

抵抗的抒情詩的現狀：抵抗對象的喪失與回復

文 中村不二夫（日本） 譯 陳卓姿

1

在進入正題之前，我本想先談一談抗爭對象，但我也清楚詩人到底在反抗甚麼。可以得知的是，詩人在戰爭時期遭受了無法反抗極權主義的創傷，因此決心不再參與戰爭，並終止愛國詩的創作。但是，這種想法早已變得空洞，詩人對於抗爭一事只剩下迴避的態度，不再敢於挑戰。鮎川信夫對於《原子塵詩集》發表了這樣的看法：「對於那些已經將政治抗爭公式化的詩人，（中略）這種現象是與大戰前夕曾將許多詩人捲入困境之中的心理擬制極度相似的東西。」（《《原子塵詩集》論戰的背景》，1955年），並在詩人對社會現象缺乏關心一事上敲過警鐘。但是這個問題僅被遺留到波斯灣戰爭、九一一恐怖襲擊，或是三一一大地震主題的詩作中討論。若根據鮎川的詩論，那些詩並不是為了抗爭而寫，而僅可看作是對現象的追認或贊同。換而言之，如果我們向詩人尋求的不是「他們寫了甚麼」，而是「他們如何書寫」，並將其視為一切的答案，便不能發揮以史為鑑的效果，對未來作出警醒。

戰前的精英官僚以天皇軍隊的名義企圖向海外擴張，他們精心策劃了實現大東亞共榮圈的戰略。由於篇幅所限，我將省略這方面的內容，但無可否認，數以億計的日本國民被殘酷無情的英美等國的言語所煽動而參加了戰爭，這是個沉重的事實。連學生們也在1943年10月21日加入「學徒出陣」計劃，出發前往戰場。全體日本人都被愛國心所驅使，全面配合國家的陰謀行動。我們應該意識到被

皇國的言論一致地唆使的局面有多可怕。從某種意義上來說，鮎川的問題意識在於人們對自己在最終局面應該具備的態度感到灰心，也就是說，他們面臨著理智崩壞和言語變得無力的現實。

● 與此相對，現任內閣因為官僚力量正在弱化而擺出反民主的態度，但是這個姿態極端反智且粗暴。不斷用喇叭向人們詳細解釋的街頭宣傳也只是虛有其表，無法傳達言語的真相。另一方面，我甚至在想如果語言的力量弱成這個樣子，是不是連引導國民發動戰爭都做不到了。

更甚者，安倍政府當初揚言擺脫日本戰後體制的呼聲也不知道去哪了，日本政府不知不覺間勾結上特朗普政權，不斷購買美國的武器裝備，日復一日對美國越加依賴。只有金融經濟能保障當前的政權了。日本股價在野田政權末期一度跌至8,000日元的低位，但現在已經回升至約23,000日元。大企業拜日元貶值所賜累積了留存利潤，同時日本的土地價格卻下跌了，很多土地被中國企業等所收購。我內侄女的丈夫是美國人，來往日本與美國工作。他對我說過，他很高興東京的租金只有紐約一半左右。但是，股票價格上漲只對富人帶來了好處，貧富差距擴大、黑心企業橫行、老年人死於窮困等等已經成為日常。打著新自由主義的名號，政治在一個對他人缺乏關懷的社會中越來越專門化。詩人一味專注寫詩，對這些深刻的社會問題卻不予關心，日以繼日大量生產毫無特色的現代主義詩歌，以及日常抒情詩。詩人若將不寫愛國詩的意義理解成只需旁觀社會事件便好，則是大錯特錯。然而，現在的詩人說不定連反抗的象徵都不放在眼裏。

我雖已年逾七十，但仍未退休，繼續上班賺取工資。在工作中，我有機會結識不同行業的人士。他們大部分是在企業工作的上班族，但也有一小部分專業人士，例如國會議員、律師、會計師、醫生以及中小企業的經營者等。他們可以說是站在貨幣經濟的頂點，從安倍經濟學受益的一批人。這些人當中沒有一個知曉我的詩人身份，我跟他們至今只有商業上的來往，從未有任何私人方面的交談，今後我也不打算向他們聊及我自身。但是，當我寫到這裏，試著重新觀察他們的心理時，我發現他們的言談中完全沒有「應該保障詩人去抗爭的國家或人士」這種抽象的概念。他們以實用主義劃分一切事物，公司、個體對他們來說沒有分別，都以賺取經濟利益作為唯一的使命。雖然不食人間煙火的詩人也不好，但不得不說，連這個境界也不放在眼中的人更加糟糕。他們要成為業界的專家，本來不就應該以哲學和文學支撐他們的思想嗎？他們的思想中正正缺少這兩者的蹤跡，這簡直可以說是一場嚴重的危機。

