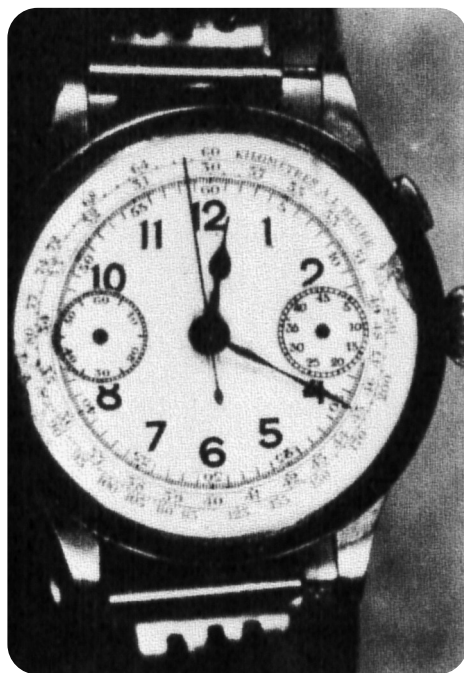


# TOKYO REDUX



# DAVID PEACE

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Later, one summer night in 1949,  
again the Buddha appeared to me,  
in my cell, beside my pillow.

He told me:

The Shimoyama Case is a Murder Case.

It is the son of the Teigin Case,  
it is the son of all cases.

Whoever solves the Shimoyama Case,  
they will solve the Teigin Case;  
they will solve all cases.

“Sadamichi Hirasawa,” a poem,  
from *Natsuame Monogatari*, by Kuroda Roman,  
translated by Donald Reichenbach

## In the Gardens of the West

In the twilight, at the border, they ducked down under the door and stepped inside the garage. The body was lying on the cement floor under a bloodstained white sheet. They put on their gloves. They turned down the sheet to the waist. The head and hair were soaked in blood. There was a black hole in the left side of the chest. A pistol lay on the floor by the outstretched fingers of the right hand.

Did you know him personally, asked the detective from the City of Edinburg Police Department, Hidalgo Co., TX.

The left hand was resting on the left leg of the pants. They turned the hand over. They touched the marks on the wrist. They shook their heads.

Well, lucky you guys got here as fast as you did, said the detective. We can easy hit eighty degrees in March. Stink can be something else, I tell you.

They looked up from the body. They stared around the garage: pistols and rifles in cabinets and on the walls, boxes and boxes of ammunition on shelves and on the floor.

We don't ordinarily like to leave them *in situ* so long, said the detective. Not if we can help it.

They looked back down at the body. They turned the sheet back up over the face. They got to their feet and walked over to a long workbench against the length of one wall.

We left everything just the way we found it, said the detective. Just like your field office told us.

Hanging over the workbench was a photograph in a frame, a photograph of a Japanese mask: *The Mask of Evil*.

No note, said the detective. Just that postcard.

They looked down at the workbench. The top of the workbench was covered by a single sheet of old newspaper: page

sixteen of the *New York Times* of Wednesday, July 6, 1949. There was a photograph of American troops parading down a wide Tokyo street for the Fourth of July. Below the photograph, the headline: TOKYO'S RAIL CHIEF FOUND BEHEADED. On top of the sheet of newspaper, a picture postcard was propped up against an alarm clock. They picked up the postcard, a postcard of the Sumida River in Tokyo.

Guess our friend Stetson had a real thing about Japan, right, said the detective. Beats me why, I swear.

They glanced back down at the alarm clock on the table. The hands of the clock had stopped at twelve twenty.

Forty years ago, we were fighting the hell out of them. Now they're the second goddamned largest economy in the world. Makes you wonder why we fucking bothered. They must be spinning, all them boys that died for nothing. Half the country driving about in Jap cars, watching Jap TVs. Makes no sense to me, I tell you. No goddamned sense at all.

They turned over the postcard. They read the three words scrawled on the back: *It's Closing Time.*

## The First Day

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*July 5, 1949*

The Occupation had a hangover, but still the Occupation went to work: with gray stubble shadows and damp sweat stains, heels and soles up stairs and down corridors, toilets flushing and faucets running, doors opening and doors closing, cabinets and drawers, windows wide and fans turning, fountain pens scratching and typewriter keys banging, telephones ringing and a voice calling out, For you, Harry.

On the fourth floor of the NYK building, in the enormous office that was Room 432 of the Public Safety Division, Harry Sweeney turned back from the door, walked back to his desk, nodded thanks to Bill Betz, took the receiver from him, put it to his ear and said, Hello.

Police Investigator Sweeney?

Yes, speaking.

Too late, whispered the voice of a Japanese man, then the voice was gone, the line dead, the connection lost.

Harry Sweeney replaced the receiver in its cradle, picked up a pen from his desk, looked at his watch, then wrote down the time and date on a pad of yellow paper: 9.45 – 07/05. He picked up the telephone and spoke to the switchboard girl: I just lost a call. Can you get me the number?

Hold on a minute, please.

Thank you.

Hello. I have it for you now, sir. Would you like me to try it for you?

Please.

It's ringing for you now, sir.

Thank you, said Harry Sweeney, listening to the sound of a telephone bell, and then –

Coffee Shop Hong Kong, said the voice of a Japanese woman. Hello? Hello?

Harry Sweeney replaced the receiver again. He picked up the pen again. He wrote down the name of the coffee shop beneath the time and the date. Then he walked over to Betz's desk: Hey, Bill. That call just now? What did he say?

He just asked for you. Why?

By name?

Yeah, why?

Nothing. He hung up on me, that's all.

Maybe I spooked him? Sorry.

No. Thanks for answering it.

Did you get the number?

A coffee shop called Hong Kong. You know it?

No, but maybe Toda does. Ask him.

He's not here yet. Don't know where he is.

You're kidding, laughed Bill Betz. Don't tell me the little bastard's gone and got himself a hangover.

Harry Sweeney smiled: Like all good patriots. Doesn't matter, forget it. Be a crackpot. I got to go.

Lucky you. Where you going?

Meet the comrades off the Red Express. Colonel's orders. You want to tag along, listen to some Commie songs?

Think I'll just stay right here in the cool, laughed Betz. Leave the Reds to you, Harry. They're all yours.

Harry Sweeney ordered a car from the pool, had a cigarette and a glass of water, then picked up his jacket and hat and went down

the stairs to the lobby. He bought a newspaper, turned the pages, and scanned the headlines: SCAP BRANDS COMMUNISM INTERNATIONAL OUTLAWRY: SEES JAPAN AS BULWARK / RED-LED RIOTERS STIR DISORDERS IN NORTH JAPAN / RED LABOR CHIEF HELD / NRWU GETS READY FOR COMING FIGHT AS JAPAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS START PERSONNEL SLASH / ACTS OF SABOTAGE CONTINUE / REPATRIATES DUE BACK IN TOKYO TODAY.

He glanced up and saw his car waiting on the curb outside. He folded up his paper and went out of the building into the heat and the light. He got into the back of the car, but didn't recognize the driver: Where's Ichirō today?

I don't know, sir. I'm new, sir.

What's your name, kid?

Shintarō, sir.

Okay, Shin, we're going to Ueno station.

Thank you, sir, said the driver. He took a pencil from behind his ear and wrote on the trip ticket.

And hey, Shin?

Yes, sir.

Wind down your windows and stick on the radio, will you? Let's have some music for the drive.

Yes, sir. Very good, sir.

