PART ONE

Vengeance of War

"'The Emperor is sacred and inviolable' (Constitution, Art. 3). He cannot be removed from the Throne for any reason, and he is not to be held responsible for over-stepping the limitations of law in the exercise of his sovereignty. All responsibility for the exercise of his sovereignty must be assumed by the Ministers of State and other organs. Thus, no criticism can be directed against the Emperor, but only against the instruments of his sovereignty. Laws are not to be applied to the Emperor as a principle especially criminal laws, for no court of law can try the Emperor himself and he is not subject to any law."

Page 117, *The Japan Yearbook 1944–45*, published by The Foreign Affairs Association of Japan, an organization financed by the Japanese government.

1. RAPE OF NANKING

Shrine of Remorse

High on a green hillside of gnarled pines and weathered rocks, some fifty miles down the coast from Tokyo, stands a more-than-life-sized statue of Kanon, the Buddhist goddess of mercy. She looks southwest toward China across the blue waters and white sands of Atami, a beach resort celebrated for its baths and its courtesans. She is made crudely of clay baked to a mud-gold glaze. Half of the clay is native Japanese soil; the other half came in sacks from China in 1938, dug from the banks of the great muddy Yangtze

River. If you scramble up the rock on which the goddess stands and work your way around her pedestal, you find a four-foot clearing in the underbrush immediately behind her flowing robes. There, where they cannot be seen from the path below, seven slender boards of graying unpainted wood are stuck in the earth, each with a name lettered on it in black Japanese characters: Tojo Hideki, Itagaki Seishiro, Doihara Kenji, Hirota Koki, Kimura Heitaro, Muto Akira, Matsui Iwane. They are the names of the men hanged by the Allies after a two-year trial in 1948 as the Hitlers, Himmlers, and Goerings of Japan.

Nearby, on a terrace poised over the sparkling bay a thousand feet below, stands a small shrine. Its eaves are hung with ropes of colored paper—token presents to the spirits of the dead. On a lectern, at one end of the prayer rail that runs across the shrine entrance, is a guest book. Members of the families of each of the hanged men on the hill have signed it every month or two since the early 1950's. Inside the shrine, mementos of Japanese war dead hang on one wall and of Chinese war dead on the opposite wall. Between them at the altar, on most days most of the time, kneels the shrine priestess chanting prayers and lamentations. As she chants she strikes musically on a polished stick and weeps. She says, if you speak to her, that it is her duty to weep and that she has been weeping since 1938.

Beside the shrine is a tea pavilion for pilgrims who need to catch their breath after the steep climb up the hillside. It is hung with testimonials to the ideal of Pan-Asianism and with posterlike paintings of Chinese and Japanese toiling together in harmony. Along one wall of the tea pavilion runs a minutely detailed panorama of the monumental roofs and towers which once adorned the skyline of the Chinese city of Nanking. It was for Nanking that the priestess first began to weep—Nanking which for a decade in the 1920's and 1930's was the showpiece capital of China, Nanking where a brief experiment in republicanism intervened between the totalitarian eras of old Imperial Peking and new Communist Peking. The priestess weeps for Nanking because she is engaged to do so by her family, the Matsuis, on whose estate the shrine stands; because the name of her kinsman, General Matsui Iwane, is one of those on the markers up on the rock behind the goddess of mercy; because it was for Nanking that Matsui was hanged in 1948.

In 1937 Matsui's army, in a brilliant, brutal four-month campaign, smashed its way 170 miles up the Yangtze Valley from the port of Shanghai, captured Nanking, and subjected it to six weeks of gruesome, graduated terror. Between 100,000 and 200,000 Chinese were executed. At least 5,000 women, girls, and children were raped before they were

killed. Everything of value in the city was pillaged and whole sections of it were systematically put to the torch. Before Warsaw, before Buchenwald, Nanking was the great atrocity. It convinced many Americans, for the first time, that the governments siding with Germany in the Anti-Comintern Pact were genuinely evil.

The goddess of mercy on the slope above Atami, built half of Yangtze and half of native clay, was already standing, in 1938, in acknowledgment of Japan's national guilt for Nanking. A decade later, after many more atrocities and the war with the United States, the markers for the seven hanged men were added secretly behind the statue. The markers were put there not to condemn the shades of the men to eternal penitence for Nanking but rather to signify that Japan's war criminals, like the Chinese murdered in Nanking, were considered sacrificial victims. In the eyes of most Japanese, they were not guilty in the sense charged by the international tribunal of jurists which had sentenced them. They were not evil conspirators who had forced Japan to war, not mad individualists like Hitler and his cohorts, but loyal servants of the Emperor, responsible officials of the government, symbolic scapegoats elected from the ruling circle to satisfy the requirements of Western justice. As such they deserved the mercy of the goddess and the special prayers of all those pilgrims who felt that they too had participated in the nation's crime.

Although Japanese almost unanimously condemn the sentence handed down at the war crimes trial in 1948, they do not therefore maintain that Japan went to war by majority choice or even that Japanese soldiers raped and killed without official encouragement. They say only that Japan is a collective family society and that it is impossible for any seven men to have been mainly responsible. They say that Japan is a hierarchic society and that none of the seven men hanged came from the topmost layers of the aristocracy. They say that Emperor Hirohito declared the war and that he is still the master of the Japanese nation. The priestess at Atami says that her shrine is a reminder "to the Emperor and the great vassals of the debt which they owe the people and the dead."

"It is not only for the former time," she explains, "but for today and the time to come that I remain at my post in prayer."

Japan and China

In 1937, when the crime of Nanking did not yet burden the Japanese conscience, Japan had been wresting territory from China for over forty years: the island of Taiwan and the peninsula of Korea in 1896; a New-England-sized piece

of Manchuria in 1931; the remaining Texas-sized piece of Manchuria in 1932; the Kansas-sized province of Jehol in 1933; and Montana-sized Inner Mongolia in 1935. Then in the summer of 1937 Japan went on to launch a full-scale invasion of all that was left of China, the populous heartland of some 500 million souls extending from the Great Wall in the north to the borders of Indochina, Siam, Burma, and India to the south. First, in July, Japanese armies captured Peking, the old imperial capital in North China. Then, in August, Japanese forces began to fight at the mouth of the Yangtze River for the huge port of Shanghai which laid claim, with New York, London, and Tokyo, to being the largest city in the world. Shanghai was the doorway to Central China. Once unlocked, it would open an easy passage to Nanking, the Chinese capital, which lay 170 miles inland up the Yangtze River.

Ostensibly the war with China began because a Japanese private left his unit for a few minutes while he went into the bushes to urinate. While he was gone his comrades heard shooting. They were men of the Japanese regiment garrisoned by treaty in the northern Chinese city of Tientsin. They were out on night maneuvers near the ancient Marco Polo Bridge outside Peking.[1] Their commander said, "I heard Chinese Communist shots"—and ordered a roll call. Finding that the soldier who was urinating did not answer the roll call, the commander advanced on the Chinese fort at one end of the Marco Polo Bridge and demanded that it open its gates so that the Japanese could search it for their missing comrade. When the Chinese commander refused, the Japanese commander started shelling the fort. The absent soldier had long since rejoined his battalion, but the war had begun.

Although two million Chinese were to die in it and one million Japanese were to fight in it, the Japanese government insisted, throughout the eight years that it lasted, on calling the war the "China Incident." To this day, some Western historians maintain that it really was an incident, beginning in an accidental brush between Chinese and Japanese troops and escalating into a major conflict as a matter of military honor on both sides. In reality Emperor Hirohito of Japan had directed his General Staff to plan the war in early 1935. In March of 1936, still more than a year before the war broke out, Hirohito reviewed the plans which had been made. They were so detailed that they included even a description of the provocation which would be staged at the Marco Polo Bridge.

In the inner circles of Japanese government, the war was a

[1] A bridge decorated with stone lions which the Venetian traveler, six hundred and fifty years earlier, had called "unequaled by any other in the world."

controversial issue from the moment it was first planned. It was opposed, in particular, by the Japanese Army. A majority of the officers in the General Staff wanted to fight Russia, not China. The most zealous of them sought to change Hirohito's views by supporting an insurrection of junior officers in the streets of Tokyo in February of 1936. Hirohito refused to be swayed. Exercising his full powers as commander-in-chief, national high priest, and divine descendant of the sun goddess, he put down the insurrection and dismissed from the Army the ringleaders of the Strike-North or Fight-Russia faction.

Hirohito insisted on fighting China not because he bore any animosity toward the Chinese but because war with China had become a necessary part of the national program which he had inherited from his grandfather and great-grandfather. After Commodore Perry of the United States in 1853 had forced Japan at gunpoint to open her ports to Western commerce and settlement, Hirohito's great-grandfather had sworn an oath with his great vassals. The "red-headed barbarians" must be driven from Japan's sacred soil and Japan must "expand overseas" in order to create a buffer zone which would prevent any further profanation.

By the 1920's, Hirohito and his own great vassals had decided that the national program could not be fulfilled until Japan had added the East Indies to her empire. Except in the East Indies there was no adequate source of petroleum in Asia. And without petroleum for ships and airplanes, Japan could not hope to keep the "barbarians" at bay. To control the East Indies Japan needed ports and staging areas along the South China coast.

In the early 1930's Chiang Kai-shek, the ruler of China and a former protégé of Japan, ceased to co-operate with Hirohito. Like the Japanese Army, he insisted that the first enemy of Asian traditionalists was Russia and communism. It followed as the night the day that the necessary staging areas and dock facilities in southern China must be taken by force. At first Hirohito and his intimates thought to bring Chiang Kai-shek to reason by only threatening war. But in December of 1936, on a visit to a town in western China, Chiang Kai-shek was kidnapped by a group of his own soldiers. As a condition of his release, Chiang agreed to stand up to Japan and grant the Japanese no more concessions.

When the urinating soldier disappeared and Japan began pouring troops into North China, Chiang held to the political pledge he had made to his kidnappers and refused Hirohito's offered terms of peace. When Japan extended the fighting from the Peking area in North China to Shanghai in Central China, Chiang committed his best divisions

to an all-out defense of Shanghai. At that point Hirohito and his advisors decided to make China get rid of Chiang Kai-shek and accept a more accommodating leader. The capture of Nanking was planned in the innermost recesses of the Imperial Palace in Tokyo to bring about Chiang's ouster.

Matsui's Command

The eerie arrangements for the rape of Nanking began to be made on August 15, 1937. On that day General Matsui Iwane, the kinsman of the weeping priestess at the shrine for war criminals in Atami, the man who would go down in history as "the butcher of Nanking," was summoned by Emperor Hirohito to the Imperial Palace in Tokyo. Matsui's official car approached the great moat from the southwest. Beyond it rose a massive, mortarless, fifty-foot wall of gray granite erected in the sixteenth century. Atop the battlements grew pine trees. The corners of the tile-and-copper roofs on the white watchtowers curved up at their tips like wings about to fly. Beyond could be seen the crowns of giant hardwoods in the Emperor's private park, the Fukiage Gardens. There in a landscape of trees and rocks and ponds—perhaps the most carefully tended garden in the world—rambled the one-story buildings of unpainted weathered wood in which Emperor Hirohito lived. General Matsui had never seen them at close quarters. He had been no farther into the Inner Palace than the courtyard of white pebbles and the ghostly white wood Shrine of the Sacred Mirror where Hirohito worshipped his ancestors. Few but servants and members of the imperial family went farther.

Matsui's car threaded its way between the office buildings of government ministries on his right and the southwest wall of the palace on his left. Rounding the southernmost corner of the wall he crossed through Cherry Field Gate into the imperial public gardens. Thence across the moat, through Foot-of-the-Slope Gate, he arrived at the cluster of office buildings where clerks of the Imperial Household Ministry toiled over investment of the Emperor's hundred-million-dollar private fortune. Outside the office of the imperial aides-de-camp, Matsui alighted and saluted a fellow officer, an aide, who would lead him into the Imperial Presence. His samurai sword knocking against his ankle, Matsui followed the aide through a checkerboard of raked pebble courtyards, miniature gardens of dwarfed trees, and sundry outbuildings. Some of these unpretentious palace shacks were only kitchens; others were tiny research centers and libraries, the repositories of imperial family codes, genealogies, and contracts.

Emerging once more into open park, Matsui and the Emperor's aide passed the sprawling banquet hall and Privy Council chamber and came to the east entrance of the

Outer Palace reserved for ceremonial functions. Here, a quarter of a mile from Hirohito's residence and from the Western-style study where he did most of his paper work, were the official audience chambers and anterooms in which Japanese history was, if not made, at least formalized.

General Matsui mounted a flight of stone steps, passed through a quiet reception area of muted gold screens and coffered ceilings, marched down a plain straight corridor, and stiffly saluted the Emperor's chief aide-de-camp who stood at the door of the Emperor's audience chamber. In accordance with ancient custom, Matsui untied his ancestral samurai sword and handed it to his guide, the junior aide, to keep for him while he was in the Emperor's presence. Then, he strode forward into the magnificent audience chamber, the Phoenix Hall. It was so named for the motif of fiery mythological birds which could be picked out everywhere in the parquet, brocade, lacquer, chased silver, and carved wood of its floors, walls, and ceilings.

The Phoenix Hall was empty. Matsui bowed double and remained bowing while he waited for Emperor Hirohito to show himself. In this room Hirohito was a god-king who could make no mistakes. In this room Hirohito never exercised the absolute power he was acknowledged to possess. In this room Hirohito acted only on the advice of his advisors. Beside Matsui bowed the chief aide-de-camp, waiting to advise.

