CHINA'S OTHER WORLD OF POETRY:

THREE UNDERGROUND POETS FROM SICHUAN

by

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ABSTRACT

The details of China's underground poetry movement during the 1980s have yet to be fully documented within or without China. This thesis is a first, partial attempt to do so by way of focusing upon three poets of Sichuan province who were both very active and influential in the poetry underground. A relatively close, semi-biographical examination of these three individuals and their poetry reveals some of the artistic and political difficulties of Chinese underground poets in general, and also brings to light the circumstances of underground poets outside of readily accessible (to Western scholars) urban centers, such as Beijing, Shanghai and Guangzhou.

The history of the three poets goes up to and beyond June Fourth 1989. Their responses to June Fourth and the results of the repression which followed, both with regard to their persons and their poetry, offer some insight into the future directions and function of underground poetry and poetry in general in China.
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Due to the "ground-breaking" nature of this thesis, many of my sources of information are not accessible to readers. Much of what I relate is based upon personal collections of relevant material and personal communication during the six years I lived in China as a student, teacher and journalist/editor between September 1982 and October 1991.

I would like to thank the three poets (Liao Yiwu, Li Yawei and Zhou Lunyou) for their friendship and willingness to supply me with an abundance of relevant material and information. I would also like to acknowledge a deep great of gratitude to Tang Xiaodu, who as one of China's foremost critics of post-1976 poetry and as a poet himself and editor of both underground and establishment poetry collections, acted as my mentor and source of materials and information without whom this thesis would not have been possible.

I have tried to act as more than a mere "mouthpiece" in writing this thesis. To that end, I have translated the bulk of the poetry which I refer to within the text and have also included photocopies of the original documents themselves in the appendices. Hopefully, readers will be able to avail themselves of these materials and come to their own, possibly different assessments of the work and poets written of within the text.

The three poets were not randomly chosen, but are
friends, a relationship which allowed me access to material and information, and without which this thesis would not have been possible. I also possess a great deal of materials and information relating to a large number of other poets, most of whom are of my acquaintance, but time and space require that I reserve this material for later work. I am, however, willing to share any of this material with interested readers.

I would like to thank Professor George McWhirter, himself a poet and translator, for his assistance in rendering my translations into a form that may be better appreciated by readers without Chinese language ability.

Finally, I would like to acknowledge the patience and guidance of Professor Michael Duke. This M.A. was begun in 1985 and this is the third version of it to which he has been subjected.

In conclusion, I must admit that this text would not have been forthcoming if not for my involvement in June Fourth-related activities in Beijing and Sichuan in 1989. Ultimately, some months after the arrest of Liao Yiwu, Li Yawei and others on March 25, 1990, I found myself expelled from China on October 31, 1991. Thankfully, my Chinese wife was allowed to follow me to Canada a month later, and international attention was finally centered upon the plight of my friends. It is my belief that this attention forced the Chinese authorities to drop all charges against all those arrested, except Liao Yiwu, in February 1992. (Liao is due to be released on March 25, 1994.) The arrest of my
friends and my expulsion from China are the circumstances which made this thesis possible. Otherwise, I little doubt that I would still be living in China today, writing poetry and not writing about it. I have remained in direct or indirect contact with most of my friends and I hope that I will be allowed to return to China after the release of Liao Yiwu. Needless to say, this thesis is primarily dedicated to the poets of whom I write, but also to the many other poets who have suffered persecution by the hand of the Chinese communist regime since 1949.
Chapter 1) AN OVERVIEW OF UNDERGROUND POETRY IN CHINA

When people think of underground literature under a communist dictatorship, they often think of the former USSR's "self-publishing" (samizdat) network, Alexander Solzhenitsyn and Czechoslovakia's Vaclav Havel, and assume that similar networks or individuals must also exist in China. Others may assume that no such literature exists due to the fact that no news of such has emerged from China in recent years. Apart from clandestine reading of pre-1949 translations of foreign works, banned Chinese literature and the occasional poem written by exceptional individuals, prior to the death of Mao and the fall of the Gang of Four in 1976, there was little home-grown underground literature to speak of in China. What little there was consisted of escapist fiction (romances, detective and spy stories) none of which addressed the political situation of the time.

The first appearance of domestic underground literature on any scale of note occurred during the so-called Beijing Spring of November 1978 - May 1979. Literary journals such as Beijing's Today (Jintian) appeared among numerous unauthorized political journals that were sold at Beijing's Democracy Wall and similar locations in other major Chinese cities.

Even though they were illegal, these journals were permitted to exist by the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) for as long as politically necessary during Deng Xiaoping's purge of Maoists from the party. In China, all books and magazines receive permission to be published from CCP-controlled publishing and censorship organs. Once such permission is granted, the management of a publishing house or journal receives a "book number" (shuhao) and a fixed selling price both of which must be printed within the book or journal. Of course, the journals which appeared on China's democracy walls were without these two prerequisites to legality.

The term "unofficial" is often used in literature on this subject when referring to these journals. Because they were in fact illegal at the time and were finally forced to go underground when all democracy wall journals were banned during the crackdown on the democracy movement in 1979, "underground" would seem to be a more accurate term for these journals and the writers who are published in them.

Today was centered around a small group of young poets who had been rusticated high school graduates primarily from Beijing, and who had banded together in the wake of


\(^3\) Youths sent to work in the countryside from major Chinese cities upon graduation from high school between the years 1969-1976 (known as "zhishi qingnian" in Chinese).
the April Fifth Movement in 1976.\textsuperscript{4} Bei Dao is the best known and most influential of the Today poets. His poem "The Answer" [Huida]\textsuperscript{5} and its refrain "I don't believe ..." marked an important turning point in the history of China's "new poetry" (xinshi).\textsuperscript{6}

Hitherto forbidden themes of alienation, humanism, a striking use of personal symbolism and imagery, and a pervasive spirit of scepticism distinguished the best of this poetry from the staid, realist verse which after 1949 had been dominated by the CCP-dictated national mood and political ideology.

