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【論文】

The ‘Missing Soldier’: Modern War and Lies of Omission in Japanese and American Junior High and High School Textbooks (Part 2)

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教科書に現れない兵隊―日米中高教育における現代戦争をめぐる誤解を招く省略［パート 2］

グラハム　児夢

This is a continuation of the discussion on how various types of school textbooks used in Japan and the United States lack a thoroughness that begs for supplementation or revision (Graham 67-93). In addition to virtually ignoring war’s role in the social history of American racial relations by Japanese textbook writers, within the framework of history instruction, both countries’ textbooks avoid authentic testimony by individual soldiers on what it feels like to kill another human being, whether combatant or non-combatant. While literature and popular culture aptly take up this theme for emotional and aesthetic effect, raw and artless accounts of war’s most grotesque realities are seldom if ever juxtaposed with the names and dates textbooks offer students for rote memorization that can lead to success on examinations. A direct proximity of such recollections to the dry narrative of modern war’s geopolitical ramifications would deepen an understanding of what war really is, at least where more sensitive students are concerned.

Keywords: Vietnam War, killology, veterans, textbooks, *heiwaboke*

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Sergeant! Attention! Sergeant! What makes the green grass grow?

Blood! Blood! Bright red blood!

What's the spirit of the warrior?

Kill! Kill! Kill without mercy!

What are the two types of people in this world?

The quick and the dead!

What are you?

The quick!

What are they?

The dead!

Sergeant! Let me hear your war cry!

AAAAAAAAAAUGH!

("Your time")

Admittedly, it's only anecdotal evidence, but the question reveals a telling pattern noted time and time again. When interviewing in English a prospective new English major during exam season I will sometimes ask it, particularly after the examinee has answered the standard questions about everyday subjects with a high level of fluency and aplomb.

"Why do you suppose English is spoken so widely around the world and not, say, Italian or Swedish?" One examinee I recall spoke English with such spot-on accuracy he could have been a radio announcer, yet he had never lived abroad. He told us that his mother made him learn English early in life and that they even made it their "family language" though they were Japanese residing in Japan. In his throaty baritone he confessed without the slightest trace of Japanese accent: "I'm sorry. I have no idea." Another examinee replied with teeny-bopper

flair about how English was just so much fun, with pop music and Hollywood movies and Disneyland "and stuff." Others would pose the baffling notion of English somehow being "easier to learn than all the other languages." I doubt anyone would concur who has seriously pondered the nonsensical features of English, though English is certainly not the only language in the world to defy logic. Its archaic elements, non-interchangeable synonyms, bizarre spellings and multiple pronunciations for the same word, are just a few of its quirks. Even the regularly matriculated English majors who get better than average grades are unsure of a definite answer to this question (if they are even interested).

Part of the answer, of course, lies in the economic and military might of the United States, but the answer to why English is spoken by Americans is virtually never forthcoming: the British Empire. We would naturally not expect a student to be doing history homework in an English class any more than answer problems in the English grammar workbook during history class. Nevertheless, we cannot help but wonder: Do school subjects somehow get compartmentalized in the brain like sushi in a lunchbox, carefully kept from touching each other by a mental *baran*, a 'green plastic leaf'? If the British Empire had never been – or had met a quick and miserable demise – would over half a billion people in the world today be investing time and treasure in learning the English language?

Empires come and go, but not the legacy of their wars. Throughout its history the British Empire waged war either directly or indirectly at some time on all but 22 of the current United Nations member states (Mataconis). In 2015 English was the official language in 54 of the world's sovereign states and in well over half of those it is not the main language ("Countries"). The trite expression about the sun never setting on it was apparently true. A quarter of the world's people lived in it during its zenith. The fact that French and Dutch languages do not have the same status is due to military defeat on land and sea by armed forces of the *British* Empire.

We need not be told that this ‘might’ was comprised of hundreds of thousands – and at the end of both world wars – millions of individual soldiers who possessed a range of hopes and fears present in the typical young adult. We can easily find statistics telling us the estimated number that died from combat or disease – or were wounded or went missing in action, and from what part of the Empire they came. What we cannot learn from numbers, however, is how it felt to kill another human being as an act of professional duty.

“The Real War” in Literature, Foreign Language and History Class

Literature may be the best vehicle for fathoming how soldiers, otherwise normal law-abiding human beings, can feel when they see how their actions have resulted in the death of a stranger not unlike themselves. Paul Baumer, the protagonist in the anti-war classic *All Quiet on the Western Front* by Erich Maria Remarque, famously pleads with the freshly dead body of a French soldier who Baumer had bayoneted when the Frenchman invaded his trench:

> Comrade, I did not want to kill you. If you jumped in here again, I would not do it, if you would be sensible too. But you were only an idea to me before, an abstraction I stabbed. But now, for the first time, I see you are a man like me. I thought of your hand-grenades, of your bayonet, of your rifle; now I see your wife and your face and our fellowship. Forgive me comrade. We always see it too late. Why do they never tell us that you are just poor devils like us, that your mothers are just as anxious as ours, and that we have the same fear of death, and the same dying, and the same agony — Forgive me, comrade; how could you be my enemy? If we threw away these rifles and this uniform you could be my brother just like Kat and Albert. Take twenty years of my life, comrade,

> and stand up — take more, for I do not know what I can even attempt to do with it now. (Remarque)

Remarque was 18 when he received his draft papers to serve in the German army in World War I. He was wounded five times, surviving to write ten novels on war, a subject he knew only too well ("Erich"). In *All Quiet on the Western Front* he portrays the complicit classroom role in waging war, the peer pressure from classmates and a wild-eyed wizened teacher's intoxication with nationalism, the diametric opposite of brushing war aside as something too unpleasant to face.

All Quiet on the Western Front is studied widely in American schools as a work of fiction. Students have the unique opportunity to see war from the perspective of a soldier of a different nationality, and a former enemy at that, though sharing significant cultural values. The novel has been made into two movies, the first of which won "Best Picture" at the Third Academy Awards in 1930 and has withstood the test of time as a classic of its genre. What may contribute to the lingering success of both novel and movie is the obvious fact that they were produced at a time when memory of the war was fresh and no need was felt for what could have been superfluous contrivance or affectation.