Matsui had been sounded out by the chief aide-de-camp the previous day and knew that Hirohito was about to offer him a command in China. It was a great honor for him to be reactivated from the reserve for such an appointment. It was especially gratifying to him because he was a proponent of friendship with China. Only two months ago he had been hatching subversive plots to prevent an all-out war with China. He did not know it, but a secret-police report to that effect had recently crossed the Emperor's desk.[2] Two years ago, in August of 1935, when Matsui had first heard about the proposed conquest of China, he had asked to be retired from active Army command and had gone on a tour of Asiatic capitals seeking leaders who would support his personal dream of a united Asia. In Peking, he had tried vainly to establish a local branch of the *Toa Renmei* or East Asia League, a society which he had helped to found in Japan two years earlier.

Now that war between China and Japan was a reality,

[2] His fellow conspirator, according to the secret-police report, was General Honjo Shigeru who will be met with in the pages that follow as the conqueror of Manchuria, then as the Emperor's chief aide-de-camp, then as a sympathizer with the Army rebels who tried unsuccessfully in 1936 to change the Emperor's mind.

Matsui felt compelled, out of patriotism, to change his line somewhat. For the past month, in his public speeches for the East Asia League, he had been advocating a bold drive up the Yangtze River on Nanking, the Chinese capital. Swift capture of Nanking, he said, followed by humane occupation policies and an honest municipal administration, would persuade the Chinese masses to forsake Chiang Kai-shek and throw in their lot with the leaders of Japan.

That Hirohito, knowing Matsui's convictions, should be giving him a command in China was a good sign—a sign, perhaps, that Hirohito was beginning to understand the advantages of a negotiated settlement with China. Matsui would have felt happier, however, if his impending audience with the Emperor had been called in the concrete Imperial Library on the fringe of the Inner Palace. There in his workroom Hirohito was acknowledged to be a man and fallible. There he talked to other men. There he expressed opinions and invited discussions. Here in the magnificent Phoenix Hall he usually uttered only predictable formulas in the high-pitched official voice belonging to his position as national Shinto high priest.

As a devout Buddhist, the sixth son of a wealthy scholar of Chinese classics, Matsui paid only lip service to the state religion of Shinto ancestor worship. This bowing and waiting in the August heat made him feel older than his sixty years. After all, he was not a well man. His weight was down to one hundred pounds and that was too little even for his slight, five-foot frame. His medal-encrusted full-dress uniform stifled him. The humiliating tics in his right face and arm began to work uncontrollably. He felt as if one of his fevers might be coming on. His mind drifted. He entertained a brief vision of East Asia awakening under benevolent Japanese leadership—and felt somewhat better.

Suddenly the Emperor was present. With words of extraordinary solicitude he begged Matsui to stand at ease and come forward. He regretted that he had kept the general waiting and asked him how he was recuperating from his tuberculosis. Matsui straightened and marched unsteadily ahead. He saw his thirty-seven-year-old monarch standing before him in a plain unadorned khaki uniform, rumpled and slightly sweat-stained but buttoned to the neck. Hirohito had not been seen out of military uniform, now, for a year and a half.

Before Matsui had begun to answer the Emperor's question about his health, the chief aide-de-camp interrupted to remind Hirohito of his next appointment. Hirohito nodded and told Matsui that the latest flare-up of fighting in the port city of Shanghai, the gateway to Nanking, had reached a critical juncture. Hirohito had decided to dispatch a relief force of

two divisions to assist the Marine garrison which was endeavoring to protect Japanese property in the port. He understood, he said, that General Matsui would be willing to lead such an expedition.

Matsui bowed low and, still feeling faint, began to explain the honor that he felt and also the convictions that he held as to the enlightened methods which must be used in bringing the Chinese over to the Japanese cause. Hirohito nodded approvingly and unrolled an official scroll of rice-paper parchment. At Matsui's first pause, the Emperor began to read in his high-pitched official voice. At a nudge from the chief aide-de-camp Matsui knelt. Hirohito proclaimed him commander-in-chief of Japanese forces in Central China and bestowed upon him a baton symbolic of his new command.

Matsui might have reflected that a retired general in his state of health, with his nervous frailties and somewhat mystic convictions, was an extraordinary choice for the duty which Hirohito had conferred upon him. Matsui, however, was in a daze. A few moments later he found himself riding out of the palace grounds sharing a car with the highest ranking of Hirohito's hereditary counselors, the lanky, cynical, effete Prince Konoye. At forty-six, after seventeen years as Hirohito's chief back-room crony, Prince Konoye had finally been appointed by Hirohito, just two months previously, as the nation's constitutional figurehead, the prime minister.

"There is no solution," said little General Matsui to Konoye in the car, "except to break the power of Chiang Kai-shek by capturing Nanking. That is what I must do."

At a farewell dinner given by his fellow directors of the East Asia League on the eve of his departure for China two days later, General Matsui explained, "I am going to the front not to fight an enemy but in the state of mind of one who sets out to pacify his brother."

Mired in Shanghai

As Japanese intelligence well knew, Matsui would have a hard time of it. Chiang Kai-shek had saved his best troops from commitment in the war in North China and was pouring them into the action in Central China at Shanghai. Ordinary tactical considerations were complicated by the fact that Shanghai was the world's most cosmopolitan city. The United States, Great Britain, and France all maintained military garrisons there in addition to the Japanese and Chinese. English clubs, American hotels, French cafés, Russian bakeries, German rathskellers, and Japanese geisha houses, together with branch offices of all the largest commercial concerns on earth, rubbed walls with opium dens

and brothels—the unparalleled poverty of China's worst slums.

When Matsui received his orders from Emperor Hirohito, the Japanese Marines stationed in Shanghai were fighting for their lives. Chiang Kai-shek's troops outnumbered the Marines ten to one and had collectively about half the firepower of the Marines. A Japanese fleet of destroyers, cruisers, and battleships lay out in the mouth of the Yangtze River pouring shells into the Chinese rear. A tiny Chinese air force, commanded by Madame Chiang Kai-shek, was doing its best to sink the Japanese fleet with ten- and twenty-pound bombs. A minority of the Chinese pilots had been trained in America and were harassing the Japanese fleet effectively. A majority of the Chinese pilots had been trained by an Italian mission sent to Chiang Kai-shek by Mussolini. They were greatly confusing issues by dropping bombs near Western ships in the harbor and even on the crowded streets of the International Settlement. The pursuit planes of the Japanese Naval Air Force were fighting back effectively and gradually knocking the Chinese pilots out of the sky. The bombers of the Japanese Army Air Force were raining down explosives on the Chinese slums with a carnage that was appalling.

By international agreement Japan was pledged, in waging war, to avoid all deliberate killing of civilian noncombatants. Quaint as it may seem today, the bombing of civilians was a novelty, little practiced before except in Spain's civil war and in Mussolini's aggression in Ethiopia. Japan's violation of the convention had begun on August 14, 1937. On August 13 Emperor Hirohito's uncle, Prince Higashikuni, had been appointed chief of the Japanese Army Air Force. In aristocratic Japanese circles, Prince Higashikuni was known as one of the boldest and most unscrupulous of Hirohito's retinue—a man with a long, unsavory record of Army intelligence work, blackmail, and religious fraud.

Into this complicated military, political, and diplomatic situation, little General Matsui brought some 35,000 fresh troops on August 23, eight days after his audience with Hirohito. As he was landing his men, a hidden Chinese artillery emplacement opened fire on the Japanese docks and killed several hundred Japanese before it was silenced. One of those who fell was a cousin of Hirohito's wife, Empress Nagako.[3] It was little General Matsui's first setback and a foretaste of things to come. Chiang Kai-shek's troops fought with a reckless courage that was unexpected. Against their human-sea tactics every step of advance was taken over a

[3] Prince Fushimi Hiroyoshi. He recovered from his wounds but died of complications a year later. The Chinese exulted, for his father, a cousin once removed of Empress Nagako, was the chief of the Japanese Navy General Staff.

hill of corpses. After five days of action General Matsui had to be reinforced by another regular division and two reservist divisions which had been forehandedly reactivated months earlier.

Even with five divisions at his disposal, Matsui could not break out of the street fighting in Shanghai to drive upriver on Nanking. His progress was made doubly cautious by the presence of the English, American, and French forces near-by who were entrusted with protection of their own nationals in Shanghai's International Settlement and French Concession. Japanese intellectuals in Army uniform who hoped to incite Western intervention caused almost daily incidents with Western Marines and policemen along the borders of the various zones of foreign settlement. The Chinese Air Force, in the same spirit, had already bombed two of the largest Western hotels and, with remarkable accuracy, had killed some forty-odd foreign nationals.

General Matsui took extreme pains to keep his men from lobbing shells over the foreign settlements or from taking tactical advantage of foreign leasehold soil. Although he spoke pigeon English haltingly and pronounced French unintelligibly, he became a favorite source of Western newsmen and was invited to dinner at some of the best homes in the foreign community. Little by little his five divisions advanced out of the Japanese sector and moved on, street by street and barricade by barricade, into the native slums to the west. But it took time, and when two months had passed, Matsui was still battling his way out through the suburbs.

From the beginning Matsui's sluggish pace disappointed Hirohito and he began to feel that he must take more personal charge of the war. Up to that time he had supervised operations through two channels: over-all strategy through his wife's great-uncle Prince Kanin, chief of the Army General Staff; and detailed tactics through his cadre of aides-de-camp who shuttled back and forth between the palace and the General Staff Operations office three hundred yards from the palace wall. All divisional movement orders had to be signed by him ultimately, and he liked to be in on tactical deliberations before they arrived on his desk as fully developed plans. He had found in the past that unless he expressed his wishes early in every process of policy formulation he could not object to a detail later without making some underling lose face and tender his resignation.

In early September, Hirohito requested the creation of a Grand Imperial Headquarters inside the palace at which he could supervise staff planning personally. The membership and protocol of the headquarters, doing business as it would in the Imperial Presence—the presence of a god—naturally took some working out, and the Imperial H.Q. did not be-

come a reality until mid-November. Hirohito insisted on it partly because of the stalemate in Shanghai and partly because he had learned in early September that some of his instructions to the General Staff were being filed and forgotten in the in-basket of the chief of the Operations Department, Major General Ishiwara Kanji.

Ishiwara was a brilliant strategist and had drawn up the plans for the conquest of Manchuria six years earlier, but he was also an idealist. With Matsui, the little tubercular general in Shanghai, he was co-founder of the East Asia League, the *Toa Renmei.* The League espoused war in order to create a united Asia in which Japanese would be equal partners with other Asian nationals. It stood in contrast to the Asia Development Union, the *Koa Domei,* which espoused absolute Japanese mastery and exploitation of Asia for "war eternal" with the other races. The founder of the Asia Development Union was Tojo, chief of staff of Japanese forces in Manchuria and later notorious as Japan's prime minister in World War II. Tojo was Ishiwara's most bitter enemy. Five days after Hirohito discovered that Ishiwara was not transmitting all his imperial instructions, Ishiwara was posted to Manchuria to become Tojo's assistant.

In the weeks that followed, a new chief of operations—appropriately named Shimomura Sadamu, or Shimomura the "Peace-Fixer"—drew up plans for a second expeditionary force to Central China which would outflank the stubborn Chinese defense of Shanghai and push on to Nanking. The development and realization of these plans were entrusted to members of the Emperor's own cabal of officers. These were colonels and generals in their forties who had become liegemen of one or another of the Emperor's uncles at the Military Academy and Staff College between 1905 and 1915.[4] Most of them had pledged themselves to Hirohito personally in 1921 in Europe when they were embassy intelligence officers and he was a crown prince on a grand tour. Most of them had attended political indoctrination classes at a school in the palace in 1922–1924 and had become converts there to the idea that Japan's destiny lay to the south in the Indies.

As soon as plans for the Nanking operation were completed in October, the two young officers on the cabal who had been responsible for drafting the plans were assigned as assistants to General Matsui's staff in Shanghai to see that

[4] Emperor Hirohito had no true blood uncles, but Empress Nagako, his wife and distant cousin, had six uncles and nine avuncular first cousins. Two of her uncles and two of her uncle-cousins married Hirohito's blood aunts. The term "Hirohito's uncle" as used in these pages refers regularly to one or the other of his two double-uncles-in-law.

the plans were well understood and executed. At the same time one of the Emperor's kinsmen, his favorite aide-de-camp,[5] left Hirohito's side to take charge of the all-powerful Military Affairs Bureau which ran the War Ministry. Also at the same time, the most talented of the Emperor's cabal, Major General Suzuki Tei-ichi, was attached to the command of the 16th Division which would actually conduct the great rape.

Suzuki was one of the two or three young Army men whom Hirohito knew best and relied on most. His name will crop up so often in these pages that, to distinguish him from other Suzukis (other Smiths), he will be called the "ubiquitous" Suzuki. He had the keen, lean, professorial air of many successful stockbrokers: long face, high forehead, close-cropped hair, spectacles, and thoughtful creases around the jaw. As chief of the Cabinet Planning Board, he would become the czar of Japan's legislation and economic mobilization during World War II. After ten years in Allied prison, he remains at eighty-one, in 1970, one of Japan's best dressed, best spoken, best informed citizens.

The ubiquitous Suzuki supervised the rape of Nanking largely by radio from a desk at the home headquarters of the 16th Division in the old Japanese capital city of Kyoto. He probably supplemented his desk work by lightning plane trips to and from the front lines, but testimony as to the times and frequency of his inspections is confused and contradictory. He had known Chiang Kai-shek at Military Academy in Tokyo thirty years ago, and he had been used as Hirohito's personal emissary to Chiang on several past occasions. In addition he was the Army's leading economic expert. Thus he was equipped to fulfill a double function. On the one hand he would play the intermediary in secret radio negotiations between Chiang Kai-shek and Prime Minister Prince Konoye while the rape of Nanking was in progress. On the other hand, to defray invasion costs, he would direct his 16th Division in a systematic looting of Nanking.