Thanks, kid, said Harry Sweeney as he wound down his own window, took his handkerchief from his pocket, mopped his neck and face, then sat back and closed his eyes to the strains of a familiar symphony he just couldn't place.

Too late, barked Harry Sweeney, wide awake again, eyes open again, sitting up straight, heart pounding away, with drool on his chin and sweat down his chest. Jesus.



Excuse me, sir, said the driver. We're here.

Harry Sweeney wiped his mouth and chin, unstuck his shirt from his skin, and looked out of the windows of the car: the driver had pulled up under the railroad bridge between the market and the station, the car surrounded on all sides by people walking in all directions, the driver nervously glancing into the rear-view mirror, watching his passenger.

Harry Sweeney smiled, winked, then opened the door and got out of the car. He bent down to speak to the driver: Wait here, kid. No matter how long I'm gone.

Yes, sir.

Harry Sweeney wiped his face and neck again, put on his hat and found his cigarettes. He lit one for himself and passed two through the open window to the driver.

Thank you, sir. Thank you.

You're welcome, kid, said Harry Sweeney, then he set off through the crowds, into the station, the crowds parting when they saw who he was: a tall, white American –

*The Occupation.*

He marched through the cavernous hall of Ueno station, its crush of bodies and bags, its fog of heat and smoke, its stink of sweat and salt, marched straight up to the ticket gates. He waved his PSD badge to the ticket inspector and walked on through to the platforms. He saw the bright-red flags and hand-painted banners of the Japanese Communist Party and he knew which platform was his.

Harry Sweeney stood on the platform, in the shadows at the back, mopping his face and neck, fanning himself with his hat, smoking cigarettes and swatting mosquitoes, towering over the waiting crowd of Japanese women: the mothers and sisters, the wives and daughters. He watched as the long, black train pulled in. He felt the crowd first rise onto the tips of their toes, then surge toward the carriages of the train. He could see the faces of the men at the windows and doors of the carriages; the faces

of men who had spent four years as Prisoners of War in Soviet Siberia; four years of confession and contrition; four years of re-education and indoctrination; four years of hard, brutal, pitiless labor. These were the fortunate ones, the lucky ones; the ones who had not been massacred in Manchuria in the August of 1945; the ones who had not been forced to fight and die for either of the Chinese sides; the ones who had not starved to death in the first postwar winter; the ones who had not died in the smallpox epidemic of April 1946, or of typhus in the May, or of cholera in the June; these were some of the 1.7 million fortunate ones who had fallen into the hands of the Soviet Union; a few of the one million very lucky ones the Soviets had now decided to release and have repatriated.

Harry Sweeney watched these lucky ones step off the long, black train and into the hands and tears of their mothers and sisters, their wives and daughters. He saw their own eyes were blank, embarrassed or looking back, searching for their fellow soldiers. He saw their eyes lose their families and find their comrades. He saw their mouths begin to move, begin to sing. He watched the mothers and sisters, the wives and daughters step back from their sons and brothers, their husbands and fathers, step back to stand in silence, their hands now at their sides, their tears still on their cheeks, as the song their men were singing got louder and louder.

Harry Sweeney knew this song, its words and its tune: the Internationale.

Where the fuck you been, Harry, the fuck you been doing all this time, whispered Bill Betz, the second Harry Sweeney came in through the door to Room 432, Betz taking his arm and leading him back out through the door, back down the corridor. Shimoyama's gone missing and all hell's broke loose.

Shimoyama? The railroad man?

Yeah, the railroad man, the goddamn President of the railroad, whispered Betz, stopping in front of the door to Room 402. The Chief's in there now with the Colonel. They've been asking for you. Been asking for an hour.

Betz knocked twice on the door to the Colonel's office. He heard a voice shout "Come," opened the door, and stepped inside ahead of Harry Sweeney.

Colonel Pullman was sat behind his desk facing Chief Evans and Lieutenant Colonel Batty. Toda was in there, too, standing behind Chief Evans, a bright-yellow pad of paper in his hand. He glanced round and nodded at Harry Sweeney.

I'm sorry I'm late, sir, said Harry Sweeney. I was up at Ueno station. The latest repatriates were arriving.

Well, you're here now, said the Colonel. One less missing man. Mister Betz told you what's happened?

Only that President Shimoyama is missing, sir.

We came straight here, sir, said Betz. The minute Mister Sweeney got back.

Well, isn't a whole lot else to tell, said the Colonel. Mister Toda, would you be so kind as to recap for the benefit of your fellow investigator what little we do know.

Yes, sir, said Toda, looking down to read from his pad of yellow paper: Just after thirteen hundred hours, I received a call from a reliable source at Metropolitan Police Board Headquarters that Sadanori Shimoyama, President of the Japanese National Railways, disappeared early this morning. I then confirmed that Mister Shimoyama left his home in Denen Chōfu around 0830 hours, en route to his office in Tokyo, but has not been accounted for since. He was in a 1941 Buick Sedan, License Number 41173. The car is owned by the National Railways and was being driven by Mister Shimoyama's regular driver. My source has since told me that the MPD were first informed of the disappearance at approximately thirteen hundred hours and that a police check showed no accident involving the vehicle in

question has been reported. We were officially notified of the disappearance an hour ago, at 1330 hours, and were told that all Japanese police have been informed and are making every effort to locate President Shimoyama. As far as we are aware, no information has been given to the newspapers or radio stations, not as yet.

Thank you, Mister Toda, said the Colonel. Okay, gentlemen. Top down, we got a bad feeling about this. Yesterday, as you are all no doubt aware, Shimoyama personally authorized over thirty thousand dismissal notices to be sent out, another seventy-odd thousand scheduled to go out next week. This morning he doesn't show up for work. You take a walk down any street in this city, take a look at any lamp post or wall, and there you will see bills posted saying KILL SHIMOYAMA, is that not correct, Mister Toda?

Yes, sir. It is, sir. My source also told me that President Shimoyama has been repeatedly threatened by employees opposed to the mass dismissals and retrenchment program, sir, and that he has received numerous death threats.

Any arrests?

No, sir, not as far as I am aware, sir. It is my understanding that all threats were made anonymously.

Okay, said the Colonel. Chief Evans –

Chief Evans stood up, turned now to face Bill Betz, Susumu Toda and Harry Sweeney, careful not to be standing directly in front of Colonel Pullman: You are to drop all other cases or work with immediate effect. You are to focus only on this case until further notice. You are to assume that Shimoyama has been kidnapped by either railroad workers, trade unionists, Communists or a combination of the three, and that he is being held against his will in an unknown location, and you are to conduct your investigation accordingly until you receive orders to the contrary. Is that understood?

Yes, Chief, said Toda, Betz, and Harry Sweeney.

Toda, take your eyes and ears over to Metro HQ. I want to know what they know as soon as they know it, and what they're going to do before they do it. Understood?

Yes, sir. Yes, Chief.

Mister Betz, go over to Norton Hall and see what CIC have got on these death threats. Be the usual big fat nothing, I reckon, but least no one can say we didn't try.

Yes, Chief.

Sweeney, get yourself up to Civil Transport. Find out who we got there, find out what he knows.

Yes, Chief.

The Colonel, Lieutenant Batty, and myself will be in a meeting at the Dai-ichi with General Willoughby and others. But any information whatsoever you receive, pertaining to the whereabouts of Mister Shimoyama, then you call the Dai-ichi building immediately and you ask to be put through to speak to me as a matter of extreme urgency. Is that understood?

Yes, Chief, said Toda, Betz, and Harry Sweeney.