In *The Things They Carried*, a book of loosely connected short stories by Vietnam War veteran and fiction writer Tim O'Brien, the protagonist inspects the corpse of an enemy soldier in the unambiguously entitled chapter "The Man I Killed." O'Brien invites the reader to explore through repeated phrases, almost prayer-like, that clinically describe the dead man who, in the grand scheme, is but one of unnamed thousands. For instance, "his jaw in his throat" and "star-shaped hole" appear at the beginning, and for artistic effect, in the middle and very end of the chapter. There are no exclamations of outward emotion or pleas for understanding, though witnesses who are the fellow comrades color the mood with their terse dialog, reacting in different ways to what has happened. What is war

supposed to be but killing? Kill or be killed, of course. Obsessing on the objective rawness of image, the physical details of the lifeless body of the "almost dainty young man" enable the killer to distance himself from the destructive act he has committed. He even begins to speculate on things he could not possibly know about the victim:

> In the village of My Khe, as in all of Quang Ngai, patriotic resistance had the force of tradition, which was partly the force of legend, and from his earliest boyhood the man I killed would have listened to stories about the heroic Trung sisters and Tran Hung Dao's famous rout of the Mongols and Le Loi's final victory against the Chinese at Tot Dong. He would have been taught that to defend the land was a man's highest duty and highest privilege. He had accepted this. It was never open to question. Secretly, though, it also frightened him. He was not a fighter. His health was poor, his body small and frail. He liked books. He wanted someday to be a teacher of mathematics. At night, lying on his mat, he could not picture himself doing the brave things his father had done, or his uncles, or the heroes of the stories. He hoped in his heart that he would never be tested. He hoped the Americans would go away. Soon, he hoped. He kept hoping and hoping, always, even when he was asleep. (O'Brien)

For those who accept the notion that literature is truer in a psychological sense than history, these two authors' accounts are vivid and informative windows into the heart of a normal human being turned killer for his country. Furthermore, Remarque and O'Brien, though separated by a half century, are writing for readers whose worldview is infused with the same Judeo-Christian values. Their noble efforts at attempting to show what combat can be, to varying degrees, bear the

obvious polish of skilled storytelling befitting the classroom where the potentials of language's influence on emotion are explored. History class, on the other hand, need not rely on noted authors for its "oral evidence."

One feature of *heiwaboke* is cherry picking: selecting aspects of war history useful either for scapegoating or playing the victim. The individual combat soldier's experience where it matters most – combat, i.e. killing – is generally invisible in mainstream history texts, not to mention within the blitz of slick right-wing propaganda accessible in Japanese bookstores and online, some of it aimed specifically at impressionable youth who have not been told "the whole story." The average American student would not be introduced to findings – albeit controversial – showing that the vast majority of soldiers in World War II were shooting way above the heads of the enemy to deliberately miss them (Engen) – nor would the Japanese student be told how soldiers of his grandfather's generation found themselves emaciated due to administrative incompetence and not any real shortage of food (Noda 73). Where are these contradictions and confusions addressed in textbooks of any kind?

Remarque and O'Brien were not specifically crafting their tales for the juvenile audience, but as teaching material their fiction comes closer to imparting the stark realities of war than any other available source short of a war veteran on a personal mission directly addressing a class of schoolchildren. Attempts at delineating the emotional dynamics of killing by real soldiers with real names are not generally forthcoming. The emphasis is predictably on "dying for one's country" - and not "killing" for it.

A case in point is featured in a textbook entitled *Cosmos* used for Japanese high school English learners. Lesson 8 is entitled "Paintings that Speak of War." In the story the main character, Yukie, is visiting her grandparents in Nagano. The grandfather takes her in his car to a "unique art museum" just "on the

outskirts of the city" which features the works of art school students who abandoned their ambitions only to die for the emperor in World War II. The message of the importance of peace expressed in the lesson is imparted with poignancy and sadness. They had to "hold guns in their hands instead of paintbrushes," says the grandfather as they head for their hilltop destination (Ooura 89).

On actually visiting the museum, known as Mugonkan ("Pavilion of the Speechless"), one finds it is a gallery contained in a cold and eerie crypt-like memorial solely devoted to placating souls of dead soldiers. The concrete building was constructed in the shape of a Greek cross and houses a collection of what are mainly paintings, many in disrepair, where family members or lovers were the models. A few of the paintings have short and touching stories to go with them, having been painted when the artist was unsure he would ever return alive. In glass cases one finds personal ephemera pertaining to the young men's military life. Nary a photo shows an actual gun, as the grandfather declared in the text, except for one where an artist is photographed in uniform with his buddy, the buddy awkwardly holding a rifle he may barely have known how to use at the time.

Mugonkan is indeed a sobering venue, and the lesson text concludes with Yukie musing: "What were those young art students thinking when they were on the battlefield? (Ooura 93)" There is no suggestion anywhere, in the textbook or the museum explanations, that any of these young men who aspired to an artist's life in peacetime could have themselves pumped bullets into the bodies of an enemy with the exact same dream. To that end, the name "Mugonkan" is altogether appropriate, but "Paintings that Speak of War" is ironically bereft of overtly military content, conveying instead an anti-war message for a generation with no direct war experience.

In history texts, photographs showing soldiers in the act of killing or preparing to kill are few in either Japanese or American history textbooks where wars occur-

ring within living memory are discussed.

In *Lies My Teacher Told Me* (1995), a searing analysis of twelve representative American high school history textbooks, sociologist James Loewen bemoans the failure of editors to include photographs showing genuine suffering of *anybody*, soldier or civilian, friend or foe (243). A case in point is the photo from the Vietnam War era known popularly to millions as "Napalm Girl" (1972) where nine-year-old Kim Phuc runs down a highway, screaming in pain while the chemical slowly burns the skin off her limbs. Life photographer Larry Burrows, who lost his life when his helicopter was shot down over Laos in 1971, leaves out none of the soldier anguish, blood or horror of fighting in Vietnam. Unfortunately, his shots are passed over by textbook editors for those emphasizing men jumping out of low-flying helicopters or the deployment of landing craft – or the ever formative and celebrated role of television coverage. Textbooks leave us to fill in the blanks when showing us photos of tearful Vietnam veterans reuniting and embracing at the Vietnam Memorial Wall in Washington, D.C. (Boorstin and Kelley 912). In *Exploring American History* (O'Connor, et al, 669) American soldiers in Korea are seen doing what we know soldiers are trained for - firing their guns and a flamethrower – though they aim at an invisible enemy, and for all the viewer knows the photo could have been staged or of a training exercise.

