only fifty meters to the pillbox—maybe ten seconds, yet it seemed I'd never reach it no matter how hard I ran. When I looked up I noticed a huge loophole for a machine gun and a gigantic muzzle spitting fire right at me. "It shouldn't be this big," I thought. I closed my eyes and fought my way into their position. Half the enemy escaped, but we took about ten prisoners. I was so excited that my mouth moved uncontrollably. I didn't mean to say anything, but words seemed to pour from my mouth, berating my men. A reserve force relieved us, and we went to see the company commander, taking the prisoners with us. We learned that we had been the first to charge into the enemy line and had started the enemy's collapse. There was an assessment of services rendered during the battle. I was the one who received the most praise and honor for my action. But at the time I didn't know that at all. This was my first battle. My first charge.

With experience, I learned to judge whether the situation was dangerous or not. The more experienced I was, the more fearful I became. At the beginning I didn't know anything, and it was like being delirious. A platoon leader always led his platoon in a direct assault. You charged because there was no choice. It wasn't a matter of courage. My only thought was to do my duty. Platoon leader was the position of utmost

danger. A company commander could remain behind the front lines, sending one or two platoons out to the front, except in a night attack when he led the whole company forward in the darkness.

Eventually, I served as a company commander myself. It was relatively easy. When the company left on an operation, they gathered first and saluted me. I wondered how many might not return. That was the feeling I disliked most. In a large operation, roughly a third to a half of the company wouldn't return. They weren't all killed, but many were wounded. When there were casualties, other men had to carry them. It took four men to carry one man unable to walk. There was no way to evacuate the wounded if a battle was being lost. Then we evacuated only the ones able to walk, and only as many as we could. The rest of the injured were expected to kill themselves, but some Japanese were captured because they couldn't take their own lives.

Massacres of civilians were routine. They cooperated with the enemy, sheltered them in their houses, gave them information. We viewed them as the enemy. During combat, all villagers went into hiding. We pilfered anything useful from their houses or, in winter, burned them for firewood. If anyone was found wandering about, we captured and killed them. Spies! This was war.

Tominaga Shōzō discusses the consequences of his acts in Chapter 24.

Gas Soldier

TANISUGA SHIZUO

He brings out his military handbook in which are recorded the dates of his promotions and the units he served in. One column gives his speciality as "gas." When he was away from the front, he worked as a clerk in the office of a poison-gas factory.

"We used poison gas in China from the very beginning. It wasn't employed openly, since the Geneva Convention forbade it. We took special care to pick up the expended canisters and remove all traces of its use from the battlefields. I've been studying this as a member of the Poison Gas Workers' Association. We're seeking compensation from the Japanese government for the injuries we suffered while making all kinds of poison gas during the war—choking gas, sneezing gas, and mustard gas." Looking into his notebook, he continues, "I've been able to document when gas was used in China. Nine times in 1937 and 185 in 1938. There were 465 times in 1939 alone, 259 in 1940, and 48 in 1941. It was employed there all the way through 1945."

At the end of July 1937, my regiment from Fukuyama was mobilized. This was just after the Marco Polo Bridge Incident at the start of fighting in China. I was a new-minted soldier then, one of the last who received his military training in peacetime. Before the war, we specialists had only four or five days of gas training. We relied on *Defense Against Gas,* a text drafted in April 1937. It hadn't yet become an official manual. Our training focused on mastering how to decontaminate areas where mustard gas had been used. We were given a large bag containing maybe ten kilograms of bleaching powder to spread in front of us. We were supposed to be dealing with mustard gas, so we had to have complete protection—rubber boots, rubber trousers, jacket, gloves, and a head cover. Just putting all that on in the summer made you break out in a terrible sweat. We called it "octopus dancing." The glass lenses on the mask instantly fogged up. It was probably the most hated training in the army.

I was a private second class in the Second Battalion, Forty-First Regiment, Fifth Division. When you spoke of combat then, you were still talking about killing the other side with rifles, machine guns, maybe a little artillery support. That was the normal way we soldiers fought. Occasionally airplanes supported us with bombing. I wasn't sent to China until 1939, after Peking, Nanking, and Hankow had fallen. Most of the work we had was pacification or punitive missions intended to suppress anyone who showed themselves.