Thank you, Chief Evans, said the Colonel, coming round from behind his desk to stand beside the Chief, standing in front of William Betz, Susumu Toda, and Harry Sweeney, to look from one man to the other, to stare each man in the eye: General Willoughby wants this man found. We all want this man found. And we want him found today and found alive.

Yes, sir, barked Toda, Betz, and Harry Sweeney.

Very good then, said the Colonel. Dismissed.

Harry Sweeney pushed his way through a crowd of people up to the third floor of the Bank of Chōsen building. The corridor was full of Japanese staff, running this way and that, in and out this door and that, answering telephones and clutching papers. He weaved his way toward Room 308. He showed his PSD wallet to

the secretary outside the room and said, Sweeney, Public Safety Division. Colonel Channon is expecting me.

The man nodded: Go right in, sir.

Harry Sweeney knocked twice on the door, opened it, stepped into the room, looked at the flabby man sat behind a spartan desk, and said, Police Investigator Sweeney, sir.

Lieutenant Colonel Donald E. Channon smiled. He nodded. He got up from behind his desk. He pointed to a chair in front of the desk. He smiled again and said, Take a load off, Mister Sweeney, and sit yourself down.

Thank you, sir.

Colonel Channon sat back down behind his desk, smiled again, and said, I know you, Mister Sweeney. You're famous, you were in the papers: "the Eliot Ness of Japan," that's what they called you. That was you, right?

That was me, sir, yes, sir. Before.

Used to see you around town, too. Always some able Grable on your arm. Can't say I've seen you recently, though.

I've been away, sir.

Well, we sure picked a fine day to finally hook up. Goddamn Bedlam out there. Like Grand Central Station.

I saw that, sir.

Been like this since old Shimoyama decided not to show up for work this morning.

Why I'm here, sir.

He sure picked his day, too. Goddamn morning after the Fourth of July. I don't know about you, Mister Sweeney, but I was hoping for a quiet day. A very quiet day.

I think we all were, sir.

Colonel Channon laughed. He massaged his temples and said, Jeez, do I wish I'd taken it easy last night. Lucky I ain't got the old katzenjammers.

You and me both, sir.

Colonel Channon laughed again: You look like you seen better mornings. Where you from, Mister Sweeney?

Montana, sir.

Hell, this must be a change of pace.

It keeps me busy, sir.

You bet it does. I'm from Illinois, Mister Sweeney. Used to work for Illinois Central Railroad. Now I got the whole of Japan. Been here since August '45. My first office was a carriage on a cargo train. I've seen the whole country, Mister Sweeney. Top to tail. Every goddamn station, I reckon.

Some job, sir.

Colonel Channon stared across his desk at Harry Sweeney. He nodded: You bet it is. But you didn't come here for a history lesson, did you, Mister Sweeney?

No, sir. Not today, sir.

Colonel Channon had stopped smiling, stopped nodding. He was still staring at Harry Sweeney: Colonel Pullman send you over, did he?

Chief Evans, sir.

Same game, different name. You all answer to General Willoughby anyways. But they must be spooked if they've sent you over, Mister Sweeney. They're worried, yeah?

They're concerned, sir.

Well, swell as it is to finally meet you, Mister Sweeney, you could have saved yourself the trip here.

Harry Sweeney reached inside his jacket. He took out a notebook and a pencil. How's that, sir?

Colonel Channon glanced at the notebook and the pencil, then looked up at Harry Sweeney: You a gambling man, Mister Sweeney? You ever like to take a bet?

No, sir. Not if I can help it, sir.

Well, that's a shame, a real damn shame. Because I'd bet you a hundred bucks, a hundred of my US dollars, Mister Sweeney,

that good old Shimoyama will make like Cinderella and be back home sweet home before midnight tonight.

You sound very certain, sir?

You bet I am, Mister Sweeney. I know the man. I work with him every day. Every goddamn day.

He often go AWOL, does he?

Listen, here's the thing: last night my secretary comes in, he tells me he's heard from someone in their head office that Shimoyama is going to jump. No surprise to me, Mister Sweeney. No surprise to you either, I'm guessing. You read the papers. The man is under pressure. He's the President of the Japanese National Railroads for Chrissake. He's firing over one hundred thousand of his own goddamn men. Shimoyama didn't even want the job. Straight up, I didn't want him either. Anyway, I get a jeep, go out to his place. Talk him back down.

That would be his house in Denen Chōfu, sir?

Somewhere out that way, yeah.

And what time was this, sir?

Sometime after midnight, I guess.

And you saw him?

You bet I did. His wife and his son were still up, so we went into this little old reception room they have. It's a big house, you know. Nice place. So anyway, me and him, we go in there, just me and him, and we talk.

He speaks English?

Better than you and me, Mister Sweeney. But he was exhausted. The man was shattered. The pressure he's under. But you see, this pressure is not from the union, not from the workers. There is that, but he can handle that. What he can't handle is all the goddamn internal bullshit.

Internal?

Inside the Railroad. That place is a goddamn nest of vipers, I'm telling you. They could do with someone like you in there,



Mister Sweeney. Clean the place up. Now old Shimoyama, he's Mister Clean. But he's not like you, he's not like me, he's no tough guy. See, this is why he didn't want to be president. Why no one wanted him. Too goddamn clean.

Someone must have wanted him?

Yeah, right. But see, the feller who's his deputy, Katayama, he's the one they all wanted. But his wife's father, he's caught up in some bullshit scandal. Goddamn press would never have bought it. So they picked on good old Shimoyama. Thought he was easy, thought he was soft. They know they're going to have to cut all these men. They figure old Shimoyama does the dirty work for them, then they'll cut him, too.

He took the job knowing all this?

Yes and no, Mister Sweeney. Yes and no. See, cutting the work force is only one part of the goddamn mess. They're losing money hand over fist. For my sins, I got to get them back on track. That's me, Mister Sweeney: Colonel Back-on-Track. Then keep them on the goddamn rails. That means restructuring, massive restructuring. All the kickbacks, the handouts, the extra pay days and usual graft: all that's got to go, got to stop.

And they don't like it?

You bet they don't, Mister Sweeney. They don't like it one bit. So they're freezing the guy out, giving him the shoulder, leaving him swinging. Him taking all the heat from the unions, him getting all the hate mail. All that crap on him.

So you're aware of all the threats that have been made against him then, sir?

You seen the posters all over town?

Yes, sir.

So you know, I know, the whole goddamn country knows. But like I say, that's not why he wanted to quit, why he wanted to walk. Old Shimoyama's tougher than he looks.

You said he was no tough guy, sir?

I mean not like you, not like me. You saw combat, yeah? Well, that was my second war, Mister Sweeney. Old Shimoyama, he sat the whole thing out behind his desk.

But he's tougher than he looks?

Look, he can handle all the threats. No problem. It's all this internal bullshit he can't take. They all nod along, all agree with his plans. But then they just sit on their hands and scheme against him. Den of goddamn thieves, I'm telling you.

But you went out to see him last night, sir?

Yeah, like I say. I go out there. We talk. He tells me the burden's too heavy. Apologizing away, but telling me he's had a bellyful. So I give him the spiel, you know, how what he's doing is so important for Japan, rebuilding his country. How if he resigned, it would screw the whole thing up.

And he bought it?

You bet he did, Mister Sweeney. I could sell a Bible to the Pope. We were laughing and joking when I left.

And what time was that, sir?

About two, I reckon. See, I'm guessing he didn't sleep too good, so he's just off resting someplace, waiting for all the heat to blow over. He'll turn up, Mister Sweeney.