Typically, textbooks show us soldiers on maneuvers or soldiers in the grips of that other enemy – boredom – as they wait for something, *anything*, to happen; rare is the iconic image such as "Napalm Girl" that anyone who was alive and alert at the time can recall and easily find in a source other than a textbook.

A 21st-century study of textbook depictions of the Vietnam War led by another sociologist, Richard Lachmann of Albany University, reveals a trend toward total elimination of any glorification. Mentioning, with accompanying photos, the soldiers' "suffering" on a personal level is something new and welcome. Lachmann does not specifically address the issue of emotional trauma linked to

killing, however, in his textbook analysis. Instead, he finds textbooks will describe the nature of the soldier's battlefield misery as it relates to being maimed, or the mourning of a dead comrade. It is worth noting that Lachmann describes textbooks as failing to address the deaths of Vietnamese, whether soldier or civilian, which has been estimated to number as high as over three million (contrasted with 58,000 American deaths). He, too, draws a comparison between American and Japanese textbooks where it comes to failing to acknowledge well-documented atrocities (Lachmann).

Photos in Japanese high school textbooks show Japanese soldiers on the march, sometimes astride bicycles such as in Saigon or the Malay Peninsula. Where the discussion deals with the 'incident' at Nomonhan, disputed border area between Mongolia and Manchuria where from May to September 1939 Japanese soldiers suffered 73 percent casualties against the Russians, there is a variety of photos showing Japanese soldiers crouched in tall grass and looking vulnerable. Several texts also use a shocking photo of a Guadalcanal beach strewn with the lifeless bodies of Japanese soldiers, but it is an aftermath of what should photographically no longer be impossible to render: capturing the instant of bullet/bomb impact or its immediate before or after.

Having said that, Japanese textbooks tend to make more active use of non-photographic media, and in some cases the choices are sharply anti-war in message. The copper print entitled "Elegy for a New Conscript: Sentinel 1954" by artist Hamada Chimei, a draftee who served five years in the war in China, is featured in the Japanese high school history text published by Jikkyou Shuppan (Kimishima et al. 137) in a section entitled "Reflecting on the War" (*Sensou no hansei*). The experience made Hamada suicidal, and the hunched over soldier in the Picasso-esque print has his hands gripping the barrel of a rifle pointed to his nearly featureless face, the toes of the left foot on the trigger (Shirai 38). Hamada, who died in 2018 at the age of 100, pledged to dedicate his life as an artist to

depicting the barbarities he saw committed by his regiment, the Kumamoto 13th Infantry, not only through murder, theft, arson and the destruction of Chinese property, but in the excessive bullying, a dark and prevalent undercurrent of the Japanese soldier's life, that was considered appropriate training for a new recruit. He remembers sentry duty and going to the latrine as the only times he could be at peace (34). The textbook itself does not include any of Hamada's commentary, but if used effectively as teaching material, these details are not needed. The image Hamada created speaks for itself and for any sensitive person whose life has been made into a hell through military induction.

The Jikkyou text also features one painting of a battle from the war era itself by Foujita Tsuguharu, (a.k.a. Leonardo Foujita), an artist who had already attained high acclaim in Paris prior to the war. Entitled *Last Stand at Attu (Attsutou Gyokusai)*, it shows a so-called banzai charge in May 1943 on the Aleutian island of Attu (Kimishima et al. 136) after which a mere 30 Japanese soldiers would be captured alive, all that remained of the original 2,379 who had held the island for almost a full year. Japanese and American soldiers are so interwoven in hand-to-hand struggle they appear indistinguishable from one another. Unfortunately, the student seeking detail beyond that will not have much luck with the textbook's 2 x 2.4 cm color reproduction. It is much too small for imparting even half the artist's intent and would be almost meaningless without the caption. At full impact the image is harrowing in its intensity: a bleak, barren landscape covered by a matted carpet of slinking men in drab browns and greens, some standing, flashing the ivory of their teeth as they yell, others plunging bayonets straight into the belly of the prostrate enemy. The painting when first shown proved so jarring for some viewers that they broke down and prayed before it (Birnbaum 253-4). For a war era work of art, *Last Stand at Attu* is vague enough in its grotesquery to part from more predictable propaganda images. One could even infer a peace message. The emotional information it projects to a viewer knowing nothing of combat is more

than adequate. It suggests rawness in the violence that would be life-changing for any normal individual forced to experience it, even if the message in that violence is construed as 'glorious sacrifice' for the nation. How could it not be so? How could a survivor not have nightmares after such a traumatizing event? How could his sense of moral self not be undermined?

The impersonal nature of modern war helps to deflect attention from the hard and ancient question of how it feels to kill another human being in combat. Bombs dropped from high altitudes onto bases, factories and surrounding civilian populations involve a sterile mechanization and a cold anonymity that separates the unseen killers from their victims by thousands of meters.

Shedding a spotlight in a school textbook on up-close killing - the most disturbing yet least talked about aspect of warfare - could be done in the margins of pages through employing single-paragraph testimonies with mini profiles of specific personalities. This "zooming in" approach is employed in the Jikkyou text (Kimishima et al. 133) highlighting anti-war activist and Esperantist Hasegawa Teru who was a "Tokyo Rose" in reverse, doing anti-fascism propaganda work on behalf of the Chinese during the war. In an American textbook the Vietnam veteran Al Santoli's oral history *Everything We Had* (Reich and Biller 738) is introduced in this format as well. Applying it toward first-hand descriptions of the combat experience would enhance the value of the history textbook as an actual tool for learning history through the voices of those ordinary men who "just followed orders" only to find themselves subsequently mired in a personal moral quagmire.

For Americans, only slightly seven percent of whom have had any military experience despite the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan being the longest in their history (Chalabi), a deeper understanding of the way war changes a personality could contribute to understanding the difficulties veterans have in readjusting to civilian life, and why 11 percent of homeless adults are veterans ("FAQ"). Reduc-

ing the staggering number of veteran suicides, about 50 percent higher than the civilian rate (Zarembo), is an undertaking that would at the very least require some level of understanding among the general public, not to mention compassion.