In April 1980\textsuperscript{7} the Today poets and their many fellow

\textsuperscript{4} The date of China's Qing Ming festival when the graves of ancestors are traditionally swept. On this date in 1976, thousands of people converged on the Memorial to the Martyrs of the Revolution in Tian'anmen square to offer wreaths and poems in honour of Zhou Enlai, the former premier of China who had died earlier in the year. Soon, anti-Gang of Four and anti-Cultural Revolution poems and speeches were being read. After warning people to leave the square during the day, the authorities moved in to make mass arrests in the evening, and, according to participants and witnesses, several people were killed (estimates rise from a few score to over one thousand). The redefinition of this incident as "revolutionary" by Deng Xiaoping and the new CCP leadership in 1978 led to the rise of the democracy movement in that year. (The 1976 movement is known as the "Wusi yundong" in Chinese.)


\textsuperscript{6} A term which refers to poetry written in the vernacular language (spoken Mandarin Chinese). Prior to 1917 all poetry had been written in the classical written language which bore little relation to vernacular speech and thus was beyond the grasp of those (the majority) who had insufficient education.

\textsuperscript{7} The date of a national poetry conference convened in Nanning, Guangxi province, at which the overwhelming tone of debate about Today poetry was negative. This led to a rebuttle in defense of Today poetry by Xie Mian in the
travellers who had sprung up all over China, were termed "obscure" or "misty" (menglong) poets as a result of their use of personal symbolism and other literary devices not common to post-1949 poetry. Older poets and readers of establishment poetry who did not share the experiences and background of rusticated youths, and whose faith in communism was not yet shattered, found Misty poetry incomprehensible, if not subversive.

The term "Misty poetry" (menglong shi) was initially used as a term of abuse by establishment critics in essays attacking the poetry of the Today group. Only poetry which praised and bolstered the spirit of the nation (minzu) and the CCP, poetry which is of the people and by the people ("the people" here is used in a traditional communist sense as referring to those people who are deemed to be supportive or useful to the revolution or the party), and in the service of the CCP could hope to encapsulate truth, goodness and beauty in their poetry.\(^\text{a}\)

The source of this enmity can be traced back to Mao Zedong's "Talks at the Yan'an forum on literature and art" in May 1942. Since 1949, while interpretations of Mao's comments have varied with changes in the political climate, this document has been, and is still, held over the heads of all Chinese

\(\text{Guangming Daily [Guangming ribao] in May and sparked off a debate which continues to this day. A reluctant acceptance of sorts by the CCP establishment was granted in 1984 when the first of many Misty poetry anthologies was published.}\)

\(\text{See Ai Fei, "Huhuan shihun" [Call out the spirit of poetry], Shikan [Poetry monthly], (Beijing, March 1992), pp. 46-54, for a typical recent critical attack on all Misty and third generation poetry.}\)
artists, writers and poets in an effort to have them produce morally uplifting, educational art and literature in a realist mode (socialist and revolutionary realism).

The first sentence of Mao's "Talks" set the tone for what was to follow in the text itself and over the years since 1942:

"The purpose of our meeting today is precisely to fit art and literature properly into the whole revolutionary machine as one of its component parts, to make them a powerful weapon for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and annihilating the enemy and to help the people to fight the enemy with one heart and one mind....."*

Mao went on to state: "Our standpoint is that of the proletariat and the broad masses of the people."10 And "the people", who constituted over 90 per cent of the population according to Mao, were the workers, peasants and soldiers (a holy trinity referred to by the shorthand Chinese term "gong-nong-bing"), and the "... working masses of the urban petty bourgeoisie together with its intelligentsia, who are also allies in the revolution and are capable of lasting cooperation with us."11 Plainly, poets and other artists were required to fall into line with the party if they were to be welcomed into a CCP-controlled China.

During wars against the Japanese, the Nationalists, the Americans (in Korea and Vietnam), in addition to continuous

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10 Ibid.
11 Ibid., 31.
class warfare until 1976, the line which they had to toe was drawn both clearly and conservatively during most of those 34 years.

Therefore, the fact that Today was merely banned and none of its poets arrested and sent to labour camps, as would have been the case in previous years, indicated that some measure of tolerance now existed within the CCP literary establishment. Further evidence of this came in the form of several articles in defense of Misty poetry written by such noted establishment poetry critics as Xie Mian and Sun Shaozhen.

Bei Dao's "The Answer" was the first piece of Misty poetry to be published in an establishment journal -- the March 1979 issue of China's preeminent poetry journal, Beijing's Poetry Monthly [Shikan]. Several other pieces of his work and that of other Misty poets such as Shu Ting, Gu Cheng, Jiang He, Mang Ke and Yang Lian, began to appear in establishment literary journals throughout China in the months that followed.

In Fall 1983, as part of the campaign to "eliminate spiritual pollution" (qingchu jingshen wuran) launched in order to combat the spread of "bourgeois liberalism" from the West, an all-out attack was begun by establishment critics against humanism, alienation and the use of modernist techniques in Chinese literature in general and Misty poetry in particular. However, by this time it was already too late, the damage the CCP sought to prevent had already been done.
Between 1979 and 1983, a larger number of still younger poets (generally 5-10 years younger than Misty poets) in all parts of China had been reading and emulating Misty poetry and formerly forbidden Western poetry. By 1983 they had begun to find their own, very different voices and the emergence of what has become known as "third generation poets" (disan dai shiren) or "the second tide of poetry" (dierci shichao) began. Other terms occasionally used are "post-Misty poetry" (hou menglong shi), "the new born generation" (xinshengdai) and "the fifth generation."