Each squad carried two or three "Red Canisters," filled with a gas that induced coughing. They were about twenty centimeters long and five centimeters in diameter. At the top of the canister was something like the tip of a match. A tiny cover fit over it, and it was wrapped in cotton too, so that it wouldn't be set off accidentally. It functioned as a fuse. The second you lit it, smoke would come out. That was the poison gas. If you threw with all your might, you could toss it maybe fifty meters.

Poison gas had little effect when the weather was mild. Updrafts caused the smoke to dissipate. The best time to use it was immediately before a rainstorm, when air pressure was low and the wind was blowing slowly and steadily in the direction of the enemy. I learned how to measure wind speed as part of my training.

Once I got the command "Use Red Canister!" when I was at the front in China. I held up a piece of tissue paper and watched how it fluttered in the wind. I was glad to see conditions were favorable—the weather cloudy, wind blowing toward the other side. "Perfect," I thought. I shouted the order, "Take out the canisters!" I had the men put on their

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Homecoming

TOMINAGA SHŌZŌ [2]

A Tokyo Imperial University graduate in agriculture, trained afterward to be an army officer, he survived almost five years of war in China. A second conflict began for Captain Tominaga as that war formally ended.

Captured by the Soviets when they overran Manchuria in August 1945, he was held as a prisoner of war, and was transferred through a succession of harsh Siberian camps, encountering Germans, Rumanians, Hungarians, and Czechs, until he finally ended up in Camp 8, where he was put to mining work. "It was there I saw the full text of the Potsdam Declaration for the first time. I was shocked at Article Ten, the one which said all war criminals will be severely punished, including the ones who treated prisoners cruelly. Those lines reminded me of what I had done in China. Each day I simply did my eight hours of heavy labor and tried not to think of what those words would mean to me when I returned to camp."

The investigation of war criminals began about the time New China established itself in 1949. It was rumored that China had asked the Soviets to hand over war criminals. Some believed that we should say nothing and just tough it out. Others felt that telling what they knew was a condition for becoming a democratic man. Most of us thought then that murdering, raping, and setting fire to villages were unavoidable acts in war, nothing particularly wrong.

When I was called for investigation, Soviet officers and a Korean interpreter asked only if I was Captain Tominaga and questioned me about details of my military career. Someone else must have told about me. Some were bought by money. I remained in Siberia although trains for home departed regularly. Only one camp remained in 1950. We finally boarded a train and were told that we would be sent home via Khabarovsk.

Our train ran east along the same rail we'd taken west five years before. Farms now stood in what had been wasteland, and factories had been built where there had been open country. The waters of Lake Baikal remained the same, frozen and somehow horrifying. We were gathered at Khabarovsk. Some more prisoners joined us from Vladivostok. We conducted a ceremony in the square of the camp where we were now held. The representatives of both groups exchanged greetings and sang a "Song of Unity," hand in hand. I was told that they were the "reactionary officers." Later, one of them came up to me and said that they didn't have any desire to work for the Soviets, but would like to work to build up their physical strength in preparation for the life in prison in China. One condition they wanted to set was that they not work with men who viewed them as the enemy. I negotiated with the Soviet side and arranged work for them at wood-milling.

In June 1950 we were given new clothes by our Russian captors and told to spend all the money we had. We were taken to the station. Normally, red banners and slogans hung from the trains, but what we found were freight trains covered with barbed wire. The sight reminded me of basket cages for criminals. It was blazing hot in the cars. After two nights the train was shunted onto a siding. I read the name of the station, "Guroteko," a place on the border between the Soviet Union and Manchuria. Inside the car there was complete turmoil. Everyone knew we were going to be handed over to the Chinese. We thought we would be killed when they got their hands on us.

When the train finally started moving again, we passed through a tunnel. Soldiers of the People's Liberation Army were lined up on the other side. They were so young they looked like boy soldiers, perhaps because we were used to seeing the robust Soviets. I thought soon it would be all over. There were about 960 of us, including former policemen, military police, and men from the criminal-investigation and legal sections of Manchukuo. There were about one hundred men like that who had treated the Chinese cruelly. The others were all soldiers. The highest-ranking officers present were divisional commanders. Several of them. More than half were noncommissioned officers. There were about two or three hundred officers, but no really senior ones.

