

Japan's internet literary response to 9/11 and the Afghan and Iraq wars¹

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Introduction

International internet literary response to 9/11 and the Afghan and Iraq wars was and still is intense, complex, and global. Attitudes, emotions, linguistic expressions, and poetic genres have been appropriated internationally, so that the material has many things in common.

Study of material appearing on the internet is methodologically problematic. Quantification and statistical accuracy is impossible since there is no way one can ever be sure to have seen a given percentage of what there is. On top of that, the material, especially in the case of weblogs, is ephemeral, and sources and authors are not always identifiable. Further, the motivations and agendas of internet writers are not always what they seem.

My approach has simply been to read as much as I can of Japanese poetry in particular, and some American, German, French, English and Australian poetry, about 9/11 and the Afghan and Iraq wars and gain a general impression of the most prevalent themes. In this paper I

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briefly introduce some of the main theoretical issues which have appeared in internet protest poetry from all of these countries, focussing particularly on Japanese poetry. The second part of the paper introduces those thematic elements in Japanese poetry that contain specifically Japanese concerns and references. I have made no attempt at absolute quantification. Any reference to quantity has to be interpreted with care: for example, “many” simply means ‘more than just a few’ of the several hundreds of poems I have read. This paper, then, limits itself to listing discursively, the most common themes I have encountered. The appendix contains translations or paraphrases of some illustrative examples of poems from the internet.

For this study I have defined poet as anyone who has written a poem on the internet whether a professional poet or an amateur who has never written a poem before. I have defined poem as any piece of writing identified as a poem by the author. The literary quality of the poem is not relevant to the topic at hand.

International internet poetry protesting 9/11 and the subsequent Afghan and Iraq wars seems to focus on five main themes. The first four deal with the theoretical problematics of the new media, which I deal with under the following headings: ‘the “new Habermasian sphere”’; ‘the problem of the virtual versus the real’; and ‘the ethics of consumption of and creative response to images of tragedy’. The last two themes focus on war, peace and human relations, under the headings, in this paper, of ‘powerlessness and the power of speech’ and ‘reconciliation to the irreconcilable’.

The “new Habermasian sphere”

The internet, with its capacity for interactive participation in the creation, dissemination and critique of world events (*We Media, 2003*) creates, according to a number of critics, a new Habermasian public sphere which by passes the mainstream media “that tends to marginalise critique of the neoliberal order” (Morgan, 542). Sam Hamill’s international internet call of “Poets Against War” (Hamill 2003) at the beginning of 2003, was received in Japan with great enthusiasm by the internationally known poet Kijima Hajime. Together with the poet Aki Sagawa (Sagawa, 2003), he immediately organized the Japanese chapter and engaged hundreds of Japanese poets on-line to put together a petition consisting of thousands of poems to present to Prime Minister Koizumi. The first volume of *Poems Against the War*, the resulting collection of Japanese poems, appeared in 2004. English translations of some of

these poems appear in the appendix at the end of this paper. The speed with which hundreds of Japanese poets were mobilised for this political project is a reflection of the nature of this new medium. Another example of the use of the internet for intense and speedy national debate and publication was the production of Sakamoto Ryuichi's book *Hisen* (No War) on December 20, 2001.

Jeff Lewis and Kirsty Best provide an optimistic analysis of the rise of the "electronic polis":

It is certainly true that the Internet, in particular, provided important resources for those who sought to challenge state and military orthodoxies during the Iraq invasion. Indeed, as the 9/11 language wars continue, as they inevitably will, the facilities and semiotic resources generated through the Internet and public (community) media will undoubtedly play a critical informational role for those seeking to generate alternative meanings. Of course, there is nothing inevitably or intrinsically virtuous about the Internet, or indeed any representational facility; however, in a global context in which broadcast and writing media continue to dominate our informational disputes, the Internet provides an important resource for generating what we might call an expressive democracy. This expressivity, in our view, is the critical element for the construction of a politics of dispute that is not bound to modes of representationalism and the socio-cultural momentum that permits, even delights in, the horrors of war. (Lewis and Best 2002)

Ito Joichi (Ito, 2003), amongst many others, writes about 'emergent democracy' and the 'revitalization of the public sphere'. Gary Thompson (2003) also notes of weblogs, one of the 'genres' of internet texts, "if we read selectively, concentrating on weblogs that adopt a serious, responsible tone, we can find aspects of the utopian public sphere invoked by Habermas."

Lewis and Best's theory of the convergence of the public and private spheres could explain the homey, conversational, even familiar tone of a lot of the internet protest poetry, including the Japanese poetry.

...[I]n a broadcast democracy politics and politicians become media products in a self-referencing mediation system. As Powell, Rumsfeld, Bush and Blair enter the domesticated media space of the home, they are entering the imaginary of personal and community politics. In effect, this space represents a convergence of public and private politics, the "sphere" in which individuals gather and generate ideas, opinions

and sensibilities. Everything is measured, captured and rounded out in terms of the conversational and interpersonal conditions of the home. The politics that are conducted through the media are integrated into the home community, so that debates around war become re-signified into the sense and life experiences of individuals within a context of the life-as-lived micro-politics of micro-publics. (Lewis and Best, 2002)

A sense of personal ownership of world-wide information presented in graphic, emotionally moving images, accessible to the finger-tips in the privacy of one's own home informs some internet poetry. The feeling of empowerment at the capacity to participate in an international debate as if debating with the neighbour, is also celebrated by internet poets and other protestors.

The problem of the virtual versus the real.

