

# The Elusive Soul of Japanese Business

Donald Kirk

*Under autumn sky, all creatures  
Emulate each other in freedom  
In resentment at the vast sky  
I ask the spreading earth  
Who shall control over the fall and the rise?*

MAO TSE-TUNG

Mao Tse-tung composed the verse in 1925 before organizing the farmers of his native village into an "association to clean up the shame" of Japanese "invasion" of parts of northern China—the precursor to the spreading occupation of the Chinese mainland in the 1930's. A negotiator for China's Five-Metal Company presented a scroll, with the characters for the verse gracefully brushed in black ink, to Hosai Hyuga, president of Sumitomo Metal Industries, Ltd., in December, 1972, three months after Japan and the People's Republic opened diplomatic relations. The scroll now hangs on the wall of Hyuga's office on the eighth floor of the gleaming new Sumitomo building beside a watercolor of two pigeons in a pear tree, an earlier gift from a World Bank official:

Behold, all mountains covered with maples  
Overlapping trees all in red,  
Behold, the river, blue and transparent,  
Great numbers of ships going against the current,  
A hawk flying in the fast sky . . . .

Mao's poem adds a note of serenity to the inner sanctum of the executive suite, or *matsu no roka* (literally, "hall of pine"), the traditional term for the corridor leading to the special guest rooms in a Japanese castle. The view from the window, however, quickly dispels the mood. A low-lying tanker chugs up the turgid, oily waters of the Yodo River, murky brown with the effluence of downtown office

buildings and factories; hordes of trucks, cars and buses ebb and flow along the Osaka loop expressway—a concrete ribbon on the other side of Nakanoshima ("island in the middle of the stream"). On the island, which Sumitomo officials still compare with scenes along the Seine in Paris, rise the monuments of the major postwar industrial groups. The groups are descendants of the prewar Zaibatsu, or financial companies, which were, theoretically, smashed by General Douglas MacArthur's occupation forces after World War II, but which have risen, phoenix-like, more powerful and richer than before.

The three-diamond symbol of the Mitsubishi Group, largest of the Zaibatsu, shines in red from the roof of the tallest of the soaring steel and glass boxes on Nakanoshima. The square-shaped "izutsu" symbol of Mitsui, second of the Zaibatsu, tops another building indistinguishable from the others except that its walls are blackish rather than light grey. Sumitomo's own "igeta" symbol, a diamond form said to represent an ancient well frame, glows on Sumitomo Life, one of sixteen companies in the Sumitomo Group, which is third among the Zaibatsu and the only one headquartered in Osaka, once Japan's mercantile center but today distinctly "second city" after Tokyo.

"The idea of this 'igeta' mark originated from the fact that the remote ancestor of the House of Sumitomo reportedly came from a region called 'Izumi' (literally meaning 'well')," says a booklet issued on behalf of the Sumitomo Group, which is in theory a nonorganization embracing all sixteen legally independent companies. "This stylized emblem of the 'igeta' came to be used as an expression of the earnest endeavor that Sumitomo may continue as fresh in spirit and substance as the never-ending flow of a fountain." Flatulent propaganda, no doubt, but Sumitomo's top executives, sipping green tea in the receiving rooms of their "halls of pine," delight in reciting the group's ancient history and traditions. At the same time, they disavow the slightest desire

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to revert to the heyday of the "Sumitomo Honsha," the vast holding company that made decisions for the entire group before its dissolution at the end of the war. "Fundamentally we have the same policy as before," says Hosai Hyuga, wartime chief of planning for Sumitomo Metal, which produced sheet metal for the Zero fighters assembled by Mitsubishi.

"There is not a big difference in management philosophy either," adds Hyuga, whose principal wartime concern was scattering plants around the countryside in order to escape American bombing. "But before the war," he continues, "the group was controlled by the Sumitomo family. They owned the stock and decided on personnel. Now other companies in the group own 20 per cent of our stock, and the rest is held by outside stockholders. The Sumitomo family kept very little. The company is for the Sumitomo management and for the people who own stock. But the philosophy is the same."