We boarded new trains in China. This time, we found ourselves in passenger cars. They gave us some bread for lunch. White bread. We'd eaten only black bread in Siberia and we feared that white bread was too refined and wouldn't provide strength enough. It was eerie. The treatment we received was so polite that it almost seemed like they were scared of us. Maybe they were going to treat us gently, then kill us suddenly. The train arrived at Fushun. We formed up on the platform and walked through streets lined by soldiers with guns. The machine guns

on the roofs of the houses were Japanese-army issue. We were taken to Fushun Prison, which had been built by the Japanese government to hold Chinese. The former warden of the prison was now among its prisoners.

I was put into a cell with fifteen other men. The lock clanged shut behind me with a heavy noise. It was an awful feeling. A wooden board hung above the door, bearing the words "Japanese Military War Criminal Management." All of us resented that. We insisted that it didn't make any sense to call us war criminals. The war criminals were the Emperor, the cabinet ministers, and the military commanders. They were the ones who had led us into the war. They were the ones responsible. Small fish and hooligans like us weren't war criminals. Those were our complaints to our guard, who conveyed our feelings to his superior. The wooden board was replaced with one that simply said "Management."

Our first meal took us completely by surprise. We were served Chinese broccoli, with a soup of pork and radishes. It was delicious. When we ran out of fresh vegetables, they brought us more food. Our only wish in Siberia had been to get enough food. Now we did no labor. We were allowed to go out for exercise and to the lavatory for thirty minutes, morning and evening. We were confined to the cells the rest of the time. Our daily routine was to play *shōgi, go,* and mah-jongg, and tell pornographic stories. We had nothing to do but lie around on our backs. Sometimes the guards came by and cautioned us to sit up, but we ignored their warnings. We even spat at them. Sometimes we were given a few leaflets about the New China, but no one paid much attention to them. For the first two years, in our desperation, we were insubordinate and defiant toward our jailers. We felt we would be killed anyway. After all, every one of us was guilty of something.

They ignored our defiant attitude like willows before the wind. They never shouted at us or kicked us. When someone fell ill, they came to take care of him, even in the middle of the night. They sent the seriously ill to a special hospital outside. We began to realize that human beings should be treated this way and began to reflect on our treatment of Chinese during the war. "We acted wrongly, but we wouldn't have done it if we hadn't received the orders." That was still our thinking. In my case, I imagined I did it only because of the regiment commander's order. "Yes, the bad one was Commander Ōsawa," I'd say. "He's the one who made me kill that first one." I believed I was a victim.

We were transferred to another prison for a while in 1950 when the U.S. Army advanced to the Yalu River in the Korean War. It was confidently explained to us that the Volunteer Army from China was now participating in that war and would soon push back the Americans, that they were only moving us to protect us from American bombing. It never

crossed my mind that the Chinese could defeat the U.S. forces when the Japanese military had failed to beat them. We even hoped that the U.S. forces might rescue us from captivity, but the following spring the majority of us were sent back to Fushun, though those of us over the rank of first lieutenant were moved to Harbin. Only then did we realize that the People's Liberation Army were not an ordinary army. The Korean War turned out as they told us it would, and our belief that the Chinese people were inferior and the Chinese army weak was overturned completely.

Various books were now circulated in the prison. First, novels and the like were brought in and then books on politics and economics. Books by Mao Tse-tung appeared. I reread a collection of Marx and Engels that I'd read before the war, but being in prison made it a completely different experience. The *People's Daily* was circulated. It was 1952, three years after the revolution, and a movement to criticize superiors was sweeping through China. Those who were criticized were excused if they freely admitted their actions had been wrong. If not, they were pulled through the streets wearing conical hats on their heads. The best thing to do was to voluntarily confess what one had done.

Around this time, we were summoned before a panel and asked our feelings about our treatment there and our impressions of the books we had read. The guards and soldiers didn't wear any badges of rank. Those people who came to summon us seemed to be officers and the guards were probably noncoms. We called all those who summoned and talked to us "leaders."

One day, we were given ten pages of rough paper and told to write out an account of our past. We thought that the final act had come. If we were to write, what else had we to write about but cruel acts? It meant death. The four or five of us sat apart, scattered about in one room. No one said a word, just glared at the paper on the desk. Some wrote a little and then erased it. At lunch, everyone ate in silence. I told myself that I would be executed anyway and began writing. I wrote that I killed a prisoner under direct orders, I wrote that I had made new conscripts execute prisoners when I was a company commander. I wrote that I ordered my men to shoot the Chinese soldiers who surrendered because holding prisoners was troublesome. And I wrote that I had ordered the burning of a hundred houses under direct orders.