The persistent image employed by politicians of the returning Vietnam vet being spat upon is urban myth (Lembcke); the Vietnam Syndrome – a reluctance to intervene in foreign conflicts, was diagnosed by the Reagan administration and ultimately "cured" by the 9-11 terrorist attacks. There has been in recent years a growing eagerness to deploy an all-volunteer force for dealing with geopolitical dilemmas by America's lawmakers, only 20 percent of whom can claim military service on their resumes (Wellford). We could call this willingness a kind of *sensouboke, heiwaboke's* opposite, where war is dealt with almost cavalierly. A controversial assertion by military psychologist Lt. Col. Dave Grossman – noted for coining the term "killology" – holds that roughly only 20 percent of soldiers in World War II were actually firing their rifles to hit their targets, the rest firing to miss out of a distaste for killing. As a corrective, intense training in the postwar period brought the "killing ratio" up to 90 percent (Engen), thanks in part to Nintendo-like games ("Gary Whitta and Dave Grossman"), something in which even a society virtually without guns (like Japan) can partake. Killing technique, it would appear, has sharpened as the level of professionalism has risen, and with ever fewer Americans having served a stint in the military or even knowing someone who has.

There are also surprising findings regarding those soldiers most likely to snap and slaughter wantonly. Contrary to expectations, studies of soldiers in Israel, the U.S. and Germany since World War II have shown "secondary troops" – not those first to the front – have been observed to "hate the enemy more" and were more likely to commit atrocities (Engen). Yet even in conventional fighting between combatants there can be horror and shock, at least initially.

Might textbooks organized to recount the winding parade of eventful

yesterdays leading to today not benefit from primary source testimony of how a soldier feels after killing another soldier? An examination of individual testimonies (Appendix) related by both Japanese and American veterans who took part in five different wars (First Sino-Japanese War, World War II, Vietnam, Afghanistan and Iraq) reveal some basic and consistent attitudes: a cocky confidence that killing in war is right, rationalization citing a primal instinct, total remorse, dehumanizing the enemy, disgust, spiritual elation, and bloodlust revenge for losing a dear comrade (reminiscent of Achilles and his dearest Patroclus). The protection of buddies imbues the fight with its most immediate and enduring sense of purpose.

The testimonies also demonstrate that veterans do talk if listened to, even as long silences occasionally occur during interviews. For those who have never been and never will be in their position, these authentic and graphic remarks may be more moving and thought-provoking to an otherwise lethargic student of history than a few trite adjectives offered in a dry secondary source. War also involves cowardice, treason, desertion and disease, but none of these unsavory qualities is quite as repellant as doing – and not just talking about - the dirty work of killing for which soldiers are carefully trained and lauded. The madness of living in a kill-or-be-killed world where one struggles to keep self and friends alive from day to day, if understood even in the vaguest sense, contributes to appreciating why, for example, so many American soldiers were overjoyed when two atomic bombs used against Japan, instantly evaporating thousands of innocent civilians, at least appeared to have decisively ended the war ahead of schedule, possibly saving tens of thousands of lives on both sides (Fussell 285).

Searching for Truth

The great American poet Walt Whitman proclaimed a decade after the Civil War that "the real war will never get into the books" – and I would submit, if it ever did get into a book, a history textbook for children would be the least likely (Whitman). Even the simplest memoir, as I have attempted to demonstrate here, has not qualified. What of other media? Whitman wrote that exactly two decades before the Lumière Brothers demonstrated their first motion picture. The popular historian Stephen Ambrose once said he couldn't do in 25 years of writing about World War II what Steven Spielberg did in the first 25 minutes of *Saving Private Ryan*, a motion picture now twenty years old (Ambrose). Its realism, a cinematic achievement somewhat akin to what Foujita Tsuguharu had accomplished with his painting of hand-to-hand combat, was horrific enough to traumatize some veterans who felt they were reliving the hell of Normandy too keenly for comfort, and walked out of the cinema (Blohm). So if a popular entertainment medium employing hyper-realistic special effects can be harnessed for reproducing the mayhem of battle and yet receive mainstream accolades, how might a few vivid sentences on killing be unacceptable for deepening perspective on war's unchanging nature in textbooks for teens?

Nor, unsurprisingly, did "real war" get into the "books" in Japan in early 1938 when the journalist-turned-novelist Ishikawa Tatsuzo was charged with violating the Newspaper Law (*Shinbunshihou*) with his novella *Soldier's Alive (Ikiteiru heitai)* which appeared in the magazine *Chuo Koron*. Portraying the slaughtering of non-combatants by Japanese soldiers was prohibited and despite having gone through pains to make the work officially acceptable, Ishikawa had to wait until after Japan's defeat to have the unexpurgated version of *Soldier's Alive* published. His major offense was removing the mystique from the emperor's venerated soldiers and evoking their behavior in inglorious human terms that

would be shocking to any reader who knew nothing of modern war. Ishikawa had been to Nanjing in early January when massacre and rape were, according to China's chronology, still taking place, and had spoken with soldiers there about their experiences. His book was completed in less than two weeks. It was not anti-war as much as a literary snapshot rendered too colorfully of what it meant for a generation of men born on the Japanese islands to be embroiled in an undeclared war on the Asian continent. *Soldier's Alive* was simply too close for comfort for the authorities, and tellingly Ishikawa was given a second chance to write about the war. Authorities felt Ishikawa's readers would take his every word seriously given he had established notoriety for telling it like it was. His writing talents provided an opportunity too good to go to waste, and for the duration of the war his finely worded paeans offered the nation some of its finest war propaganda (38-40).

Ironically, Chinese movie director Lu Chuan had the same problem as Ishikawa with his realistic interpretation of events at Nanjing in *City of Life and Death* (2009), daring to show Japanese soldiers as ordinary human beings with deeper dimensions to their character than the longstanding demonic cartoon cutouts that pass for Japanese soldiers in most Chinese film and television productions about fighting Japan. While it received the approval of China's censors after minor tweaks, the movie met with open and heated disapproval that took the form of threats on Lu's life (Wong). For Lu, who had immersed himself in war diaries of Japanese soldiers in preparation for making the film, there were no inherently evil Japanese.

> They were all very good people at home, very nice men. But when they went to the battlefield, little by little, because there was no law to limit them, and they could kill as many as they wanted, rob as much as they wanted, they even began to enjoy it. ("Lu Chuan")

Killing Non-combatants

There is no shortage of first-hand testimony that textbook editors could draw from for showcasing a specific soldier's killing experience, whether it involves ending the life of someone of the same race or not. As was explored previously (Graham), in the era of Jim Crow, African American intellectuals were ambivalent about going to war with other "people of color." Prior to the Vietnam War, the segregated so-called Buffalo Soldiers had famously engaged indigenous peoples, Filipino insurgents, Japanese – and integrated with white soldiers, the Koreans and Chinese.