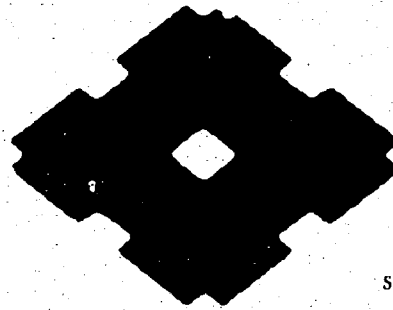
Hyuga, in dark-grey suit and white shirt, fits the image of the Japanese corporate leader, just as hundreds of younger Sumitomo men in lesser positions merge with the mass of organization types quietly working in the headquarters here and in the sales office in Tokyo. A smallish man with steel-gray hair and owl eyes, he speaks with soft intensity. He smiles only when reminiscing about the first moments of panic after the war. He and his colleagues do not disguise their amusement at what they regard as the bumbling stupidity of their conquerors.

"On the day of the surrender I burned all my papers," he says, with just a touch of nostalgia. "But the 'authorities' did not bother with such a small 'section chief' as me. They were thinking of how to 'normalize' the whole country. So now I think it was rather ridiculous to burn my papers." Hyuga—and Sumitomo Metal—outfoxed the Americans four years later, in 1949, when they had to close their "old" company and reestablish a "new" Sumitomo Metal, modeled on lines dictated by the Americans. "Temporarily we had a different name," says Hyuga, who has—or feigns—difficulty recalling just what they did call the reorganized company. Ah yes, Fuso Metals, he thinks (Fuso means the Land of the Rising Sun). "But we changed the name back to Sumitomo in 1952, as soon as the occupation was over."

It was the same story for all the big companies—the terror, the rebirth, the recovery. "When the war ended, the problem was how to live," says Horishige Hasegawa, a 1931 classmate of Hyuga's at Tokyo University, spawning ground of the Japanese political and commercial elite, and now president of Sumitomo Chemical. "In the late 1940's all we were producing was fertilizer and saccharin." Hasegawa is not quite the "typical" Japanese business executive. He sometimes wears light cord suits and modestly colored or striped shirts—in contrast to the regulation white of his underlings.

He is also a Catholic convert, the only Catholic among the first echelon of Sumitomo, and lives in a Western-style home in the port city of Kobe. In addition, he is an art collector, student of Greek antiquities and music lover. He has his own story to tell of personal victory over the American occupation.

"During the American bombing, my house was hit. I tried to put out the fire and fled with a painting, which I loved best, and a book," says Hasegawa, smiling at the memory. "When the American army came, they took over my house, so I had no place to live. Then they confiscated my next house too and said I shouldn't remove the contents, including my piano. I asked an American officer for special permission, explaining that my wife was a musician and could not live without the piano, and that I also had to teach my daughter the piano. It was all



SUMITOMO "IGETA"

untrue, but it worked," he concludes, grinning triumphantly. After negotiating seven days, the Americans let him keep the piano.

While the experience probably did not increase Hasegawa's respect for the Americans, there is no bitterness in his telling of the story. In fact, he seems personally closer to Americans now than do most Sumitomo officials. He often visits the United States, is fond of American food and customs and reads avidly American books and magazines. "I am a great lover of Damon Runyon," he says. "Unfortunately very little of his work is translated into Japanese." How did the president of Sumitomo Chemical become a Damon Runyon fan? "I saw the musical *Guys and Dolls* in New York years ago. It has pathos—the characters are wicked, but they have heart."

Hasegawa views Japan and the United States as "inseparable" and fervently hopes they will be "even more prosperous as a result of better business relationships." One suspects this is more than good public relations. Just as Sumitomo, and Japan, adopted a ruthlessly narrow attitude toward foreign competition, notably American, in the era of recovery, so Sumitomo and Japan can afford to relax somewhat now that they need no longer fear the prospect of succumbing to an invasion of American investment and imports. As the trade imbalance between the two countries climbed to absurd heights (\$4 billion in 1972), American diplomats waged a negotiating offensive, replete with threats of sanc-

tions, quotas and high tariffs, to reverse the trend. The imbalance is expected to fall to \$2 billion this year, and Japanese businessmen seem almost proud as they recite steadily declining export figures. The reversal in the soaring deficit parallels a reversal in outlook from new confidence as much as from diplomatic intimidation.

"I was one of the strongest proponents of liberalization," Hasegawa notes proudly. "Sometimes I had to go between Japan and the United States to explain their problems one to the other. Japan is an island country, so the people lack international knowledge or sense. When we think about the future, we must open the doors ourselves. We must be positive. I personally am not at all afraid of competition."