不久之前，直到昭和時代結束，文學仍然能參與我們的對話，談話中甚至產生了令我們意想不到的，真真正正的哲學思考。其中一人是註冊會計師，他掏出自己全部積蓄，在市中心的黃金地段開了一家書店。他還曾夢想開一家文具店，可惜這個夢想夭折了。我與這名會計師私下關係也變得很好，他知道我新出版的詩集賣不出去，但仍願意在他的書店上架拙作。他還當過幾家知名銀行的監察人，所以他並非「離地」，而是踏實地基於自己的事業成就，將經營書店及開設文具店寫進個人計劃。然而，現在周圍已經見不到會有這種念頭的經濟人了。人們只對存錢投資、利益滾雪球的金錢遊戲有興趣。平成時代奪去了人類的浪漫，將不能返還為貨幣價值的思想和文學要素統統捨棄掉。詩人明知道搞文學賺不了錢，但還是堅持下去了，稱之為「和尚的極致」也不為過。也因此，詩人雖然能夠堂堂正正地反抗社會上的不合理現象，但是下筆時一直找不到抵抗的對象。

多數人都會將現代詩跟晦澀難懂劃上等號，因此當詩人在現實社會中談詩，對方也只會覺得他在說奇怪的異國語言。由此，詩人在日常中必然會被孤立，最後只能在詩人之間溝通。詩的用字也逐漸脫離現實，像是在記錄「詩學研究的實驗成果」一

般的詩集被量產，甚至成為候選得獎詩集。這其中根本沒有「抗爭」一類詞立足的餘地。

這不就是因為詩人無法確認抗爭的語言，其確切的表達形式嗎？即使如此，若他們仍然選擇去寫詩，比起想做出甚麼實際成果，倒不如說是為了一直以來所堅持的事物的自尊心而已。簡單而言，戰後石原吉郎被關押在蘇聯集中營的經歷、鮎川信夫對戰爭的體會、谷川雁對革命的渴求、辻井喬提出的在經濟高速發展下，經商與寫詩的二律背反，諸如此類經驗，都可見抗爭的藍圖。谷川的情況，更可視為對「不可能」的一次挑戰，革命的夢想已經化為詩人的內在精神。可惜的是，現在已經找不到像這樣具時代意義的抗爭物了。

3

詩人所抵抗之物已經消失很久了。最極端的情況是官僚答辯的「白飯論法」（按：日本政客一種轉移話題焦點，企圖瞞天過海的話術）成為一種常態。部分官員為了顯擺大正時代的教養文化而濫用漢語古文文句的表現也很令人頭痛，但像鵺（按：日本傳說中一種四不像的妖怪，因藏於烏雲後方，難以得知其真實面目）一樣令人不得要領的答辯更加離譜。是不是像話劇一樣，一轉場，最好的頭腦就退化成了最差的頭腦？現代的政治可笑得像童話世界一樣，老奸巨滑的狐狸跟路上演爾虞我詐的戲碼。

現在就是這樣的時代，有權力的人企圖向事物隱藏自身才能，以此作為高度的戰略。最近幾年，不少彷彿在召喚昔日亡靈的法案被多數派強行通過，但這與戰前的極權主義實際上似是而非。在諧星表演般滑稽可笑的答辯背後，即使暗藏重新武裝的企圖，以及無論何時都在防備戰爭的恐懼，但是官僚的話語並不具足夠的威懾力，能夠引導國民參與戰爭。最多也只是像麻生太郎一樣在納粹政權修訂威瑪憲法的手段上打壞主意，如同模仿藝人的程度而已。儘管如此，官僚們為甚麼還要重複「白飯論法」這種幼稚的言語行為呢？以前日本流行一種說法：即使政治是二流的，但我們有一流的官員，因此國家十分安寧。但仔細想想，戰前的日本以東條英機那幫高官為中心，他們太想出頭地，甚至為此犧牲國民的性命，毀掉了國家，這種不負責任的本質從來沒有改變。「官員一流」的說法顯然只是錯覺，他們不過是剛好碰上時勢才發了跡。若以