Private First Class Varnado Simpson was an African American born in Jackson, Mississippi, in 1948, the year President Truman, a Democrat, had ordered the desegregation of the armed forces, but also the year the state of Mississippi's newly inaugurated white governor, another Democrat, declared racial segregation to be "an eternal truth." At the age of 20, Simpson, a rifleman serving in Vietnam, was attached to "Charlie Company" of the 1st Battalion 20th Infantry Regiment. This reputedly well-trained unit, a typical cross-section of American youth just out of high school, is responsible for what is in living memory the single greatest war atrocity ever committed by American soldiers against a civilian population. They had taken heavy casualties due to sniper fire and horrific booby traps. It was Saturday, March 16, 1968, and the order, offered as an opportunity for revenge, was to "search and destroy" a designated "Pinkville" zone thought to be infested with communist sympathizers, which included a village known as My Lai. Later Simpson would recall that he was even ordered to kill the dogs and cats. After a morning of blind rampage and gang rape, as many as 500 villagers, including the elderly and children, were dead at the hands of Simpson and his comrades. The round-ups for slaughter were conducted so brazenly that a U.S. Army observation helicopter pilot overhead was moved to intervene to save the remaining civilians fleeing the scene, ordering his door gunner to fire on Charlie Company if they

tried to kill any more (“Four Hours”).

Simpson confessed to killing ten. In the long years that followed Simpson would even keep photos of the bloodied corpses of his victims, taken unofficially by an army photographer, in his personal family album. “This is me,” said Simpson to a British television journalist in 1989 as he pointed to the scrapbook, “This is who I am.” Simpson spent the remainder of his life deeply haunted by what he had done and as Vietnam veteran became a media persona willing to recount the gory details of his direct participation in the My Lai Massacre. His shaky and halting on-camera interview for Yorkshire Television is an eerie exposure of a deeply tortured soul that, for its profound sadness, makes Simpson’s testimony the most memorable feature of the hour-long documentary:

> I was trained to kill, but the reality of killing someone is different from training and pulling the trigger … I didn’t know I was going to do that. I knew the women and children was there, but for me to say that I was going to KILL them … I didn’t know I was going to do that until it happened. I didn’t know I was going to kill anyone. I didn’t *want* to kill anyone. I wasn’t raised up to kill, you know. Now she was running with her back from a tree line, but she was carrying something. I don’t know if it was a weapon or what. But I knew it was a woman, you know. I didn’t want to shoot a woman, you know. But I was given an order to shoot. So I’m thinking that she had a weapon, running, so when I shot and I turned her over there was a baby, you know. I shot her four times, three or four times, and the bullet went right through and shot the baby too. And I turned over and saw the baby face what with half gone. I just blinked. I just went. The training came to me: the programming to kill. And I just started killing … How can you forgive? I can’t forgive myself even though I know it was something that I did that I was told to do.

> But how can I forget that, or forgive? I live with it every day. It's easy for you to say, "Well, go ahead with your life." But how can you go ahead with your life when this is holding you back? How come I can't put my mind to anything positive? Because there's all this negative. ("Four Hours")

Towards the end of the documentary Simpson reappears to reveal the many vials of medication he must take, 1200 milligrams, every four hours four times a day, making the viewer wonder how severe his shaking would be without it. Simpson continues to describe how necessary the medication has become for him, and we learn that there was more than Vietnam to traumatize his cursed life. He points to a cracked photo of his young son on a lampstand and tells of how his son there in Jackson was one day at play in his grandmother's backyard when an argument erupted between neighborhood teenagers. One of them ran home to grab a gun, and very soon thereafter Simpson's boy had taken a bullet to the head. Simpson ran out of the house and picked him up, seeing something familiar in his dying son's face. "When I looked at him," said Simpson in visible emotional pain, "his face looked like the same face of a child I had killed; this is the punishment for killing the people I had killed" ("Four Hours")

Simpson would attempt suicide more than once, succeeding in 1997 with a gunshot to the head, three decades after the tragedy at My Lai.

When the My Lai story finally broke a year later it was with graphic color photographs. Americans, already divided over how to execute a seemingly unwinnable war, struggled with the disturbing news of hundreds of unarmed civilians being slaughtered up close by men who could be their sons, brothers, husbands, lovers. The aforementioned hero in the helicopter whose action kept even more My Lai villagers from being killed was one Warrant Officer Hugh Thompson. Thompson

was called to testify before the House Armed Service Committee. The committee chairman was a Georgia Democrat, Congressman L. Mendel Rivers, who had nothing but contempt for Thompson and his threat to use armed force in stopping his fellow soldiers from doing their jobs. He could not believe Americans were capable of craven barbarism and did his utmost to keep the My Lai Massacre as removed from the world spotlight as possible in hopes it would soon be forgotten. Rivers tried to get Thompson court-martialed, but his failure to do so was no consolation. "Thompson started receiving hate mail, death threats, and mutilated animals on his doorstep" ("The Forgotten Hero").

Searching for an equivalent to the Varnado Simpson testimony among former Japanese soldiers naturally leads to participants in the aforementioned Nanjing Massacre, an atrocity committed by equally frustrated and fatigued troops eager for wreaking revenge on an unexpectedly formidable enemy.

Unlike the case of My Lai, the Nanjing Massacre as history is controversial on a number of levels, both diplomatic and domestic. The government of China sets the number of civilian lives lost in the 1937-38 killing spree at 300,000. Even a trained historian's measured and unbiased challenge to that sizable statistic triggers barbed and indignant responses from China's officialdom. On the other hand, Japanese of the extreme right will see the incident as complete fiction, concocted, for example, by American authorities in order to justify their own atrocity at war's end in using atomic bombs to slaughter tens of thousands of Japanese civilians. While the cover-up of My Lai was undeniably scandalous, no prominent American citizen from the conservative side of the political spectrum was ever heard to say it was fabricated as anti-American communist propaganda. Former Tokyo governor Ishihara Shintaro, academics like Higashinakano Shudo and the late Watanabe Shoichi ("Teigibarabara"), real estate entrepreneur Motoya Toshio ("Apa hotels"), NHK former governor and screenwriter Hyakuta Naoki are, among others, high-profile Nanjing Massacre "deniers" ("Nanking denier").