Hasegawa, a stocky figure with piercing thin eyes, can afford to exude confidence. The largest chemical manufacturer in Japan, Sumitomo ranks 111th on *Fortune's* 1972 list of "the 300 largest companies outside the U.S."—up from 124th the year before. Sumitomo Metal, the largest of the group, is even more successful—47th on the *Fortune* list, up five from last year, with 1972 sales over \$2 billion and profits nearly \$25 million. Sumitomo Bank, perhaps the most influential Sumitomo entity, comes in third on *Fortune's* listing of the "fifty largest commercial banking companies outside the U.S.," with assets of more than \$22 billion at the end of last year—an increase of 46.45 per cent over 1971, partly due to dollar devaluation.

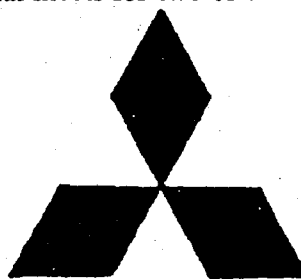
Wealthy beyond the wildest dreams of its once frightened leaders, the group can now indulge in some of the patronizing associated with such great American corporate names as Ford and Rockefeller. "The traditional philosophy of the old Sumitomo group," says Koji Asai, who retired last May as president of the bank, "was that all profits should be returned to the community. That philosophy prevailed in the prewar days, and the leaders of Sumitomo feel they have just recovered from the setback of the war." It was, as Asai describes it, almost coincidental that the first beneficiaries of Sumitomo's revived philosophy were Yale University and the Japan Society in New York. "I and the other presidents had in mind that Japanese recovery was due to American aid after our surrender," says Asai, sounding more like an American businessman rationalizing the success story of a Japanese competitor than the calculating Japanese banker he is. "Then it happened that the Yale people came up with their request."

Actually, the decision to donate \$2 million to Yale and \$1 million to the Japan Society for furthering Japanese studies resulted from complex circumstances and personal relationships finally culminating in unanimous approval by the presidents of all sixteen Sumitomo companies. In the case of the Yale donation, Kensuke Hotta, assistant to the head of the international division of Sumitomo

Bank and son of bank chairman Shozo Hotta, was a key, although unpublicized, figure. The younger Hotta, a debonair graduate of Tokyo's Keio University, a prestigious private institution with a playboyish reputation, talked with a Yale alumnus and encouraged him to get in touch with his father. Finally, members of the Yale faculty met personally with Asai and the elder Hotta, lamenting that Yale might have to scale down Japanese studies drastically unless a large grant was forthcoming. Why shouldn't an enormous Japanese group, such as Sumitomo, contribute to "understanding Japan" by financing the Yale endeavor? The idea seemed particularly sensible at a time when Japanese and American diplomats and businessmen were quarreling bitterly over tariffs and quotas.

Not the least abstruse aspect of the maneuver was the remarkable ease with which the sixteen Sumitomo presidents routinely and without argument endorsed the gift at the monthly meeting in May. "I seriously conceived of the idea of contributing in such a manner when I became president ten years ago," confesses Asai, "but many other directors thought the bank's earning capability was not enough. Only in the past four years have my colleagues considered changing their attitude to adjust to our new prosperity. The case of the contribution to Yale is just a small example of what we might do." How such decisions get made in fact touches upon the indefinable spirit that binds the Sumitomo Group and, by extension, Japanese business and society.

Formally, the only real instrument uniting the sixteen independent Sumitomo companies today is "Hakusuikai," the council of presidents. The Hakusuikai meets for two or three hours each month, here



MITSUBISHI  
3-DIAMOND SYMBOL

or in Tokyo. Sometimes the presidents appoint subcommittees of experts to study mutual problems, such as pollution, but more often than not they politely and quickly dispose of the business at hand among themselves before retiring for lunch. It is, in fact, more an élite club of elders than a conventional administrative unit. Nor is the Hakusuikai particularly steeped in Sumitomo tradition. It was founded after the postwar reorganization of Sumitomo and the dissolution of the old Sumitomo Honsha. "We thought we should get to know each other better," says Shozo Hotta, Sumitomo Bank chairman. "All the presidents were quite friendly with each other and had a certain nostalgia for the past."

Clearly the spirit of Sumitomo must rest on more practical considerations, but such considerations defy precise definition. Each company owns considerable stock in the other Sumitomo companies, but the majority of stockholders is in every case outside the group. All the companies depend to some degree on the Sumitomo Bank, but outside institutions do between 80 and 90 per cent of the financing. All the companies buy and sell through Sumitomo Shoji, the group's import-export firm, but they are still more likely to trade independently, or even to place orders through competitive firms. By the same token, Sumitomo Shoji gladly peddles the products of rivals from the Mitsubishi or Mitsui groups.