You seem very certain, Colonel.

You bet I am. A hundred bucks says I am, if you still want it? I know the man, Mister Sweeney. Work with him every day. See him every day. Every goddamn day of the week.

Except today, sir.

Colonel Donald E. Channon stared across his desk at Harry Sweeney. Then he glanced at his watch, stood up and said, I need the can, Mister Sweeney. Then I need to get back to running my railroad.

Harry Sweeney put his pencil inside his notebook. He closed the notebook: May I use your telephone, sir?

Knock yourself out.

Thank you, sir.

Colonel Channon stopped beside Harry Sweeney's chair. He put a fat, wet hand on Harry Sweeney's shoulder: Believe me, Mister Sweeney. He'll turn up.

I believe you, sir.

Harry Sweeney could see Toda up ahead, standing outside Metropolitan Police HQ, smoking a cigarette next to a car. Harry Sweeney wiped his face and neck again, then lit a cigarette of his own as he came up to Toda: You got anything?

Nothing new, said Toda. Both Rooms One and Two are on it, acting like it's the biggest thing since Teigin. They're putting it out on the radio at five. It'll make the evening papers. So they're just sitting around, waiting by the telephones.

Harry Sweeney dropped his cigarette on the ground, stood on it, then pointed at the car: This for us?

Yes, said Toda. You got something?

Maybe. Maybe not. I don't know.

Does the Chief know?

He's in a meeting.

You should call him, Harry, tell him.

Harry Sweeney opened the back door: Tell him what?

Tell him where we're going.

Harry Sweeney got into the back of the car. He slid across the seat. He wound down the window. He leaned forward. He recognized the driver: Hey, Ichirō.

Hello, sir.

Harry Sweeney took out his notebook. He opened it, turned the pages, then said, 1081 Kami-ikegami, Ōta Ward.

Yes, sir, said Ichirō.

I don't think that's a good idea, said Toda, getting in beside Harry Sweeney, closing the door.

Harry Sweeney smiled: You got a better one?

\*

It took thirty minutes to drive out along Avenue B to Senzoku Pond, then a couple more minutes to find the Shimoyama residence, down the hill from the pond, in a quiet, shaded street, one uniformed officer standing in front of the gate to the house. No crowds, no cars, no press, not yet.

Nice neighborhood, said Toda. Must cost a fortune to live round here. A fortune, Harry.

Harry Sweeney got out of the car. He wiped his face and neck. He looked up at a large British-style house, shielded by high hedges and tall trees.

Harry Sweeney and Susumu Toda showed their PSD badges to the uniformed officer at the gate. They walked up the short drive, showed their badges to the officer at the door, then stepped inside the house, their hats in their hands.

A maid showed Harry Sweeney and Susumu Toda into a Japanese-style reception room. Detective Hattori from the MPD was there. He introduced them to another detective, one from the Higashi-Chōfu station, and then to Ōtsuka, the secretary to President Shimoyama. Ōtsuka bowed, thanked them for coming, then asked, Is there any news?

No, said Harry Sweeney. I'm sorry.

Ōtsuka sighed, Ōtsuka shrank. He was a young man, in his twenties, but aging fast.

Harry Sweeney asked them all to sit back down, their knees at the low table. The maid brought in tea, the maid served the tea. Harry Sweeney asked, Where are the family?

Upstairs, said Detective Hattori.

Harry Sweeney looked across the low table at the young secretary. This anxious man, this nervous man. Harry Sweeney took out his notebook and pencil: Tell me about this morning, please. Mister Shimoyama's schedule.

Well, we were expecting the President at Headquarters as usual. The President usually arrives sometime between eight forty-five and nine o'clock. I was waiting for the President at the back entrance, as I always do. I waited there until about nine fifteen. Then I went back to my office and called Missus Shimoyama. She told me the President had left home as usual, at around eight twenty. Occasionally, the President does go somewhere before arriving at the office. So I thought maybe the President had gone to CTS, to the Bank of Chōsen building. But when I called there, they said the President was not there, and he'd not been there. So then for about the next hour or so, I was just calling any place I could think the President might have gone. I must have disturbed Missus Shimoyama three or four more times, to check if she'd heard from the President. Because by this time, we were worried, very worried. Then I met with Vice President Katayama and with two of the other directors. The Director of Security spoke with Lieutenant Colonel Channon, and I believe Vice President Katayama then visited GHQ. We also called the Metropolitan Police Headquarters, of course. And then, about three o'clock, I came out here to visit Missus Shimoyama and to meet these officers.

Harry Sweeney stopped writing. He looked up from his notebook: But what appointments did Mister Shimoyama have scheduled for this morning?

Well, apart from our morning meeting, the regular one we have every day, the President had an appointment at GHQ with Mister Hepler, the Chief of the Labor Division.

What time was that scheduled?

Eleven o'clock.

At GHQ?

Yes.

Has Mister Shimoyama ever failed to keep any appointments before?

This young man, this anxious, nervous man, shifted on his knees, looked down at his hands, and said, Not usually, no.

But sometimes, yes?

Ōtsuka looked up from his hands, Ōtsuka looked across the table at Harry Sweeney: The President has a very difficult job. His work is very demanding, his work is extremely tiring. For these past few weeks, the President has been working without rest. These past few weeks, there have been occasions when the President has had to suddenly adjust his schedule at short notice. The President has often been summoned to the CTS, or to GHQ, and at very short notice. It is a very difficult time for us all, and for the President more than anybody. We are having to dismiss over one hundred thousand members of our staff. Over one hundred thousand men. The President carries this weight personally, feels this responsibility, this burden. Every day. It's a very difficult time for him.

Harry Sweeney nodded: We are aware of how difficult the present situation is for Mister Shimoyama. That is why we are here. Thank you for answering my questions.

Harry Sweeney turned to Detective Hattori and said, I'd like to speak with Missus Shimoyama.

Detective Hattori led Harry Sweeney and Susumu Toda out of the room, up the stairs to another, larger Japanese room. There was a wooden desk, there was a large wardrobe. An elderly woman, two teenage boys, and a middle-aged woman in a somber kimono were sitting in the room. Detective Hattori introduced Harry Sweeney and Susumu Toda. He asked the elderly woman and the two boys to come downstairs to wait with him. The boys looked to their mother, the mother smiled at her boys. The boys followed their grandmother and Detective Hattori out of the room. Harry Sweeney and Susumu Toda knelt down at another low table. Harry Sweeney said, Excuse us for disturbing you in this way, Missus Shimoyama.

Missus Shimoyama shook her head: You are very welcome, Mister Sweeney. But do you have any news for me?

I'm sorry. Not yet.

So my husband is not at GHQ?

Not as far as we are aware.

I thought he must be. Recently, there have been a number of occasions when he has been summoned there. Suddenly. I thought maybe . . .

Can you think of anyplace else he might be?

No, but I am sure he must be just sleeping, just resting somewhere. So I am sorry for all the trouble he is causing. He took some sleeping pills last night, but I don't think they worked. So he must have needed a rest, a nap somewhere.

Yes, said Harry Sweeney. I heard he was very late to bed. I heard Colonel Channon visited you.

Missus Shimoyama shook her head: Not last night, no.

Are you certain, ma'am?

It was the night before.

Are you sure it was not last night?

It was the night before last. I'm certain, Mister Sweeney.

But your husband did not sleep well last night?

No, he did not sleep well, Mister Sweeney. Recently, he has been working so hard, and it's affected his sleeping.

