

## Fighting Words : The War Poetry of Two Lost Causes

Jim Graham

It was no less a Southerner than William Faulkner himself who remarked upon it.<sup>1</sup> Japanese businessmen dispatched to the American South have been pleasantly surprised by it.<sup>2</sup> Even the most superficial historical comparisons reveal it. Though the word 'remarkable' may be overstating the case, there is a noteworthy number of similarities in the historical and regional characteristics of Japan and the American South. Faulkner's large appeal to Japanese intellectuals is adequate evidence of a sympathetic bond that can be explained in part by the common national experience of renewal after a devastating struggle for a cause. Probing further we find traditional Japan and the Old South shared a predilection for combining complicated notions of honor with violence and a view of the past steeped in fanciful sentimentality and myth.

The similarities begin from the ground up. Nature has given both similar climates in which severe tropical storms pummel their coastlines in summer. The kudzu vine, introduced into the American South from none other than Japan itself, does so well in the Southern soil that it has become a metaphor for wild, cancer-like growth.<sup>3</sup>

In human affairs both societies are at once celebrated for their hospitality and condemned for their xenophobia. Each has evolved and adapted ideologies of hierarchy – social ladders that vanish into the clouds of myth. Each has contrived convoluted arguments to justify the basest exploitation of the socially inferior Other, a justification that has ultimately driven both to the bloody extremes of national suicide.<sup>4</sup>

And if it is agreed that art somehow matters, that creativity and genius are essential to the mental health of a nation, then each has shown where *war is hell* on a part of the national life that General Sherman himself may not have given much thought – poetry.

First, it is useful to keep in mind that there were times when poetry mattered to a much greater public in much the way movies affect mass culture in our world today. The very thought that the Bush administration might have acknowledged the contributions of America's poets to the victory in the Gulf seems patently ludicrous. Yet had the Japanese emerged victorious in their attempt to dominate East Asia and the Pacific, Japan's poets would no doubt have felt worthy of some recognition for their part. It is a fact that poets did more recording of the war through their craft than the prose writers of the day.<sup>5</sup> Given these circumstances it is clear that the poet was regarded as having some important function in military operations, not only as chronicler but as a crucial manipulator of the nation's morale. Indeed, poetry had long been regarded as part of the military art itself, with many warriors being outstanding poets as well; the practice was no less common among the average civilians or soldiers who could find it as natural to *write*

poems, however unextraordinary, as to read them in their newspapers and magazines.

Carl Bode, in his *Anatomy of American Popular Culture, 1840-1861*, begins his chapter on poetry pointing out that, hard as it is to believe, “house-wives, merchants, ministers, and clerks often had a little volume of verse handy at their table or bedside.”<sup>6</sup> In other words, the poet had a much greater audience then, and, we would assume, a greater value as a propaganda tool.

If this was the case for the nation in general, the South was an exception. In his monumental *Mind of the South*, W. J. Cash tells us that culture in the antebellum South was “a superficial and jejune thing, borrowed from without and worn as a political armor and a badge of rank; and hence . . . not a culture at all.”<sup>7</sup> Politics was culture, not poetry or those other endeavors of mind enrichment that were considered “anemic and despicable . . . fit only for eunuchs.”<sup>8</sup> What poetry that did emerge from the South was mainly of local color (with Poe as the singular and notable exception), imitative of the British and suffering from excessive fixations on meter and word sounds. While regional prejudices may be partly to blame, critics of the time concurred there wasn't much of note in Southern poetry and anthologists virtually ignored it.<sup>9</sup> A bucolic landscape of drawling ignoramuses is a tempting conclusion to draw about the Old South, but statistics of the time suggest that the American South had more college educated men and women per capita than the North or any other part of the world!<sup>10</sup>

The Old South was probably somewhere between what Cash claims

and the dubious tales numbers tell which make no mention of quality or content. There are no impressive conclusions to be drawn from a relationship between formal education and literary creativity. On the other hand, we cannot expect much poetry of any kind to come out of a land of illiterates. My question here, however, is not so much one of literacy ratios as it is how literacy is used by the true believer to put fire into a nation's call to arms.