The interrelationships among the major groups inevitably produce an incredible similarity among the men employed by them. The image of the "Sumitomo man"—a term identified with Sumitomo's own conservative tradition—is really no different from that of the "Mitsubishi man," once regarded as slightly more astute and clever, if not quite so reliable. And the "Mitsui man," by reputation a trifle more aggressive, is hard to distinguish from the other two. The elder Hotta decries the loss of prewar identification. "In the old days I said with pride that I was a 'Sumitomo man,'" says Hotta, sitting in an office decorated with late-Impressionist French paintings purchased a generation before such art caught on with the Japanese nouveau riche. "Nowadays values have changed. I cannot boast that everyone in Sumitomo can call himself a Sumitomo man." But Hotta hopes that "certain values have survived" and ascribes them to Sumitomo "personnel policies," admittedly the same as those of any other major group.

If Hotta seems disillusioned by modern "values," whatever they may be, he would not revert to the style of the prewar Zaibatsu. "Each of the major groups is much too big," he says. "The number of Sumitomo employees in all companies is half a million." The old system of tight central control may even have discouraged expansion. The leader of the prewar Zaibatsu, Kichizaemon Sumitomo, was heir to a line that traces its ancestry a thousand years, even claiming a remote blood relationship to the imperial family. It was sixteen generations—four hundred years—ago that the Sumitomos emerged as small shopkeepers in the imperial capital of Kyoto, twenty-five miles east of Osaka, and three hundred years ago that Sumitomo, by then the largest refiner of copper in Japan, discovered the enormously profitable Besshi copper mine in the western island of Shikoku. By the time the American occupation stripped the Sumitomo heirs of ownership, the family had largely atrophied, delegating responsibility to anonymous professionals while discouraging the kind of expansionism that has occurred since the group re-formed after the war.

"The most important point is that decision-making was done by the Honsha before the war and now it's done by the company presidents," says Hotta. "Of course, even among the different companies there may be conflicts, *but the presidents realize eventually it is better to work in harmony.*" If there is any explanation, that is it: "It is better to work in harmony." Harmony implies, as Hotta points out, more than interlocking directorates and extension of loans. It is a psychological, emotional, spiritual relationship surrounding the name, the holy ghost, of Sumitomo. (The last of the ruling line is an old man living in Yokohama, who has no influence over any facet of the empire he once controlled.) "Take my career," says Hotta, attempting to explain the basis for the sense of harmony in the Hakusuikai. "Fifty years ago I entered the company. For nineteen years I was president of the bank before retiring as chairman. Therefore my opinion carries weight. They come to me for advice."

It may not be possible to analyze more precisely the personal relationships binding a Japanese organization, but Sumitomo presidents are proud of the characteristics that presumably distinguish their group from the others. There is, for instance, the matter of trust. At Sumitomo Shoji officials routinely present visitors with a mimeographed piece of paper listing the trading company's "principles of business." Above all, says point one, "steadiness and reliability are of the greatest importance for the prosperity and firmness of the organization." Second, the paper goes on, "any action with a view to making speculative profit is strictly forbidden." In the Tokyo office of Sumitomo Shoji, overlooking the green lawns and woods of the park in front of the imperial palace, the company chairman, Hisashi Tsuda, enlarges on both these themes.

"During the Korean War many trading companies bought sugar, rubber and other items," he says. "Then came the end of the war and the great recession, and many companies folded. But because of our tradition we did not go into that kind of speculative business; therefore we did not suffer." By trust, says Tsuda, "we mean a steadiness and soundness behind those words. We cannot think about our profits alone. We would have to think about the other party. We go about our work with that in mind. We must not be concerned with immediate profits. It is this spirit of trust that we inherit from the old days." Indeed, the spirit is so inbred in Sumitomo Shoji, according to Japanese businessmen, that it has lagged behind its competition and ranks only sixth among Japanese trading firms. Tsuda concedes that manufacturing, mining and industry were once held in much higher esteem at Sumitomo than trading. "Business as such was frowned upon. Sumitomo did not train people to become adept at buying and selling." (Sumitomo thus fell far behind its rivals in

such quick-money fields as real estate and computers, and only recently has become alarmed enough to try to catch up.)