One veteran who received a modicum of international attention for his remorse was Azuma Shiro (1912-2006). His copious diary reveals frank and graphic details of the beheadings he performed on Chinese, some of whom he suspected of being soldiers out of uniform. As the war was ending in defeat for imperial Japan and its wayward militarist ambitions, Azuma found himself at the mercy of a Chinese soldier who spared his life. This act triggered Azuma to take up a personal mission: telling the world how a morally flawed worldview had initiated a descent into depravity for an entire generation of ordinary men. He was the first veteran to openly apologize (Kamimura, Chang 213).

Azuma had been drafted at the age of 25 into the Kyoto 16th Division which would be present in Nanjing at the time of the "great massacre" (大虐殺) that began in the final weeks of 1937. He is mentioned on eight of the 225 pages in the late Iris Chang's flawed but bestselling English-language history of what happened at Nanjing entitled *The Rape of Nanking: The Forgotten Holocaust of World War II* (1997). Chang had maintained a personal correspondence from the outspoken veteran and quoted passages from his letters in her book. He underscores how the attitude and behavior of brainwashed Japanese soldiers, thinking it dishonorable to be captured alive, treated their own captives as creatures beneath contempt (53).

An unsurprising undercurrent in Azuma's recollections is the urge to see the enemy as something less than human, lower, for example, than pigs because at least "a pig is edible" (quoted in Chang 218). The same could be said for white and African American soldiers fighting in Vietnam who saw the Vietnamese person as a "gook" (Roediker) – though it is noteworthy that Japanese fighting men, convinced of their own self-styled uniqueness and superiority, saw complete "otherness" in their Chinese victims who bore so-called racial features strongly resembling their own. In one of his televised accounts of a kill he made, Azuma admits to hesitating:

> One of [the farmers] reminded me of my father, so I wasn't all that willing. I kept cutting into his head, into his skull, instead of his neck. The blood squirted out. My pal Majima shouted, "You're too high!" And I tried again and chopped his head off. Anyway, what stuck in my mind ever since then is the second man who insisted he was not a soldier. He was a farmer. He told us he had a wife, two children and his parents waiting at home for him. "I'm just a farmer," he said. "I'm no soldier." He begged us not to kill him. I killed him. This incident has stayed with me to this day. Shiro Azuma ("Hell in the Pacific")

According to Chang, Azuma, who traveled to China frequently in his old age, became a target of harsh criticism and even death threats from his countrymen, similar to the fate of whistleblower Hugh Thompson. "To protect himself," wrote Chang, "Azuma … kept an arsenal of weapons, such as truncheons, clubs, pepper sprays, chains, and knuckle dusters" (213).

In the tales told by Simpson, Thompson and Azuma, the history student will find there not only exists personal torment, but also a potent element of courage and a need to come forward for evoking the full consequences of how war can destroy a good man's soul, and how candor about wartime shameful deeds can shatter the amnesia of peacetime, sometimes with stormy repercussions.

What Should Be Done and Why

History textbooks are not taken lightly, especially in East Asia. Because the process of creating them necessarily involves official participation at the highest levels, they are at times read as government policy statements, inviting accusations from Japan’s neighbors, as they have in the past, of whitewashing imperialist history (“Japanese History”). There is nothing haphazard about the textbook production enterprise; omissions are every bit as worthy of suspicion as any obvious factual or typographical error. Failing to depict soldier-as-killer on an individual level contributes to an unwarranted and disingenuous sanitization of war. It is not just a grand game to be played by great leaders, but an enterprise where ordinary citizens are called on to commit acts which they would otherwise be jailed or even executed for committing. The initial revulsion, sometimes elation, at finding oneself the instrument of state-sanctioned murder, the coldness or pleasure that overwhelms a soldier after repeated killings, this experience of war can and should be expressed in an economy of words in history textbooks for the consumption of young adults both in Japan and the United States, if for different reasons.

For the Japanese student it would mean a more informed perspective on the history of modern war in general while simultaneously enabling the student to visualize a future where a revised Constitution’s allowance of “collective defense” is the new and prevailing national attitude toward war. Is that acceptable? The young voter, ideally, will vote his or her conscience, having at least been exposed to an impression of what killing can be like from the point of view of the fighting man – or woman – and not just the passive laments of innocent civilians recalling the nightmare of bombs falling from the sky over seven decades ago.

For the American side it would possibly engender empathy among the civilian class for the ever shrinking military class and the “morally injured” members within it, damaged by a betrayal of “what’s right” – a psychological implo-

sion of the self with genuine physical consequences. This state of mind was first identified by psychiatrist and amateur classicist Jonathan Shay. Shay recognized unreasonable fear (post-traumatic stress disorder) was not the only anguish plaguing jittery veterans. Another pioneer in the study of moral injury, Rita Nakashima Brock, describes the condition

> as the impact on a person's sense of meaning and values and their basic moral foundation when they are in situations where they have to violate core values. That can come from something they did, something they failed to do or something they witnessed (Qtd. in Cuevas).

A wider and more detailed knowledge of what led to this condition could possibly contribute to its amelioration. It is worth a try if for the very least supplying a student with the intellectual tools that enable empathy and beg important moral questions such as "What would I do in that situation?"

In previous centuries, warfare, for practice or for real, had once been a youth's rite of passage. As Samuel Johnson quipped: "Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having been at sea" (Qtd. in Mallinson). Even in an age where the military is all-volunteer and not meeting its enlistment quota (Woody), an honorable record of service in the armed forces continues to be one of the yardsticks for measuring the worthiness of presidential candidates. Twenty-six of the 45 men who have served as the nation's chief executive came to the highest office as veterans (Peterson). Eight of those alone served in the World War II era. Thus far there has been no Vietnam War veteran elected to the presidency, and should there ever be one it would not necessarily mean one who experienced direct combat and "walked point" in a kill-or-be-killed situation. There have been ten presidents who previous to ascending to the White House had most likely or quite definitely killed people for 'legitimate' reasons on sometimes

intimate levels such as dueling or execution by hanging (Hallum). How it felt for them, we may assume, became a life-long memory, having acted at the time as 'ordinary men.' The details of their experiences are not common knowledge; the very notion that former American presidents could have done such things may strike uninformed citizens as disturbing.