I'm sure, said Harry Sweeney. But this morning, how did your husband seem this morning, ma'am?

Missus Shimoyama smiled: He was tired, I know. But he got up at seven o'clock, as he always does. I heard him speaking quite cheerfully with our second son, Shunji, while he was shaving in the bathroom. Then he came down to the dining room and he ate breakfast as usual.

And did you speak with your husband, ma'am?

Of course. Our eldest son is studying law at Nagoya University. But he's coming home this evening. My husband was

very much looking forward to seeing him. It's been a long time since we last saw our son. A long time since my husband saw him. We were talking about his visit. About tonight.

I see, said Harry Sweeney. And so you're expecting your husband home for dinner this evening then, ma'am?

Missus Shimoyama nodded: Yes. But we are never quite sure when my husband can return home these days . . .

Down the stairs a telephone rang briefly –

Missus Shimoyama turned to look at the door: I am just sorry for all the trouble. I just wonder what is going on. He should have arrived at his office. He should have been there by nine thirty. Surely no one could have abducted him, not in broad daylight. I can't believe they would try . . .

Up the stairs feet were coming quickly –

Not from his car. In broad daylight . . .

Susumu Toda got up from the table and stepped out of the room, Missus Shimoyama watching him go, Missus Shimoyama staring at the doorway, Missus Shimoyama wringing her hands, Missus Shimoyama getting to her feet now –

What is it? What is it? Please . . .

Harry Sweeney on his feet too, his hands out toward Missus Shimoyama, asking Missus Shimoyama to sit back down. To wait, to please just wait –

Viscount Takagi disappeared, she was saying. He disappeared, too. And then they found him, found him dead in the mountains. I hope . . .

Susumu Toda stepped back into the room. He looked at them both, he said to them both, They've found the driver.

The hell you playing at, Sweeney? You should've left Toda where he was, where I sent him, where I told him to stay.

I'm sorry, Chief. But he's back there now.



Too goddamn late, sighed Chief Evans.

He called in, Chief. I've got it all here.

You better hope you have. Go on.

Harry Sweeney looked down at the yellow pad of paper in his hand and began to read: They've got the driver at Metro HQ and they're still questioning him. But so far the shorthand from Toda is the driver picks up Shimoyama as usual at eight twenty. But instead of going straight to the office, to Railroad HQ by Tokyo station, Shimoyama tells him to head to the Mitsukoshi department store in Nihonbashi. They park up there, wait for the store to open at nine thirty, then Shimoyama goes inside. He told the chauffeur to wait. Said he'd be back in five minutes. Driver hasn't seen him since.

And what time was that?

Nine thirty, Chief.

So what the hell's the driver been doing?

Says he was just sitting there, waiting in the car outside the store. He switches on the radio at five o'clock, hears the news his boss is missing, then runs straight inside the store to telephone head office.

He's just sitting in that goddamn car for over seven hours, doesn't think to get out and look for his fucking boss or to pick up a telephone and find out what the hell is going on? That's his goddamn story, is it? Jesus Christ.

He was told to wait, so he waited.

For over seven hours?

That's what he's saying, Chief. So far.

What do we know about him?

Name is Ōnishi. Forty-eight years old. Twenty years' service with the railroad. Clean as can be. Not even a parking ticket. Doesn't drink, doesn't gamble. No hint of any left-wing sympathies or associates. Loyal, trusted. That's why he's the chauffeur for the President. But they're still questioning him, and Toda will call the minute there's anything more.

Chief Evans rubbed his eyes, squeezed the bridge of his nose, then looked back up at Harry Sweeney: What do you think, Harry? What's your gut telling you?

Don't know. I spoke with Colonel Channon at CTS. He says Shimoyama wants to resign. Lot of internal railroad politics going on. That's on top of the rest of it. And I spoke with his wife. The man's not been sleeping, been taking pills. The pills aren't working. She's just praying he's off someplace resting, that he'll be back for his dinner.

The Chief sighed again: You reckon he's just gone and wandered off reservation then?

Maybe. Hopefully.

You don't sound so convinced, Harry?

Just not so sure he'll wander back, Chief.

Well, we need him back, Harry. And back now.

Hot and humid still, it was getting dark now, the city closing down, the city going home. Ichirō drove Toda and Harry Sweeney along Avenue A, then up Avenue W, under the railroad tracks, through the crossroads at Gofukubashi and on past the Yashima Hotel, turning left by the Shirokiya department store, then over the river at Nihonbashi, before turning left again, up one side street, then right and right again, down another side street, until Toda said, This is the place.

In the shadows of the Mitsukoshi department store, alongside the doors to its south entrance, Ichirō parked up.

In this narrow side street, the car facing the main street, from the back seat Harry Sweeney stared past Ichirō, out through the windshield, down through the shadows, up toward the lights on the main street: traffic heading home, people going home; men heading home, returning to their homes.

Hell of a tour to get here, said Toda.

Harry Sweeney turned to his left and looked out at the doors to the store, glass and gold, dark and closed. The doors closed, the store closed. Everything closed, everything dark. He nodded, then said, Tell me again.

Okay, so according to Ōnishi, said Toda, taking out his notebook, opening up his notebook, Shimoyama wanted to do some shopping, said something like it was okay for him to arrive at the office by ten. So first he tells Ōnishi to drive to Shirokiya; when they get there, the store's not open. So Shimoyama tells him to drive here. Ōnishi says Mitsukoshi won't be open either. This is all before nine o'clock. So Ōnishi starts to head back toward railroad HQ, but Shimoyama tells him to go to Kanda station. They pull up there, but Shimoyama stays in the car. Ōnishi asks if he's going to get out; Shimoyama says no. So Ōnishi starts back to HQ again. But when they're crossing Gofukubashi, Shimoyama tells him to go to the Chiyoda Bank. They park in front, Shimoyama gets out. He goes into the bank; he's inside for about twenty minutes. He comes back out. It's now about nine twenty-five. Shimoyama says something like now is the best time to go. Ōnishi assumes he means back here, back to Mitsukoshi. When they get here, when they park up here, Shimoyama just stays put again, says the store isn't open yet. Ōnishi can see there are already customers inside and tells Shimoyama the store's open. Shimoyama gets out. He tells Ōnishi to wait. He says he needs to buy a present, a wedding present, but he'll be back in five minutes. Then Shimoyama walks off, in through those doors.

Harry Sweeney stared out at those dark doors, those closed doors. Everything closed now, everything dark now.

They've sent in Hattori with a whole squad to search the building, said Toda. Top to bottom, every floor, every room, the restrooms and the roof. Not a trace of the man. But they've kept all the staff back. They're still in there, as far as I know, still questioning them. Someone must have seen something. The man can't have just vanished into thin air.

Harry Sweeney nodded again. He opened the door of the car: You go back to the office, wait there. I'll call you.

But what if he turns up? Where will you be?

Then you won't need me, said Harry Sweeney. He got out of the car and closed the door. He stood on the side street and stared up at the Mitsukoshi department store –

The seven stories, the tower on the roof. The darkening sky above, the lengthening shadows below.