The term "the second tide of poetry" can be readily understood coming as it did in the wake of the "tide" of Misty poetry. "The third generation," however, is somewhat more problematic in that there are three of four possible definitions of the term. For the purposes of this paper, the third generation is best understood as following after two generations of poets who experimented with modernist techniques in Chinese poetry: poets such as Li Jinfa and Dai Wangshu in the 1920s and 1930s, and Misty poets such as Bei Dao, Mang Ke and Wang Xiaoni in the 1970s.12

In part, the rise of third generation poets was a response to what they viewed as the unacceptable dualistic aspect of Chinese poetry -- either establishment poetry or Misty poetry. The third generation's dissatisfaction with

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12Zhu Lingbo, "Disan dai shi gaiguan" [A general perspective of third generation poetry], Guandong wenxue yuekan [Guandong literature monthly], (Liaoyuan, Jilin prov.: June 1987), pp. 43-44.
both types of poetry can be traced to pronounced
generation gap between these poets and earlier ones. While
Misty poetry tended to belong to the "literature of wounds"
(shanghen wenxue) that dwelled on the pains and evils of the
Cultural Revolution (CR) which was also the formative period
of these poets, third generation poets experienced a
relatively liberal (by Chinese standards), rapidly changing
social environment during the late 1970s and early 1980s,
and their poetry was a reflection of this background.

In his preface to a recent anthology of third generation
poetry, Tang Xiaodu, one of China's most knowledgeable
critics of post-1976 poetry, offers a useful comparison of
the different social-political circumstances and attitudes
which differentiate third generation poets from Misty poets:

- Misty poetry was a manifestation of antagonism directed
against the unified ideological front which had existed in
all areas of Chinese society prior to 1976. The third
generation, on the other hand, evolved out of a society on
the road to pluralism (in the realm of the arts in any case)
which had witnessed the collapse of Marxism.

- Misty poets had limited choices in terms of form and
content as a result of the CCP's tight control over culture
prior to the 1980s. The third generation, however, enjoyed
the possibility of several choices in the environment of

9 Tang Xiaodu editor, Dengxirong xingfu de wundai -- hou
menglong shi xuancai [The happy dance of the light filament
-- A selection of post-Misty poetry], (Beijing shifan daxue
chubanshe [Beijing teachers university publishing house],
relative cultural liberality which accompanied Deng Xiaoping's opening to the outside world in 1979.

- Misty poetry evinced the serious crisis of values in Chinese society in the wake of the CR which had done so much to destroy the value system that the CCP had been attempting (and is still trying) to inculcate. By the time of the rise of the third generation, values of any kind were at best loose or were far removed from the realities of everyday life.

- In the wake of the CR, many Chinese artists attempted to reintroduce human and spiritual elements into commonly held morality as a direct response to the ideological and physical excesses of the preceding years. By the mid-1980s however, morality was rapidly becoming just another commodity, an object like any other that could be bought or sold when the price was right.

As a result of these different backgrounds, the poetry of the two periods also exhibited very different mental attitudes:

- Misty poetry was suffused with humanism, thoughts on human nature and lyrical strength, while third generation poetry put greater emphasis on the primal state of the life of the individual.

- The earlier poets enjoyed the lofty feelings engendered by their pursuit of freedom. The later poets, on the other hand, had to endure the weightless feeling that accompanies freedom attained, even if, by Western standards, this
freedom was still of a strictly limited variety.

- Misty poets were brought together by a universally held, healthy spirit of scepticism as evinced in Bei Dao’s "The Answer." The sense of responsibility felt by Misty poets (lacking feelings of shared-guilt, however) was torn asunder by the self-centered, individual nature of third generation poetry which was questing after a deeper exploration of individual circumstances, perception and language. "Man" was no longer a concept writ large as it had been by much Misty poetry as poets strove to empower the Self with the dignity and respect lost to poetry during the preceding decades, but was now writ small by the third generation, in part as a reflection of a rejection of the romantic-heroic stance of much misty-poetry and in recognition of the insignificance and powerlessness of the individual in China’s modernizing state.

- Finally, Misty poetry was suffused with a tragic consciousness which accompanied the poet’s revolt against alienation. Third generation poetry, however, was characterized by the sort of empty feeling which results from the acceptance of alienation and from the poet perceiving himself as an outsider.

As free individuals perceiving themselves to be outside all establishment conventions, third generation poets were also free to create or destroy poetry. There were no limitations on what could be written or on how it could be written. Everything but politics, which has been left to
establishment poets, was fair game thematically. Any and all forms of diction were now the language of poetry. Standards were those which the poet set for himself based on his understanding of the modern masters (in translation or otherwise) and the often short-lived influence of other third generation poets.

Third generation links with any form of literary tradition are tenuous at best. It was easy to assail the ideological and formal constraints of the CCP literary establishment's socialist- and revolutionary-realism, and to revolt against Misty conventions and style, but much more difficult to locate a literary tradition from which to work out of themselves. Not surprisingly, this has resulted in a great deal of confusion over the importance of literary tradition, the poet's relationship with it, and even over what the term "tradition" actually refers to.

Recently published comments by the third generation poet, Han Dong, are indicative of the unique difficulties China's young poets are forced to deal with:

"...Each writer gets his start from reading. Today, therefore, convincing and authoritative works are naturally translated works. We all feel deeply that there is no tradition to rely upon, the great Chinese classical literary tradition seems to have already become invalid. Actually this is in fact the case, with the exception of the 'great classical spirit' (weida de guidian jingshen), concrete works and the classics have already been cut off from us with regard to the written language. They are of no use to the writing of today. And the so-called spirit of the classics, if it has lost the immediacy of the written word, necessarily lapses into mystical interpretation and speculation. This point is not only obvious, but it is also gladly admitted
to by all. In fact, we have already become orphans of literary tradition.