When his most trusted minions in the Army had taken their ominous places, Hirohito issued an imperial rescript in October explaining that Japan was unleashing her military might "to urge grave self-reflection upon China and to establish peace in the East without delay." Prince Konoye and little General Matsui, the commander in Shanghai, both expanded on this thesis to itemize the political objectives of a drive on Nanking. They made two principal points: the Chinese must appreciate "the price they will have to pay"

[5] Machijiri Kazumoto. He and the Emperor's uncle, Prince Higashikuni, on a trip to Paris in 1920, had been the two original founders of the cabal.

for "continued nationalism" and "anti-Japanese sentiments"; they must forsake the cause of Chiang Kai-shek and of his party, the Kuomintang or KMT.

Red Tents

When the fourteenth-century Mongol conqueror Tamerlane invested a city, he is supposed to have camped before it in a white tent on the first day of the siege as a sign of mercy, in a red tent on the second day as a sign of mercy to women and children, in a black tent on the third day as a sign of mercy to no one. Matsui's expeditionary force to Shanghai had been Japan's white tent. Now in late October, when Chiang Kai-shek did not respond to Hirohito's edict, a second flotilla gathered in North Chinese and Japanese ports. It carried four and a half fresh divisions, some 80,000 men. It sailed in two shifts, a "red" and a "black." It struck at two ill-protected shorelines, the first well south and the last well north of the fighting in Shanghai. Logistically both landings were triumphs of amphibious technique on hostile beaches and deserve place in military annals beside the exploits of Napoleon in Egypt or of Caesar in Britain. They foreshadowed the landings of the later war in the Pacific.

The experts who presided over the amphibious technicalities had been working in Taiwan for three years, assigned to study the problems associated with the possibility of a Japanese attack on offshore islands like Java or Luzon. Half the men in the two armadas had been purged from the Army by Hirohito's order in the ideological struggles of the previous twelve years. The over-all commander, who personally led the major southern prong of the task force, was himself a reactivated general, a small, bald, studious-looking strategist named Yanagawa Heisuke. He had been cast into the reserve as one of the three Army figureheads of the unsuccessful rebellion against Hirohito in 1936. General Yanagawa had been in Paris to greet Hirohito in 1921 when the then crown prince had made his first and only trip beyond the borders of his homeland. Yanagawa had been in and out of the palace at all hours as the vice minister of war between 1932 and 1934. In late 1935 he had taken charge of the Japanese army stationed in Taiwan and had superintended the development of many of the amphibious techniques which were to be tried out this day. Like most of his men he was hungry to re-establish himself in imperial favor. When recalled to command in September, he had written to his wife: "It is as if I were recrossing the Styx out of Hades; I can see light ahead."

Early on the morning of November 5, 1937, Yanagawa's task force steamed under radio silence into Hangchow Bay, a finger of the China Sea some 40 miles south of Shanghai

which reached into the China coastline along the underbelly of Chiang Kai-shek's southern flank. The transports, with over 60,000 men aboard, hove to and waited for dawn off the waterfront of the little walled town of Chin-shan-wei, Bastion of the Golden Mountain. On the muted ships, over the grumble of taut anchor chains and the squeak of the winches which were lowering assault boats, could be heard the work chants of the awakening town, the "heya-hoa" of coolies shouldering produce and refuse to and from the central market place.

First light revealed a dawn fog clinging to the yellow waters of the bay. General Yanagawa decided to wait for it to lift. This low-lying green shore beyond the fog was the southern edge of the swarming, industrious bayou land of the Yangtze River delta; it was laced with sampan canals which would cause confusion and casualties unless his men could see the whole lay of the terrain. To the rhythmic knocking of the assault boats against the metal hull of the ship, Yanagawa wrote two bleak *tanka* (thirty-one-syllable poems):

The mist of morning
has still not dissipated.
Enveloped by it,
I wait out ninety minutes
that seem interminable.

By the Emperor's
inexorable mandate,
the road that I take
is like today's scenery
washed entirely in tears.

When the effluvia of the bay began to melt under the rising sun, Yanagawa donned a white surgical mask, such as Japanese regularly wore in those days to prevent the catching or spreading of colds. His common soldiers, hastily mustered under his command, did not yet know that he was the former vice minister of war, and he thought it best that they should not recognize him now. Yanagawa stepped onto the nets above the waiting assault boats and ordered the first wave to cast off and make for the beaches.

The Chinese soldiers in the area were taken completely unawares. By noon most of Yanagawa's three and a half divisions were ashore and had invested the Bastion of the Golden Mountain. The next morning Yanagawa had clouds of advertising balloons wafted aloft on an onshore breeze. They dangled scrolls of false intelligence. "A million Japanese soldiers have landed at Hangchow Bay." Provincial

Chinese levies melted away before the news. Those that stayed at their posts were quickly overrun by the Japanese 6th Division which spearheaded the thrust north from the beachheads. Its commander, Lieutenant General Tani Hisao, later executed as a war criminal, is described by a contemporary Army commentator as beginning the advance by "galloping off in eight directions in the fog with the fury of the demon Ashura."

Three days after the landing, the 6th Division had burned and blasted its way twenty-five of the forty miles to the outskirts of Shanghai. On the third day it occupied the suburban city of Pine Bay or Sungchiang. Nine weeks later a British correspondent managed to see what was left of Pine Bay. "There is hardly a building standing," he wrote, "which has not been gutted by fire. Smouldering ruins and deserted streets present an eerie spectacle, the only living creatures being dogs unnaturally fattened by feasting on corpses. In the whole of Sungchiang, which should contain a densely packed population of approximately 100,000, I saw only five Chinese, who were old men, hiding in a French mission compound in tears."

Black Tents

With their southern flank turned, the Chinese outside of Shanghai began to pull back to a line of pillboxes across the Yangtze delta which had been planned by Chiang Kai-shek's German military aides for this very eventuality. Then the Japanese 16th Division, the "black" fleet from North China, steamed up the Yangtze estuary under cover of darkness and landed at a place called Paimou Inlet on the Chinese northern flank just behind the line of pillboxes. The second "black" half of Japan's seaborne pincer had closed. The executioners of Nanking had arrived. The new division was commanded from Kyoto by the ubiquitous Suzuki and in the field by Lieutenant General Nakajima Kesago, fifty-five, a small Himmler of a man, a specialist in thought control, intimidation, and torture. It was Nakajima who would superintend in detail over the Nanking atrocities. Like most of the other officers recently reposted to take charge of the Nanking operation, Nakajima had been in France as a member of Army Intelligence in 1921 and had then had the honor of being presented to Crown Prince Hirohito. Since the Army mutiny in Tokyo in 1936, Hirohito had employed Nakajima to keep peace in the capital as chief of the secret police or *kempei*.

Although Japanese officers rarely criticize one another in front of foreigners, they make an exception in Nakajima's case. In their words, Nakajima was a "hard man of sadistic personality."

"He is such an expert marksman," wrote one, "that he

finds duckhunting 'ridiculous' and prefers to stand by a waterfall shooting robins as they come over in the downdraft. Now [in 1939] in North Manchuria, where he has been sent to preserve peace after the sacred war with China, there are no more 'bandits' to suppress and . . . he is no doubt morose. It must be a catastrophe for the robins of Manchuria."

"Nakajima drank too much French civilization," said another. "He fancied himself a Robespierre or Danton. He came to Nanking bringing special Peking oil for burning bodies."

"After we broke out of Shanghai," recalled a third, "my 11th Division advanced on a parallel course with Nakajima's 16th which had just landed. Every night from my sleeping floor I could see the glare of the villages they were firing. . . . Burned houses make bad billets. Only cowards are involved in such incidents."

After the war, Chiang Kai-shek's government charged that Nakajima's 16th Division, together with the 6th under "demon Ashura" Tani, took 390,000 lives in their advance on Nanking.

Stop Line Farce

In the trident of Nakajima hooking down from the north, Yanagawa stabbing up from the south, and Matsui thrusting out towards Nanking from Shanghai to the east, the retreat of Chiang Kai-shek's troops turned into a rout. The necklace of pillboxes scientifically strung across the Yangtze delta by German military engineers was abandoned with hardly a fight. Dark rumors circulated in China that it had been bought out with Japanese gold, and so in part it may have been, but in an over-all sense it fell to Japanese technique and daring.

After the Chinese retreat began, the Japanese divisions in the field did not pause in their pursuit. The General Staff in Tokyo made a great show for the Western press of drawing lines on the map and announcing that here the advance was to stop. At each line the men regrouped and then moved on as soon as they received secret orders from the Emperor to do so. The existence of such orders was not revealed until their publication by a group of retired generals in 1964.

At the time an impression was carefully created for foreign observers that the men at the front were out of hand and could not be controlled. The truth was that they had never been more scrupulously obedient, for they knew that a Grand Imperial Headquarters was being established in the palace and that their deeds would be watched by the sacred Emperor in person. The first stop line was drawn across the Yangtze delta on November 7. When all divisions had arrived at it on November 24, it was dissolved by the

THE DRIVE ON NANKING

SECOND STOP LINE
FIRST STOP LINE
CHINESE WITHDRAWAL TO NANKING
Yellow Sea
Yangtze R.
13TH
Nanking
Kajung
Tanyang
Changchow
Chintan
Water Chestnut Pond
(Lishui)
LOCATION OF PANAY INCIDENT
Wuhu
Changshu
16TH DIVISION
(NAKAJIMA)
11TH
10TH, 13TH
9TH DIV.
Shanghai
Wusih
AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION
Tai Hu
Suchow
6TH DIV.
Pine Bay (Sungchiang)
Ihsing
114TH DIV.
Kuangte
6TH
16TH
18TH
Huchow
6TH, 18TH, 114TH DIV.
Ningkuo

KEY
JAPANESE MOVES
CHINESE DEFENSE POSITIONS
RAILROADS

Emperor's order. The General Staff drew a second stop line that same day fifty miles farther west. Hirohito dissolved it unofficially three days later and officially seven days later.

By that four-day interval between unofficial and official orders hangs a typical palace tale. The vice chief of the General Staff in Tokyo, Lieutenant General Tada Hayao, disapproved of the attack on Nanking because he knew of the campaign of terror that was planned for the Chinese capital and felt that it would undermine Army morale. He steadfastly refused to advise Hirohito to give it imperial sanction. Just as steadfastly Hirohito insisted that Tada must so advise—and must countersign the necessary orders—because he was the vice chief of the General Staff. The task of persuading Lieutenant General Tada fell to the new, biddable chief of the General Staff's Operations Department, Major General Peace-Fixer Shimomura. He coaxed and threatened all week long from Monday, November 22, to Saturday, November 27. At midweek, on Wednesday, November 24, Peace-Fixer Shimomura met privately with Emperor Hirohito after a session of the Grand Imperial Headquarters staff and arranged with him to have all formalities and seals and counterseals ready so that the orders could be put through the Court machinery instantaneously when Tada once capitulated. On Saturday, nearing despair, Shimomura sent out a most irregular pair of cables, one official to General Matsui in Shanghai, the other unofficial to the staff officers from Hirohito's cabal who had been injected into Matsui's command the month before. The first cable to Matsui said:

KEEPING A FIRM DETERMINATION TO ATTACK NANKING WE ARE ENGAGED IN THIS DEPARTMENT IN STEADY DISCUSSION. HOWEVER, WE HAVE NOT YET OBTAINED A FINAL DECISION. ONLY REST ASSURED, PLEASE, THAT NO MATTER WHAT, WE ARE COMING AROUND.

The second cable—to the staff officers under Matsui—was marked confidential and sent special priority. It said:

ALTHOUGH I HAVE NOT YET OBTAINED A DECISION FROM OUR SUPERIOR OFFICER, THE CENTER OF THIS DEPARTMENT IS ENTHUSIASTIC FOR THE ATTACK ON NANKING. WITH THIS UNDERSTANDING, THEREFORE, PLEASE ABANDON YOUR PREVIOUS OCCUPATIONS AND GO AHEAD WITH IT.

The only "center of this department," aside from Major General Shimomura who signed the cables, was Emperor Hirohito. The "superior officer" was, of course, the embattled Lieutenant General Tada.

As soon as staff officers at the front received the second

cable, they had their troops bugled out of bistros and brothels in the two principal cities on the second stop line and made ready to plunge onward. The stubborn Tada in Tokyo was threatened with the possibility that the troops would move without orders—a stain on Army honor for which he, as vice chief of staff, would be made to take the responsibility. Faced with retirement and disgrace on the one hand and on the other promises of a prosperous future, Tada gave in on the evening of the day the cables were sent. He stipulated that the orders be dated December 1, four days hence—a peculiarly Japanese way of putting on record the fact that he was acting under duress. He also asked that Emperor Hirohito acknowledge his responsibility for the orders by promulgating them in the form of an imperial edict to the whole people of Japan.

Tada conceded that he would carry the orders to the front himself and that they need not mention the second stop line but should merely say, "Take Nanking." An imperial edict required imprimatur by the Great Seal of State and by the counterseals of chamberlains who were ordinarily scattered about in villas and spas all over Japan. Usually the formalities took a week or more. Now, to Tada's astonishment, all arrangements had been made in advance; Emperor Hirohito, in perfect propriety, was able to affix the Great Seal to them the next morning, Sunday, November 28. Tada then completed his demonstration of dissent by taking three days to deliver the written orders to Shanghai, a one-day flight away. However, the orders were radioed to the front immediately, and the troops poured over the second stop line minutes after receiving them. Some of the men were under the impression that they were ordered to "take Nanking, effective December 1," which meant that they had more than 100 miles to go in three days.