There seems to be a general consensus among historians and critics that modern warfare has killed the epic masterpiece.<sup>11</sup> While some may argue to the contrary, it is difficult to find anything to rival the *Iliad* in the industrial age. There is no human drama more perennial than war, yet the long march from flaming spears to ICBMs has somehow left war poetry on the wayside to massage its sore feet. And even as technology has offered new and chilling ways to kill, it has also offered the printing press. The military uses of the printed word have proven formidable, often couched in the highfalutin romanticism of ancient legends. Send in the poets!

During the American Civil War and the wars of Japan's modern age, the word 'chivalry' was used to denote a tone of superiority and righteousness. In the rehearsal for the Greater Asian War fought against China in 1894, one song celebrated "Our empire, in benevolence and chivalry."<sup>12</sup> A decade later a no less soberminded intellectual than the Christian writer Nitobe Inazô used Japanese chivalry, *bushido*, as a base by which to explain the "soul of Japan" to fascinated but gullible Western readers. More than thirty years after his little book in English called *Bushido* appeared, Japanese-style chivalry took an uncharacteris-

tically democratic turn when, to borrow Huey Long's phrase, it was "every man a samurai," accountable to their lord and living god, the Emperor.<sup>13</sup>

As late as the February 1864 entry of Mary Chesnut's celebrated diary we find 'chivalry,' here in the title of a Paul Hayne poem Chesnut has copied. Entitled "The Chivalry of Our Day," it begins: "Ah foolish souls, and false! who loudly cried/ ' True chivalry no longer breathes in time! '/ Look round us now; how wondrous, how sublime./ The heroic lives we witness! far and wide,/ Stern vows by sterner deeds are justified... "<sup>14</sup> Not all Southerners were moved by such battle cries. Mark Twain believed the South's pretense of a chivalric heritage was preposterous and in large part the cause of the war. Twain put the blame squarely on the immensely popular works of Sir Walter Scott which invited every Southern "gentleman" to fancy himself "a major or a colonel, or a general or a judge."<sup>15</sup>

The anguish of bloodspilling always called for some poetic sparkle, if not poetry in the strict sense of the word. The Japanese government plucked an obscure phrase from a sixth-century Chinese history which described the massive deaths of those civilians and soldiers who chose to die rather than face the dishonor of capture. *Gyokusai*, ("smashed jewel") was for many Japanese a powerfully moving way to describe the death of loved ones at war, imparting both the purity and the high morals of the dutiful samurai who knows how to die. (The gist is that it is nobler to smash one's jewel, the most precious possession, than compromise a single tile upon one's roof.)<sup>16</sup>

Yet another poetic Japanese symbol of the fallen warrior is, of

course, the indigenous cherry blossom. Nitobe notes that the rose, for all its fragrance, is thorny and reluctant to drop from its stem. The sakura, however, is always fresh when it falls.<sup>17</sup> The comparison with the samurai is irresistible and compatible with the aesthetics of sacrifice in *bushido*. A kamikaze pilot was mindful of this when he wrote this haiku: "If only we might fall/ Like cherry blossoms in the Spring – So pure and radiant!"<sup>18</sup> Dying was an orgasmic triumph for the spiritually pure Japanese fighter. Or to put it another way, it was a profound disgrace not to die when duty called.

The death of the Japanese warrior was assigned simple, delicate symbols that in themselves do not specifically relate to human tragedy. In these beginning lines from "The Unknown Dead" (1863) by Henry Timrod, death is futile and grim: "The rain is splashing on my sill,/ But all the winds of Heaven are still,/ And so it falls with that dull sound/ Which thrills us in the churchyard ground,/ When the first spadeful drops like lead/ Upon the coffin of the dead."<sup>19</sup> Death is likened to nothing, but is what it is. There is no radiance or beautiful day to highlight a spectacular liberation from mortal dust. Timrod gives us rain, dirt, shovel, and thud after thud upon a coffin lid.