"In search of solace, by coincidence everyone turned to the West. In order to strengthen oneself and also to 'move towards the world' (zouxiang shijie), how to graft oneself onto the Western literary tradition has become the direction of the efforts of very many poets today. Unfortunately, this effort can only be arrived at indirectly through translated works. In terms of written texts, we study translated works and afterwards write similar things imitatively. Later, they must still be translated once again into English or other languages and promoted to the West in order to capture an 'international market' (guoji shichang).

"...So as to remedy gaps in logic, poets have expounded an illusion: namely so-called 'cosmopolitanism' (shijiezhuyi). They think of themselves as first being a member of the human race, only afterwards are they born into a particular nationality and use a particular language in writing. In my opinion this is merely a kind of moral defense and incapable of changing the [fact of] isolation from the [Chinese] written language...

"Learning from translated works is the same as learning from classical literature. It can be one of our sources of inspiration. We may speculate about and imagine the spirit, the interpretations and all the possibilities which lie behind the concrete written words....."

Here we find new evidence of what Professor Lin Yusheng has dealt with in some detail in his book "The Crisis of Chinese Consciousness: Radical Antitraditionalism in the May Fourth Era" (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1979). Lin shows how, in fact, antitraditional writers often attacked tradition apparently unaware that they themselves were still within it. In fact, the argument has been made that this behavior is in itself part of that tradition. How,

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1^Han Dong and Zhu Wen, "Guzha bitan" [Conversation about writing by the ancient dam], Zuojia wenxue yuekan [Author literature monthly], (Changchun: April 1993), p. 71.
for instance, can the modern Chinese language which derives from and still retains elements of the classical language be said to be entirely unrelated or incomprehensible? And how does tradition become mere 'inspiration' when a poet clearly goes back to it for thematic or linguistic material? Most post-1976 poets, and the majority of educated Chinese for that matter, have read and continue to read the masterpieces of China's classical tradition. That tradition must surely be of more importance and more accessible than that of the West. This state of apparently profound confusion will be further illustrated in a number of poems dealt with in the following chapters.

Han's views also go some way towards explaining why China's underground poets have a tendency to form groups around poetry journals or otherwise. Some groups were loosely based on friendships, charismatic individuals, general poetic tendencies or commonly held (if not practiced) poetic theories. In the USSR, for example, there was only one recorded attempt to create an underground literary journal prior to the mid-1980s.\(^\text{15}\) Perhaps, the continued strength of and accessibility to Russian literary tradition is one of the reasons for this apparent anomaly there, and the lack of such a tradition one of the reasons behind the tendency to group together in China.

However, as a rule, associations of this kind tended to be temporary. Above all, the poet was a free, independent being who moved wherever his spirit and physical circumstances led him — more often than not he felt he was alone and speaking of and to himself.

Having said that third generation poets were opposed to the romanticism and heroic stance of many Misty poets, it should be pointed out that this did not preclude romanticism in their own poetry. However, given the much apparent insignificance and powerlessness of the individual and that individual’s self-perceived position as an outsider within Chinese society, a situation which in itself lead to the great increase in the numbers of underground poets during the mid-1980s, many third generation poets turned to an anti-heroic stance. Self-assertion remained an important element, but now the focus was shifted from that of the Misty poets upon the human condition and society in general to a focus upon the specific details and circumstances of life and poetry. Individual truth supplanted Misty attempts to speak truth for a generation.

The first of the third generation underground journals were Nanjing’s Them [Tamen], Sichuan’s Modern Poetry Internal Exchange Materials [Xiandai shige neibu jiaoliu ziliao] and Macho Man [Manghan] which all appeared in 1984. Having been published without book numbers, these journals were banned immediately upon discovery by the authorities, not because of subversive
political content, for there was none, but due primarily to the illegality of truly free expression and, secondarily, due to an intolerance for the poetic themes and diction of third generation poetry.

However, this form of repression did not result in a reduction of the number of such publications, but in a plethora of new titles as old groups dissolved after journals were banned and then reformed again in the same or new forms under new titles. It was, after all, only a simple matter of searching out a small printing operation which suffered more from economic need than fear of the authorities. Furthermore, it was only a minor inconvenience if the printing was done in towns or provinces other than the ones in which the editors resided.

For example, between December 1984 and May 1986, six of China’s most influential underground poetry journals of the time came out of Sichuan despite what were arguably the most repressive conditions for underground poets in all of China:

1) Macho Man, Wan Xia editor-in-chief, Chengdu, December 1984;

2) Modern Poetry Internal Exchange Materials, Wan Xia editor-in-chief, Chengdu, January 1985;

3) Each Day New [Ririxin], Bai Hua, Zhou Zhongling editors, Chongqing, March 1985;

4) Chinese Modernist Experimental Poetry [Zhongguo xiandai shiyan shi], Yang Shunli, Lei Mingchu editors, Fuling, July 1985;
5) **Han Poetry** [Han shi], Shi Guanghua, Liu Taiheng, Song Qu, Song Wei, Zhang Yu editors, Chengdu, May 1986; 6) **Not-Not** [Feifei], Zhou Lunyou editor-in-chief, Xichang-Chengdu, May 1986.

By mid-1986 a small number of establishment literary journals had begun to publish third generation poetry on a regular basis. The latter half of the year was marked by the official third generation coming-out party in the pages of the *Shenzhen Youth Daily* [Shenzhen qingnian bao] and *The Poetry Press* [Shige bao] of Hefei, when the Misty poet and poetry critic Xu Jingya organized "The 1986 Grand Exhibition of Modern Chinese Poetry Groups" [1986 Zhongguo xiandaishi qunti dazhan].\(^\text{16}\) Of the eighty-four "groups" (qunti) featured, many were in fact individuals masquerading as such (like Beijing's "Xichuanti" consisting of the poet Xi Chuan), or small groups consisting of two or three poets who came together just for the occasion (such as the "New Traditionalism" [Xin chuantongzhuyi] of Sichuan's Liao Yiwu and Ouyang Jianghe). Most of the "groups" were represented by an abbreviated manifesto and one or more poems.