Everybody else looked at me amazed. I rewrote this neatly and tried to give it to a guard who passed by. He just ignored me and went away. Thirty minutes later, another guard passed by. I called out to him, and after asking me if I was really done, he reluctantly accepted it. Everybody else was having difficult time writing anything, while I was now reading a magazine. A guard came and called out my prisoner number. Number

373 was my name from the beginning to the end of my prison days. The guard stood there, with a fierce expression, holding out the papers I'd submitted. It was natural, he said, not to be able to write. Writing this quickly was the epitome of an insincere attitude! I was an obstacle to the sincere students. He took me out and threw me into an underground cell.

The cell was deep underground and dark, and it had been unused for long time. It was lit by a grim, dim bulb. I convinced myself that I'd finally fallen as far to the bottom as I could go. In time my eyes got used to the darkness and I made out writing on the wall. "Down with Japanese Imperialism!" "Devils of the Orient!" All of it was abusive language about us Japanese. Written in blood. When I saw these, a chill went up my spine. They'd been written in desperate, hopeless defiance by prisoners just before being killed. For the first time, I understood the mind of those prisoners. Up to that moment, I'd excused myself from responsibility on the grounds that I was myself ordered to commit such acts by regimental commanders. From the point of view of those murdered, though, it didn't matter whether the act of killing was a voluntary one or done under orders.

I now realized that first I had to take responsibility myself, as a person who had acted. Only then could I pursue the responsibilities of the superiors, my commanders, and the Emperor. There was a notebook in the cell. I was again told to write a self-examination. About the tenth day in the cell, the blue ink turned purple, then seemed to disappear altogether. I could no longer see the letters I was writing. When I told the guard I was taken to the medical room. There, I was given a shot and ordered to stop writing. I just sat in the cell and thought. One week later they told me I could write once again, suggesting that my consciousness must have been deepened. I wrote from the viewpoint of the persons whose houses we burnt down and whom we killed. In the middle of the winter, no shelter, no food, no fuel. I wrote my self-examination based on the results of my acts.

After one month, I was allowed to leave the dungeon. Later, I was taken to the hospital attached to Harbin Medical University, a former Japanese Kwantung Army hospital with excellent facilities. I received a thorough examination and learned that I was suffering from *lumbar caries*. Hospitalized, I lay with my upper body in a plaster jacket. I couldn't sleep because of the pain, not until I was given a morphine injection. When I woke up, still in pain, I felt that this was the revenge of the victims. I was experiencing real pain for the first time. They gave me streptomycin injections, a precious substance greatly prized at that time. The pain disappeared suddenly after two weeks.

While I was hospitalized, members of my battalion made oral confessions in front of each other. It was 1954. The leaders of the "management" and the public prosecutors were present. It went on every day for several months. Whenever they were found to be hiding something, they had to repeat their stories again and again. Their lack of sincerity was criticized. The anxiety caused a loss of appetite. One of them committed suicide. When I was finally allowed to go back to the prison and rejoin the Japanese after three years in bed, I noticed their expressions had changed. They had released what they'd held in their minds. At that time, we were able to visit other rooms because the locks were not set anymore. We studied in the morning and did exercises in the afternoon.

Now, the study committee brought a new theme up for discussion. Miwa, who'd killed dozens of people, announced in front of everyone that he would request the death sentence. The idea was that the war criminal who realized his guilt shouldn't wait for a trial but should request one. We reached a level of understanding through our studies that we ought to accept any sentence. However, we were still shaken when the time for a trial came. We were now taken out of our prison on field trips. The first day we went to a machine plant. I was especially surprised by a new kind of long light bulb that I had never seen before. I was told that these were called "fluorescent lights," and that they were extremely efficient. It made me realize how long a time had passed. The second day, we visited a farming cooperative, and the third day, a mine. After we saw the mine, we were introduced to one of the survivors of a massacre in a nearby village. She described, in detail, how all of her family members and other villagers had been killed and how she felt. She explained how the Communist Party had helped her understand that Japanese militarism caused this and not the Japanese people. For the first time we directly experienced the anger of the Chinese.

Soon the trials began. It was June 1956. There were one thousand sixty-two of us altogether, including one hundred twenty who had fought with the Nationalist army. Forty-five of us were indicted and the others were given a reprieve. They told us that there was enough evidence for indictment and conviction, but that they would allow us to return to Japan because we showed clear signs of repentance and had admitted our guilt. Furthermore, Japan was no longer a militaristic nation.