A more intimate tribute makes use of 'chivalry' as a synonym for personal honor in physician Francis Orrey Ticknor's moving "Little Giffen." Ticknor had rehabilitated the sixteen-year-old Issac Newton Giffen after a miraculous escape from death in October of 1864, only to have him perish in one of the war's final battles. There is a deep sense of war's futility here, but as the poem reveals in its final verse, it is a tribute to Giffen's valor: "I sometimes fancy that, were I king/ Of the

princely knights of-the Golden Ring,/ With the song of the minstrel in  
mine ear,/ And the tender legend that trembles here,/ I'd give the best  
on his bended knee,/ The whitest soul of my chivalry,/ For Little  
Giffen, of Tennessee.”<sup>20</sup>

No discussion of romantic Southern war poetry is complete without mentioning the all important role of woman. Although his paean “To the South” is not directly addressed to women, James Maurice Thompson is quick to name them, the bearers of Southern heritage, as well as rhapsodize over the South’s “slumbrous clime” with its “fig, peach, guava, orange, [and] lime.” “Widow of fallen chivalry!” he urges, “No longer look sadly behind,/ But turn and face the morning wind,/ And feel sweet comfort in the thought:/ *“With each fierce battle’s sacrifice/ I sold the wrong at awful price,/ And bought the good, but knew it not,”* (Italics Thompson’s.) It was the chivalrous knight’s sacred duty to protect womanhood from whatever enemy, real or imagined, that might tarnish it. Thompson implicitly suggests that God will protect them if only the South remain free.<sup>21</sup>

War specific poems mixing woman and chivalry include William Gordon Mc-Cabe’s “Dreaming in the Trenches” – a sentimental reminiscence of home. Written about the Petersburg siege of 1864, the poem harkens back to the “grim repose” of the British ancestors whose portraits adorn the walls, the “fading firelight” and the glow it casts on the woman the soldier has left behind. Seated restfully in her “low arm-chair,” she holds the “old *Romance*” with its many tales of knightly adventures that tempt her to dream. The poem ends with the resolve

that whether or not he returns alive, the soldier will always be true.<sup>22</sup>

The Southern soldier was far more demonstrative toward expressing love for his woman. Before knowing what war really was, the soldier found in it a special thrill that made him feel he was really that knight in that romance. Indeed, it was the woman, whether as mother, wife or lover, that pointed the way to the battlefield. War was for the long suffering Southern woman an opportunity at long last to be seen and heard in public without raising a brow of suspicion, and the feistiness that was unleashed has become a thing of legend.<sup>23</sup> Japanese women, too, enjoyed a reputation for stoic quiet, though war allowed a shrill admonition for the cause now and then from the distaff side. Such aggressiveness was not exactly the image of Mom that loving sons in the trenches may have remembered.

The Japanese sculptor-poet Takamura Kōtarō pays his salute to the fair sex in "All Women Are Mothers." As Nitobe pointed out, *bushido* "tried to gauge the value of woman on the battle-field and by the hearth. There she counted for very little; here for all."<sup>24</sup> If it is at the 'hearth' that woman wields the most respect, then it is no surprise that 'warmth' is the single best adjective for describing mother. Indeed, Takamura uses it repeatedly: "Warm, warm,/ Mother is warm alas./ The protecting wife is the protecting mother." This "maternal magnetism issuing from the skin" is a property shared by all females from age one to one hundred, "enveloping" and "nurturing" the nation: "All women are mothers,/ Heaven and earth are rooms of merciful love."<sup>25</sup> Mother the nurturer and mother the authority figure obviously carried more weight for the war effort than titillating reminders of wives and

girlfriends to sap a soldier's strength.