In light of this long-standing sentiment against profiteering and speculation Sumitomo executives sound convincing when they disavow any hope of immediate gain from the gifts to Yale and the Japan Society. "The thought of profits or sales or even of 'improving our image' was not in my mind or in that of the other Sumitomo leaders," says Koji Asai of the Sumitomo Bank. But no Sumitomo executive denies the long-range objective of improving relations between Japan and the United States—in the interests of both Sumitomo and Japan. "In the large sense the big enterprises should try very hard to be favorably viewed by the United States," says Asai. Sumitomo Metal's Hosai Hyuga adds: "Top management in Japan believes it's very important to make the American people understand more about ourselves. I expect other groups and big business in Japan will do the same things to improve relations."

Thus, in fact, Sumitomo is acting on behalf of "Japan, Incorporated" — an American term that Sumitomo executives abhor — in promoting the study of Japan in the United States. They are far too sophisticated even to think of attaching any strings in terms of overtly promoting their own image or influencing courses of study, but conscious self-interest emerges clearly in the dry, polite explanations offered beneath the French Impressionist paintings. "I have had many experiences at international conferences with American businessmen," says Hyuga. "I am not sure they understand what we do. It is easier to make them understand by showing our goodwill in this way, to make a gift to improve our understanding. It will be easier to improve relations by such a gesture than to discuss our differences."

Sumitomo has no plans at the moment for displaying such largesse on behalf of Japanese universities. "To promote studies about Japan in the United States is much more urgent than to promote studies in Japanese universities," says Hyuga. Other Japanese groups, not to mention the Japanese Government, seem to agree. Mitsubishi was actually the first to contribute to the national cause by extending a \$1 million gift to Harvard in September, 1972. Then, in August, 1973, more than two months after Sumitomo announced its gifts, the Japanese Government granted \$10 million to American universities for Japanese and Far Eastern studies. Not surprisingly, Japan, Incorporated, is much more anxious to publicize such charity in America than in Japan. The enormous Japanese press, cooperating with business and government, has given minimal publicity to the donations; lest, it is rumored, Japanese institutions ask too loudly why they are not similarly favored.

The story of Sumitomo is closely bound with Osaka rather than Tokyo, and Sumitomo executives divide their lives between headquarters here and equally large offices in the capital. Every morning at 9:20 sharp the managers and directors of Sumitomo Metal gather in two meeting rooms—one here, the other in Tokyo—and discuss the day's business over a private radio-telephone circuit. A chalkboard lists the names of executives attending the meeting in each locale. "President Hyuga himself devised this system," says a dark-suited aide, showing me around the room in Osaka. "The next step is to put television on the telephone, then you can see the countenance of the man who is talking. In exchanging information precisely, the expression on a man's face can be influential. It is important to know if President Hyuga is angry or smiling."

Posters around the room reiterate Sumitomo slogans. "In unified cooperation, let us move ahead," exhorts one. "Let's stop pollution and work for co-existent prosperity," says another, depicting bright green plants against the background of a blast furnace. Hyuga also softens the atmosphere with occasional statues and paintings of nudes. A demure bronze stands in the corner of the conference room in Osaka while André Derain's "Naked Women" hangs on a wall in the Tokyo office. "Mr. Hyuga is very severe with his staff but very gentle with women," says an assistant, reflecting the male chauvinist environment in which pretty girls in smart blue or grey uniforms may serve tea and answer telephones but are ineligible for more important roles.

For all the technical and artistic innovations around the office, however, Hyuga rankles under the inconvenience and sometimes the humiliation of having his base in Osaka rather than Tokyo. "I like the Osaka way of doing business, the liberal atmosphere," says Hyuga, observing that Osaka businessmen historically have been more favorably disposed than the tycoons of Tokyo toward free international trade and competition. "Nowadays politics has much to do with the economy," he says. "They are all mixed up. There was of course such a tendency even before the war, but after the war the connection is much closer." Japanese businessmen and politicians are so close today that they seem to depend on each other. "We were trained in Osaka to do business at our own risk and responsibilities," says Hyuga, "but in Tokyo business is much more influenced by political factors."