Harry Sweeney turned and walked away from the car, the car heading off toward the main street and the bright lights. He walked down the side street, down the side of the store, toward the end of the building, deeper into its shadows. He turned to his right and walked down another side road, along the back of the building, the length of the store, past the loading bays, the platforms, and the shutters. Everything closed, everything dark. He turned right again at the end of the building and walked down another side road, down the north side of the building, the north side of the store, past the windows and past the doors. Everything closed, everything dark. He walked through the shadows, back toward the lights, the bright lights of the main street. He reached the corner of the building, the junction with the main street. He turned right onto the main street and walked along the front of the store, past the dark windows to the front doors, the main entrance with its bronze statues of two lions, poised there, sitting there, guarding the store, on their marble plinths with their mouths open, their eyes open, watching the street, the passing traffic, the passing people, the traffic heading home, the people going home.

Under the lights of the street, at the entrance to the store, Harry Sweeney reached out to touch the two front paws of each bronze lion. He rubbed each paw and he said a prayer, then he heard a rumbling underground, felt a trembling in the ground. He turned away from the lions, turned away from his prayers, and he walked toward the entrance to the subway.

Harry Sweeney went down the steep stone stairs to the subway below, under the ground, along a corridor. There were marble columns and a tiled floor, the basement of the store to his left, other shops to his right. Everything closed, everything dark. The corridor led to the subway, a passage to Mitsukoshimae station. He could see the station up ahead, down the corridor. He walked along the corridor toward the station, past the basement windows of the Mitsukoshi department store, to the basement doors of the store; the doors from the department store to the subway station, from the station to the store: an entrance and an exit. He walked toward the ticket gate to the subway and was about to show his PSD badge, was about to go through the gate, when he saw some more shops in the gray shadows down the corridor, beyond the station and the store. He saw a hair salon, he saw a tea shop, and he saw a coffee shop: COFFEE SHOP HONG KONG.

Harry Sweeney turned away from the ticket gate, walked down the corridor, beyond the station and the store, to the coffee shop in the gray shadows. He stood before its dark window and its closed door. He knocked on the door and waited. Everything closed, everything dark. He knocked again and tried the door. No light went on, no answer came –

*Too late, whispered the voice of a Japanese man, then the voice was gone, the line dead, the connection lost.*

Harry Sweeney heard a rumbling underground again, felt a trembling in the ground again. He turned away from the door, turned away from his petitions, and walked back toward the ticket gate. He showed his pass, went through the gate and down the steps, onto the platform. The trains for Asakusa to his left, the trains for Shibuya to his right. East or west, north or south, under the ground, under the city, people going home, men heading home, returning to their homes.

But not tonight, not here: the platform was deserted, and Harry Sweeney was alone, waiting for a train, looking into the

mouth of the tunnel, staring into the darkness, watching for the light, waiting for the light. A solitary Japanese came slowly and unsteadily down the stairs onto the platform. He was short but stocky, in a pale summer suit darkened by grime and stains, sweat and drink. He walked up close to Harry Sweeney, foisting his face up to his face, smelling as bad as he looked, as drunk as he sounded: America! America! Hey you, America!

Harry Sweeney took a step back, but the Japanese took a step forward: You hairy coward! You think you won the war, but we Japanese are not so easily defeated!

He stood there, glaring up through his spectacles at Harry Sweeney, and repeated the same sentence, but more slowly and much louder. Then he made a sudden lunge and gripped Harry Sweeney in both arms, maneuvering to throw Harry Sweeney onto the live electric line. He was too weak and too drunk, but Harry Sweeney was locked in his embrace.

Another man, also drunk, now joined the party: I Korean, America's friend, he shouted, and pulled the Japanese off Harry Sweeney as a blast of wind came rushing out of the tunnel and along the platform, picking up scraps of paper and ends of cigarettes, making small tornadoes of trash around their feet. Harry Sweeney gripped his hat, held it tight as the train pulled into the station, the screams of its wheels and brakes piercing his ears. At that moment, the Japanese made another sudden, wild rush, but the young Korean knocked him out with one punch. Go, said the Korean. Just go.

Harry Sweeney got onto the train. The doors closed and the train began to move. He looked back at the platform: the young Korean standing over the still-prone Japanese, going through the man's pockets, and then they were gone. Harry Sweeney turned back to the brightly lit carriage of half-empty seats. He sat down and took off his hat. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face and then his neck. He put away his handkerchief and then his hat back on. He looked up and down the carriage,

then across the aisle, at the passengers. A man here, a man there, in jackets, in ties, sleeping or reading, a book or a paper. Back pages and front pages, in their hands or at their feet: one left on the floor of the carriage, a single sheet of newspaper, an extra *Mainichi*. Harry Sweeney leaned forward, reached down to the floor, picked up the sheet, and read the headline: PRESIDENT SHIMOYAMA MISSING; *On The Way To JNR Headquarters From His Home; Police still investigating as of 5pm.*

Harry Sweeney looked back up at the passengers, the men here and there, in their jackets and their ties, reading or sleeping, sleeping or not. Men after their work, men going back home. Maybe, maybe not. Harry Sweeney folded up the paper and put it in his pocket. The train stopped in Kanda. Harry Sweeney took off his hat again. He reached back into his pocket and took out his handkerchief again. He wiped his face and then his neck again. The train stopped in Ueno. Harry Sweeney put away his handkerchief and put on his hat again. He stood up and walked through the carriages toward the front of the train, to the end of the line. The train terminated in Asakusa and the doors opened. Harry Sweeney stepped onto the platform. He walked up the steps to the ticket gate, showed his pass, and went on through the gate. There was another basement entrance to another department store: the Matsuya department store closed, the Matsuya department store dark. Harry Sweeney walked up the steps to the Tōbu line station, but he did not take the second staircase up to the platforms. Harry Sweeney turned left, out of the station, onto the street, and stopped. His back to the station, his back to the store, the Kamiya Bar to his right, the Sumida River to his left, the shops already shut, the stalls now packing up, he watched the people walking past, the people going home. Harry Sweeney watched them pass, he watched them go. Into the night and into the shadows. Men disappearing, men vanishing.

Harry Sweeney turned and started to walk away from the station, away from the store, across Avenue R, toward the river,

the Sumida River. He walked into the park, through the park, the Sumida Park. He came to the river, the banks of the river. He stood on the bank and he stared at the river. The current still, the water black. There was no breeze, there was no air. Only the stench of sewage, the stink of shit. People's shit, men's shit. The stench always here, the stink still here. Harry Sweeney took out his pack of cigarettes and lit one. By the river, on her bank. The streets behind him, the station behind him. All the streets and all the stations. He stared down the river, into the darkness, where its mouth would be, where the sea would be; across the ocean, there was home. A dog barked and wheels screamed, somewhere in the night, somewhere behind him. A yellow train was pulling out of the station, the yellow train crossing an iron bridge. The bridge across the river, a bridge to the other side. Going east, going north. Out of the city, away from the city. Men disappearing, men vanishing. In the city, from the city. On its streets, in its stations. Their names and their lives. Disappearing, vanishing. Starting afresh, starting again. A new name, a new life. A different name, a different life. Never going home, never coming back. The train disappearing, the train vanishing.

Harry Sweeney looked away from the bridge, stared back down at the river, the Sumida River. So still and so black, so soft and so warm. Inviting and welcoming, tempting, so tempting. No more names and no more lives. Memories or visions, insects or specters. So tempting, very tempting. An end to it all, an end to it all. The pattern of the crime precedes the crime. The end of his cigarette burning his fingers, blistering their skin. Harry Sweeney threw the butt of his cigarette into the river. This dirty river, this stinking river. People's shit, men's shit. He turned away from the river, walked away from the river, the Sumida River. Back to the station, back down the steps. Away from the river, the Sumida River, and away from temptation, away from temptation. The pattern and the crime. Disappearing, vanishing. Into the night, into the shadows. Under the city, under the ground.