The lover and the warrior are kept separate in *bushido* where there is no room for cloying sentimentality between man and woman. Strictly speaking, the traditional warrior serves his lord, not his wife. The truth, of course, is samurai were already history when the Pacific War was fought, and it is risky to ascribe samurai virtues to grunts when some samurai themselves did not have them. Nevertheless, expressions of love between man and woman during this time were typically understated, as in this poignant verse from the popular song "Will You Leave Tomorrow?": "As I look at the clock – about now/ You are getting off the train – or on the ship/ Will you be seasick? Will there come a storm?/ In the clear evening sky – the married couple's star."<sup>26</sup>

Naturally, with such noble traditions of honor, duty and valor behind him (and her), the chivalrous nationalist is incapable of defeat. As outdoorsmen, Southern fighters prided themselves on their toughness and endurance, attributes which Japanese saw as part of their own mythic uniqueness, Saitô Ryu, himself a former general, penned this salute to the Japanese soldier's *gaman* in classic *tanka* form: "The cheerfulness/ Of the soldier who fights/ Certain of victory – / Even when struck by a bullet,/ He still goes on smiling."<sup>27</sup> Classical verse with its rigidity of rules brought out an appropriate starkness to war poetry that the self-conscious artiness of the new, Western influenced forms could not reproduce.

In this verse from Margaret Junkin Preston's "Bivouac in the Snow," we find a bloodless but equally boastful claim to invincibility.

Preston, wife of the Virginia Military Institute's founder J. T. L. Preston, may have been writing from actual observations or experience: "Round the bright blaze gather,/ Heed not sleet nor cold; Ye are Spartan soldiers,/ Stout and brave and bold./ Never Xerxian army/ Yet subdued a foe/ Who but asked a blanket/ On a bed of snow."<sup>28</sup>

Invincibility is by nature as much a quality of the enemy's inferiority as it is a quality of one's own strengths. The reader is well aware of the varied historical factors involved in the entirely separate struggles of these two nations. It may seem foolhardy to rate one war as somehow more tragic than another. All wars are tragic. But there is an extra bitterness to civil wars which complicates the heartbreak to levels unknown in wars against neighboring lands or the rest of the whole world. With brother against brother, father against son and friend against friend, it is hard to find the Yankee enemy characterized in anything quite like the language of Hino Ashihei's "swarms of hairy, twisted-nosed savages."<sup>29</sup> The "Northman" of James Maurice Thompson's "To the South" does come to mind, "fierce and grim/ With hoary beard and boreal vim, . . ."<sup>30</sup> but it does nothing to dehumanize the enemy beyond emphasizing his colorless 'northernness.' In their most heated lyrics some poets may use the word "hordes" or the disparaging "Dutchmen" so popular among English-speaking xenophobes, but there was little impugning of northern anatomy when, after all, they could be kinsmen.<sup>31</sup>

Curiously enough, the American South to the wartime Japanese was a haven of 'pirates and adventurers', the flipside to Puritan intolerance and self-righteousness.<sup>32</sup> With an uncommon combination of

accuracy and hypocrisy, propagandists told of plundered Indian land and conjectured that the white man's violence against the Indians portended a threat to non-white Japan itself.<sup>33</sup> The novelist Dazai Osamu, not particularly noted for his unswerving conservatism, still managed to be unequivocally anti-Anglo-American during the war. Not only were their noses twisted, but he was "itching to beat the bestial, insensitive Americans to a pulp."<sup>34</sup> All of this, of course, came surging forth on the joyous news that Pearl Harbor had been bombed. Takamura Kôtarô was somewhat more circumspect in his choice of words, though hardly less jubilant: "Remember December eighth! / On this day the history of the world was changed. / The Ahe Anglo-Saxon powers / Oh this day were repulsed on Asian land and sea. / It was their Japan which repulsed them, / A tiny country in the Eastern Sea, / Nippon, the Land of the Gods / Ruled over by a living god."<sup>35</sup>