All of which suggests that Sumitomo executives, in the depths of their collective, organizational soul, believe they operate, by force of circumstance and unshakable tradition, at a clear disadvantage by being in Osaka. Sumitomo Chemical's Norishige Hasegawa is even more outspoken on this topic than Hyuga. "Generally speaking," claims Hasegawa,

"Sumitomo has not been too close to the government. We have not lobbied too deeply, but Mitsubishi and Mitsui are both closely tied to Tokyo. They can see government people in Tokyo whenever they wish. We can always talk with someone by phone or fly to see him, but for historic reasons we are still backward. People from Mitsubishi or Mitsui can just drop in on a politician's office or home before work. They don't have to make an appointment. We do." Hasegawa deploras the necessity of spending at least half his time in Tokyo wining and dining officials from the all-powerful finance ministry, the ministry of international trade and industry and other key agencies. "I'm a puritan, I don't like to meddle in government circles," he declares. "I don't like it, but there are many government advisory committee meetings to attend. I spend more time outside my office than inside."

In keeping with Sumitomo tradition, Hasegawa feels more comfortable in Osaka. He is deputy chairman of the local Chamber of Commerce, and regards the Socialist mayor of Osaka as a "good friend." He denies any desire to influence the municipal and prefectural governments, as the old Sumitomo Honsha did before the war, and seems to have no qualms about the Socialist administration. "Even Socialists and Communists must obey Japanese laws," he says, "although sometimes the government acts against the interests of business in order to get votes."

Nonetheless, Hasegawa, like most major business leaders, supports the ruling Liberal Democratic Party nationally and hopes it can reverse the leftist trend of urban voters. "The coming year will be crucial for the LDP," he says. "I am advising the government to enlighten the people so they will be more conscientious about politics. According to one poll, three-fourths of the people favor the LDP, but in Osaka only 37 per cent of the people voted. The Socialists and Communists went to the polls while the rest of the people stayed home." It is safe to assume, although Hasegawa and other Sumitomo executives do not say so, that they bolster LDP campaigns with large "donations," an integral factor in uniting business and government in Japan. No doubt Sumitomo also slips "donations" to some of the local Socialist and Communist leaders, lest they carry their leftist proclivities too far for the good of Japan, Incorporated, as perceived by Sumitomo.

Yet somewhere within the impassive glass and steel walls of the new Sumitomo building, or behind the yellowing cement door of the prewar Sumitomo Honsha, now headquarters of the bank, one suspects the Sumitomo Group may really have a soul. It is not to be found in the inevitably stylized interviews with corporate leaders. After one of our talks President Hyuga offered me a car and driver for an afternoon in Kyoto, the original Sumitomo home, where Kichizaemon Sumitomo still re-

treats every couple of months to reflect and compose poems. Behind the Sumitomo residence, a vast wood-and-paper-walled house in the ancient Japanese style, a graveled path twists around a fish pond, through the Garden of Red Pine and on up an incline to a small clay-walled temple built by the then Baron Sumitomo in 1940. Hosendo (Flavorful Spring Hall) is the name of the temple, and it is painted inside with gaily colored scenes depicting stories of Buddha. At the center of the altar is a statue of Buddha, resting above two carefully inscribed memorial tablets—one listing the names of Sumitomo ancestors, the other for "high-class employees of the Sumitomo family." An old retainer escorts me around the grounds and tells me that twice a month a Buddhist priest visits the temple, sprinkling incense and saying prayers.



mitsui "IZUTSU"

Once a year, in April, the descendants of the Sumitomo family and the presidents and chairmen of the Sumitomo companies gather in the temple for a ceremony in which they pray for the Sumitomo ancestors and for Sumitomo executives and others who have died while serving the House of Sumitomo. This year the ceremony was slightly longer than usual. The priest announced that he had "an additional report to make in front of the souls here." The month before the Besshi copper mine had been closed, finally exhausted after 283 years of uninterrupted exploitation. "Sumitomo's copper mine grew generation after generation," intoned the priest. "It not only contributed to the development of the nation as one of the three biggest copper mines in Japan, but also contributed to the prosperity of other Sumitomo enterprises." The Sumitomo relatives, executives and wives pursed their lips, closed their eyes or stared impassively at the black-tiled floor as the priest comforted them in their bereavement.

"Nothing in this world, once in being, can avoid falling," the priest reminded them. "Buddha has told us that anything now in existence is only a dream, an illusion. So it was with the copper mine. Let us thank the souls involved in the mining operation, and let us pray that the strong steady spirit won through their work shall succeed in developing greater business than ever before." Some of the women wept silently. The flinty, steel-haired, bespectacled men remained motionless. Then, wordlessly, they filed slowly from the temple, descended the path with quickening steps and ate box lunches around the fish pond.