The "white" divisions of Matsui and the "red" divisions of Yanagawa now began a race to see which could reach Nanking first. Matsui's men made a brilliant start by an amphibious flanking thrust across the Tai-Hu or Big Lake which lies just west of the Yangtze delta, about halfway between Shanghai and Nanking. Yanagawa's men, skirting the same lake on the south, more than kept pace. On the northernmost front, the "black" 16th Division of the sadistic Nakajima, who was to conduct the rape, loafed along in the rear. On December 1, when the Emperor's orders to take Nanking arrived officially, all forces were running well but all had over fifty miles to go before they could comply.

The campaign had cost the Japanese 70,000 casualties already and would cost them another 40,000 before Nanking was taken. In the decimated forward regiments battle fever

propelled the men on nerves alone. Inter-unit rivalries had always run fierce in the Japanese Army, making mortal combat out of the traditional barroom brawl. But now, according to surviving veterans, the chase up the Yangtze delta had brought the men to such a competitive pitch that they were burning villages, slaughtering cattle, and carrying off girls solely to deprive men from other units of billets, food, and entertainment. Their mood may be gauged from an item passed by the censor and printed on December 7 by the *Japan Advertiser.*

SUB-LIEUTENANTS IN RACE
TO FELL 100 CHINESE
RUNNING CLOSE CONTEST

Sub-Lieutenant Toshiaki Mukai and Sub-Lieutenant Takeshi Noda, both of the Katagiri unit at Kuyung, in a friendly contest to see which of them will first fell 100 Chinese in individual sword combat before the Japanese forces completely occupy Nanking, are well in the final phase of their race, running almost neck to neck. On Sunday [December 5th] . . . the "score," according to the *Asahi*, was: Sub-Lieutenant Mukai, 89, and Sub-Lieutenant Noda, 78.

A week later, the day after Nanking had already fallen, the *Advertiser* went on to tell that the goal had been extended to 150 because referees had not been able to determine which contestant had reached 100 first. "Mukai's blade," it reported, "was slightly damaged in the competition. He explained that this was the result of cutting a Chinese in half, helmet and all. The contest was 'fun' he declared."

After moving 120 miles in a week, against the grain of the few motor roads in the region, the "red" men of the eager, disgraced Yanagawa occupied Lishiu, or Water-Chestnut Pond, on Saturday, December 4. From there it was only thirty miles north along a good highway to the Nanking city walls. There, however, a last-ditch line of resistance had been improvised by fresh provincial Chinese levies who were defending their own homes and paddies. Yanagawa's weary soldiers could not make a breakthrough and were held up for almost three days. Farther north, Matsui's "white" troops reached the same stubborn line two days later and proceeded to blast through the Chinese entrenchments with a salvo of all-out infantry charges. Still farther north, the sadistic Nakajima and his "black" forces cut out cross-country after a ride along the Shanghai-Nanking railway tracks and, meeting little resistance, began to catch up with their fellow runners.

Chiang Cornered

Within the walls of Nanking, Chiang Kai-shek had lived through a month of bitter disillusionment. At his request, on September 12, the League of Nations had called a conference of law-professing nations which had met from November 4 to November 24 in Brussels. The conference had closed without taking action except to censure Japan mildly. Chiang Kai-shek's German advisors had asked for more support from Berlin and had learned that the faction of Foreign Minister Ribbentrop, favoring Japan, had won Hitler's ear. Russia, caught in the toils of Stalin's latest purge, could send only a few more planes and pilots to Chiang. The United States sent retired Air Force General Claire Chennault and a score of flying adventurers, but American planes, already bought and shipped, were being offloaded and held in California ports. On December 2 Chiang Kai-shek met with his generals and agreed to accede to Japanese terms. From a Japanese point of view, they were moderate, amounting to no more than official Chinese recognition of *de facto* realities: an autonomous Inner Mongolia; an enlargement of the international demilitarized zone around Shanghai; an alliance with Japan against Russia; demilitarization of a two-hundred-mile-wide strip along the Manchurian frontier which would include the old capital of Peking; appointment therein of officials friendly to Japan.

On accepting the terms in principle, Chiang learned on December 5 that the situation had changed and that Japan was no longer willing to offer any peace terms. Chiang therefore told his neutral negotiator, the German ambassador to China, Oscar Trautmann, that further negotiations were impossible in the military predicament of the moment. Chiang proceeded to evacuate the last skeletal bureaus of his government from Nanking. He and his staff followed on December 7, when he flew to Hankow, 350 miles farther upriver, and there established a new temporary capital.

Hirohito's Uncle

By December 7, 1937, the 300,000 troops remaining between the Japanese forces and their goal, Nanking, were in complete disarray, and the Chinese capital was effectively naked of any defense except its own ancient brick walls. Four divisions of weary, overstrung Japanese soldiers were converging on the city across a cold, ravaged countryside: Yanagawa's "red" 6th and 114th, Matsui's "white" 9th and Nakajima's "black" 16th. As the bloodthirsty troops closed in, General Matsui lay bedridden with a tubercular fever at his field headquarters in Suchow in the Yangtze delta. On December 2, five days earlier, Emperor Hirohito had relieved

him of personal supervision of the men in the field and had moved him up to over-all command of the Central China theater. In his place as commander-in-chief of the Army around Nanking, Hirohito appointed his own uncle, Prince Asaka.

Despite the fact that he was a member of the imperial family, Prince Asaka was a tough professional soldier and in his thirty-year rise from cadet to lieutenant general had enjoyed few favors or sinecures. A lean, silent aristocrat of fifty, he walked with a pronounced limp which he had acquired in a car crash outside of Paris in 1923 during his three-year posting there—with his present helpmeets Yanagawa and Nakajima—as a military intelligence officer. Once a versatile athlete, he had concentrated on golf since his accident and now played one of the best games in Japan. He used it along with his fluent French to entertain most of the luminaries who visited Tokyo from Paris in the 1930's. During the Army mutiny of February 1936, at an emergency meeting of the Council of Princes of the Blood, he had sided with Emperor Hirohito's brother Chichibu in urging consideration of the grievances of the Army's Strike-North or Fight-Russia faction. Afterwards, in a memorandum for the palace rolls, Hirohito had singled him out for censure as the one imperial kinsman whose attitude was "not good." He had been given this present disagreeable duty at Nanking as an opportunity to make amends. When he had performed it, as he would perform it, all too well, he would return to imperial favor.

Prince Asaka's appointment to the front, overriding all other authority in a wave of imperial influence, gave the sick General Matsui premonitions that his command was about to be abused. He ordered his armies to pull up and regroup three to four kilometers outside the Nanking city walls, to go into the city with only a few well-disciplined battalions, and to make sure that the occupation was carried out in such a way as "to sparkle before the eyes of the Chinese and make them place confidence in Japan." Then he called the staff officers of his legions together at his sickbed in Suchow and issued them a most extraordinary tablet of moral commandments:

> The entry of the Imperial Army into a foreign capital is a great event in our history . . . attracting the attention of the world. Therefore let no unit enter the city in a disorderly fashion. . . . The units entering the walled city shall be the ones especially chosen for that purpose by the divisional commanders concerned. Let them know beforehand the matters to be remembered and the position of foreign rights and interests in the walled city. Let them be absolutely free from plunder. Dispose sentries as needed. Plundering and causing fires, even carelessly,

shall be punished severely. Together with the troops let many military police and auxiliary military police enter the walled city and thereby prevent unlawful conduct.

Prince Asaka left Tokyo by plane on Sunday, December 5, and arrived to take command at the front three days later. He found his old companion of Paris days, the sadistic Nakajima, installed in an abandoned Chinese country villa near advanced field headquarters some ten miles southeast of Nanking. Nakajima was laid up with a painful flesh wound in the left buttock received that Sunday. He reported to his former princely patron that the Japanese forces had broken through everywhere at the outer Nanking perimeter and that some 300,000 Chinese troops were about to be surrounded and pinned against the Nanking city walls. Preliminary negotiations indicated that they were ready to surrender. After Prince Asaka had heard this summary, a set of orders went out from his headquarters, under his personal seal, marked "secret, to be destroyed." They said simply, "Kill all captives." The Chinese soldiers sensed a change in attitude and fled for the walls of Nanking. At least three quarters of them lived to fight another day. The remaining 75,000 men were later trapped in Nanking and contributed substantially to the fatality statistics compiled by Western observers in the city during the rape. Prince Asaka's staff officer for Intelligence, a lieutenant colonel, claimed to friends that he had forged the "kill" orders on his own initiative. If he did, it is remarkable that he was not court-martialed but continued his fighting career until June of 1945 when he died, a lieutenant general, in the caves of Okinawa.[6]

The Panay Diversion

After Prince Asaka's dispatch to the front, during the final days before the capture of Nanking, Emperor Hirohito is described by one of his courtiers as "taking no recreation and exercising a wide intensive supervision of military operations." Prince Konoye, the prime minister and long the specialist in domestic politics within Hirohito's coterie of young men, feared that the Emperor might be losing his perspective in a welter of military detail. Though a prince, the lanky, cynical Konoye belonged not to the imperial family but to the equally ancient and aristocratic Fujiwara clan whose duty it had been for thirteen hundred years to stand around the Throne as "ministers on the left" and "ministers on the right" and protect emperors from the consequences

[6] Cho Isamu. Earlier, in 1931, he had helped to organize, under palace auspices, a pair of fake coups d'etat which served to confuse issues and ease settlements during the domestic political crises attendant upon the conquest of Manchuria.

of their own cloistered enthusiasms. No courtier knew better than Konoye how to humor Hirohito. With no other palace familiar did the young Emperor feel more equal—more free to argue, to talk personalities, to bandy criticism.

On November 20, when Hirohito established his Grand Imperial Headquarters, Prince Konoye had stormed into the palace to protest the fact that he was not included in the headquarters even as an observer. Hirohito assured him that it would be a purely military conclave, of great stiffness, in which a politician would have no interest. Konoye replied that military decisions were always of political interest. "I would like to resign," he declared, "before this second strategy in China begins." Accustomed to such dramatic outbursts from his favorite, Hirohito begged Konoye to remain in office and soothed him with a promise: "I myself will keep you fully informed on military operations."

Konoye had voiced no previous objections to the war with China. On the contrary, if Japan became embroiled deeply enough in China she might be prevented from making a disastrously premature attack on Russia to the north or on the United States and Great Britain to the south. All autumn long Konoye had been fighting a running battle with officers in the General Staff who wished to fight Russia and avoid involvement in China. They had opposed the expeditionary force to Shanghai, opposed reinforcing it, opposed the additional landings south and north of Shanghai, and opposed the orders to take Nanking. Most recently they had sought to accept Chiang Kai-shek's offer of conditional capitulation, and Konoye had been hard put to it to increase the severity of Japanese demands so that Chiang would not accept them. It was difficult for a politician to stand against militarists when they wanted to make peace.

Now "this second strategy in China" threatened Konoye's objectives in a different way. He had helped to persuade Hirohito that no acceptable deal could be worked out with Chiang. He had urged, without much personal conviction, that the capture of Nanking would cause Chiang's generals to desert him and would make possible the establishment of a puppet Chinese regime co-operative toward long-range Japanese aims. But this new strategy which was to be pursued at Nanking gave Konoye pause. He may not have known much about it, but he knew enough to feel squeamish about presiding over it as prime minister. If terror and destruction at Nanking were carried far enough, they might even succeed in toppling Chiang Kai-shek. Then the problem would be to prevent Hirohito and the Navy from proceeding too fast with plans for an attack on Malaya and the Indies.

On December 7, after another audience with the Emperor, Konoye felt that his worst fears were coming true. He knew

from his sources in Chiang Kai-shek's suite that the Chinese leader had fled Nanking that day. The troops were closing in. And Hirohito was entirely absorbed in long-term military planning. Konoye complained to Marquis Kido, another of the Emperor's intimates: "I just met with the Emperor and he is talking of strategy all the way up to next March. He mentioned sending a division to Canton, which surprised me because I had heard nothing of such a strike before." Canton lay only fifty-seven miles from the British crown colony of Hong Kong. Hirohito had already signed the orders to attack it. "If things go on this way," continued Konoye, "I cannot take the full responsibility. I told the Emperor that after observing the results of the capture of Nanking, I may have to ask for a change of Cabinet. The Emperor seems to have no objections."

Five days after Konoye's audience with Hirohito, an old crony of the prime minister, a reactivated reserve colonel of artillery named Hashimoto Kingoro, torpedoed the plans to attack Canton by singlehandedly instigating a celebrated international incident, the sinking of the U.S. gunboat *Panay*. Shortly after Chiang Kai-shek fled his capital, Hashimoto's artillery regiment had reached the Yangtze by an overland route sixty miles upstream from Nanking. There, near the town of Wuhu, he had laid out a two-mile gauntlet of heavy field pieces along the riverbank in order to cut off fugitives attempting to escape up the river from Nanking. Late on Saturday, December 11, he had shelled a ferryboat load of British refugees and a British gunboat, the *Lady Bird*, and killed a British sailor. On the following morning he learned that a second convoy of Western refugees, consisting of three Socony-Vacuum tankers and the little U.S. gunboat *Panay*, was waiting out the occupation of Nanking at a safe anchorage downriver, halfway between the battery and the beleaguered city. Colonel Hashimoto commanded a squadron of naval aircraft which had been attached to his unit to help him blockade the river. He ordered his naval pilots to attack the U.S. ships. The pilots, although they were not commissioned officers, questioned Colonel Hashimoto's orders and took off only after long argument.