However, a negative, cynical view of the world of high-tech communications, one which appears as a theme of Japanese amateur protest poetry rather than of the professional groups such as I have mentioned earlier, is proposed by Dorothea Olkowski. Far from bringing people together, she sees these developments, with their 'intensive-interactive images' as cancelling the 'interval between our perception of the world and our response to it (Olkowski, 31)', in other words, denying humans the possibility of 'an affective temporal life' (Olkowski, 31).

Her view is that rather than the emergence of a new Habermasian sphere, all spheres of real discussion are being replaced by the virtual, an empty and illusory domain. Cyber-space is replacing terrestrial space to the disempowerment of human beings who, after all, are terrestrial beings, whose effective action is only in terrestrial space. The results are serious:

In short, without a milieu, that is, without both the natural and social or political extension created by the ongoing affective temporality of lives and environments, neither lives nor environments have a reality. ... Thus has arisen the increasing likelihood of 'momentary law, legislation of the instantaneous, special courts, governments by decrees, by ordinances, state of emergency' all of which indicate the existence of intensity that destroys *la longue duree* of laws and the civil state in the face of the threat of terrorism, a threat being met with all the resources of interactive, instantaneous technologies available. Such decentralisation, such anarchic intensity

does not grant communities greater self-determination, instead it limits and isolates them perceptually, politically, socially and ecologically by taking over, literally if need be, the ongoing affective reactions of members of a community with one another and with the political, social and natural environment. In place of such relations we are left with 'chrono-politics', not the civil political life of a social and natural milieu but the imposition of information systems which empty out regional life and activity. (Olkowski, 34)

Der Derian (Der Derian, 2003) sees these developments as disenfranchising the ordinary person:

In our public culture, it is increasingly the media networks rather than the family, the community, or the government that provide the first, and, by its very speed and pervasiveness, most powerful response to a crisis.

Olkowski warns, further, of the resulting isolation of the individual from each other and from real time places and events:

The creation of an endless periphery city is a product of the electronic environment and the intensive populating of time. It results in 'interactive confinement, a sort of inertia of human populations' which produces independent local subgroups, 'internal extraterritorial entities' whose purpose is to justify, if not demand the abolition of geopolitical formation and ultimately of the civic right and the political citizenship of populations.

Confined to their peripheral interactive communities many citizens do not even notice that they utterly fail to participate in the rituals and responsibilities of civil society. (Olkowski, 28)

Evans Chan describes the hegemony of high-tech communications in Baudrillardian terms:

Global citizens of the society of spectacles are being converted into viewing consumers of the spectacle called society, which is becoming hazy and virtual. (Chan 2003)

The individual, sitting by his or her computer, is deluded into believing that s/he is part of a world community that will have some real effect on real events. The option of staying at

home engaging in a ‘virtual protest’ rather than marching in the streets in ‘real’ time together with ‘real’ people, is then a false option. To ‘participate’ in this way is to participate in a hazy, virtual society while the ‘real world’ is dominated, in all its chaos and violence, by the owners of these technologies.

Some Japanese poets and other protestors may have seen their internet protest as a substitute for marching in the streets, and the comparative small number of street demonstrators may be one result of such an attitude. However, there is plenty of evidence that many protestors, including these poets, use the internet not only as a protest forum but also as a medium for organising and reporting street demonstrations, anti-war poetry readings and theatre productions (see ‘References’ for a few of the hundreds of Japanese Anti-War sites mentioning activities of poets and artists who also write on the internet). It is interesting that a number of the Japanese poets who use the internet in this way are quite elderly. They are the old-style Japanese passivists, committed to Article 9 of the Japanese Constitution, who have the experience of demonstrating in the streets perhaps decades earlier in the massive protest marches of the 1960s

Gary Thompson identifies a further isolating feature of the internet, particularly of weblogs. Webloggers tend to visit and participate in sites dedicated to their own ideology, rather than entering a broader community of debate:

When we read more broadly among weblogs, we are likely to find not a public sphere but a lot of bubbles isolating writers by ideology.”(Thompson, 2003)

Ethics of consumption of and creative response to images of tragedy

A lot of international internet protest poetry takes up the issue of the relationship between the human being and the image, or the “virtual” further, raising ethical problems along Guy Debord’s line of thought in *The Society of the Spectacle*:

The world the spectacle holds up to view is at once *here* and *elsewhere*; it is the world of the commodity ruling over all lived experience. The commodity world is thus shown *as it really is*, for its logic is one with men’s estrangement from one another and from the sum total of what they produce. (De Borg, 2003)

Thus, the very act of consuming and responding to the spectacle, mediated by television and the internet, and in the comfort of one's own home, is an act of complicity in the commodification of the catastrophe. Internet protest poetry occasionally gives voice to these doubts about the sense of community and solace, and even enjoyment that the spectator finds in the common experience of viewing the spectacle through the very 'media which underpins and perpetuates the power of terrorism and its military reaction' (Morgan, 542).

For Frank Lentricchia and Jody McAuliffe, however, referring to Aristotle, all art is affective in this way, regardless of the medium.

This is our fascination: the transformation of the WTC into a narrative of spectacular images. Terrorism for the camera. The small section of smoking rubble, that pathetic piece of the Pentagon, a squat ugly building, holds no appeal.

...