There was a method to this apparent madness, or sickness as many establishment critics later termed it. At the base of all this loud clamoring was a demand to be recognized as

\(^{16}\) A joint edition published in newspaper broadsheet format on October 21, 1986 and available nationwide through *The Poetry Press* distribution network.
poets and to be taken seriously in China. Unfortunately, not all of the participants shared this goal and the resulting confused array served to obscure some fine poetry and allowed establishment critics to dismiss the lot as immature, talent-poor boors.

During a short period of time in the mid-1980s, it seemed that all the modernist and post-modernist experiments with form and content were flooding from the West into China in a mad rush to catch up, to become part of the worldwide community of poetry once again. The same rush to catch up was occurring in many other areas of Chinese life, "The Grand Exhibition" was merely a graphic representation of the chaos which existed in the realm of poetry.

Translations of recent foreign poetry and new translations or new editions of old translations of foreign classics, both ancient and modern, had begun to flood China's bookstores and establishment literary journals in the early 1980s. Taken together with the influence and significance of Today and Misty poetry, the resulting explosion should have come as no surprise. In 1986, when modernist and post-modernist foreign verse and poetics were being published regularly in all parts of China, a response from China's younger poets was to be expected.

The apparently favourable turn of events in 1986 came to an abrupt halt in January 1987 when CCP General Secretary, Hu Yaobang was forced to resign his post and a campaign against "bourgeois liberalization" in the arts resulted in
tight editorial policies weighted against third generation
goetry. National examples were made of Liao Yiwu and Yi Lei,
two poets whose work had been published in the combined
number 1-2 issue of People’s Literature [Renmin wenxue]. Their poems were held up as examples of the kind of poetry
that was not to be published in China: Liao’s poem was too
dark, obscure and obscene, and Yi Lei’s was considered
overly lewd.

At the same time, harassment of the editors of
underground poetry journals was stepped up. The first
campaign against illegal publications and pornography since
the 1950s, campaigns which are now annual events, began in
early 1987. Underground poetry journals were specifically
targeted as illegal publications. During 1987, third
generation poetry disappeared from the pages of establishment
literary journals, the only references to their existence
appeared in numerous articles condemning their poetry. In
1988, however, the cultural atmosphere in China was once
again sufficiently liberal to allow third generation poetry
to begin reappearing in establishment journals and in
books of poetry.

By the summer of 1989, third generation underground
poetry journals appeared to have attained for their poets
results comparable to those which Today had for Misty

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poets. The journals had brought third generation poets and poetry to the attention of other poets and poetry critics. This led to limited penetration of the establishment-controlled print media and public discussion of their poetry, and gave third generation poetry access to a broader poetry-reading public.

However it was not until 1992, six years after the third generation was a well-established fact in China, that any attempt was made to introduce their poetry to readers outside of China. The Spring 1992 edition of Renditions, a Chinese literature translation journal published in Hongkong, featured the translated poetry of nine third generation poets under the title of "Post-Misty Poetry."^\(^{10}\)

Third generation poetry is characterized in a brief introductory essay as a "reorientation ... in three directions [in the aftermath of the Misty poetry reorientation] -- inward to explore consciousness and the subconscious, outward to reveal the beauty of triviality and existential absurdity, and finally upward to encompass the realm of metaphysics and the prophetic vision."^\(^{11}\)

A fourth direction not mentioned here is a "downward" shift into language and the poetic text itself, a trend which began in 1986 and has gained considerable momentum since that time.

One other aspect which the translator-authors mention

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^\(^{11}\)Ibid., p. 98.
only in passing is what Chinese critics call the escapist tendency of third generation poetry. The authors point out that the "internal" poets "sublimate a reality that is already experienced as harsh and intense,"\(^{20}\) that in the work of "external" poets "depressing reality is side-stepped, its intensity diluted and even dissolved,"\(^{21}\) and that "upward" oriented poets "deal with reality through visionary and metaphysical abstractions."\(^{22}\) It is precisely these preoccupations which often reduce third generation poetry to triviality and experimental gamesmanship, but it is also this very trend which has allowed their poetry to become somewhat acceptable within the CCP poetry establishment.

Reference to China's "depressing," "harsh and intense" reality begs the question, where is China's poetry of witness, testament or protest? The poetry of most third generation poets bears few traces of extremity. There seems to be little impulse to deal with the personal and social problems rampant in China today, or to address such fundamental issues as human rights, the continuing lack of certain basic liberties such as the freedom to publish or to speak on any subject which the CCP lists as being taboo.

This aversion, this fear of all things even vaguely political in the context of the CCP dictatorship over thought and the arts is the reason why the mad rush to catch

\(^{20}\)Ibid., p. 95.
\(^{21}\)Ibid., p. 96.
\(^{22}\)Ibid., p. 97.
up, to be modern and post-modern over the past ten years has resulted in the production of a large number of pallid, forced imitations of Western models. In some cases, however, the adaptation and use of modernist techniques and forms have met with success, but this success is achieved in the context of conscious or unconscious self-limitation which is often embodied in an attitude of neutrality in itself anathema to the true spirit of modernist, post-modernist or any other form of what might be considered serious art. Before 1989 there was no poetry of witness, testament or dissent among third generation poets.

The scepticism, the doubting consciousness and the spirit of humanism which permeated the best Misty poetry have been replaced by some troublesome attitudes. Misty poetry was addressed to the age of the Maoist dictatorship, but once it had disappeared and all that remained was the naked apparatus of brute force, the all-embracing utilitarianism championed by Deng Xiaoping and the re-emergence with a vengeance of age-old traditions and thought to mix with those of the CCP and the West, younger poets were swept away in the flood and unable or unwilling to respond.