Here Takamura does not stoop to caricaturizing the enemy according to racial stereotypes. Nevertheless, the smugness of implied superiority is clearly present. After the war Takamura would express remorse for his numerous poems that promoted 'Japaneseness' as an index of human worthiness. In the meantime, it was let the bombs fall where they may; bombs had a 'purifying' effect on his soul and provided a grand means of testing his unique Japanese capacity for endurance.<sup>36</sup>

It is also interesting that the world of popular song in wartime Japan was as unsuccessful as it was in maintaining a consistent salvo of venom against the Anglo-American enemy. For many in the military government the popular song dwelled too much on sad farewells and such frivolities as exotic charms of foreign girls. It was the 'enlight-

ened' lyricist, the so-called artist who was consistently trustworthy in fanning the fires of war.<sup>37</sup> Consider the case of Noguchi Yonejirô who Donald Keene describes as "a man who had long lived abroad and even something of a reputation for his exquisite little lyrics in English."<sup>38</sup> In "Slaughter Them! The Americans and English Are Our Enemies," Noguchi cannot control his bloodlust for "the countries that nurtured me for twelve years when I was young." And as writers are wont to do, Noguchi measures the value of these two cultures by the current quality of their literature. America, he laments, is no longer the land of Whitman, and England has failed to produce another Browning – so let's shoot' em. "This is all-out, all-out."<sup>39</sup> Noguchi took his poetry very seriously.

The memorial to the fallen hero is universal. Expendable infantrymen may die in heaps, but the death of an important commander compels a society at war to reassess its risks and reaffirm its will to stay in the fight. Takamura's tribute to the downed Admiral Yamamoto begins with disbelief and shock. The sky has fallen: "Admiral Yamamoto Isoroku killed in battle./ That news is indeed like a bolt of lightning./ The blood throughout my body reverses course,/ And my brush no word can write." (One might wonder just what Takamura was expecting.) In yet another tribute he calls on Yamamoto's spirit to "scold" on from the distance as Japan continues to wage the struggle.<sup>40</sup>

*Bushido* or chivalry, the famed hero is not going to get away so easily, even in death. Takamura has the fallen admiral commanding from the afterlife. James Ryder Randall's Major Pelham, too, is of the "princes of the sky,/ Among the Southern dead. / How must he smile

on this dull world beneath,/ Fevered with swift renown ; / He, with the martyr's amaranthine wreath,/ Twining the victor's crown!"<sup>41</sup> What good are honor and glory if you can't take them with you? So much for impermanent cherry blossoms.

What becomes of patriotic war poetry when defeat is imminent? Here the differences are great. The great majority of Japan's poets were embarrassed by what they had written during the war and even changed careers due to their heavy involvement with "Japanism." As brave and heroic as many military men might have truly been, their praises went unsung in the humility of unconditional surrender. We know that this was far from the case in the American South where such Confederate leaders as Lee, Davis and Jackson became nothing less than a holy trinity. Japanese artists with an eye to defining their nation had a far greater stretch of traditions to draw from. What's one stupid mistake? For the defeated South – Lee, Davis and Jackson *were* Southern tradition.

There are, nevertheless, some common meditations on the future in the final moments. For Margaret Junkin Preston, solace was found in "A Past whose memory makes us thrill – " That past was the mirror image of a future that Preston believed would be matched with equal of heroism. In "Acceptation" she concludes: "Then courage, brothers! – Though each breast/ feel oft the rankling thorn, despair,/ That failure plants so sharply there –/ No pain, no pang shall be confest:/ We'll work and watch the brightening west,/ And leave to God and Heaven the rest."<sup>42</sup>