...Aristotle, who...argued in the fourth chapter of *The Poetics* that "objects which in themselves we view with pain, we delight to contemplate when reproduced with minute fidelity: such as forms of the most ignoble animals and" - now an example to the point of September 11- "of dead bodies." Our delight lies just there ("We delight to contemplate") in the contemplative act facilitated by representation, an act presumably made highly unlikely, if not impossible, when we face the real thing in its awful presence. (Lentricchia, 352)

It was the representation of the event, that is, the images on the screen which mediated the event by distancing it safely that made the event a work of 'performance art', as Stockhausen (jahsonic.com 2002), and others notoriously claimed:

In spite of their *intentions*, which not even Stockhausen called aesthetic, the suicide terrorist who struck New York may be said to have made - with the cooperation of American television- performance art with political designs upon its American audience. The site, the WTC, was unconventional and politically loaded: the symbolic centre of American capitalism. Advanced technology was mastered and put into play. The cast was huge; bodies were subjected to serious pain. All of this in real time, with no element of pretense or make-believe in it. Thanks to the cameras, which bin Laden could confidently assume would be there, images of a spectacular sort were generated, framed, and replayed endlessly. Thanks to the presence of the cameras, which guaranteed a vast audience, this act of performance means something, achieves

the paradoxical fusion of “life” and “art” and its filmic representation in minute and faithful reproduction. (Lentricchia, 357)

Baudrillard recognised the further affective aspect of this new form of representation: to discover what seemed to be mediated fiction as mediated fact.

In this case, therefore, the real is added to the images as a bonus of terror, an extra shiver. Not only is it terrifying, but it is also real. Rather than the violence of the real being there first, and the shiver of the image being added, the image comes first and the shiver of the real is added to it. It is something like one more fiction, a fiction going beyond fiction. J. J. Ballard (after Borges) spoke in this way about reinventing reality as the ultimate and most deadly fiction. (Baudrillard, 413)

My impression of Japanese internet poems is that Japanese poets, together with poets and thinkers around the world, have found these aspects of their experience of 9/11 and the wars the most disturbing and disorienting.

Requiring further ethical consideration is the act of responding creatively to the ‘spectacle’ of 9/11, not to mention the spectacles of the techno-wars of Afghanistan and Iraq as we saw them on the screen. This problem of the ethics of representation of terror or horror, whether on the television by media corporations, or by individual poets on the internet, (or in photography) is perhaps complex, as Susan Sontag (Sontag, 22), among others, intimated. Is representation an act of complicity too? Is it self-indulgent, ‘contemplative pleasure’? Is the enjoyable, satisfying act of creating a poem a legitimate enjoyment given the content? Does writing a poem about the horrors of terror and war amount to mediating an already mediated image further to make the reality more comfortably consumable? These are the questions that internet protest poets all over the world ask.

Powerlessness and the power of speech

Frustrating passivity, a sense of powerlessness and the resultant apathy, and a sense of isolation are the subject of internet protest poems of many nations. Jamie Morgan identifies this generalized sense of powerless as an inevitable accompaniment to the neoliberal basis of globalization. Neoliberalism, according to him, is ‘parasitic upon the illusion of our own powerlessness and its own global irresistibility’:

The human being is compartmentalised, split between the leisure economy and work. Civil society, community and critique have no active place in neoliberal social science. They are conformist nostalgias. How dangerous then this passive, bovine somnambulism is the dominant discourse within which democratic participation is contained. (Morgan, 542)

In contrast, other internet poets express a belief in the importance of the word and speech, no matter what. Andrew Benjamin's analysis of the role of speech in the human condition supports the faith in the efficacy of self-expression that characterises some of the internet protest poetry.

Speech needs to be understood as marking that which ties social being to the primordially of self/other relations. Speech is the condition in which the endlessness of negotiation becomes possible. Maintaining speech, holding to its site, is to allow for that openness in which a *reconciliation to irreconcilability* (my italics) can continue. (Benjamin, 11).

In fact, Benjamin sees speech, in the form of 'continual negotiation, as the only legitimate means of countering terrorism

...the value of Arendt's formulation is in positioning violence and silence in opposition to speech. This will allow speech, though reworked in terms of endless negotiation- to be that which provides the basis both to judge and to counter claims about terror or about terror's possible justification.

(Benjamin, 5)

“Reconciliation to irreconcilability”

In 'Judging Terrorism' Andrew Benjamin identified five features of the terrorist's thinking, providing a useful parameter for analysing the content of any creative response to terrorism.

The terrorist attack is always against an identity and in the name of another identity. (Benjamin, 4) This accounts also for the fact that the creative response (in whatever literary genre) features a strong assertion of identity, whether national, ideological or personal.

Internet poets almost invariably identify themselves as “Japanese”, or “Australian”, often in order to show how that differentiates them from the terrorists, or from the war-mongers.

The politics of terrorism is bound up in the politics of essentialism (Benajimm 4). Many poems on the internet protest against the essentialist response emanating from the White House. It is interesting, however, that many poems also make what Benjamin would see as the mistake of responding in essentialist terms. For example, some poets respond in jingoistic language about the contrasting ‘national characteristics’ of their own countries, or, in religious terms, that uncannily echo the language of the terrorist. Indeed, such poems could be labelled collaborationist rather than resistant.

Benjamin asserts that the terrorist attack is not a denial of individuality (Benjamin, 4). Rather it is an attack on ‘the group interpellated with the sameness of an identity’. ‘This establishes an important link between this conception of sameness on the one hand and violence and terror on the other’ (Benjamin, 4). Internet poetry often takes this point and applies it to the response to terror: just as a terrorist attack on a site identifies all individuals on that site as belonging to a particular group (whether that is true or not), in the same way, a response which indiscriminately punishes a group, identifying everyone in it in a certain manner (ie Taliban supporters, or even ‘collateral damage’) is collaborative and perpetuates the problem.