Without commonly held beliefs, values and ideals, and with a growing tendency toward a neutral poetic "purity," nihilism and anarchy appear as the over-arching characteristics of the third generation.

Yang Xiaobin, in a critical review of third generation
poets,\textsuperscript{23} attempted to demonstrate that an analysis of the posture or role which a poet adopts and manifests through his poetic diction is proof of political tendencies among all poets. Yang proceeded to suggest that third generation poets fall into six general categories: "rebellious" (panshi) and "submissive" (shunshi), "escapist" (dunshi) and "dismissive" (qishi), "playful" (wanshi) and "enlightening" (qishi).

Given the highly politicized nature of Chinese society, in which any action or inaction may be judged as political by the apparatus of CCP power, such a system of classification allows a better understanding of the political nature of third generation poets and an explanation as to why they have been faced with such difficulties. It should come as no surprise that the submissive, escapist, dismissive and the more abstract "enlightening" third generation poets are those who are most acceptable to the CCP literary establishment (all nine poets translated in "Post Misty Poetry" fall into these categories, and yet all were or still are underground poets).

The Tian’anmen Massacre of June 4, 1989 proved to be a watershed for China’s underground poets. Many felt that as anti- or non-establishment poets they had an obligation to respond to the situation. However, most lost the impulse to

\textsuperscript{23}Yang Xiaobin, "Bengkui de shiqun -- dangjin xianfeng shige de yuyan yu zitai" [The poets of collapse -- the language and posture of contemporary avant-garde poetry], Zuojia wenxue yuekan [Author literary monthly], (Changchun: September 1989), pp. 63-73.
act as a result of prolonged, circumspective contemplation during the summer of that year. For these poets, self-imposed silence was the only answer they could muster. While their professed neutrality or revulsion at all matters political was called into doubt, and while they did feel an urge to break free of their hidden shackles, almost all did no more than ponder the issue and their feelings as they shifted uncomfortably under the weight of impending responsibility. After a respectful period of silence, most third generation poets picked up where they had left off — habit, social and material pressures, and fear ultimately won out over their initial reactions of outrage and horror, and pangs of conscience. A number of these poets, faced with their inability to respond, gave up writing poetry entirely.

A very small number of these underground poets, however, gave immediate voice to their feelings (such as Liao Yiwu in "Slaughter" [Tusha] parts III & IV), some were ultimately forced to confront the issue after they were arrested during the crackdown that followed the massacre (such as Zhou Lunyou in his "Red Writing" [Hongse xiezuo] and "Twenty Poems on the Knife's Edge" [Daofeng ershishou]), and still others followed up on their emotions at a later date, but not necessarily in the form of poetry (such as Li Yawei

These observations are based on my discussions with numerous third generation poets in various parts of China during the summer of 1989 and in the months before my expulsion from China in October 1991.

Feifei [Not-Not] No. 5 (underground journal), Fall 1992. (Appendix pp. # 274-344, # 587.)

The remainder of this thesis will deal with the three poets noted above and examine what made them underground poets, how they developed as poets through the 1980s, and their reactions to the Tian'anmen Massacre. A closer study of the weaknesses and strengths, ambitions and difficulties of these poets will lead to a clearer understanding of what it was to be both an avant-garde and an underground poet in China during the 1980s, and offer some insight into possible future developments.
Chapter 2) LIAO YIWU AND THE CITY OF DEATH

"Through me the way into the suffering city,
Through me the way to the eternal pain,
Through me the way that runs among the lost." ¹

These three lines are emblazoned on the title page of the final, revised version of "The Master Craftsman" [Jujiang], Liao Yiwu’s anti-epic poem. Almost all the poetry written by Liao after 1984 takes the point of view of these three lines; all the pain and suffering of mankind in general, of the Han Chinese and the poets of that nation are sifted through Liao’s soul and flow like tears onto the pages of his poetry. No other Chinese poet of recent times has attempted such a feat, much less sustained it for as long or so consistently as Liao. Perhaps predictably, Liao’s sustained sensitivity lead to a personal poetic apocalypse -- the final two sections of "Slaughter" [Tusha] written by Liao on the fourth and fifth of June 1989.

Liao is unique among third generation underground poets in this respect. While others focused on intellectual-philosophical details, existential circumstances and absurdities, Liao was developing a poetry centered upon the concept of a universal spirit or soul (fanling guan). Liao discovered within himself a channel to this creator or spirit of the universe, which he mined exclusively and obsessively between 1984 and 1989. Predictably, his themes

¹ Dante, The Divine Comedy: Inferno, Canto III, lines 1-3.
ranged from the universal to the national and to the highly personalized torment and solitude of the poet-creator, who like the master creator (or master craftsman) is also alienated from his work the moment the process of creation has been completed and written language, like man, takes on a life of its own. Presumably, of course, the creator is not subject to limitations, unlike the poet who is limited by perception, language and mortality.

Like Dylan Thomas (a major, direct influence on Liao) and Blake before him, the imagery of Liao's poetry is elemental -- of birth, energy, sex and death. This is the cycle to which mankind has been condemned since creation and which has taken on tragic overtones ever since mankind began to aspire to the status of creator -- a transformation which occurred when man achieved self-awareness or, in Liao's terms, when man emerged from the ocean of his mother's belly. Liao does more than give voice to the dirges which spring from his soul, but also to the songs of his glands and nerves in an effort to free his poetry of what he, like Dylan Thomas, felt was poetically sterile reason.

Liao's life experience plays an important role in his development as a poet. Born June 1958 in Sichuan's Yanting county, Liao was effectively denied a university education as a result of the CR. During the latter half of the 1970s and the early 1980s, Liao worked at a variety of jobs, ranging from common laborer to work-camp cook to long-distance lorry driver. He had enjoyed poetry since his
childhood and began to try his hand as a writer of poetry during this period, in particular during his years as a truck diver in the Sichuan basin and on the Tibetan plateau.