These sentiments are reflected in the final poem of a Kyoto University literature student whose plane was downed less than a month before war's end. (I do not know if he was writing to be published. As noted earlier, writing poetry came 'naturally' to gentleman-warriors in such situations.) He knew Japan would lose, and believed that losing was not the end: "Cease your optimism,/ Open your eyes,/ People of Japan!/ Japan is bound to be defeated./ It is then that we Japanese/ Must infuse into this land/ A new life./ A new road to restoration/ Will be ours to carve."<sup>43</sup>

In fact, in the minds of some extremists the horrific defeat was a great spiritual experience that the nation only stood to gain from in the long run.<sup>44</sup> Southerners, too, were philosophical in defeat, but in different ways. Why had God allowed something like this to happen? They had only minded their own business and hoped the North would do the same. The obsessions with the status quo and fear of change had compelled them to follow leaders whose talents for flattery and bombast had dragged them into a war they could not possibly win. This was their great sin – not slavery. For all their humility in the face of defeat there was still a faint but steady glimmer of hope that the *South shall rise again*.<sup>45</sup> There would be heritage days of parades, speeches and poems for years to come.

While writers of science fiction pulp might enjoy second guessing history, these unextraordinary and forgettable poems inspired by hopeless causes are more engaging for their pathos and irony. I have suggested a lively base for comparison exists between these two soci-

eties which are entirely separated by space and time. My emphasis has been on poetry, and where possible only that which was written while war was in progress. Through them I have attempted to demonstrate a common claim to invincibility, stoic resolve and mythic glory that is the reserve of competitive people proud of their ‘uniqueness’ and mindful of a past, even when that past is not entirely real or their own.

In the acclaimed 1989 PBS documentary on the American Civil War, the Southern novelist and historian Shelby Foote called the war “the crossroads of our being.” Any attempt at understanding the United States, he urged, must begin with an appreciation of what happened between 1861 and 1865.<sup>46</sup> Imagine a Japanese making a comparable claim about what happened between 1941 and 1945. It’s unthinkable. Keene points out that the literature of the Greater Asian War should not be seen as something typical of the Japanese.<sup>47</sup> There were many who were indifferent, for example, when General Nogi committed *seppuku* upon the death of the Meiji emperor in 1912. It was an anachronism with no relevance to daily life.<sup>48</sup> Keene blames the heavy pressures of conformity during the Greater Asian War for the staleness of the poetic art. Still, the cooperation enjoyed by the military authorities was almost total and unquestioning.<sup>49</sup> Not so in the South where freedom was the whole point of the war – and how can a government struggle for freedom while at the same time deny it to its people?<sup>50</sup>

If the chivalrous South lacked artistry from the outset, the “soul of Japan” had had its artistic integrity seduced by fleeting triumphs. It is fair to say that in ink or in blood, the exhilaration of playing out the

cherished myths of *bushido* and chivalry was a temptation too few could resist.

—Notes —

<sup>1</sup> William Faulkner, *Faulkner at Nagano*, ed. Robert A. Jelliffe (Tokyo: Kenkyusha, 1966), pp. 85-86: "We had at one time a tradition of an aristocracy something like the Japanese samurai, and also a peasantry which was somewhat like the Japanese peasantry, that was the connection I saw between our two peoples to make us understand one another possibly."

<sup>2</sup> David Treadwell (*Los Angeles Times*), "Japanese Find Kindred Spirits in Deep South," *Japan Times*, 19 Mar. 1989, "Lifestyle Sec."

<sup>3</sup> Chico Harris, "The Old Man's Still in Great Health and Going Strong," *The Daily Mississippian*, 19 Jul. 1989, "Opinion Sec.": "The seed of worry about the old man had been planted. As time approached 4:30, it was growing like kudzu."

See also C. Ritchie Bell and Charles Reagan Wilson, *Encyclopedia of Southern Culture*, 1st ed. (1988), "Kudzu."

<sup>4</sup> A more detailed comparison than that given here appears in Saruya Kaname's *Amerika Nanbu no Tabi* (Tokyo: Iwanami, 1979), pp. 191-99.