The terrorist attack is ‘a refusal of alterity’ (Benjamin, 7). The terrorist refuses to allow the other the right to exist and hold another view. Again, much internet poetry is about this very issue: the refusal of alterity on both sides is a doomed and doomsday exchange.

The last, but perhaps most important problem is the terrorist’s ‘denial of sameness’ (Benjamin, 7). The terrorist refuses to recognise those features of the humanity of other which are in common with his own.

Baudrillard in his *Esprit du terrorism*, along with many others, including Olkowski, sees these same features as characteristic of the hegemony of the unipolar world system in which we now live:

When the situation is thus monopolized by the world superpower, when one is confronted by this formidable condensation of all the functions of the technocratic machinery allied to the reign of the pensée unique, which other choice is left but the terrorist transference of the situation? It is the system itself that has created the objective conditions for this brutal retaliation (rétorsion). By keeping for itself all the

cards, it has forced the Other to change the rules of the game. And these new rules are more ferocious, because what is at stake is ferocious. To a system to whom the very excess of power poses an insoluble defiance, the terrorists answer through a definitive act whose exchange reaches the same impossibility. Terrorism is the act that makes restitution for an irreducible singularity at the heart of a generalized system of exchange. All the singularities (species, individuals, cultures) that have paid with their own death for the installation of a world circulation regulated by a single superpower avenge themselves today through this terrorist transference of the situation. (Baudrillard, 405)

The Japanese position in this debate is indeed paradoxical. On the one hand, the essentialism on both sides: the idea of a battle of good against evil, civilized against uncivilized, Allah or God against the Devil, makes little sense where monotheism is basically an alien concept, as some Japanese theologians such as Kohara Katushiro (Kohara, 2003), have proudly pointed out. This puzzlement comes out in many protest poems, and there is considerable identification with Baudrillard's view.

However, along with a number of Japanese internet poets, Murakami Haruki, for example, in an interview with Howard French, finds a particular form of essentialism even in Japan, in the form of the fundamentalism exemplified in Aum Shinrikyo:

In Japan most people think that terrorism is the United States' own problem. The U.S. is the strongest country in the world and Islamic people don't like America, therefore there is a terrorism problem...But that isn't right. The same thing can happen at any moment, in Tokyo, Berlin or Paris, because this is war between closed and open circuits, different states of minds. This is not about nations or countries, and not about religion, but about states of mind.

There is no simple or clear solution for it [the new chaos]. One of the most important things is sympathy and respect. In the war between our network and their network these can go a long way."

"The open circuit is this society, and the closed circuit is the world of religious fanatics: Islamic fundamentalists or groups like Aum Shinrikyo. I think they are all the same in a way. Their worlds are perfect, because they are closed off. (Howard French, 2001)

The denial of alterity on both sides, on the other hand, is the most examined theme in Japanese internet protest poetry, likely because it resonates intensely with Japan's geopolitical position over the last one hundred and fifty years. Throughout the modern era, Japan experienced the status of alterity or otherness to US hegemony of 'self'. This otherness is being reinforced at this point in time by the refusal on the part of the US to allow the Japanese the same autonomy in decision-making regarding participation in the Iraq war that the US insisted on for itself. The only recourse, it seems to many internet poets, is to point to the US imposed but thoroughly internalised Peace Clause in the Japanese Constitution. This reference seems to outnumber every other reference in Japanese internet protest poetry, although, obviously, a quantitative analysis is impossible.

A related response has been an expression of shame and frustration at Japan's weakness in the face of US ideological hegemony. Hundreds of poems talk about the paradox of a war ostensibly to promote democracy that requires the denial of democracy to those who are supposed to be 'the bastions of democracy' in the east.

Perhaps the second most common response to this global denial of alterity is in the form of a recognition of the separate identity of the victims of the bombings, the 'collateral damage'. According to Benjamin's categories, by being lumped in with those who 'deserve' to be bombed, these victims are indiscriminately being identified as belonging to the terrorist group. Like terrorist bombers, the anti-terrorist bombers define the individuality of the 'collateral damage' by their racial and cultural commonality with the terrorists, rather than by their individual viewpoints or actions.

On the one hand many protest poets respond in the form of a recognition of sameness of this 'collateral damage' group by making a point of reducing the distance between, for example, the Iraqi or Afghan 'other' and themselves. Many poems imaginatively identify with the lived experience of the Afghan or Iraqi woman or child suffering injury and death.

Another form of recognition of sameness has been the rise in interest in the cultures of Iraq and Afghanistan and the focus on aspects which might be considered similar. For example, poems referring to the ancient poetic tradition, or the ancient courtly cultures of these countries use Japanese vocabulary which is usually used to refer to Japan's own classical or courtly culture.

One of the interesting aspects of Japanese protest poetry is the multitudinous references to events in Japan's own history as well as references, as Laura Hein (Hein and Yui, 2003) points out, to ongoing debates on war, citizenship, and the rights of foreigners, minority groups and war victims. Hiroshima, in these poems, symbolizes Japan's identity with the victims of high-tech bombing from a great height. Okinawa, a complex symbol represents Japan as the victim of the terrorism of bi-polar and now unipolar hegemony in terms of the US bases there. As well, it represents the victims of state terrorism, the Okinawans themselves, who were ruthlessly used by the Japanese towards the end of the Pacific War, and who continue to be pawns in the hands of the Japanese government in its foreign policy. Other minorities, such as the sex-slaves also appear in these poems as symbols of the weakest victimised by state policy.