When I saw the green land of Japan after two nights aboard the ship, I wasn't moved at all. I didn't even feel that I had returned to my motherland. Maybe it had just been too long. Perhaps I was overwhelmed by worries about how I would support my family and how I would adjust

to the society I had yearned for so when I was in Siberia. In those days, tears came to my eyes whenever I saw the trains moving east. But I gave up on the idea of going home after I was moved to China as a war criminal.

It was more than sixteen years since I had left for China. I was a frail forty-three-year-old man wrapped up in Chinese worker's clothes, sick and weary. I couldn't help feeling empty. The pier was full of people. I got off the ship and walked past the welcoming crowd until I encountered my wife's face. "I'm back," was all I said. "Welcome home," she replied with a smile. She looked a lot older. Then she introduced a tall girl standing behind her, "This is Yumi." I touched the shoulder of the high-school student and said, "Hi." She grew tense and didn't smile. When I had last seen her, she could barely walk. The girl standing there like a stranger was my daughter.

The Face of the Enemy

SASAKI NAOKATA

He was evacuated with his Tokyo elementary-school class to Miyagi prefecture on September 2, 1944. They were staying in a small-town inn on August 15, 1945, when the war officially ended. "Many of my classmates had lost their parents. Seven of them had lost one parent, nine had lost both. Ten had had their entire families annihilated, leaving them utterly alone. This out of my eighty-five classmates in my sixth-grade class from that one Asakusa school."

The day the war ended we still did our usual morning calesthenics. You stripped to the waist, even in the middle of winter—girls, too—and shouted rhythmically in time to the exercises, "Annihilate America and England! One-Two-Three-Four! Annihilate America and England! One-Two-Three-Four!" This was at six in the morning in the inn yard close by a pond that still had carp swimming in it. We had no doubt that Japan's actions were just. We were convinced that the Americans and the British were demons. Not human beings.

We then went for our morning meal in the dining hall on the first floor of the inn and together we recited: "The blessings of the Imperial Reign on Heaven and Earth. Taste the beneficence of Parents and Supremacy." I don't even understand today what that means exactly, but maybe the "supremacy" refers to the Emperor. Then we quickly ate. The amount of food in front of us was so small we finished immediately. We were always hungry. We'd pour hot water into our bowls and gulp it down just to fill our stomachs.

That day we went to work in the mountainside pumpkin garden we had pioneered, carving it out of the woods ourselves, then back to the inn to listen to a special talk given by the Emperor. But the receiver was in such a terrible condition and the Emperor's words were so difficult we didn't understand a thing. Even our teachers didn't understand. We only learned what it meant the next day, or maybe even the day after. The thought that Japan would lose hadn't been in our thoughts. We continued to chant "Annihilate America and England! One-Two-Three-Four!" in our morning calesthenics for two more days. Finally, our teachers told us, "The war has ended." They never said, "Japan lost," just that we could go back home. That was good.

Gradually, my friends started going back to Tokyo. But not me. I couldn't yet, so there I still was, in Miyagi, on the day when word came, "The Americans are on their way! They're coming on jeeps and trucks!"

Great clouds of dust billowed up as jeeps raced down the road towards us. We peeped out through little holes we'd poked in the paper of the inn's *shōji* screens to try to catch a glimpse of them. What would they be like? Suddenly, it occurred to us, "They must have horns!" We had images of glaring demons with horns sprouting from their heads.

We were disappointed, of course. No horns at all. Later, schoolmates who'd bumped into them on the streets brought back chocolates. "Americans, they're good people," they said, but I told them that couldn't be true. I swore that they must be lying. But I never went out to see for myself, not until I got back to Tokyo, anyway.

Imperial Gifts for the War Dead

KAWASHIMA EIKO

She is the thirty-fourth in the line of masters of Shioze, a shop famed for the sweet bean-filled cakes called manjū. *Their confections have been enjoyed by the Court, military rulers of Japan, masters of tea ceremony, and connoisseurs of sweets since the founder of the line arrived from China in 1349 and adapted Chinese cakes to Japanese tastes. At sixty-eight, she is the picture of the efficient businesswoman.*

My father used to say, "His Imperial Highness the Emperor Meiji loved sweets. He ate our sweet jellied bean *yōkan* whenever he drank saké." Her Imperial Highness, the Empress Dowager Shōken, treated