At 1:30 P.M. ordinary Sunday routine was being observed aboard the *Panay*. Eight of her officers were off visiting with the civilians on the three nearby tankers. It was a fine clear day. The two huge American flags painted on the *Panay*'s decks glistened in the bright sunlight. At 1:38 three twin-motor planes in V-formation were seen coming in at a considerable height from the southwest. Red circles on their underwings proclaimed them Japanese, which was reassuring, because the Japanese had been notified of the *Panay*'s position, and Japanese pilots, unlike their Chinese counterparts,

were not known for dropping bombs by mistake. Then suddenly black dots detached themselves from the bellies of the three planes and a moment later, in what was for that time a miracle of precision bombing, the *Panay* was mortally damaged. One bomb scored a direct hit on her bow and a second stove a hole in her starboard side. The engines were knocked out. The three-inch gun was disabled. The pilot house, sick bay, and radio shack were demolished. The captain went out of action with a hipful of shrapnel.

Before the crew could recover from this instant devastation, six single-engine biplane fighters bore in from the south, unloading smaller antipersonnel bombs. The executive officer, who had just assumed command, took a piece of shrapnel in the throat and could not speak. He continued to issue orders, scribbling them on slips of paper. The slow biplane fighters wheeled and climbed and came in singly for a second and third run of dive bombing. The crew of the 30-caliber machine gun on the afterdeck collected itself and began to return fire. Two of the planes answered in kind. After twenty minutes of bombing and strafing, the *Panay* was listing to starboard and slowly settling, and the attacking planes turned their attention to the three Socony tankers.

Every one of the *Panay's* line officers was wounded along with almost every member of the crew. At 2:00 P.M. the mute executive officer scrawled an order to abandon ship. As the wounded were being ferried ashore, one of the planes returned briefly to strafe the open lifeboat. By 3:00 P.M. the decks of the *Panay* had been emptied and were awash with the yellow waters of the great septic river. When she did not sink at once, two mates rowed back to her to take off provisions and medical supplies. A Japanese launch approached the *Panay*, swept her decks with machine-gun fire, and put aboard an inspection crew. A moment later the Japanese seamen could be seen leaping back into their boat and hurrying away. Five minutes later, at 3:54 P.M., the *Panay* rolled onto her starboard side and sank. Two of the tankers were burning and the third had been grounded on a mud bank. Their passengers and crews, together with the men of the *Panay*, hid out for three days in the rushes of the riverbank. They were finally rescued by the U.S. gunboat *Oahu*. In all, two Americans were dead, one dying and fourteen others critical litter cases. A considerable number of the Chinese crewmen of the tankers had also been killed or wounded but could not be counted because many of the survivors had fled into the countryside.

On the day after the sinking of the *Panay*, President Roosevelt unofficially requested the Japanese ambassador in Washington to transmit his "shock and concern" directly to Emperor Hirohito. It was an unprecedented step which dis-

regarded the façade of Japan's official government. Chamberlains with diplomatic experience encouraged Hirohito to think that it might presage a declaration of war by the United States. Ambassador Joseph Grew in the American Embassy a few blocks from the palace had servants start packing his trunks and let it be known that the situation reminded him of Berlin in 1915 when the *Lusitania* had been sunk. Japanese Foreign Minister Hirota Koki immediately offered apologies and promised an indemnity for the families of the bereaved and wounded. Japanese private citizens flocked to the American Embassy and stopped embassy staff members on the streets to express their regrets. One well-dressed Japanese woman cut off a tress of her hair in the embassy lobby and submitted it with a carnation to signify that she felt as if she had lost a husband. So much unsolicited condolence money poured in to the embassy that Grew finally rounded it out and contributed $5,000,000 to Japanese charity. Vice Navy Minister Yamamoto Isoroku, who would later lead the attack on Pearl Harbor, publicly accepted the full responsibility for the incident and privately fumed because he could not force the Army to discipline its Colonel Hashimoto who had ordered the *Panay* to be sunk.

Through Konoye's patronage, the guilty Hashimoto enjoyed impunity. He continued in command of his artillery regiment until March of 1939. When he finally doffed his uniform, Prince Konoye was organizing a one-party system for Japan—an Imperial Rule Assistance Association which would serve as a reasonable facsimile of the Nazi party in Germany or of the Communist party in Russia. Konoye made Hashimoto executive director of the new monolithic party.

By sinking the U.S.S. *Panay* and shelling H.M.S. *Lady Bird*, Colonel Hashimoto did succeed in making the planned attack on the Hong Kong area too dangerous for execution. On December 20, eight days after the *Panay* incident, 30,000 Japanese troops were embarked on transports in harbors along the southwestern coast of Taiwan. Two days later, at Konoye's urging, Hirohito reluctantly ordered them back ashore and postponed the attack on Canton for ten months. A strong presumption exists that Konoye sent a messenger to China to ask Hashimoto to sink the *Panay*. It is reinforced by the fact that a few days after the *Panay* sinking, an emissary of Konoye, sent to feel out Chinese politicians on a puppet regime which might replace Chiang Kai-shek's government, was mistakenly apprehended by the Japanese secret police in the port of Osaka and prevented from leaving Japan in time to keep his appointments on the continent.

On the day of the *Panay* sinking, December 12, Konoye moved into a new villa in the suburb of Ogikubo. At the housewarming he told one of his guests, "I can no longer

bear it. When Nanking falls, Chiang Kai-shek's government must fall. If it does not, I am to issue a statement of non-recognition of Chiang and to refuse to deal with him. I think that is the time for me to withdraw. I shall resign then." A statement to the effect that Japan would refuse to deal with Chiang Kai-shek and would found its own puppet government in China had already been drafted by Hirohito's kinsman and favorite aide-de-camp, Machijiri. Konoye did finally issue a version of the statement a month later when the rape of Nanking was reaching its final stages. But neither Konoye nor Chiang Kai-shek resigned, and Konoye's new home at Ogikubo came to be known in the Japanese vernacular as the "Hate-China" Villa. By the uninformed Japanese masses, in short, Konoye was held responsible as prime minister for the butchery at Nanking.

The Eleventh Hour

In the bleak winter landscape of resting rice paddies outside Nanking, the little mud-walled villages of farmers' huts were almost empty. By December 10, three days after Chiang Kai-shek had left the capital, almost 800,000 of the 1,000,000-odd inhabitants of the city had fled upriver. Eighteen million refugees from the Yangtze delta had passed through the environs of the city and most of them, too, were now on their way into the hinterlands. The Chinese rearguard of about 100,000 soldiers bundled any civilians remaining in the suburbs inside the city walls; in accordance with "a scorched-earth policy of resistance" enunciated two months earlier by Chiang Kai-shek, they proceeded to burn every outlying field and roof that might be of use to the invader.

As the sound of cannon fire approached, the Chinese troops manned the great brick walls and waited. Twenty feet thick and fifty feet high, the notched medieval battlements presented a substantial impediment even to modern artillery. Within them the old medieval city had been razed during a peasant rebellion eighty years earlier. Now, except for several dense Chinese residential and commercial areas, it was a monumental government park, studded with new public buildings and full of open vistas in which pheasants nested. As the Chinese troops waited to be attacked, they respected the republican dream embodied in the city. They stole a few bicycles and broke into a few shops but connoisseurs of warfare in China were struck by their exemplary discipline, their solemn good behavior.

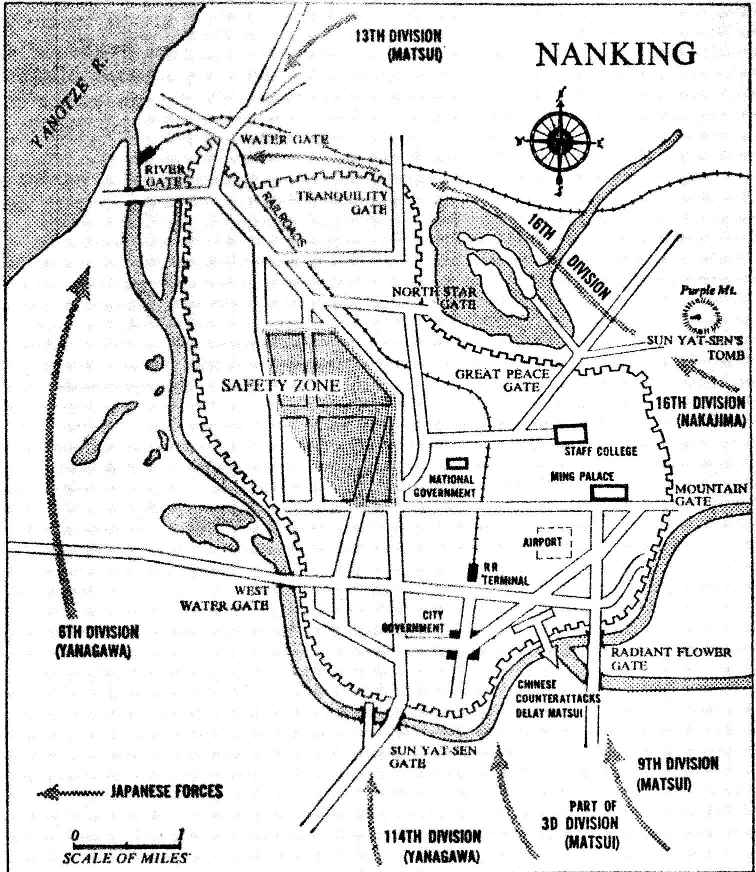
American, German, and British residents remaining in the city organized a safety zone, a noncombatant area of one and a half square miles around the major missionary, university, and hospital properties. The fleeing Chinese government had turned over to the zone's administrative committee of

foreigners 450 policemen, 10,000 sacks of flour, $400,000 in cash, and four million pounds of rice. It was hoped that in the zone Chinese civilians might find refuge for a few nights until the Japanese had completed their occupation and re-established law and order. Such a scheme had been tried in Shanghai and had been welcomed by the Japanese. General Matsui had contributed almost $3,000 out of his own pocket to help defray its expenses.

But in the case of Nanking, the Japanese refused in advance to sanction a safety zone. And before attacking, they advised that all non-Chinese should leave the area. Consular officials and most Western businessmen complied under orders from their head offices. Some retired to Western gunboats on the river like the *Panay*, others to a huge floating wharf of transit sheds and check-out shacks maintained by the British Jardine-Matheson Steamship Company. Twenty-two university professors, doctors, missionaries, and businessmen, however, remained inside the walls, including fifteen Americans and six Germans. Because of their presence the occupation of Nanking was carefully documented as the occupation of other cities west of Shanghai had not been. The Germans in particular had a chance to see all, for they felt protected by the Anti-Comintern Pact and walked about freely wearing swastika arm bands.

On Thursday, December 9, two battalions of Matsui's 9th Division drove to within a trench line of the southeastern walls. General Matsui had leaflets dropped from planes, promising clemency and suggesting truce procedures for handing over the reins of civil government. At midday on Friday two of Matsui's staff officers stood for three hours outside the Mountain Gate in the eastern wall, waiting to see if the Chinese would send out a delegation under flag of truce to cede the city. When none came, Hirohito's uncle Prince Asaka ordered a general assault. According to Tokyo's *Asahi* newspaper, the next day, Prince Asaka stood Napoleonic on a hill to the east and "watched the fall of the city surrounded by clouds of gunsmoke." In the morning commoners in Tokyo were rewarded with the opportunity of eating specially decorated dishes of *Nanking soba,* Nanking noodles.

The news and noodles were premature, however. Late on Friday, December 10, the men of Matsui's 9th Division had managed to plant the flag of the rising sun on the southeastern walls only to be driven off by counterattacks during the night. Prince Asaka ordered the three other divisions under his command to cut short their mopping-up activities in outlying areas and make a thorough investiture of the city. The terrible 16th under secret-police sadist Nakajima was to circle around on the eastern side, the brutal 6th to fight its


NANKING
13TH DIVISION
(MATSUI)
YANGTZE R.
WATER GATE
RIVER GATES
TRANQUILITY GATE
RAILROADS
16TH DIVISION
NORTH STAR GATE
Purple Mt.
SUN YAT-SEN'S TOMB
SAFETY ZONE
GREAT PEACE GATE
16TH DIVISION
(NAKAJIMA)
STAFF COLLEGE
NATIONAL GOVERNMENT
MING PALACE
MOUNTAIN GATE
AIRPORT
RR TERMINAL
WEST WATER GATE
6TH DIVISION
(YANAGAWA)
CITY GOVERNMENT
RADIANT FLOWER GATE
CHINESE COUNTERATTACKS DELAY MATSUI
SUN YAT-SEN GATE
9TH DIVISION
(MATSUI)
JAPANESE FORCES
PART OF 3D DIVISION
(MATSUI)
114TH DIVISION
(YANAGAWA)
0
1
SCALE OF MILES

way up the western side along the river, and the reservist 114th to join the attack on the southern walls.

Black-booted but still limping from the bullet in his buttock, Nakajima was detained during Saturday, December 11, by resistance on the hump of the Purple Mountain northeast of the walls. It was a wooded suburban area noted for its fine villas and for the acre-large, granite-stepped mausoleum of Sun Yat-sen. The mausoleum was laid out on the upper slopes of the mountain in the shape of an ancient Chinese crossbow pointing toward the summit. Sun Yat-sen, once a protégé of Japan, was revered by Chinese republicans as a George Washington. With the aid of spotters in two blimps which hovered unmolested over his head, Nakajima was able to capture the tomb unscratched and to burn the nearby homes of China's rich on a selective political basis.

Yanagawa's 6th and 114th Divisions were also held up that day, by a bloody action on the Rain Flower Plateau south of Nanking. However, by Sunday, the following day, all units had fought their way clear. Nakajima spurred his men west toward the Yangtze along the northern walls of the city while Yanagawa's 6th Division hunted down Chinese soldiers in the marshes along the riverbank and headed north along the western walls. When the pincer of the two divisions closed at the northwest corner of town, it would shut off Nanking from the Yangtze and block the last avenue of escape. Chinese troops manning the walls began to desert their posts in panic. The Chinese commander made belated gestures toward arranging a truce through German intermediation, then abruptly joined the fugitives.