In other words, the Japanese responded both as victims of 'otherhood' and, as remorseful oppressors of the other. Prominent figures such as the Nobel Laureate Oe Kenzaburo (for example: 'An Exchange on Current Affairs', 2002) the musician Sakamoto Ryuichi (see his 'Sustainability for Peace' site) and innumerable others entered public national and international debate on the internet on these issues.

Another interesting response in Japanese internet poetry is the poet's identification with the victim of internal, that is, state terrorism perpetrated on its own people by the Japanese government's single-minded commitment, since the end of World War 2 to the construction of "corporate Japan". Mention of Japan's high suicide rate and the phenomenon of death by overwork (*karoshi*) appear in these poems in the context of the suffering of the international victims of the globalised capitalist corporate society, and, in particular, of the wars fought in its name. At the same time, identification with the capitalist oppressors as callous, self-indulgent consumerist, materialist middle-class participants (T. Amos, 2004) in their globalising agenda, also appears frequently in Japanese internet protest poetry.

The final theme I would like to list is the internet poet's concern, along with those who express themselves in the mainstream media, that anti-terrorist legislation in Japan (as elsewhere) is steadily by increments limiting the rights and freedoms of all people in Japan. In other words, everyone is being made the rejected 'other': everyone's sameness, everyone's common humanity with the power brokers, is being denied in the name of promotion of democracy.

World events have given hard-line right wingers an excuse to wind back hard-won recognition of basic human rights in mainstream society. A particularly dramatic example in

Japan is the comment on 10 September, 2003, of Tokyo's governor, Ishihara Shintaro, when a bomb was found at the home of the deputy Foreign Minister, Tanaka Hitoshi:

"A bomb was planted there. I think it was deserved," Ishihara said in a speech in Nagoya. Tanaka "is at North Korea's beck and call," the Tokyo governor said. (*Japan Today*)

Tessa Morris-Suzuki responded with a warning:

As nations around the world strengthen their guard against terrorism, there is a real danger that double standards will allow certain home-grown terrorist groups to flourish even as overseas terrorists are hunted down.

Mr. Ishihara's supporters in Japan sometimes describe his brand of populist politics as "healthy nationalism." Unless the Japanese system is capable of responding seriously to the challenges posed by Ishihara's comments, there is a danger that he may instead come to represent the public acceptance of a sinister new concept in the political vocabulary of Asia: "healthy terrorism." (Morris-Suzuki, 24 September 2003)

At the commemoration of Japan's atomic victims on August 6, 2002, Hiroshima's mayor Akiba Tadatoshi said:

Since the terrorist attack against the American people on September 11 last year, the danger has become more striking. The path of reconciliation – serving chains of hatred, violence and retaliation – so long advocated by the survivors has been abandoned. Today, the prevailing philosophy seems to be 'I'll show you' and 'I'm stronger than you are'. In Afghanistan and Middle East, in India and Pakistan, and wherever violent conflict erupts, the victims of this philosophy are overwhelmingly women, children, the elderly, and those least able to defend themselves. (Akiba, 2002)

Conclusion

Deleuze's view of art as a powerful form of political resistance "precisely because such activities trace new pathways in the brain, rather than allowing the most basic conditioned reflexes to prevail" (Marks, 2) gives encouragement to all those poets on the internet who despair of the usefulness in their protest. The questions remain of whether the internet will develop into a relatively open new public sphere, or whether the 'attention economy'

(Michael Goldhaber, 1997) will be captured by corporations and webmasters with agendas to rule the medium. In the meantime, the internet protest poetry provides a detailed, informative insight into the minds of those who engage in the debate about terrorism around the world.

APPENDIX

TANKA

NO WAR!

By Morita Machiko

Japanese originals: <http://www.d1.dion.ne.jp/~atelierm/tanka.html>

(translated by Maria Flutsch)

The world's anti-war demonstrations intensify,
but the war goes on regardless.
The words "NO WAR" are empty in the wind.

Warning sirens echo eerily from the screen.
Their ordinary life is the people's resistance.

A hurricane of hostility engulfs the world in fear.
Why is there no counter-wind to stop it?

People seeking help are swallowed up.
Where is the world going?

Wounded soldiers and sobbing children:
both reports fan the anti-war movement.

The reports say people are killed on both sides.
How heavy is the printed word.

Hatena Diary

Japanese originals:

<http://d.hatena.ne.jp/keyword/%c3%bb%b2%ce%c6%fc%b5%ad%a5%a4%a5%e9%a5%af%c0%ef%c1%e8>

(Translated by Maria Flutsch)

Freedom of America, for America, by America:

pray and die, [cake の日記 2003-05-02](#)

It is words that are the weapons,
some seem the think.
Such do not love reality

Ignorant of the world,
ignorant of battle,
ignorant of morality
Earnestly we hang on your words

Drifting Antigone Frontline 2003-03-18

The street lights of Baghdad,
street lights of home,
what cruel difference

胡桃の中の航海日誌 (はてな版) 2003-03-20-Thu

Piercing the dead body of a companion
The harsh neon tetra lights of evening

水彩日記 2003-03-20

Fighter aircraft flying off from the aircraft carrier
one after another:
Do those missiles kill people?