\*

Back again, laughed Akira Senju, the man who would not die, the man who really ruled this city, its Secret Emperor. In plain sight, in his Shimbashi Palace, at the heart of his thriving empire, at the top of his shiny new building, in his luxurious modern office, at his antique rosewood desk, in his expensive tailored suit, with his fat foreign cigar, he reached into a drawer, took out a piece of paper, and handed it across the desk to Harry Sweeney: That should keep you occupied, Harry-san.

Harry Sweeney glanced down at the piece of paper, its list of names: Formosan names, Korean names. Harry Sweeney folded the paper in half, put it in his jacket pocket, and started to get to his feet, to turn to the door, the exit.

Not staying for a drink tonight, Harry, said Akira Senju. Of course not, excuse me, you're a busy man, I know. I was actually surprised you called, surprised you came. I thought you'd have had your hands full, trying to find your missing president. Very careless that, I must say, Harry. Losing a president. All over the radio, all over the papers. Looks very bad, very careless. Makes people nervous, makes people worried. Our imperial masters, our foreign saviors, and you go and lose your president, your own little lapdog, your little puppet. I mean, if you can't protect the President of the National Railroads, if he can be abducted in broad daylight, then who can you protect, Harry? And if you can't find him, can't save him, then who can you save?

Harry Sweeney turned back from the door. He said, You're so certain he's been abducted, are you?

What else could have happened, Harry? You fire a man, you expect a reaction. You fire thirty thousand men, you expect thirty thousand reactions, no? Extreme reactions, violent reactions. I mean, a man doesn't simply disappear, simply vanish. Well, some men, yeah. But not presidents. Presidents, well, they tend to . . . Well, they tend to get assassinated, Harry.

Harry Sweeney smiled: We'll see.

We will, Harry, we will. I'm just surprised you're not out there now. Cracking union skulls, breaking red bones. That's what I'd be doing. Cracking skulls and breaking bones. Turning this city upside down, burning it down, if I had to. If that's what I had to do, if that's what it took to get my man back. That's what I'd be doing, Harry.

Harry Sweeney smiled again: Well, I'm not you.

Really, laughed Akira Senju. Well, you keep telling yourself whatever you need to tell yourself, Harry. I know how it is, I understand. But remember: you ever need a list of Communists, of Reds, of skulls to crack, of bones to break, then you know where to find me, Harry. You know where I am. And I am here to help. So you be sure to tell the General, General Willoughby, I'm your man, Harry-san. I'm your man.

Fuck, cursed Harry Sweeney in a telephone booth in the lobby of the Dai-ichi Hotel. He replaced the receiver and stepped out of the booth. He walked across the lobby and handed his hat to the checkroom girl. The Japanese girl gave him a ticket and bowed. Harry Sweeney smiled, thanked her, then turned and walked down the stairs into the cellar bar. Low lights and loud voices. Foreign voices, American voices. Americans playing poker in one corner, Americans playing ping-pong in another, Americans singing "Roll Me Over in the Clover," Americans clapping and Americans laughing; Americans drinking, Americans drunk. Harry Sweeney took a stool at the bar and nodded to the Japanese barman. In his white shirt and black bow tie, the barman came over: What'll it be, Harry?

The usual please, Joe, said Harry Sweeney.

Joe the barman put a glass down on the counter in front of Harry Sweeney. He picked up a bottle of Johnnie Walker. He filled the glass: You still never say when, Harry?

That's me, Joe. No ice, no soda, no when.

Joe the barman filled the glass to the brim. He put the bottle down. He said, She's been and gone, Harry.

Harry Sweeney nodded. He reached out toward the glass. He gripped it in his fingers. He leaned forward, bowed over the drink. He smiled and nodded again.

Joe the barman shook his head: And you won't find her in there, Harry. You know that.

No harm in just looking, is there, Joe?

Joe shook his head again.

A young woman in a red dress walked down the length of the bar. She had large eyes, a large nose, and she was smoking a cigarette, holding a glass. She put the glass on the counter next to Harry Sweeney, put her hand on the stool next Harry Sweeney, and said, You expecting company?

I try to avoid expectations, said Harry Sweeney.

But you don't mind some?

Mind some what?

Some company?

Depends on the company.

The woman sat down on the stool, turned and held out her hand toward Harry Sweeney. She had a wide mouth and full lips. She smiled and said, Gloria Wilson.

Harry Sweeney.

I know, said Gloria Wilson. We're neighbors.

You don't say.

I do say, laughed Gloria Wilson. You're on the fourth floor, I'm on the third. At the NYK building.

Well, fancy that.

Not really, said Gloria Wilson. It's such a small world, don't you think, Mister Sweeney? This world. And it's all Sir Charles's world. We're all his children. You, me, and everyone here. We're all his children, Mister Sweeney.

You should be careful, Miss Wilson. Walls have ears. The General might not like it if he heard you talking that way. He might take offense.

I'm sure he would, Mister Sweeney. But he wouldn't like the color of my dress either, would he? He'd be offended by that. He's so easily offended. Poor man.

Harry Sweeney nodded at Joe the barman: Give the lady another of whatever she's drinking, please, Joe.

I hope you're not implying I'm some kind of lush, Mister Sweeney, said Gloria Wilson. Because I'm not.

Harry Sweeney shook his head: Not at all, Miss Wilson. It's just called being friendly where I come from.

And where's that, Mister Sweeney?

Montana.

Billings? Missoula? Helena?

Nope.

Great Falls? Butte?

No.

Well, that's me stumped, Mister Sweeney. You win.

Not really, said Harry Sweeney. Anaconda.

It must be very beautiful. The Big Sky.

You've never been to Montana.

No, but I'd like to go.

What makes you say that?

Oh, no reason, sighed Gloria Wilson. No reason except it isn't Muncie, Indiana, I guess.

Muncie, Indiana's that bad?

Yes, laughed Gloria Wilson. That bad.

So how long you been free of Muncie, Indiana?

Probably too long now.

Too long? So you want to go home?

No, Mister Sweeney, said Gloria Wilson. I do not want to go home. I sometimes dream I'm back home, back in Muncie. But

then, when I wake up, when I open my eyes and I look around my room, I'm so very glad I'm not back home in Muncie. I'm so very relieved I'm still here, here in Tokyo.

In the Kingdom of Sir Charles?

Well now, we can't have everything now, can we, Mister Sweeney? That just wouldn't be fair.

But you feel guilty you don't want to go home.

Yes, I do, Mister Sweeney, I do! I feel so very guilty.

Harry Sweeney slowly raised his glass, careful not to spill the whisky: Nice to meet you, Miss Wilson.

Gloria Wilson raised her glass, gently touched it against the glass in Harry Sweeney's hand, smiled, and said, Nice to meet you, too, Mister Sweeney.

And here's to not being in Anaconda or Muncie, said Harry Sweeney, gently touching glasses again, then carefully putting his own back down on the counter.

You bet! But you're not drinking your drink?

I just watch these days.

You see much happen, laughed Gloria Wilson.

More than you'd think.

But you don't mind if I drink mine?

I'd be heartbroken if you didn't, Miss Wilson.

Then I surely shall, said Gloria Wilson. She took a sip from her glass, and then another: If only to keep your heart from breaking, Mister Sweeney.

You're very kind, Miss Wilson. Thank you.

I'm not really, said Gloria Wilson. But thank you for saying so. And please, call me Gloria, Mister Sweeney.

Then call me Harry, if you don't mind.