The quality of his verse and his powerful imagination gained for Liao the attention of a number of respected establishment poets in Chengdu, the provincial capital, where Liao resided at that time. Liu Shahe and Bai Hang (editor-in-chief of *Stars Poetry Monthly* [Xingxing shikan]) were two of the better known poets whom Liao asked or who offered advice and instruction. Liao's poems began to appear on a regular basis in Sichuan's literary journals during 1982, and in February 1984 his work appeared for the first time in China's largest and most influential establishment poetry journal, *Poetry Monthly* of Beijing.

The poetry of this early period was often rooted in the people and places of Liao's experience with titles such as "The Great Basin" [Da pendi], "The High Plateau" [Da gaoyuan], "The Bamboo-shoot Digger" [Wasun de ren] and "The People" [Renmin]. Liao's style was a blend of romanticism and realism, but recurrent themes of 'death' and 'distant travel' hinted at what would follow. Already there was an interest in the ineffable spirit of the universe:

"One person
May perhaps gather in
A rare pearl of the world of man
But is not certain of capturing
The soul of a little blade of grass"
Here the reader is given a hint of Liao's future inclination towards metaphysical themes and a tendency to devalue the world of man in the face of the far greater mysteries of the universe.

Far away from Sichuan's teeming basin, on Liao's "High Plateau," the poet is able to vividly imagine the universe as a living, breathing thing where true creativity occurs on a massive integrated scale. The wind howls its prowess and music can be felt to flow from the stars. When "we" (mankind) can hear and feel the universe, then we are also able to become a true part of it:

".....
And then often when we imagine that spring has come, even late at night when a boastful wind is making a great noise
Deep in the bowels of the earth we imagine a liquid spring welling up, warmly shooting through the great belly
The earth's temperature gradually rising.....

We're used to wild notions, used once the high plateau is quiet to
Feeling music flowing forth from the starry mouths of flutes. We believe any myth
We even believe ourselves to be small pieces of sky scattering over the high plateau"

The influence of Walt Whitman is evident in both Liao's imagery (the sexually charged forces of nature) and long line. Poems such as "The People," "The Great Basin" and

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"Yuanxingzhe" [The Distant Traveller], in Tang Xiaodu, Buduan chonglin de qidian [The Ever-recurring Starting Point], (Beijing: Wenhua yishu chubanshe [Culture and Arts Publishing House), September 1989, p. 51.

Appendix pp. #210, #214.9.
"Fatherland, Era of the Sons" [Zuguo, erzimen de niandai] attempt to capture the powerful overtones and clumsy eloquence of Whitman's odes to America, progress and democracy.

Whitman's attempt to embody the newness of America and its freedom from the shackles of European tradition in verse appears to have impressed Liao, who like many others read *Leaves of Grass* in translation for the first time after the CR. At the time he may have viewed post-CR China, where links to cultural tradition must also have seemed tenuous, as being ripe for the visitation of the long-absent creative spirit also sung of by Whitman.

By 1984, on the strength of these poems, Liao's reputation as an establishment poet was firmly established. Prior to 1989, it was the poems of this earlier period which were awarded a number of establishment poetry prizes and were anthologized in numerous poetry collections.

Liao's involvement with underground poetry began in early 1984 when his poem "The Hat" [Maozi] was published in *The Same Generation* [Tongdai]. In an attempt to take up the mantel of *Today* which had finally ceased to publish in 1983, *The Same Generation* included new poems by the *Today* poets Bei Dao and Yan Li. Primarily, however, this mimeographed journal gave pride of place to the new experimental poems of those who were later to form the backbone of the third generation; Han
Dong who went on to found Them in Nanjing together with Kunming’s Yu Jian; Wang Yin, Lu Yimin and Chen Dongdong of Shanghai who later went on to help found On The Sea [Haishang] and Continent [Dalu]; and various other notable poets such as Beijing’s Niu Bo and Xi’an’s Daozi.

Liao’s poem was a radical departure from his earlier Whitmanesque free verse form. Now, instead of merely hinting at a spirit of the universe which man is only able to get a fleeting glimpse of, Liao has open access to it via the souls of the dead, which according to Sichuan legend roost in the hair of the living. This is Liao’s hat and it allows him to surpass time, nature, society and man and wander freely over the earth. The poet gains a new appreciation of life -- life which appears towards the end of the poem in the form of a maiden.

She appears again, but this time as Liao’s nearest and dearest companion in his 1984 long lyric, Lovers [Qinglù]. However, now she is the terrible, tyrannical lover who never, not even after corporeal death, releases one from one’s vows:

"Never ending ..... is this destined to be? Onward onward on the solid earth, until flesh fades away and the soul continues on, soberly walking on over the vast white continent

---

Han Dong’s "Of the Wild Goose Pagoda" [Youguan Dayanta], written in 1983 and published here, is said by some critics to be the first true third generation poem to be published in the establishment press.
unapproachable love
Oh such unapproachable love"

"Lovers" was initially published in what was to be the first of four compendium-style underground journals compiled primarily by experimental modernist poets from Chengdu and Chongqing between 1984 and 1987. Modern Poetry Internal Exchange Materials, which also bore the English name Modernist's Federation, was printed in Chengdu in January 1985 with art work and a quality of printing which matched or surpassed establishment journals of the time. The Chinese name of the journal was a device which the editors hoped would allow the journal to escape the attentions of the authorities. The journal's title indicated that it would be "internal" reading material for members of the "Sichuan Young Poets Association" (Sichuansheng qingnian shiren xiehui) which had been formed principally among college students and young poets in Chengdu and Chongqing during 1984. The association claimed to have already elected a president, four vice-presidents and a secretary, and to possess over 2,000 members belonging to several supporting chapters. The association already had three "poetry research groups" (shige yanjiu tuanti), the poets of which supplied the bulk of the journal's poetry. Two of these groups, the "Oriental Culture Research Society" (Dongfang wenhua yanjiu xiehui) and the "Wholism Research Society" (Zhengtizhuyi yanjiu xiehui), were the journal's