胡桃の中の航海日誌 (はてな版) 2003-04-02-

The more banners the less meaningful:
the word “peace”

Logica 2003-03-31

The attacker and the attacked both
unfree

in the name of freedom

Logica 2003-03-29

Kaoru Kobashi,

self translated

Japanese original: <http://tankaagainstwar.blogspot.com/>

The cause of war was
Shalala lulululu
Does or did anybody
Ever know whereabouts of
Weapons of Mass Destruction?

Is it a sigh of
Deep sorrow the blue sky heaved?
Above the battle field
There is a white crescent moon
Blurred in the afternoon sky

As the season comes
When bombs fall glittering like
Snowflakes from the sky
Be sure to let children hide
And hole up with some bear cubs

Waving the "Right" handkerchief
Yellow
A warning signal

Meanwhile
The children are threatened with cancer
While feeble cabinet ministers
Insist: non-toxic

Never a "level playing field":

Yellow-sand storm---
one thing not reaching there

The anti-war songs Fusako Hotta

The sky where
The battle continues—

I bathe in the fallen petals Michiko Oda

Spring in the old capital
The country that was stolen

And the country that stole Takamitsu Yanaka

FREE VERSE FROM THE 'POETS AGAINST WAR' SITE

Japanese originals and translations: <http://www2u.biglobe.ne.jp/~sagawa/hansen.htm>

Why

Ishikawa Itsuko

Why have you come to attack us?
Our land, ravaged again and again by the armies of "civilised nations"
Is torn to shreds.

Against the invasion by foreign troops
How often are our men
Compelled to put aside their hoes and take up arms?

You civilised countries, for the sake of hegemony
Come here and fight each other.
You say you will come and bomb us again.
The rich escape,
But we have no way of fleeing from these steep mountains
What should we do?

We don't think terror is good,

But even more evil are the "civilised nations" who invade such a destitute land.
We have never left this region.
We have tilled the soil here our whole lives.
We just want to survive from day to day
We want our children to live in safety
That is our whole desire

You say it is for "justice" and "freedom",
But what the Stars and Stripes will surely leave behind
are nothing but land mines, corpses, hatred and starvation everywhere

Why does even Japan follow blindly
And send warplanes?
Why do you come to invade us?

It is Me Dropping Bombs

Mita Hiroshi

The sunlight is coming into the dining room in the morning
I spread the newspaper
Immediately the siren starts ringing aloud.

I turn on TV
The sound of explosion blasts out and the smokes rise up.

I start washing my hands in the bath room
On the water I am bending over
I see a child's face covered with blood.

It cannot be real
Here I am so far from the desert.

I try to sleep with my futon pulling over my head
I cannot sleep
I open my eyes slowly
Suddenly iron blocks are falling down from the ceiling.

Oh, I cannot escape it by any means
When I hold up my hands against the darkness like in X-rays
Palms covered with blood come up to be seen clearly.

It's me
I am dropping the bombs.

Translated by Mizusaki Noriko

Momijioroshi

Kureo Jun

A red pepper is hanging down in front of my face.
This red pepper asks me to come closer, looking
innocent.
Like a boy with red hair by Renard.
I turn down the invitation.
I wake up in a scene in which I yell at him
"I'm going to cook you, Momijioroshi! "
It is May with no "R"
When I tasted Momijioroshi, granted radish and
red pepper.
For the first time.
That is when I touched her knee timidly
While drinking wine with oysters
In the blue-painted restaurant which had few
People.
After I got off the boat in an artificial lake
Surrounded by new green of spring.
Needless to say, the supple and slender hand
grabbed my wrist.
However, she told me that this was Momijioroshi
At the point of time when fallen leaves were
reflected
On her oval face and Sygnus appeared in the east.
Keshimiso, Kinomeae, tartar sauce and demiglace--
She has been my teacher since then.

Now a small flower of culture is in bloom in my
life.

Once I bragged by saying that for me,
Eating was a kind of pumping the gas in me;
But I cannot go on like a horse any more.

Man does not live on bread alone.

But even in the cause of justice
war should be no more.

I just want to drink in the afternoon, not caring
about the

Spirits of the dead still being spiteful.

Translated by Bunichi Kawamura

Collaboration of poem and haiku

No Flowers for My Black-Eyed Doll

Yoshimura Ikuyo

Dear black-eyed doll , my favourite friend.

Please answer these questions instead of me .

Where is my mom ?

Where is my dad ?

Where are my older brothers ?

Where are my younger sisters ?

Where is my grandma ?

Where is my grandpa ?

Where are my friends ?

Where is the kind lady next door ?

Why do many strangers ask me,
When I lost mom ,
How my dad was killed ,
Where my brothers and sisters were missing,
What I saw and how I spent the nights of bombing?

Why do many strangers ask me ,
The reason why I am here in this place ?