The last way out of the city was the Ichiang or Water Gate on the Yangtze to the northwest. In the approaches to this gate, according to a letter written twelve days later by Nanking's regional Y.M.C.A. secretary George Fitch, "Trucks and cars jammed, were overturned, caught fire; at the gate more cars jammed and were burned—a terrible holocaust—and the dead lay feet deep. The gate blocked, terror-mad soldiers scaled the wall and let themselves down on the other side with ropes, puttees and belts tied together, clothing torn to strips. Many fell and were killed. But at the river was perhaps the most appalling scene of all. A fleet of junks was there. It was totally inadequate for the horde that was now in a frenzy to cross to the north side. The overcrowded junks capsized, then sank; thousands drowned."

Some of the fugitive junks and sampans survived the panic at the Water Gate to make a start upstream. Above Nanking they were overhauled by fast Japanese naval launches which had followed the Army's advance all the way up the Yangtze from Shanghai. The duck hunt which ensued was not in the finest traditions of the aristocratic British-style Japanese

Navy, and on some of the boats generous rations of saké were issued to keep the sailors happy with their work. In and out the launches darted, ramming and machine-gunning until the river was clear.

Fall of the City

That night, Sunday, December 12, Nanking was captured at last. The storming of the walls resembled some scene from the brush of Hieronymus Bosch. It was not yet moonrise, and the only light was the hellish flicker of grenade bursts and flares. The Chinese fought with antiquated muskets and great two-handed Manchurian swords from a parapet that had been deeply furrowed by artillery fire; the Japanese machine-gunned their way up scaling ladders which were set up, overthrown, and set up again. The cadences of rattling, whining, thudding high explosive were punctuated by the splashes of bodies falling into the waters of the ancient moat. At about midnight men of the 114th Division—most of them disgraced rebels like their commander, Yanagawa—scrambled to a slippery foothold atop the battlements, raised a Japanese flag, and fought their way down the stairs within to open the Sun Yat-sen Gate at the southernmost extremity of the city. A few minutes later the Wakizaki unit of Matsui's 9th Division blasted their way through the Radiant Flower Gate farther to the east.

By early Monday morning retreating Chinese soldiers, with nowhere to run, were taking off their uniforms and begging the German businessmen and American professors in charge of the unrecognized safety zone for admission and concealment. The innocent Westerners disarmed several hundred of them, assured them that they would be treated as war prisoners by the Japanese, and quartered them all together in one building where they could be turned over to the occupation troops in a body. Many of them then proceeded to filter out of the building and mingle with the rest of the refugee throng in the safety zone.

According to a report unearthed years later in occupied Berlin—a report written by General Alexander Ernst von Falkenhausen who was attached to the German Embassy as a military advisor for Chiang Kai-shek—the attitude of the first Japanese soldiers entering the city that Monday was "very correct."[7] Pushing north, unresisted through the half-

[7] Falkenhausen was a Prussian Junker who had his own strict views as to what was correct and what not. He served as military governor for the Third Reich in Belgium in World War II, conspired in the plot to assassinate Hitler, and ended the war first in Gestapo prison, then in Allied prison. He was judged guilty of war crimes at Nuremberg but because of extenuating circumstances the execution of his prison sentence was indefinitely suspended.

deserted slums in the southern part of town, men of Yanagawa's division were first reported in the safety zone at eleven o'clock on Monday morning. Three members of the zone committee met them and explained to them the purpose of the zone. According to the American Y.M.C.A. man Fitch, "They showed no hostility, though a few moments later they killed twenty refugees who were frightened by their presence and ran away from them."

Throughout the rest of the day patrols from Matsui's and Yanagawa's divisions wandered through the city exploring, sightseeing, and occasionally shooting. One of Matsui's staff officers entered the Mountain Gate on the east and checked the route over which Matsui would ride on horseback when he presided at the official triumphal entry planned for four days later. Around the Radiant Flower Gate where fighting had been heaviest, the Wakizaki unit tidied up, cremating Chinese corpses and assembling and marking Japanese ones. All day and through the night Buddhist chaplains chanted prayers beside the rows of bodies.

That night a few picked garrison battalions and a number of AWOL drunks remained in the city. The bulk of the men who had entered in the morning returned as ordered to the 9th and 114th Division encampments outside the walls—to cold tents, poor food, and scarce water. They took with them as solace about a dozen Chinese women whom they had seized in the city. During the night the patrols left in the town shot at any Chinese seen abroad, and the drunk and disorderly went on a bender in the southern slums in the course of which they murdered eight men and boys in one household and raped, murdered, and mutilated a woman and two girls in a family of thirteen. The next day an American missionary, on a walk through the downtown area, was disgusted to find a "civilian Chinese corpse on almost every block."

According to a survey made three months later by an American sociologist, three hundred civilians had died during the capture of the city, fifty of them by stray bullets, bombs, and shells in the military action, the rest by wanton shooting and bayoneting after the military action was over. As war went in China in those days it was an ordinary toll. A few hundred killed, a few dozen raped—such had been the statistics in Tientsin, Peking, Shanghai, and all other major cities occupied in China by Japanese troops in previous weeks.

Not knowing that the casualties would be deliberately multiplied a hundredfold in the month to come, Western newsmen made plans that Monday night to return to Shanghai and file their stories. A dozen of them left the city walls early the next morning and fretted out the next few days on

docks or over beer in Japanese regimental field H.Q.s waiting for transportation. Only one, Yates McDaniel of the Associated Press, remained in the city long enough to witness the onset of the terror.

The Rape Begins

Late on Tuesday morning, when Nanking had been in Japanese hands for thirty-six hours, former Tokyo secret-police chief Nakajima and his 16th Division rolled into town through the Water Gate in trucks and armored cars. He had been delayed by the capture of some 10,000 prisoners at the last moment. All through the night his men had been busy herding the prisoners drove by drove to the edge of the Yangtze. They had worn their fingers to the bone pressing machine-gun triggers. At least 6,000 of the prisoners had died. Now in the flat drear light of the next noon, Nakajima's men began a systematic search inside Nanking for Chinese soldiers who had run away, taken off their uniforms, and vanished. The orders from Prince Asaka, the Emperor's uncle, were explicit: kill all captives. There were supposed to be 300,000 captives; less than 10,000 had been killed. Chiang Kai-shek's advisor, the Junker General von Falkenhausen, in his report to Berlin, notes that thereafter he saw a "complete change in attitude" in the Japanese.

"The Japanese troops," he wrote, "which had been insufficiently supplied because of their rapid advance were let loose in the town and behaved in a manner which was almost indescribable for regular troops."

Secret policeman Nakajima came to Nanking with an appointment in his pocket from Prince Asaka putting him in charge of the "maintenance of public peace." Thereafter public peace was sedulously destroyed. With Nakajima came Colonel Muto Akira, a member of the imperial cabal; he was charged by Prince Asaka with the "responsibility for billeting Japanese troops in the Nanking area." Thereafter the troops found their own billets. Muto announced that their camps outside the walls were inadequate and invited all hands in all four divisions to enter town and bed down where they pleased.

In defense of the Muto-Nakajima administration it was submitted at war crime tribunals a decade later that Nakajima had only fourteen secret policemen to assist him in maintaining public peace. The facts are that he had just come from the supreme command of all the secret police in Tokyo; that he had planes available for transporting staff officers to and from the homeland; and that Western observers saw those secret policemen which he did have in Nanking supervising looting and standing guard for soldiers who had entered homes to rape the women.

Colonel Muto, at his trial, made cynical fun of the proceedings by an equally absurd excuse; he pleaded that divisional encampments outside the city on the banks of the great Yangtze were "inadequate due to shortage of water." When the horde of soldiers were moved into town, they subsisted largely on water which they boiled and filtered and which was carried in to them by coolies from the Yangtze. The Nanking municipal water plant had been put out of commission by a bomb or shell on December 9. Damage to it was described as slight. Muto had at his disposal the 6th Field Epidemic Control Unit and a part of the 8th Field Engineers. Yet water was not turned on again in Nanking until January 7 when the Japanese had been there for over three weeks.

The 80,000-odd soldiers turned loose in Nanking by Muto, Nakajima, and Prince Asaka would have raped, killed, stolen, and burned if left to their own devices. In the event they acted under the guidance of their officers; they worked at being drunk and disorderly; they ran amok, but systematically. Their rape of Nanking began when Nakajima entered the city on December 14; it continued for six weeks; and it was not stopped, despite world-wide protest, until Prince Konoye admitted to Hirohito that there was no longer any hope of it unseating Chiang Kai-shek.

The full tale of crimes conveys a numbing insistent horror which beggars summation. It is recorded in some four thousand pages of notes, letters, and diaries written at the time by Y.M.C.A. man Fitch, General von Falkenhausen, and several others including an American surgeon and two American university professors. In addition the Safety Zone Committee filed 444 carefully authenticated "cases" of murder, mass murder, rape, arson, and pillage with Prince Asaka's staff officers while the terror was in progress. Finally the Reverend John Magee, postwar chaplain of Yale University and father of Ian Magee, the war poet, documented the sights he saw with a movie camera. His black-and-white film —which he later protested did not do justice to the "black-and-red realities"—was smuggled home to the United States. Its parade of mutilated corpses, blood-spattered rooms, and babies on bayonets was considered too revolting to exhibit except to a few limited audiences. Ironically enough, sections of the film were given their widest circulation by America First organizations intent on demonstrating the futility of foreign involvements.

On the afternoon of his arrival in town, Tuesday, December 14, sadist Nakajima had bills posted advising Chinese soldiers who had gone into hiding to give themselves up and trust to "the mercy of the Imperial Japanese Army." One of Nakajima's subordinates called on the Safety Zone Committee to inform it that 6,000 discarded Chinese uniforms had been

found inside the walls. Unless the soldiers who had worn them surrendered quickly, they would sacrifice their rights as prisoners of war and would be subject to the death penalty as spies. The Western committeemen circulated the Japanese argument by word of mouth through the zone shelters and advised Chinese that it was legally correct. The next day thousands of Chinese soldiers and coolies who had served in labor battalions gave themselves up. "How foolish I had been," wrote Y.M.C.A man Fitch a fortnight later, "to tell them the Japanese would spare their lives."

Throughout Wednesday, December 15, the prisoners of war were assembled in city squares, trussed hand to hand and man to man with signal corps telephone wire, and marched off to pens along the riverbank to be "interned." That night a command orgy was held beside the pens. The captives were brought out group by group, surrounded on all sides by soldiers, and used as dummies for bayonet charges. Kerosene was poured on the heaps of bodies and ignited. More prisoners were led out to be prodded into the flames of the pyres. Officers with sabers gave decapitation demonstrations. A trial was made of old samurai swords in which it was demonstrated that none had the virtue of being able to split a man from pate to groin at a stroke.

On Thursday the performance was repeated. For lack of military prisoners Nakajima's men requisitioned any able-bodied Chinese civilian they could lay hands on. They took the staff which was laboring to turn on the power again at the electrical plant. They took ninety policemen and forty-seven volunteer policemen employed by the safety zone. They took a quota of fathers and sons from most of the refugee camps. Once again novel forms of execution were tried out in an effort to heighten the terror and relieve the sickening monotony of bayonet and bonfire. According to photographs snapped by Japanese officers—and later copied by Chinese technicians in Shanghai studios where the films were brazenly brought for development—men were bound hand and foot and planted neck deep in earth. In the third century B.C., the Chinese emperor who built the Great Wall of China had executed a band of proscribed Confucian scholars in this way. Generations of Chinese and Japanese schoolboys had read the old horror tale with flesh crawling. Its re-enactment at Nanking must have struck some staff officer as a clever way to exploit cultural traditions, but in the staging the psychological effect was mitigated by overembellishment and impatience. In antiquity the protruding heads of the victims had had to endure the kicks and catcalls of passers-by until the bodies below ground began to waste away. In 1937 the victims were all dead long before the onset of starvation and maggots—some jabbed with bayonets, some trampled

by horses, some doused with boiling water, some crushed under tank tracks.

Between their nocturnal duties as devils on the riverbank, the Japanese soldiers were employed by day for looting. According to sociologist Lewis Smythe, one of the American professors in Nanking, the pillage began as private enterprise. "Japanese soldiers," he wrote, "needed private carriers to help them struggle along under great loads." But already on the day after Nakajima's arrival, Smythe also saw "systematic destruction of shop-front after shop-front under the eyes of Japanese officers." He added, "Scores of refugees in camps and shelters had money and valuables removed from their slight possessions during mass searches." The great bulk of the booty found its way not into privates' knapsacks but into official Army warehouses. Three months later one of the Zone Committee tried to track down a piano which had been looted from his home. He was politely conducted by a Japanese officer to an Army storage shed containing two hundred pianos. Other warehouses were filled with rugs and paintings, mattresses and blankets, antique screens and chests. Some high officers, including Nakajima, were able to keep small fortunes for themselves in jade and porcelain and silver, but most of the plunder was later sold and the money used to defray over-all Army expenses.