I don't mind at all, Harry. You're famous.

For what, Miss Wilson? Sorry, I mean Gloria.

Now you're being a tease, Harry Sweeney. You know full well for what. You were in the papers. You're the man who's busting all their gangs. Everyone knows that.

You really shouldn't believe everything you read, said Harry Sweeney. But what about you? What do you do, Gloria? Down on the third floor?

Well, nothing so exciting or glamorous as you, Harry, laughed Gloria Wilson. I'm just Miss Plain Jane the librarian. In the Historical Branch. That's dull little me.

I very much doubt that, said Harry Sweeney. You sure don't dress like any librarian I ever saw. Not in Montana.

Gloria Wilson laughed: And not in Muncie, Indiana, either. Then she nodded at the poker game over in the corner: But we're having an historical night on the town.

Harry Sweeney glanced at the corner, at the faces round the table. Three Americans, one Japanese. No one clapping, no one laughing. Not joining in the songs, just playing their cards. Harry Sweeney smiled: Looks like a swell old party.

You're kidding me? Worse than the library. But my friends Don and Mary, they said they'd swing by. They're a blast, you'd like them . . .

Harry Sweeney smiled again. Harry Sweeney looked at his watch. Then Harry Sweeney nodded to Joe the barman again as he stood up: Freshen up the lady's glass for her, will you, Joe, and stick it on my tab, please.

Don't tell me you're leaving, said Gloria Wilson.

Harry Sweeney bowed: Back to work for me, I'm afraid. But it's been real nice to meet you, Gloria.

Just my luck, laughed Gloria Wilson. I finally run into someone in this town who'll still buy a drink for a round-eyes and make nice, and you're a workaholic. But thank *you*, Harry Sweeney. Thank you. It's been a pleasure . . .

Harry Sweeney smiled: See you around, Gloria.

You bet you will. I'll come find you . . .

You're welcome to try, laughed Harry Sweeney, then he walked away from the woman, the bar, and the drink, and up the stairs. He handed his ticket to the checkroom girl. The girl

gave him his hat with a smile and a bow. Harry Sweeney smiled back and thanked her. He walked across the lobby, out through the doors, and straight into a couple: a Japanese woman in a kimono and an American man in uniform –

Well, hell, the odds of that, laughed Lieutenant Colonel Donald E. Channon. We don't meet for four years, then twice in the same goddamn day. You find my president for me, did you yet, Mister Sweeney?

Your president, sir?

My railroad, my goddamn president.

Not last I heard, sir, no.

Colonel Channon put a hand in his pocket, took out a wad of notes, and waved them about in front of Harry Sweeney: A hundred goddamn dollars, Sweeney.

Donny, please, said the Japanese woman at his side. Come on, Donny. Let's just go home, please, Donny . . .

Jesus Christ, spat Colonel Channon, pushing the woman away, staggering on the step, scattering the notes, swinging at the woman, and shouting, What did I tell you about speaking when I'm speaking! And calling me . . .

Harry Sweeney took the Colonel's arm, pulling him away from the woman: It's late, sir. I think –

Don't you goddamn tell me what you think, Sweeney. I know you, Sweeney, you're no saint. Just a pack of lies, a goddamn pack of lies. That's you, Sweeney, same as all the goddamn rest of them. I don't give a crap what you think, what any of you fucking think. I love this woman! Goddamn fucking love her, Sweeney. You hear me? You all fucking hear me! And I love her goddamn fucking country, too! So screw you, Sweeney. Screw you and goodnight.

Harry Sweeney put the key in the lock of the door to his room in the Yaesu Hotel. He turned the key, he opened the door. He shut

the door behind him, he locked the door behind him. He stood in the center of the room and he looked around the room. In the light from the street, in the light from the night. The screwed-up envelope, the torn-up letter. The open Bible, the fallen crucifix. The upturned suitcase, the empty wardrobe. The pile of damp clothes, the bundle of soiled sheets. The bare mattress, the empty bed. He heard the rain on the window, he heard the rain in the night. He walked over to the washstand. He looked down into the basin. He saw the shards of broken glass. He looked back up into the mirror, he stared at the face in the mirror. He stared at its jaw, its cheek, its eyes, its nose, and its mouth. He reached up to touch the face in the mirror, to trace the outline of its jaw, its cheek, its eyes, its nose, and its mouth. He ran his fingers up and down the edge of the mirror. He gripped the edges of the mirror. He prized the mirror off the wall. He crouched down. He placed the face of the mirror against the wall beneath the window. He started to stand back up. He saw spots of blood on the carpet. He took off his jacket. He threw it onto the mattress. He unbuttoned the cuffs of his shirt. He rolled up the cuffs of his shirt. He saw the spots of blood on the bandages on his wrists. He undid the buttons of his shirt. He took off his shirt. He tossed it onto the mattress. He took off his watch. He dropped it on the floor. He unhooked the safety pin that secured the bandage on his left wrist. He put the pin between the faucets of the washbasin. He unwound the bandage on his left wrist. He threw the length of bandage on top of his shirt on the mattress. He unhooked the safety pin that secured the bandage on his right wrist. He put it next to the other safety pin between the faucets. He unwound the bandage from his right wrist. He tossed this length of bandage onto the other bandage on top of his shirt. He picked up the trash can. He carried it over to the basin. He picked out the pieces of broken glass. He put them in the trash. He turned on the faucets. He waited for the water to come. To drown out the rain on the window, to silence the rain in the night. He put the



stopper in the basin, he filled the basin. He turned off the faucets. The sound of the rain on the window again, the noise of the rain in the night again. He put his hands and his wrists into the basin and the water. He soaked his hands and his wrists in the water in the basin. He watched the water wash away the blood. He felt the water cleanse his wounds. He nudged out the stopper. He watched the water drain from the basin, from around his wrists, from between his fingers. He lifted his hands from the basin. He picked up a towel from the floor. He dried his hands and his wrists on the towel. He folded the towel. He hung the towel on the rail beside the basin. He walked back into the center of the room. In the light from the street, in the light from the night. He held out his hands, he turned over his palms. He looked down at the clean, dry scars on his wrists. He stared at them for a long time. Then he knelt down in the center of the room. By the screwed-up envelope, before the torn-up letter. The scraps of paper, the scraps of phrases. Betrayal. Deceit. Judas. Lust. Marriage. Sanctity. My religion. You traitor. Will never give up. Give you a divorce. I know what you are like, I know who you are. But I forgive you, Harry. The children forgive you, Harry. Come home, Harry. Please just come home. Harry Sweeney brought his palms together. Harry Sweeney raised his hands toward his face. He bowed his head. He closed his eyes. In the middle of the American Century, in the middle of the American night. Bowed in his room, his hotel room. The rain on the window, the rain in the night. On his knees, his stained knees. Falling down, pouring down. Harry Sweeney heard the telephones ringing. The voices raised, the orders barked. The boots down the stairs, the boots in the street. Car doors opening, car doors closing. Engines across the city, brakes four stories below. Boots up the stairs, boots down the corridor. The knuckles on the door, the words through the wood: Are you there, Harry? Are you in there?

Harry Sweeney opened his eyes. He got to his feet and he steadied himself. He walked to the bed. He picked up his shirt, he

put on his shirt. He stared across the room at the door. Then he walked to the door and he put his hand on the key. He breathed in, he breathed out. He turned the key, he opened the door, and said, What you want, Susumu?

Toda standing in the corridor, Toda soaked from head to toe: They've found him, Harry.

Thank Christ.

He's dead.