Dear black- eyed doll , my favourite friend ,
Though I have no bouquet of flowers for you right now,
Please answer these questions instead of me .

even a doll
in the rubble ,
bathing in ochre sand

Like a Title

Tokuhiro Yasuyo

On my first day back
war breaks out in another country
Home from China, I read a story
I read three years ago
straight through to the end
not recalling a thing
A novel like catching a cold
once it's over it's over forgotten
for good Seems like only the title
stayed with me It'll all be forgotten
the trivial the meaningful in the
same way With each thing learned

with each thing felt something else
is lost forever Someday
all there is is changed
into one big blank and then
what floats up in the mind?
a few things, maybe
like a title perhaps

Three summers back in a village in China

I was shown three thousand bones: half
a century ago Japanese soldiers taking
the village forced all the villagers
under a precipice then shot them then
set them on fire burying the bodies
by toppling the precipice down onto them
Uncovered later, only skeletons remained
So suddenly did it come upon them
they appear unchanged from that moment
Bones half a century old a few are screaming
a few are sleeping against the ground
And in the midst of
the bones, two skeletons lie holding each other
two lie there embracing each other, one behind
the other A single bullet pierced them both
then time erased both bullet holes, both bodies
locked in embrace, only their skeletons

remain surrounded by love

I think of them, now and then

and feel envious

Murdered like that

I would want to be like them
Someday, when all of mankind
has vanished off the planet
when I myself am a skeleton

I want to embrace
another skeleton like that
What people laugh and scoff at

dismiss till some later date
is remembered here, as a title
might outlive its contents
like two sets of bones in
a loving embrace

A city is crumbling

*translated by Wright, David W.

(from *A Zigzag Joy. The Bilingual Anthology of Contemporary Japanese Poetry*. (1998)
edited by Kijima, Hajime (pp. 306-309))

God of War

-His other name is Satan

Yaguchi Yorifumi

God of war, sometimes visible and invisible,
Showed up after his work of Terrorism,
Stood on the platform with his baton,
And started conducting.
Then the U.S. high tech vultures rushed to Afghan
And started unsparing bombardment.

His seeds bore splendid fruit again!
Joy danced on his face.
This God, who has been worshipped

In the mosques
Under the mask of Allah
And in the church

Under the mask of Christ,
Has been ceaselessly whispering to them
"Make wars."

Now so showily waved he his baton

Both camps responded in ecstatic unison,
"Kill them! Kill them!"

As he conducted more, their hatred
Increased more. His kingdom had been
The battle-field, but now it is the whole globe.

Even when he stopped conducting and disappeared,
He never failed to sow his seeds again.
It is this God who entices us,

"Go to war! Kill them! and
I will install you
In my Yasukuni shrine as gods,
As I did before." And our prime minister.
Half-rising, is almost ready
To follow him, like a patient infected with high fever.

War

Takashina Kiichi

On the blackboard
I write the word, "love,"
just as my teacher showed me.

On the blackboard
I write the word "dream,"
just as my teacher showed me.

On the blackboard
I write the word, "friends,"
just as my teacher showed me.

We need no eraser.
A bomb falls,
and erases all these

in a flash.

Who made a mine?

Narui Toru

A girl who lost her fingers by a land mine

A boy who lost his leg by stepping on a mine

An old man whose arm was blown off by a mine

An old woman whose body was exploded into pieces by a mine

Who made a mine?

Who laid a mine?

Who killed children and old people by a mine ?

For what purpose did you lay a mine?

Answer me

Please answer, "it is me".

Men are working to dig out mines from underground

Thousands or ten thousands of them are needed

To dig out so many mines.

It takes thousands of years

To dig out all the mines laid all over the world.

Why is mankind so foolish?

For what purpose do you kill people?

What joy can you get by driving them to misery?

Who made a mine?

Who laid a mine?

Answer me, please, and for what purpose?

Can you see a boy who is walking on crutches?

* translated by Noriko Mizusaki

Dar chan

Ishikawa Itsuko

Wearing a fine dress with a collar of white lace,
a red headband,
coming between her elder sister and brother,
a little prim-looking,
Dar-chan was five years old.
(Where did she go?)

Her head swollen,
her body emaciated,
eyes hollow,
she lay motionless in the bed.
Dar-chan was six years old.
(Where did she go?)

The number of depleted uranium shells used in the Gulf War was 950,000.
They hit the tanks at high speed, exploding spontaneously into flames,
on Hiroshima and Nagasaki was scattered around.
Their half-life period is roughly 4,500,000,000 years.

There was a prime minister
who said the Gulf War was for "restoring peace."
He offered \$ 11,000,000,000,
which was securely put in the safe of America.
Since they said "Japan has not offered blood" in the Gulf War,
the present prime minister dispatched an Aegis destroyer.
(What is the Aegis destroyer doing in the Indian Ocean now?)

Dar-chan didn't get to live to be 7.

What wrong did she ever do?

She was playing outside.

(Where is Dar-chan?)

On March 20, 2003

America and Britain started to attack Iraq "for the sake of peace."

While Dar-chan's mother's tears haven't dried yet.

how many new tears should be shed?

(Where is Dar-chan?)

*Itsuko Ishikawa, b. 1933. "Chidorigafuchie Ikimashitaka?" (Have You Visited Chidorigafuchi?)

"Yureru Mukuge" (Swaying Rose of Sharon Blossoms)

Things That Were Lost -Ehimemaru-

Shiba Noriko

Children like pearls

Who grew up by the sea of Uwa

Protected in a slash of the mother shell,

They developed and grew with layers of thin membrane year by year.

And now,

As they were ready to shine

Carrying on the traditions of the ocean nation,

They spilled off Hawaii.

Children like pearls

Who grew up by the sea of Uwa

Connecting their families and their friends,

They were a strand that would scatter With one missing.

But the loop was cut by nuclear scissors.

Having no time to call the names of their families,

They sank in an instant.

It must be cold.

It must be lonely.

The sea, the sky, and the earth-the military is doing whatever they want.

It is mortifying to be the victim

Of a demonstration ride for the military budget.

A hard, round lump

Was born in our throat.

The milky whites are about to sleep in the darkness of the sea.

Children like pearls

Who grew up by the sea of Uwa.

*Ehimemaru: A Japanese training ship for high school students of Uwajima which is famous for pearl shell farming.