It was the same day, December 15, that the crime for which Nanking is most remembered became an organized pastime. The raping started when trucks commanded by well-spoken officers made the rounds of the safety-zone refugee camps and took away loads of young women for "questioning." In some instances the pretext was belied on the spot by the soldiers who raped the girls in full public view even before loading them on the trucks. Women of beauty and some education were usually culled from each catch to serve with others of their own quality in the harems of colonels or major generals. Less fortunate creatures were shipped off to the various public buildings and auditoriums where soldiers were barracked. Some were raped for a night by ten or twenty men and then released in the morning, to be called for again and again by other trucks in days to come. Some were violated and then executed. Many immature girls were turned loose in such a manhandled condition that they died a day or two later. Sturdy wives were often assigned as slaves to platoons or entire companies and were expected to wash clothes all day and perform as prostitutes all night. Many young women were simply tied to beds as permanent fixtures accessible to any and all comers. When they became too weepy or too diseased to arouse desire, they were disposed of. In alleys and parks lay the corpses

of women who had been dishonored even after death by mutilation and stuffing.

The mass abductions of December 15 and 16 caused panic and wholesale immigration of women and children into the safety zone. Most came stealthily by night; some painted sores and rashes on their faces and skulked in along back alleys by day. The population of the zone climbed from 50,000 to 200,000 in seventy-two hours. Only a quarter of the refugees could fit into the various schools and dormitories where the Zone Committee had organized staffs and kitchens. The rest camped where they could, as close to the organized shelters as possible. They thereby gained a little protection from the zone's policemen and from the nearby presence of Nanking's twenty-two Westerners.

Nevertheless, the Japanese raided the buildings of the zone regularly for more victims. Night after night soldiers climbed over walls into the various compounds, brandished pistols, and had their way with as many cowed women as they wanted. Westerners retained remarkable authority under the circumstances and could usually prevent rape when they came on it in person. Thus Minor Searle Bates, a history professor with degrees from Oxford, Yale, and Harvard, succeeded on five occasions in breaking up acts of rape already in progress. But there were many women in the zone, many buildings, many lascivious soldiers, and the indignant Western missionaries and professors could not be everywhere. Moreover they themselves were sometimes held at bayonet point and made to look on helplessly.

On Thursday night, when the rabble of unkempt, laughing, drunken conquerors had unbuttoned their collective lust for two full days, the members of the Safety Zone Committee met to compare notes. Some of them broke down and wept while trying to tell what they had seen. They estimated that a thousand women were being raped that night and that almost as many had been raped that day. The next morning one of them took into his compound a dazed creature who said that she had been abused by thirty-seven men in turn. Another decided to leave on his lawn undisturbed a baby who had cried and been smothered by a soldier who was raping the child's mother.

In Nakajima's first three days of terror, his men had been ruthless but not efficient in the later Nazi sense. To save machine-gun bullets they had used bayonets for most of the killing, and an astonishing number of victims crawled away to recover. So many thousands of men and women had been submitted to the crude Japanese techniques of genocide that the hundreds who survived are not statistically surprising. But individually the tales of hardihood which some of them recounted at postwar tribunals seem miraculous. Men

who quickly threw themselves flat sometimes survived machine-gunning, bayoneting, and burning with kerosene. Men run through with bayonets and "buried" in the river clung to reeds for hours, waiting for the Japanese to go away. Men "beheaded"—their thick carrying-pole shoulder muscles severed but not their spinal cords—recovered untended in riverbank hovels. A few men even lived to tell of scrabbling up out of shallow mass graves. The Chinese peasant who survived his septic childhood had a hardy constitution and an uncomplicated will to live.

Triumphal Entry

On Friday morning, December 17, the rape of Nanking slackened during the ceremonial entry into the city of little General Matsui. Still feverish after the latest flare-up of his chronic tuberculosis, Matsui was brought upriver in a naval launch, put into a car, and driven around the battered triple archway of the Mountain Gate on the eastern side of the city. There he mounted a fine chestnut with a narrow white stripe or race on its nose. While he waited at the gate for the triumphal procession to form up behind him, he mused sorrowfully on his old friend Sun Yat-sen, the founder of Republican China, who lay buried in the great mausoleum up the hill to his rear. It was more than twenty years now since Matsui and Sun had first talked dreams together of Oriental unity and brotherhood. It was already eight years since Sun's entombment there on the Purple Mountain. The other Japanese who had attended the entombment as mourners were all dead or discredited. Of all the old group espousing Sino-Japanese co-operation only Matsui still held a position of authority.

Matsui was distracted in his meditations by a stir behind him. He turned and saw that the second place in his cavalcade had been taken by Colonel Hashimoto Kingoro who had sunk the *Panay*. It was a calculated insult. Matsui had tried to discipline Hashimoto after the *Panay* attack only to discover that he was protected by influential friends and that Prince Asaka would not even reprimand him. To make the indignity more pointed, Hashimoto rode a larger, finer horse than Matsui's, a thoroughbred bay with a full blaze on its nostrils. The pleasure went out of the afternoon; the laurels of the conqueror seemed faded and empty. This was Prince Asaka's command territory, and Matsui could do nothing about the affront without merely calling attention to his own loss of face. He was reduced to complaining of the incident a week later to—of all people—the American correspondent of *The New York Times*.

A fanfare of ill-blown bugles sounded and General Matsui led Hashimoto and the entourage of Prince Asaka into the

conquered capital. The boulevard before him was lined with tens of thousands of soldiers. He reared his horse and wheeled it smartly to face the palace in Tokyo far and away to the northeast. Nearby the announcer for Japan Radio quickly, softly, tensely told his microphone: "General Matsui will lead a triple banzai for the Emperor."

General Matsui broke in at once in a thin straining voice: "Dai Gen-sui Heika (Great Field Marshal on the Steps of Heaven)—banzai—ten thousand years of life."

A great banzai came roaring back but it ended—he could hardly believe it of Japanese troops on review—in a hideous cackle of drunken laughter.

"Banzai," he ventured more shrilly—and a thousand voices shouted.

"Banzai," he quavered a third time—and a radio technician had to turn down his controls to avoid overloading and distortion. The words were conventional enough but the voices of the men, preserved on tape by Japan's National Broadcasting Company, would have done credit to the legions of Genghis Khan or Attila. Matsui headed his horse down the boulevard and proceeded along a carefully cleared route, past thousands of cheering soldiers, until he arrived at the Metropolitan Hotel in the north of town.

From the shouts and look of the men at the parade and from hints dropped during the feasting at the Metropolitan that evening, Matsui gleaned a shrewd suspicion of what had been happening in Nanking. His specific instructions to quarter only a few picked battalions in the city had been flagrantly disregarded. He cut short the banquet and called a staff conference. According to officers who were present, he dressed down Nakajima and Muto and ordered them to have all unnecessary troops moved out of the city. Billeting officer Muto promised to take a fresh look at accommodations in the countryside.

On awakening in the Metropolitan next morning, Matsui was melancholy. One of his civilian aides asked him why and he replied, "I now realize that we have unknowingly wrought a most grievous effect on this city. When I think of the feelings and sentiments of many of my Chinese friends who have fled from Nanking and of the future of the two countries, I cannot but feel depressed. I am very lonely and can never get in a mood to rejoice about this victory."

Even in his press release that morning, though he dutifully trumpeted official Tokyo policy, Matsui let a note of sadness creep into the bombast: "Future Army operations will depend entirely on what attitude Chiang Kai-shek and the Nationalist Government take. I personally feel sorry for the tragedies to the people, but the Army must continue unless China repents. Now, in the winter, the season gives time to

reflect. I offer my sympathy, with deep emotion, to a million innocent people."

All that day Matsui remained lugubriously intent upon the dead. He visited the tomb of Sun Yat-sen, on the Purple Mountain, and sat for hours at a memorial service at the Nanking city airport just inside the southeastern walls. During the ceremony, he composed one of those short, cryptogrammic "Chinese poems" which have been cultivated as a separate art by Japanese literati for so many centuries that they are difficult to understand either for a Japanese or a Chinese. It was addressed to the soul of Sun Yat-sen:

> In the gold-purple tomb
> was he present or absent
> the departed spirit,
> my friend of former years,
> in the ghastly
> field-colors of the dusk?
>
> Memories of past meetings
> on the battlefield
> came back to pierce my heart
> as I sat, head bowed,
> astride my war horse
> under the Mountain Gate.

In the latter part of the memorial service, Matsui delivered a substantial address on the awakening of "Greater East Asia" and the brotherhood of Chinese and Japanese. He spoke of conducting a service for the dead Chinese warriors which would immediately follow the ceremony for the fallen Japanese. However, Prince Asaka told him that since it was growing late the service for the Chinese would have to be held some other time. Matsui was upset; according to the account he gave to his Buddhist confessor shortly before his hanging in 1948: "Immediately after the memorial services, I assembled the higher officers and wept tears of anger before them. . . . Both Prince Asaka and Lieutenant General Yanagawa . . . were there. . . . I told them . . . everything had been lost in one moment through the brutalities of the soldiers. And can you imagine it, even after that, these soldiers laughed at me."

The next day billeting expert Muto reported that he still could find no adequate facilities for troops outside Nanking. And so Matsui, exercising his full powers as commander of the Central China Theater, issued operational orders which would send three of the four divisions in Nanking out on new campaigns across the Yangtze or back toward the coast. The remaining division was Nakajima's "black" 16th, and

that Matsui could not touch because it was already assigned to Nanking by Imperial Headquarters in Tokyo. Prince Asaka's retinue of European-educated staff officers, thinking it best to humor Matsui, assured him that his orders would be carried out promptly.

Later that Sunday morning, when Matsui expressed a wish to inspect the whole of Nanking, a group of them drove him up to the observatory on Chinling Hill. There he made them "look curiously at one another"; he studied the destroyed areas of the city intently through field glasses and said, "If General Chiang [Kai-shek] had been patient for a few years longer and avoided hostilities, Japan would have understood the disadvantage of trying to solve the issue between the two countries by the use of arms." On the way down the hill from the observatory, Matsui abruptly asked to talk to some of the Chinese refugees in Nanking. After a brief delay a suitable group was herded together for him, and he went about among them asking questions and offering words of comfort and reassurance.

That afternoon Matsui was removed to Prince Asaka's headquarters outside of Nanking, to be put on a destroyer a day later and sent back to Shanghai.

Rape Renewed

While Matsui conducted his sentimental visit to the conquered capital, the terror had subsided. Even in the western half of the town which he did not visit, only a few dozen men were executed during his stay and only a few score women raped. As soon as he had left the city, however, terror was resumed. And by midnight the committeemen of the safety zone had set down that Sunday as "the worst yet." For the first time they themselves felt threatened. They continued with impunity to haul soldiers from the bodies of Chinese women, but they were also forced to watch Chinese husbands, who had stirred in defense of their wives, killed out of hand. Matsui in reproving his staff officers had said too much about the danger of antagonizing foreign powers and about the shame of Japan before the world. The men involved in the shame felt compelled to flaunt their indifference. They made a hero out of Colonel Hashimoto who had sunk the *Panay*. They went out of their way to dare the West to intervene. One American was shot at that day and several others were jostled and shoved. Western homes marked and sealed as neutral property were broken into and looted. Chinese caretakers at deserted Western embassies were killed. Star-Spangled Banners and Union Jacks were torn down and trampled. Uniformed Japanese toughs went out of their way to murder in front of white witnesses. A mandarin in a long silk gown was overtaken by two Japanese soldiers under a

balcony where two Americans and two Russians were standing watching. One of the Americans later testified: "He was trying to get away, hastened his pace to get away, around a corner in a bamboo fence, but there was no opening. The soldiers walked in front of him and shot him in the face. . . . They were both laughing and talking as if nothing had happened, never stopped smoking their cigarettes and talking, killed him with no more feeling than one taking a shot at a wild duck."

That night the confused devil soldiers were rallied and regimented for a new destructive duty that could be laid out for them in plans like a campaign of battle. The objective was to complete the looting of Nanking's shops and home industries and then, alley by alley and section by section, to burn them systematically to the ground. The arson squads were given trucks in which to load everything of value before a building was put to the torch. For kindling they were issued black sticks of Thermit and strips of paper impregnated with another incendiary chemical. It was cold in Nanking and the men went to work with a will. The first fires bloomed at dusk a few hours after Matsui had left the city. By the next night Y.M.C.A man Fitch, looking from his bedroom window, could count fourteen districts all blazing at once.

If anyone doubted that the rape was to continue, he was disabused on Friday morning, December 24, when Nakajima advised the Safety Zone Committee that the number of Chinese soldiers who had doffed their uniforms and gone into hiding was not 6,000 as previously estimated but 20,000. Equally ominous, it was noted that the molestation of women had begun to take new and extreme forms—grandmothers over seventy, girls under twelve, and mothers in the last month of pregnancy.

After Matsui had gone, his staff officer Colonel Muto, the billeting expert, stayed on in Nanking "overseeing the enforcement of Matsui's orders." There was "some delay" in withdrawing the surplus divisions. By Thursday, December 23, Yanagawa's renegade 114th, the brutal 6th, and Matsui's own 9th had withdrawn from the city. Thereafter only Nakajima's 16th was left to superintend over the longest, most disciplined stage of the rape. Nanking was already a picked carcass; only a sharp knife could cut more flesh from it.

Asaka's Last Ounce

Prince Asaka, the Emperor's uncle, moved his headquarters into Nanking on Christmas Day. He remained within the walls all through January while rape and murder continued to ladle off blood from the city into a graduated chemical flask. It was not until the last hope of frightening or shaming

the Chinese into capitulation had vanished—the last little girl been violated—that he finally started back toward Tokyo on February 10.

In Shanghai little General Matsui heard of new atrocities in Nanking every day. He remained powerless to stop them and so he "worried greatly" about Prince Asaka's reputation. On Christmas, the day that Asaka moved into Nanking, Matsui voiced his worries in an interview with *New York Times* correspondent Hallett Abend—whom he struck as "likeable" and "pathetic." Having little hope that this indirect plea to Emperor Hirohito, through the pages of *The New York Times,* would do any good, he followed it up the next day by sending a message to Prince Asaka's chief of staff. "It is rumored," he wrote, "that unlawful acts continue. . . . Especially because Prince Asaka is our commander, military discipline and morals must be that much more strictly maintained. Anyone who misconducts himself must be severely punished." Privately, over a New Year's toast, Matsui told a Japanese diplomat, "My men have done something very wrong and extremely regrettable." Asked later if the men had thrown over the traces and gone berserk, he pointedly said, "I considered that the discipline was excellent but the guidance and behavior were not."