<sup>5</sup> Donald Keene, *Dawn to the West*, Vol. I I (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1984), pp. 292-93.

<sup>6</sup> Carl Bode, *Anatomy of American Popular Culture, 1840-1861* (Westport, Connecticut: Greenwood Press, 1983), p.188.

<sup>7</sup> W. J. Cash, *Mind of the South* (New York: Random House, 1941), p. 97.

<sup>8</sup> W. J. Cash, *Mind of the South*, p. 99.

<sup>9</sup> *Columbia Literary History of the U. S.*, gen. ed. Emory Elliott (New York: Columbia University Press, 1988), p. 264.

<sup>10</sup> Frank L. Owsley, *Plain Folk of the Old South* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University, 1949), p. 147-49: Owsley uses the 1860 census to base this assertion, citing that of a white population of 7,400,000 there were 25,882 students attending colleges in the South whereas the North had 27,408 to its white population of 19,000,000. Even so, Owsley attributes the accessibility of an education to the academies and not the colleges which the poor could not afford. On the surface at least there were no barriers toward getting an education. It comes as no surprise, therefore, that the Old South, as Owsley has it, would have had one of the highest literacy rates in the world, comparable with those of the Low Countries, Scandinavia and Prussia.

<sup>11</sup> This is my own inference, derived from sources directly related to my subject as well as one which isn't. The following say as much: Emory Thomas, *The Confederate Nation* (New York: Harper & Row, 1979), p. 229; Edmund Wilson, *Patriotic Gore* (Boston: Northeastern University Press, 1984 ed.), 468; Donald Keene, "The Greater East Asia War," in *Appreciations of Japanese Culture* (Tokyo: Kodansha, 1981), p. 318-19; and Julia C. Lin, *Modern Chinese Poetry: An Introduction* (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1972), p. 171.

<sup>12</sup> Donald Keene, "The Sino-Japanese War," in *Appreciations of Japanese Culture*, p. 267.

<sup>13</sup> John Newman, *Bushido: The Way of the Warrior* (London: Bison Books, 1989), p. 182; also, see John W. Dower, *War without Mercy* (New York: Pantheon, 1986), p. 44: This is not intended as facetiousness. The common Japanese soldier in the Greater Asia and Pacific War is said to have used the lowly bayonet to live out his samurai fantasies. John W. Dower suggests that some of the war's most heinous atrocities were linked to very unchivalrous abuse of the bayonet by ordinary foot soldiers.

<sup>14</sup> *Mary Chesnut's Civil War*, ed. C. Vann Woodward (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1981), p. 563.

<sup>15</sup> Mark Twain, *Life on the Mississippi*, in *Mark Twain: Mississippi Writings* (New York: Library of America, 1982), pp. 500-01.

<sup>16</sup> John W. Dower, *War without Mercy* (New York: Pantheon, 1986), pp. 231-33; also see Li Baiyao, *Bei Qi Shu*, Vol. 41 [Book 2] (Zhonghua Shuju), p. 544.

<sup>17</sup> Inazo Nitobe, *Bushido: The Soul of Japan* (Rutland, Vermont: Tuttle, 1990), pp. 165-66.

<sup>18</sup> In Ivan Morris, *The Nobility of Failure* (Rutland: Tuttle, 1975), p.276.

<sup>19</sup> Quoted by Joseph Gustaitis, "Personality Sec.," in *America's Civil War*, Sep. 1992, p.14.

<sup>20</sup> *Poems and Songs of the Civil War*, ed. Lois Hill (New York: Fairfax Press, 1990), pp.28, 37.

<sup>21</sup> *Poems and Songs*, p.10.

<sup>22</sup> *Poems and Songs*, pp. 62, 70-1.

<sup>23</sup> *Songs of Civil War*, prod. Ken Burns, PBS (on video); also, see

Alice Kay Hopkins, "Southern Belles at War," in *America's Civil War*, May 1992, pp. 38-44.

<sup>24</sup> Nitobe, p.152.