Conclusion

As posited earlier, it is not my contention that some conspiracy of silence is influencing the way the Japanese or American public thinks about war or even killing. They can turn to television, popular literature, movies, or manga - and pay no mind to how textbooks deal with war beyond what might be required to memorize for a regimen of examinations leading to entirely unrelated horizons. Textbooks are the least informative sources on an emotional level, yet even Loewen insists they are "important purveyors of … history to the public" despite his well-known study of twelve textbooks he claims omit and distort (276).

I have yet to meet a college student who experienced an epiphany in high school thanks to a textbook of any kind. What is certain is that the subject of history in high school, depending on how it is presented, can be far less about what it purports to be than any other school subject – and is generally despised for being dry or, to the more perceptive student, manipulative. The ultimate goal, if not directly aimed at exam success, appears to be instilling a sense of national pride and purpose while offering glimmers of hope for brighter tomorrows; this makes history a subject like no other for the college freshman, where he or she is called on to 'unlearn' much if not all before attempting the university-level approach (Loewen 1). Is there any other academic subject like this?

Like any commercial product, the history textbook is geared to the needs and the expectations of the consumer. Conceivably, textbooks could be rejected by

school boards for being “masochistic” and possessing little or no value as a tool for fostering patriotism. But even popular wars necessitate an efficient collectivism for destroying human life and habitat. If textbook publishers or government censors are unwilling to rise to the occasion and showcase soldier testimony on combat and its impact on mental health, the busy but dedicated history teacher should be allowed to flex his or her imagination in finding suitable supplemental materials.

Some will think this proposal is naïve and unrealistic, that its indelicate nature is not suitable for reading material aimed at the young. In a history textbook soldiers’ artless stories about witnessing the deaths of others for which they were personally responsible are like framed photographs of a slaughterhouse interior hanging on a steakhouse wall. We of the civilized world naturally want to enjoy our food just as we desire to feel comfortable with the lore of our national heritage. There are over fifty armed conflicts worldwide at present, with Afghanistan’s heading the list. Achieving a balanced sense of war’s reality should be a central teaching goal, both for helping the public appreciate the tribulations of the individual soldier and for understanding the ways war shapes the peace after the battle flags are furled.

Appendix

What follows are Japanese and American veterans’ recollections of killing in various wars. They have been taken from books and online video. Testimonies of ex-soldiers who fought in the Second Sino-Japanese War are included under the heading “World War II.” Translations from the Japanese are by the author unless otherwise indicated.

First Sino-Japanese War

> As we entered the town of Port Arthur, we saw the head of a Japanese soldier displayed on a wooden stake. This filled us with rage and a desire to crush any Chinese soldier. Anyone we saw in the town, we killed. The streets were filled with corpses, so many they blocked our way. We killed people in their homes; by and large, there wasn’t a single house without from three to six dead. Blood was flowing and the smell was awful. We sent out search parties. We shot some, hacked at others. The Chinese troops just dropped their arms and fled. Firing and slashing, it was unbounded joy. At this time, our artillery troops were at the rear, giving three cheers for the emperor. Okabe Makio (Qtd. in Lone 155)

World War II

> He was already still with head down in the standard position. I grew more and more nervous thinking of how my failure would never be forgiven. After taking a deep breath I felt a feeling of calm come over me. I raised the sword straight over my right shoulder and brought it down in a snap, screaming as I did it. I felt something go click, but the head flew

off, and the trunk of his body spewed blood on its way down into the hole. The stench of blood wafted through the place. I washed the blade, shook off the water and wiped it with paper, noticing the blade had been nicked. No doubt it had gotten caught on his jawbone. There was a greasy glare on the sword that couldn't be wiped off. I went back to my position with some kind of feeling that I had finally done my "job." I had chosen to be a "field captain" over being "human." Tominaga Shouzou (Qtd. in Noda 163)

I'm five meters from my target. "Thrust forward!" calls out the drill sergeant. That's how the momentum built up, with calling out, and your bayonet zeroes in on the target to this rhythm for carrying out killing. "Thrust forward!" he calls out. My eyes are irritated, my mouth dry. I am dried out altogether. There was just this following the rhythm – and then I felt a 'crunch' – and the rhythm was broken. "Good," says the sergeant. Lost in concentration, I pulled the bayonet out. Then the sergeant critiqued: "You hit a rib. Next time you want to stab straight into the heart." This 'target' was available for a number of us newbies to stab. I was the fourth in line, yet he was drenched in blood and still alive. This was my first memory of killing a man. Oyama Ichirou (Qtd. in Hiraoka 100)

The first one charged and stabbed the farmer. But the blade has this much width, which didn't go in with the first stab, and the bayonet slipped in his hand. Only this much went in. The Chinese opened his eyes and spit.

The senior soldier said, "Try again!" The soldier tried again. However, killing a person is not easy.

Then the senior soldier said, “Watch me closely. I’ll show you.” The senior soldier charged and turned the blade by ninety degrees so the blade was thin enough to go through the ribs. He taught us this trick and we tried it with easy success. This was how we got trained to kill men.

We used to call the Chinese “Chankoro … Chankoro ...” and regarded them as an inferior race.

We thought Japanese were superior. We didn’t think we were doing anything bad. What we did we did for the Emperor, Japan and the Japanese people. Therefore, we thought what we were doing was good.
Kaneko Yasuji (Qtd. in Pick et al.)

‘You don’t know when you’re going to die. You have to kill before you are killed.’ That’s all you can think about. It was the summer of 1944 during the assault on Luoyang, China, when I cut an escaping Chinese soldier with a sword. An officer acquaintance wasn’t quite used to using his and didn’t make a clean cut; the soldier thrashed about in anguish, so I sent him on his way to nirvana with my pistol. The look on the Chinese soldier’s face, such pain, I never want to see again.

A good number died here. When your buddy dies, the desire for revenge wells up inside. On the outskirts of town one early evening an officer got us soldiers to test our mettle by bayonetting a couple of Chinese prisoners of war. I dug a hole to bury them, but apparently they didn’t die as next morning the looks of things suggested they’d run off to somewhere. I learned from that that humans do not die so easily. These are just a few of the examples of the harm that was done. The battlefield is nothing but an unhappy drama where life and death are faced head on. Even now I have nightmares. Can’t be helped. Some of us survived, and some of us have broken spirits. Anonymous (Asahi 45)

It’s about eight in the morning. We head east (toward Xuzhou) over he mountains after just three hours of sleep. As we move along we set fire to a village to keep it from becoming an enemy base. Even though it’s a farming village, the squadron leader orders us to stab and kill the women and children one by one. All at once, fifty, sixty, cute young girls, innocent children. They cry and scream with their clasped hands. This was a first, this cruel method. Oh, do I hate war!
Yamamoto Take (Yamamoto)

I had just killed a man at close range. That I had clearly seen the pain in his face when the bullets hit him came as a jolt. It suddenly made the war a very personal affair. The expression on that man’s face filled me with shame and then disgust, disgust for the war, all the misery it was causing.