佐川宣壽這位靠「白飯論法」一舉成名的長官來打比方，自然能夠得出同樣的結論。我們可以允許國家僅以一流大學畢業為條件，冒著誘發戰爭的風險將管理國家的任務交給這些官員嗎？話雖如此，將這個重任交給從普通大學畢業的人更加危險。原因是滿足於普通大學學歷的人多數不會拚命學習以求突破入學考試的難關。考慮到這一點，我覺得有必要每年佈置一些考核，持續檢測這群人是否具有適合擔任官職的能力，而不是說通過了大學畢業的精英考試就能一勞永逸。今時今日的相撲比賽中，大關階級的相撲力士被攻下城池也是常見不過的事，力量不夠的選手當然會被降級。因此，只有擁有覺悟，會永不休止地學習的人，才是管理國家的合適人選。

所以，詩人到底在反抗甚麼？若沒有抗爭的對象，就這樣空洞地抵抗著，詩自然會淪為文字遊戲。以藤富保男為例，這位詩人身處體制外的特殊位置，他寫出了以下的文字：「欺騙、愚弄以及避重就輕，對寫詩的人來說是最重要的職責。不能光明正大地表現虛偽以及欺瞞他人的人，就跟患有鼻炎的狗一樣可悲。」（《一發》，1995年，矢立出版）

在藤富保男的時代，權力這一反抗對象仍然對詩人可見。因此，詩人可以用言語諷刺強權。但是藤富的論點現在已被偷天換日，成為官員們的「白飯論法」詭辯。他們甚至能理直氣壯地引用藤富的言論。正是現任內閣任命了這幫易被權力擺弄的官員，尤其安倍首相要負上很大的責任。經濟變動跟著內閣跑，媒體「忖度」（按：義同揣測，於2011年成為日本年度流行語，諷刺日本政界的不良風氣）權力的意志，在野黨放棄奪取政權，日本人曾擁有的智慧根基如今盡數崩塌。只有詩人不曾受到波及，也只有詩人的語言文字能夠阻止智慧退化。這是因為詩人不受任何權力管束，也不必向體制奉承、尋求政治分肥。只有詩人擁有與權力對峙的力量，但他們竟然沒有打算使用這件最有力的武器。儘管日本法律保障言論自由，詩人們還是沒有嘗試去對抗權力。即使敵人像鵝一樣捉摸不定，詩人也不應掉以輕心，而是立即開始為抗爭做準備才是。

僅靠上文內容，仍然不足以回應四元康祐先生編撰「抵抗抒情」香港專輯的初衷。在四元先生介紹下，我饒有興致地閱讀了山內功一郎的《米高帕默：尋找另一種視象》（*Michael Palmer: Searching for an Alternative Vision*, 2015年，思潮社）。這本書確實在設想抗爭詩的同時建構了結實的理論，自

夠抵受鮎川嚴苛的質問，並且解答「反戰詩是否愛國詩的反面」這一疑惑。這本書無疑能打破日本抗爭詩僵化、死板的格局。要立刻創作抗爭詩當然還很困難，但是如果著手創作，我們只能跟隨帕默這位詩人所暗示的語言的方向前進。帕默基於自身的越戰經歷出版了抗爭詩集《圓門》（*The Circular Gates*）。山內功一郎對這本書有以下的說法：「比起高喊反戰，更應揭露『欺瞞的困境與虛偽的言語』的真實情況——那總歸是他作為詩人所採用的方法。」（頁57）「不要通過『語言的運用』去掩蓋事實，反而要嘗試將其揭發。換言之，這是反將一軍的一招，正好利用不穩且危險的語言來暴露當權者巧妙地隱藏起來的事實。」（頁60）

我本該以此為起點開始論證，但我無論如何都不能縱容圍繞在我身邊的語言上的貧乏，急欲追尋真相，為此用盡了篇幅。詩人不可甘於不作抵抗，也不能容許自己一旦缺乏抗爭的媒介便對現狀袖手旁觀。我們必須通過帕默的抗爭詩論說，學習如何