<sup>25</sup> *Takamura Kōtarō Zenshū* Vol.III (Tokyo: Chikuma Shobō, 1976), pp. 49-50.

<sup>26</sup> Lyrics by Saeki Takao, King Records Inc.

<sup>27</sup> Translation by Keene, "The Greater East Asia War," p. 305.

<sup>28</sup> *Poems and Songs of the Civil War*, pp. 14-15, 18: While these are classical references known widely among even those without formal education, they are nonetheless reminiscent of a time when classical education in Latin and Greek was de rigueur in the South.

<sup>29</sup> Keene, "The Greater East Asia War," p. 311.

<sup>30</sup> *Poems and Songs of the Civil War*, p. 11.

<sup>31</sup> An absorbing interpretation of the Civil War as a 'racial' battle between the Anglo-Saxon North and the Celtic South is Grady McWhiney and Perry D. Jamieson's *Attack and Die: Civil War Military Tactics and the Southern Heritage* (University, Alabama: University of Alabama Press, 1982); "Pope and his Dutchmen" appear in "Stonewall Jackson's Way" by John Willimson Palmer in *Poems and Songs of the Civil War*, pp. 83-84.

<sup>32</sup> Dower, p. 224.

<sup>33</sup> Dower, p. 26.

<sup>34</sup> Dower, p. 242.

<sup>35</sup> Translation by Keene, "The Greater East Asia War," p. 304.

<sup>36</sup> Dower, p. 230, and *Takamura Kōtarō Zenshū*, Vol. III, p. 239.

<sup>37</sup> Dower, p. 214: It is only common sense that a CD retrospective of

wartime pop selections would exclude what rare undisguisably anti-American and anti-Angolo songs there were. One such retrospective put out by King Records contains several patriotic songs filled with grand and glorious imagery, but a greater number contain less extravagantly stated emotions of loneliness and a longing for mother or wife. Foreign women also figure among these universals of wartime wistfulness. Of the twenty song titles, two mention Chinese girls – one from Shanghai and the other from Manchuria. Yet a third is called “Bride of the South.”

<sup>38</sup> Keene, “The Greater East Asia War,” p. 318.

<sup>39</sup> Keene, “The Greater East Asia War,” p. 318.

<sup>40</sup> *Takamura Kōtarō Zenthū*, Vol. III, pp. 92-98. Special thanks to Professor Kazuya Honda.

<sup>41</sup> *Poems and Songs of the Civil War*, p. 79-80.

<sup>42</sup> *Poems and Songs of the Civil War*, p. 127.

<sup>43</sup> Quoted in Morris, p. 312.

<sup>44</sup> Morris, p. 313.

<sup>45</sup> Bertram Wyatt-Brown, *Southern Honor* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1982), p. 28-29.

<sup>46</sup> Shelby Foote interview in *Southern Partisan*, Vol. XII, First Quarter 1992, p. 35.

<sup>47</sup> Keene, “The Greater East Asia War,” p. 318.

<sup>48</sup> Carol Gluck, *Japan's Modern Myths* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1985), p. 225.

<sup>49</sup> Keene, *Dawn to the West*, pp. 358-59: The notable exception to this is Kaneko Mitsuharu whose ‘opposition for opposition’s sake’ approach

to life and ideology makes his bizarre temperament more subject to scrutiny than his poetry. In his 1917 poem "Opposition" Kaneko declared that the Japanese spirit as well as *giri* and *ninjō* made him "want to vomit." "To oppose is to live," a personal motto of Kaneko's, reflected a void of alternative ideas. Nonetheless, it is tempting to imagine how delighted a Western audience would have been to hear Kaneko publicly debate Nitobe on the contents of *Bushido* and all its elaborately woven assertions about the Japanese soul.

<sup>50</sup> David Donald, "Died of Democracy," in *Why the North Won the Civil War*, ed. David Donald (New York: Collier, 1962), p. 90.