My combat experience thus far made me realize that such sentiments for an enemy soldier were the maudlin meditations of a fool. Look at me, a member of the 5th Marine Regiment – one of the oldest, finest, and toughest regiments in the Marine Corps – feeling ashamed because I had shot a damned foe before he could throw a grenade at me! I felt like a fool and was thankful my buddies couldn’t read my thoughts.
Eugene Sledge (Sledge 117)

One day I see a front full of airplanes coming towards us. My God! “Planes! Planes!” I started screaming. And this one plane was no more than a hundred feet above my head if that. He was so low I can actually see the pilot. So I got on the fifteen and I started firing at him. And it doesn’t take too long. He goes right by. And I see my tracers going up; then I hit the plane. The pilot was ejected and soon as he ejected

he opened his parachute. And I started shooting at this pilot. And he's trying to maneuver it (the parachute) and then all of a sudden I see him swinging like this. He was dead as could be. While I was doing that I was thinking about this guy's poor mother. Doesn't that … that … that he's gone. I'm the guy who killed him. And I told the story to the VA, and I tell ya, I started … I started tearing up. And I says, "Doc, is there any way of erasing this from my mind?" He says, "You'll never … you'll never forget it. There's no way. There's no pills or anything I can give you." He said, "This is your mind (holding back tears). Indelibly in your mind." Harry ("Harry")

Vietnam

When you kill your first person, that's hard. The rest of 'em come easy. That's a sad commentary, but that's true. You get to the point that you know you gotta survive. Kill him or he'll kill you. And the numbers add up. And it becomes commonplace. In combat you … you really never worry really about dyin'. Not really. You only really worry about losin' a limb. A leg. Two legs. Your arm. Or you get injured or that type of thing. You never think about it until it's all over with. Col. Porcher 25th inf. ("Vietnam")

I still dream of Vietnam. I still wanna go there. But I don't wanna return the way they're goin' there now. I wanna go back over there to kill. I miss it. (Billy Heflin qtd. in "First Kill")

I look at the bodies at my feet and I realize that something had happened to me. Something had hardened my heart. Only moments earlier these

were live human beings. These were people who had families. They had loved ones. They had emotions. They were fighting for something as important to them as I was fighting for. I was treating them like bumps on a log. And then I remembered Jesus's Sermon on the Mount when he told us to pray for our enemies. So in the middle of all this stuff going on, the so-called fog of battle, I stopped and I said a prayer for the three Viet Cong and their families. Now that I look back on it I know that I was praying for myself as much as I was praying for them. Maj. Gen. Jim Mukokawa (Qtd. in Cuevas)

My mind at the time was don't let it bother you. Don't think about it. Just do it … In war neither side deserves to die, honestly … If it's kill or be killed, what choice would you make?   Daniel (WatchCut Video)

December 22, 1967. Is the day the civilized me became an animal . . . I was a fucking animal. When I look back at that stuff, I say, 'That was somebody else that did that. Wasn't me. That wasn't me.' Y'know. 'Who the fuck was that?' Y'know, at the time it didn't mean nothing. It didn't mean nothing . . . . War changes you, changes you. Strips you, strips you of all your beliefs, your religion, takes your dignity away, you become an animal. I know the animals don't . . . Y'know, it's unbelievable what humans can do to each other.   Anonymous (Qtd. in Shay 82-3)

Silhouettes. They're not real people. They're targets … I was trying to keep me alive … I wasn't fighting for God or country. All that goes to the wayside after you kill your first person.   Lonnie (WatchCut Video)

Post 9-11

I had nothing but hate and anger. I couldn't feel anything else for any of these Iraqi people, right down to the kids, kids playing soccer. I hated them. I hated them all … I wanted to get rid of these people who had taken the life of my friend. Jonathan (WatchCut Video)

The first time I had a human being in a peep sight I blinked. And I thought to myself every day of my life I've been taught that thou shalt not kill. And I'm about to end this guy's life, and I pulled the trigger. And I can tell you this: it gets easier and easier as you do it more and more. And the more you do it and the easier it gets, the worse you feel.
Col. John Reitzell (Qtd. in Cuevas)

On April 18, 2006, I had my first confirmed kill. This man was innocent. I don't know his name. I called him "the fat man." He was walking back to his house, and I shot him in front of his friend and his father. The first round didn't kill him, after I had hit him up here in his neck area. And afterwards he started screaming and looked right into my eyes. So I looked at my friend, who I was on post with, and I said, "Well, I can't let that happen." So I took another shot and took him out. He was then carried away by the rest of his family. It took seven people to carry his body away. We were all congratulated after we had our first kills, and that happened to have been mine. My company commander personally congratulated me, as he did everyone else in our company. This is the same individual who had stated that whoever gets their first kill by stabbing them to death will get a four-day pass when we return from Iraq.
Jon Michael Turner ("Jon")

That sense of power, of looking down the barrel of a rifle at somebody and saying, `Wow, I can drill this guy.' Doing it is something else too. You don't necessarily feel bad; you feel proud, especially if it's one on one, he has a chance. It's the throw of the hat. It's the thrill of the hunt. James Hebron (Qtd. in Bourke)

I miss every goddam second of it. War is awesome. It is so primal, and deep almost. It felt like ancestors were inside me. You're doing something that mankind's been doing ever since we've had mankind. The two things we've been doing ever since we came from whatever we evolved from is fuck and kill … You never want to (shoot women and kids) because they're not the ones starting the fight, but you don't pick up a weapon; they ought to know better. That country (Afghanistan) has been in a war since its inception … I think every veteran should talk. We (veterans) want you guys (civilians) to know what we've been through so you can understand what we've been through, but we don't want you guys to know what we've been through: to know how it feels to kill a person. Our entire sole purpose of joining up and doing what we did was to prevent you guys from having to know what that feels like. But, talk about it! We're not wounded ducks. Civilians love our fuckin' stories. Every time I've gotten fuckin' laid. A lot. Chicks dig that shit." Josh (WatchCut Video)

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