24.03.2021



Cooking Up [Democracy Dishes in my Very Own Kitchen]

by ko ko thett

What shall I cook for you people?
You can't afford to be a glutton
if you can't afford a grain of rice.
I will curry your revolution with coriander.
Simmer the mass movement until it gets
very, very soft—irreproachably tender.
I won't allow it to thicken, or it will be tasteless.
Turn social media into a tomb & lemon salad.
I wouldn't garnish it with my three little fingers.
I will stir democracy dal with the longest
digit I possess. Let me pour out all my fish-sauce
feelings. Blood stains on the kitchen floor are of
no consequence. It's unavoidable.
I am the Executive Chef. Am I not a better cook
than your mom? I can ride a spatula for
a horse, yodelling like a hyena under
a squeaky buffalo cart. The situation is plain
and simple, an elephant crumpling a paddy
in broad daylight—not just all the five abbots,
and the sangha mandapa, were overthrown;
even the reclining Buddha was knocked
down flat in the process. It's unavoidable.
You happened to be harvesting frogs in a
holey basket. The idiot lizard's ashen jacket will
collect nothing but ash. Don't take the burglar
creeping up on you from behind for your husband.
Please help yourself to Brussels sprouts and
Liberty Fries. Now let me serve up more bromides,
as soiled as my oily rags. I will investigate fraudulent
shopping lists, while you work up your appetite.
I have cooked with pots and pans, banged
out of shape, in your hunger-game protests.
After the state of emergency is over, there will be
a new election in the kitchen. I will then transfer
power to my shoe-in, Aloo Party for Our People.

To Charles Bernstein

by Zeyar Lynn

Lives will surely be lost, es-
pecially the valued and valu-
able ones' history returns as
his story's hysteria wisteria's
woe-begone wonders of mili-
-tary mighteous myths the shit
will go on as the gold of the gul-
lible the value of the valueless
the jus-tissed of the injusticed
The I of the many I I I s will not
be vanquished into many me
me me s WE may be killed and
the killing will not stop even if
the killers kiss their killed no
retribution no getting nowhere
to nought in a matrix of murder-
ous mushrooming mounts I de-
clare I in the form of the many
do die in deathless death as they
live in the death of life to reveal the
future hidden in the futile lives of tr-
uth you frame the world as through
a world of righteousness as you live
in the world of wright and we go like
a flapped mirror floating on the moors
of might.

With the Teeth of a Mad Flower

by Nay Thit, translated by Thiri Zune

—To Robert Pinsky's *Sarmurai Song*

When I don't have a home,
I live in the pompous tradition
of the streets
A man who carries every aroma from every scorched earth
he's ever breathed everywhere he goes
His family clouds,
the marching steps of
infinite raindrops,
together with a certain kind of influenza,
ceaselessly shivering him to the bone.

When I don't have a city,
I watch one wound speaking to another wound
through blood
Every wound is the citizens
of that city that does not exist.
Every wound makes the city crowded.
The noisy market fair which gives out nothing
except smokes and possibilities
The repeated echoes of the facade of
the city's gateway.

When I don't have a country,
I use every guilty conscience as currency.
In the molar hole of memory,
on the more of the broken and rotten teeth,
the easy-to-draw pictures of flowers
some children have last drawn
are fading away.
"The mouth is the place where a society must be rebuilt";
a mad flower suddenly shouts out.

When I don't have me,
I collect every other thing I think that would make me me.

Map of Myanmar

by Min Nyein Aye, translated by ko ko thett

All that remain are
a pebble in my fist,
a water bottle in my backpack &
a heap of bones.

"What's next?",
they asked.
"No next",
I answered.

No need to climb
the mountains of the past.
No need to row towards
the rivers & rivulets of the past.

The sacred text says
there is a whetstone here;
There is natural gas there.

"What's next?",
they asked.
"No next",
I answered.

For a clue
I will leave this poem
so you can work out
the depth & the breadth
of the country.

Voice & Verse Special Feature: “Myanmar”

Myanmar

by Zeyar Lynn

—Inspired by Bob Perelman's “China”.

We live as easy prey for the empire. Numberless zero (that's us). They tell the generals what to do.

The guy who told the gang to stage a coup was very gong hsi but no fa tsai.

It's the year of the ox. We are boxed oxen billed for the kill.

If the brain you miss, aim at the heart.

The bullet blows your life off.

The bastard son rises also.

I'd rather the world not issue statements; Let us be killed in peace.

Die in front of your life.

A stepfather who points at the gun at least once every whim is a good stepfather.

The landscape is bloody-fucked.

The train sinks you in the drain.

Slippages in the slaughter.

Folks marching along vast stretches of emptiness, heading towards martyrdom.

Don't forget what your body looks like when you are nowhere around your body.

Cots in the nursery caged up like coots, gunned up and gunned down where the generation would normally be.

Even the flags flying at the UN make Myanmar a fucking farce.

If it's time to die we get bullets. They taste sweet to us. They Taste Sweet to us.

The guns are glowing. They point at us.

Pick up your body.

“Hey guess what?” “What?” “I've learned how to be shot and killed.” “Damn! Why do some have all the luck?”