In 2001, a U.S. Navy Submarine crashed into it and sank it near Hawai.

Translated by Moroi, Yuichi (in U.S.)

Miserable soldiers

Hama Ryu.

Soldiers, do you know Iraqi is a ground of God.

It's a ground of the Bible and Abram was born in the land of Ur.

But you got the ground of God dirty

by the blood of the Iraqi's people and you.

US sinned more against God, rebelling against the Most High in the desert.

They tested God in their heart by demanding the oil.

They spoke against God, saying

"Can God spread a table in the wilderness?"

US peoples have Cat and dog blood donations.

They have national animal blood banks.

Oh, how happy animals in US!

But US didn't send the medicines to the poor people of Iraqi,

who doesn't get sufficient medical cares.

People treat their pets as a number of the family.

But they don't turn their eyes toward Iraqi's children.

People get suffering from miserable attacks with unfair bombardments and the uncountable missiles.

How much money US spent for the war, baseball and their pets!

Now US uses again the depleted uranium bombs.

It gives a long-term damage to the people and soldiers.

It spreads the dust of the death toward Iraqi's people and soldiers.

But US government says,

"We confirm its bomb isn't effective to the human health. "

Oh, miserable poor US Soldiers.

US people believes the pet goes to heaven,

but they are indifferent to the death of poor Iraqi's children or mothers.

When their cats need the operations for a kidney transplant, they pay \$25,000 immediately.

US Soldiers, your salary is only 120 dollars per month.

Oh, miserable poor US Soldiers.

US, you know Iraqi is a ground of God.

It's a ground of the Bible.

Abram was born in the land of Ur.

U.S got the ground of God dirty by your own blood.

are we not the target, too?

Kijima Hajime

where are they aiming at ?

your weapons

your nuclear weapons

the earth is getting so small

a louse in my palm
can be crushed or kept alive
no need to tell anybody why

what can they do?
your weapons
your nuclear weapons
threatening us into extinction

bound down from afar
how to escape from this weird net
nobody knows miserably

whom do they bang at?
your weapons
your nuclear weapons
consider all humans are kindred

The Massacre

Kawasaki Hiroshi

First came my parents
then I was born
but only because my grandparents came before
and before them, my great-grandparents
Going back ten generations
my ancestors, including parents, come to a
total of one thousand and twenty-four
If even one was missing
I wouldn't be here now
War kills
that "even one"
not only that one but also
countless lives as yet unborn it

Massacres

In Okinawa: beside Abutiragama Cave

Mizusaki Noriko

On the eighth of March, 2003

In the evening, beside Abutiragama Cave.

I was waiting for my tour members to return in our van.

They long stayed there and had not returned yet after my long waiting.

The pictures I had seen in the museum of Himeyuri flickered before me.

The girls of seventeen or eighteen years old

Ordinary girls, all were killed by bomb's blasts or by bomb's straight hits.

And one big picture I saw in the museum of the Peace Memorial Park

Of self suicides of women by handy bombs

Their hands and legs were gone somewhere and strands of blood were on their blasted bodies

I was in the evening that started getting darker

It would turn into a big darkness we could never come out of

On the first of April, 1945, the landing of the U.S. Forces on Okinawa Main Island

Fierce fightings in the rain with life and death

The earth turned into chocolate rivers with blood and rain

Many of Japanese soldiers were Korean people enlisted by force.

Hard battles for attacking and defending between U.S. and Japan

An Okinawan nurse killed by shot

A villager shot to death, mistaken for a disguised Japanese soldier.

After long and exhausted escaping villagers jumped from the cliff into the sea to kill themselves,

Group suicides, children killed their parents and parents killed their children.

When villagers asked for help to Japanese soldiers

They ousted villagers from caves for their own safety and

For hungry snatched foods from them by force.

Japanese Army did not try to defend villagers, now people of Okinawa say so.

Today is the twentieth of March, 2003

The television is now reporting the start of attacking Iraq by U.S.

How many times does mankind repeat holocaust?

The Cave of Darkness will be filled with corpses again
They will have no necks, arms, heads and legs.

*Gama: the underground cave called so in Okinawa, mostly of limestone. Usually they were used for storing foods by villagers near-by and during the World War II, used for escaping places for villagers, temporary hospitals for wounded soldiers, or hiding places for Japanese soldiers. Some of them killed themselves in it by some means like handy-bombs.

Mothers

Ogawa Kiyoko

A baby still fumbled with nipples of Mother
who had shielded and perished under the atomic bomb.
This was our country half a century ago.

A young man had been sent into battle a year before.
Mother prostrated herself over his gravestone, sobbing.
Autumn in Bosnia.

A business soldier died at dawn four years ago.
Mother visited his tomb one Indian summer day,
murmuring." I'm glad I've been there today."
This is my mother in the country of Karoshi."

*Workers' sudden death caused by overfatigue stemming from
unusually excessive work and intense stress before death.

*Born in 1952. Poems: Lonely Island, Broken Taboo.

A Dead Child at Hiroshima

Taki Yuriko

The sound of a bat flapping it's wings

Mama

is the sound of my knocking

A hole gapes in the sky

Mama

is the scar of clouds scorched at the scattering of my flesh.

The voice of Emperor Hirohito praying,

is my alarm clock screaming at me never to sleep.

Look, Mama

my little sisters are playing over my head.

From inside my eye

a single blade of grass

is about to grow.

Long have my eyes been bone dry

Mama

No longer do I cry.

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