Despite Matsui's protests it remained a commonplace to stumble on new bodies in the fetid streets or to see queues of soldiers waiting their turn outside a doorway where some Chinese woman had at last been run to earth. All the men remaining in the city were registered by Nakajima's secret police, and a few score of them were selected each afternoon for that night's beheading party. The city remained without light, water, garbage disposal, police, or firemen. The Safety Zone Committee warned Prince Asaka's headquarters of the danger of plague. Asaka's staff officers replied by offering to take over the feeding of the 100,000 Chinese who were being kept alive by the zone's daily rice dole. With this responsibility, of course, the Japanese Army would assume control of the zone's rice warehouses and international relief funds. The Zone Committee refused the offer. Western newspapers were beginning to print their first eyewitness accounts of what had happened in Nanking.

Prince Asaka's engineers finally turned on the city's public utilities on January 7. Three days later Prince Kaya, a cousin of Hirohito's Empress—one who had served in previous years as an admiring emissary to Adolf Hitler—paid Nanking a ceremonial visit and "talked earnestly to second lieutenants." On January 16, after Prince Kaya's report home to the Throne, the lanky, cynical Prince Konoye played his last trump and announced that the Japanese people no longer recognized Chiang Kai-shek as the representative of the

Chinese people, that war to the death would continue to be waged against the Chiang regime, and that a Japanese-sponsored government would soon be available to all Chinese who wished to give their allegiance to peace and Pan-Asianism.

Konoye's threat to continue the war indefinitely was a threat to kill China; the rape of Nanking had been the preliminary torture supposed to make Chinese believe the threat and fear it. But police technique, usually so successful against individual Chinese, failed to work on the Chinese nation as a whole. Konoye's declaration elicited no response. Indeed the Chiang Kai-shek government had never been more popular than in its present fugitive state in Hankow. And so the unsuccessful policy was gradually abandoned. Corpses were cleared from the streets and ponds and the systematic burning of the city ceased. The last abuse protested by the Safety Zone Committee—the rape of a twelve-year-old girl—took place on February 7, fifty-seven days after the Japanese had completely occupied the city and quelled all resistance. General von Falkenhausen, the German, continued his meticulous account a little further, up to March 19 when he noted that a girl was raped by a Japanese soldier in the U.S. missionary compound.

Final Toll

In all, according to figures accepted after two years of hearings by a panel of eminent jurists from many lands, the International Military Tribunal for the Far East which sat in Tokyo from 1946 to 1948, 20,000 women were raped in Nanking and its vicinity and over 200,000 men, at least a quarter of them civilians, were murdered.[8] A third of the city was destroyed by fire. Everything of value was removed from the ruins and placed in Japanese Army warehouses. The Nanking shopkeeper and the farmer outside the walls were economically wiped out. According to a survey conducted in March 1938 by sociologist Smythe and his university students on a 2 per cent sample of the population, the farmer had lost in money and goods the equivalent of 278 days of labor, the city dweller the equivalent of 681 days of labor. Since both at the best of times lived at subsistence level, the wherewithal to begin life anew did not exist. There were few stores of seed grain for replanting, few savings

[8] Many Japanese maintain that the figures accepted by the tribunal are grossly exaggerated, being based in part on Chinese claims. The author, after reviewing the original data and weeding out Chinese statistics, believes it fair to say that not less than 100,000 war prisoners and 50,000 civilians were executed within thirty-seven miles of Nanking and that at least 5,000 women were raped, many of them repeatedly or on several occasions.

with which to stock shops. Thousands of utterly hopeless women and children had no future except the day-to-day dole of rice provided by international relief funds. It would be a year before capital filtering back into Nanking from other parts of China began to create employment opportunities and a semblance of economic revival.

Reward and Payment

The tally of lives taken at Nanking was obviously no accident. It would not be easy for 100,000 men to kill 200,000 in the course of routine carelessness, drunkenness, and disorder. But despite world-wide protest against the crime, none of the criminals were in any way punished by the Japanese government of the time. It was official Tokyo doctrine that the troops in the field had gone berserk and that nothing could be done about them. When the Nanking veterans first returned home, however, many of them told a different story—a story of disgust at what they had seen and done. They complained that they had "learned nothing in the Army but rape and burglary"; that they had had to shoot prisoners merely to test the efficiency of machine guns; that they had been ordered by their officers, in dealing with Chinese girls, "Either pay them money or kill them in some out-of-the-way place after you have finished." In February 1939, the War Ministry issued orders to suppress such "improper talk" which may "give rise to rumors" and "impair the trust of the people in the Army." Even today Nanking is regularly referred to by retired Japanese Army officers as "the ten-year shame" or "the great dishonor." Except in the most vague theoretical terms, it remains impossible to talk about Nanking with any Japanese who participated in the deeds done there.

After Japan's defeat in 1945, Japanese government spokesmen claimed at the war crime tribunals that an Army officer had been court-martialed and put to death for responsibility in the Nanking fiasco. They did not give his name or rank. They said that a noncommissioned officer had even been sentenced to prison "for stealing a Chinese lady's slipper." They said that many of the principals in the rape had been "severely reprimanded."

True 1937 Japanese attitudes toward Nanking are not reflected in such dubious latter-day assertions. More relevant facts are these: that on the day after the capture of Nanking Emperor Hirohito expressed his "extreme satisfaction" to Prince Kanin, his wife's grand-uncle, who was chief of the Army General Staff; that Prince Kanin sent a telegram of congratulations to General Matsui, telling him that "not since history began has there been such an extraordinary military exploit"; that in late January Prince Kaya, the Empress's fascistic cousin, returned from Nanking and gave the Em-

peror a full report on what he had seen there; that a month later, on February 26, Emperor Hirohito received the febrile Matsui, the princely Asaka, and the eager Yanagawa at the imperial summer villa in Hayama and rewarded each of them with a pair of silver vases embossed with the imperial chrysanthemum.

Matsui retired to build his shrine of remorse at Atami, Prince Asaka to play golf. No longer in disgrace, General Yanagawa was appointed by the Emperor to run the economy of occupied China and then serve as minister of justice, no less, in the Japanese Cabinet. He finally died of disease as proconsul in Sumatra in 1944. Billeting expert Muto rose steadily to become a major general and chief of the powerful Military Affairs Bureau in 1939, lieutenant general and commander of the 2d Imperial Guards in 1942, and later Yamashita's chief of staff in the Philippines in 1944–45. The ubiquitous Major General Suzuki Tei-ichi, who had done the cerebral desk work in Kyoto for the terrible 16th Division in the field, remained as always Hirohito's personal envoy and troubleshooter in the Army, moving about with breathtaking versatility from one delicate appointment to the next. As for the sadistic Nakajima, who had dirtied himself most in the rape, he was allowed to retire from the Army in 1939 and to live out his life in comfort on the spoils which he had brought back from Nanking.

Hirohito honored all the criminals, punished none of them, and remains to this day on cordial terms with his kinsman Prince Asaka. If Hirohito had any feeling at the time that Prince Asaka had sullied the family name, he gave no sign of it. He continued to play golf with Asaka, to attend weekly showings of newsreels with him, to grant him private audiences, to sit with him on the exclusive *Gokazoku Kaigi* or Council of Princes of the Blood. If Hirohito had any feeling that Prince Asaka had been deceived or exploited by his Army subordinates at Nanking, he gave no sign of that either. On the contrary he appointed three other members of the imperial family to important Army commands in the six months after the rape of Nanking.

It is the crowning irony of Nanking that the man who finally shouldered all the blame was little tubercular General Matsui. He was tried, along with the other six leaders enshrined at Atami, by the International Military Tribunal for the Far East. Scattered through the 150,000-page record of the trial may be found the gist of Matsui's part in the rape as it has been recounted here. Nowhere in the record is there any evidence that Matsui issued secret orders for the rape to take place. Nowhere did the Allied attorneys for the prosecution ever impeach his sincerity or catch him out in even one lie.

On the other hand, there is also no explicit statement by Matsui or his defense lawyers that his authority as Central China commander-in-chief was overridden at Nanking by the imperial authority of Prince Asaka. Instead, in one of the most fuzzy defense presentations in the annals of jurisprudence, Matsui's lawyers allowed him to discourse about Sino-Japanese friendship in a windy manner that could only impress his judges as hypocritical. He wound himself in a noose of Buddhist piety and mysticism. He buried himself in pompous platitudes. His judges were naturally impressed by eyewitness accounts of Nanking bestialities. When they heard him offer no adequate excuses for the fact that he had been in over-all command in Central China they assumed that he must be worthy of hanging. Matsui himself did not disagree. After a decade of introspection, he felt that he should have done more to guide Prince Asaka and the Emperor and that it was his religious duty now to die in protection of the Throne.

"I am happy to end this way," he said. "After things turning out this way, I am really eager to die at any time."

Memoirs, orders, and diaries which have come to light in Japan since the trial tend to corroborate Matsui's story. Moreover, the conduct of the trial itself, as an honest quest for truth, is open to question, and has been questioned by every single Western historian who has since had occasion to review it. It is an incredible fact of the Matsui case that Prince Asaka, who was in direct command at Nanking and physically present there during most of the rape, was never summoned into court to testify even as a witness, much less as a defendant. The judges, who knew his position of command and listened to many less important stories at tedious length, would not have been averse to hearing his account of the rape of Nanking. They were prevented from doing so by the terms of the political equation which held in Japan immediately after the dropping of the atomic bombs and the Japanese surrender.[9]

History is not merely enacted and recorded but made and remade by later events and later points of view. After Nanking, Japan went on to invade South China and then Russian Mongolia. In the year that followed, 1940, Japan remodeled herself domestically as a one-party police state totally mobilized for modern warfare. In early 1941, Japan made a satellite of French Indochina and began to train troops seriously for the conquest of British Malaya, of the Dutch East Indies, and, contingently, of the Philippines. That summer President Roosevelt cut off Japan's supplies of strategic materials, particularly oil. In the negotiations which followed, Japan expressed herself willing to accept all of

[9] This point is taken up in detail in Chapter 3.

Roosevelt's conditions, except the most important: withdrawal from China and from the bases there which could be used against the Philippines and other points south. Emperor Hirohito ordered the attack on Pearl Harbor to be prepared, and when Roosevelt persisted in calling the Japanese hand, Hirohito overrode voices of caution and procrastination and ordered the attack to be launched.

In the next six months Singapore, the Philippines, Borneo, Sumatra, Java, and a dozen other islands of immense natural wealth fell to Japan in an Army-Navy operation of unexpected brilliance and ferocity. The atrocities of Nanking were repeated again and again—at the Bataan Death March, in the building of the Burma-Thailand railway, in the final desperate rape of Manila in 1945. Then came the counter-atrocities, the appalling incendiary raids on the wood-and-paper cities of civilian Japan, and the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

When Japan had been effectively defeated, the Japanese dream of an Asiatic empire lay buried under four million corpses. If the Emperor ordered it, the Japanese people were prepared to add their own seventy million bodies to the carnage heap before admitting the defeat. America's war, however, had been waged against fascism, not the Japanese people. To stay the slaying, peace had to be made at any price. How it was made will be told in the next two chapters. The price paid was a polite international lie, a falsification of history. It was not a high price, but historical lies have to be corrected if anything is to be learned from the lessons of life on earth. From the fourth chapter onward, this book presents a previously untold story: the inner workings of the Japanese government during its attempt to conquer the world.

If a grievous miscarriage of justice was delivered by the United States and her Allies in the hanging of General Matsui in 1948, it is at least not thought of that way by most Japanese today. Rather, they see Matsui's death as a noble suicidal sacrifice in the interests of peace and the saving of Japanese and American face. The musical stick of lamentation, struck daily by the weeping priestess at the shrine in Atami, tolls in her own ears not merely for her kinsman general, nor merely for the other war criminals on the hill above her, not merely for Japan alone, but for all men everywhere.

Hiroshima

You will proceed to a rendezvous at Iwo with two other B-29's. One plane will carry it.

The other planes will carry instruments and photographic equipment. You three will not contact each other, but will maintain the strictest radio silence.

Weather observation planes will be returning from over the Empire and the area of the targets. They will not address you directly, but speak as if addressing the base at Tinian. You will naturally take extreme care in hearing their reports. If they are not understood you will not break radio silence to ask repeat. They will be repeated as prearranged.

You will approach the target at a ground speed around 300 mph, and maintain a steady bombing platform at about 30,000 feet.

Bombing will be visual. If the city of choice is not clear, proceed at your discretion to another target.

As bomb is released, you will immediately turn at a 150-degree angle.

You must not, repeat, not follow standard bombing procedure by proceeding as usual to fly over the target . . . You will not fly over this explosion.

After bombs away, turn sharply so as not to be over Ground Zero when the device explodes. You may even wish to lose altitude to put more distance between yourself and zero.

Following these specifications, planes of the 509th Composite Group had practiced for seventeen days dropping oddly shaped "punkins" of Torpex explosives on various Japanese cities. Japanese plane spotters had grown used to the sight of B-29's that came in harmless threesomes and dropped a single bomb. Japanese radio propagandists had even picked up enough idle radio chatter from American ground crews in Tinian to taunt the 509th because its men put on airs of importance and secrecy. Tokyo Rose said that they had been trained in America's last desperate resort: "magic."