The person whose head exploded laughed at the bullet.

As the country fell, what could the world do? Scavenge for loot?

Slipped dreams.

The sniper looks great in uniform. And the flag looks fucked too.

Nobody enjoyed their own deaths.

Time to rise up.

But better get used to mayhem too.

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A Letter from a Jail Cell

by K Za Win, translated by ko ko thett

Dear Father,
the River, whose stomach
was cut open,
has declared war
on our tiny house on the bank, hasn't she?
Right in front of the house
you must be looking out for someone
who will help you with
embankment poles
to straighten the river,
to fill her holes with
sandbags.
In the murky water,
which rises like a bamboo lance,
you must be gazing at
the sesame plantation—
laden with fruits
ready for harvest.
You must be thinking
a fistful of rice in your mouth
is about to be fingered out.
Maybe you will find solace
in religion, contemplating
our five foes.
Maybe you will
think of the void
a son's labour can fill.
One son, two daughters and one son;
The eldest is a poet in prison,
the first daughter, a school teacher,
the second, a graduate in the kitchen,
the youngest, a student.
Your poet son,
is he even employable
as the dah you use to clear weed?
Forgive nothing, Father.
Nothing!
"Son, Pho Chan,
why do I hear noises behind you?",
you asked on the phone.
"I am at the bus stop
to post a manuscript to a journal," I lied.
From your liar son in the dock
to thugs who sweeten you
with the tips of their tongues,
"To our benefactor peasants ...",
because they want to have you from behind,
hate them all, Father.
Hate them all.

A thief is
unarmed.
A thug is
armed to the teeth.
If thieves are ungovernable,
if thugs are ungovernable,
what's the point of government?
Whatever happens to the jungles
whatever happens to the mountains
whatever happens to the rivers
they don't care.
They love the country
just the way they love to grate a coconut,
from inside out,
for coconut milk.
Plinth by plinth, to make their throne taller,
they will point their guns at the urna
on the Lord Buddha's forehead.
Their class is that crass.
To cuss at that class
if your religion forbids you
allow me to lose that religion.
I will turn the air blue
on your behalf.
Maybe you don't know yet.
your son was
set up
for demanding the so-called police
not to harm ordinary citizens.
Someday
your son, who is not a thief
nor a thug
will become employable,
good as your dah that clears weed.
For now, Father,
keep gazing at the plantation
you'd ploughed with your naked shoulders.
Keep singing
the anthem of
The Peasant Union.

Yours ever,
K Za Win
Cell 1, Section 10
Thayawaddy Prison

Note: Poet K Za Win, whose poems started to appear in Myanmar magazines in 2004, was killed in a protest in Monywa on 3 March 2021.

Pai Thitnwe

by Moe Kyaw Thu, translated by ko ko thett

He always carries a knapsack
full of hooks.
He will hook you up with the Renaissance poet Natshinnaung.
He will hook you up with the post-modern poet Bogyi.
For poetry his car is always at the ready.
He will come walking to you
with his feet in the air.

His hard drive brims with worms,
texts that can barely be read, and
flowers that bloomed and wilted yesterday.
There's no place for him in his own bed.
It's lined up with books
written by you and myself.

He is a light glacier,
a heavy warmth.
He will always refuel our fire engines.

In the dead of night
he can walk from Sanchaung to Thakayta.
There is no night-sitter's bed at the hospital
which doesn't recognise his name.
His honesty is super authentic
it's punchable.
He is an evening always
drowning in sweat.

When you happen to meet him,
you will notice a green drinking water bottle
at the side of his knapsack.
He has been piggybacking that bottle
just to quench your thirst.

Note: The poem, dated 16 April 2019, is about Pai Thitnwe, one of the poets who was arrested in Yangon on 27 March 2021. The poets were released on 30 June 2021.

Spring

by Nga Ba, translated by ko ko thett

Spring, seized,
turned into swallows.

Swallows, caged,
turned into clamours.

Clamours, silenced,
turned into sceneries.

Sceneries, covered up,
turned into eyes.

Eyes, forced shut,
turned into dreams.

Dreams, denied,
turned into maps.

Maps, destroyed,
turned into memories.

Memories, deleted,
turned into roads.

Roads, blockaded,
turned into ancillary legs.

Legs, smashed,
turned into wings.

Wings, clipped,
turned into breeze.

Breeze, detained,
turned into a storm.

Storm, imprisoned,
spawned a million offsprings.

Those offsprings are our
inbreath & outbreath—

swallows in & out of
our nostrils—

our spring