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primary sponsors (i.e., financial sponsors), and thirty of the journal's eighty pages were given over to the third group, the "Third Generation Alliance" (Disandairen tongmeng). Later in the 1980s when debate arose over a suitable name by which post-Misty poets might be known, some critics referred back to the usage of "third generation" here as the initial and definitive form. At the head of the section devoted to third generation poets in this journal, the term was defined as follows:


In order to emphasize both the importance of the role of Misty poets in the wake of the CR and the differences between their poetry and that which now followed in its wake, the first eight pages of the journal were devoted to the work of five of these poets (including Bei Dao, Gu Cheng and Yang Lian) under the heading "An Ending or a Beginning" [Jieju huo kaishi].

A few young poets from outside Sichuan, such as Niu Bo and Haizi of Beijing, Guo Lijia from Liaoning province and Yu Jian from Yunnan province, also drew in on the strength of their poetry and their association with local poets. Finally, the last four pages of the journal were devoted to translations of four of Sylvia Plath's Aerial poems, and an
introduction to her poetry and that of the American confessional school by Daozi. These translations, followed in 1987 by Daozi’s book of translated poetry by Robert Lowell, Plath, Anne Sexton and John Berryman, were to have a great influence on third generation poets.

Modernist’s Federation and the poetry groupings which spawned it were an attempt by young poets in Sichuan to establish an open and orderly dialogue between each other within the province and, ultimately, between poets similar inclination throughout China. At that time, in 1984, their poetry was still unacceptable to the establishment and yet it was obvious to many that these were the poetic themes and forms which the majority of Sichuan’s (not necessarily China’s) young poets were devoted to. There was hope that the numbers and orderliness of these poets would impress the establishment, and that the community of Chinese poets would be expanded to include these younger, unorthodox poets in what appeared to be a new, more liberal age. This was not to be the case, however. Establishment intolerance resulted in the banning of the journal and the various poetry groups in early 1985, not long after the journal’s January publication.

Liao Yiwu participated in all these activities, but remained as low-key as possible. While his new poetry was not acceptable to the literary establishment, he already had an established reputation there, just as he now appeared to have among China’s underground poets. Early in 1985, Liao
was given a post in Sichuan's literary establishment at the Fuling district culture bureau in Fuling, a mid-sized town at the confluence of the Wujiang and Yangzi rivers downriver from Chongqing in eastern Sichuan. Liao was assigned to work as the founding editor of a local literary journal to be published on a twice-yearly basis. In the four issues of *The Literary Wind of Ba Country* (eastern Sichuan) [Baguo Wenfeng] published before the journal was closed down in 1987, Liao published a number of underground poets who lived in the area. Chief among these was Li Yawei who came to be a close friend of Liao's at this time. Liao also arranged for translations of writings by Freud and Jung related to poetry and literature to be published during 1985. And in 1986, he arranged for the publication of a prose work by Sylvia Plath, an article about her *Ariel* poems, and an article about Dylan Thomas and his poetry. By keeping a relatively low profile as an underground poet, Liao was able to work towards the furtherance of their cause within the establishment.

Liao's arrival in Fuling marked a new, richer phase in his life as a poet and in general. He now had the confidence and strength of purpose which seemed lacking in his earlier work. To some extent this must have been related to the status he had so quickly achieved in both worlds of Chinese poetry, but was also related to his love for and marriage to Li Xia, a native of Fuling. In both *The Literary Wind of Ba Country*'s number one issues of 1985 and 1986, Liao
published the first two installments of "Manuel's Music" [Mannier de yinyue] which consisted of Liao's observations on art, life, the universe and love, written in a prose form which bordered on poetry. These writings offer a key to Liao's poetry up until 1989 when he completed a tenth installment (several were published in establishment and underground literary journals in other parts of China).

Also in 1984, Liao began to write a series of highly successful prose poems which recorded his feelings toward life and fate which his relationship with Axia (pet name for Li Xia) seemed to bring Liao in closer proximity with.

"Deep Entry" [Shenru]

(from "Prose poems written for Axia" [Xiegei Axia de sanwenshi])

In this unending solitude, the tide of love swells sadly up to my ear and ebbs quietly only to several times retreat. To the sound of breaking waves, I drive ever deeper until I enter your innermost being.

Like walking into a land within a land the tempest subsides, without sun or moonlight, I can only vaguely sense the cautious changing of the seasons on a hazardous bluff. Time passes: a century as quickly as a fox's tail -- a flash at the entrance to time's tunnel and gone.

My brief life is enveloped so by your breast, threaded through by your everlasting veins. I become part of your heart, pulsing always, sending this love to you, sending this love to a deeper, distant world."*

During May-June 1985, Liao completed the first of a series of poetic cycles and trilogies: "The Great Cycle" [Da xunhuan], a cycle of eight poems. "Deep Entry" ends where this

* Appendix pp. # 213, # 354.
poem picks up: an exploration of the life which lies beyond death at the core of all being, a subject Liao first touched upon in "Lovers" the year before. On the title page of "The Great Cycle" the poem is dedicated to the Wujiang river, "my place of rebirth." Liao further expressed this appreciation of his escape from the unnaturally ordered chaos of Chengdu by liberally infusing natural and cultural images of the land of Ba [Baguo], of which Fuling had been an ancient capital, throughout this cycle and much of the his later poetry.

The title page was also graced by the final four lines of Dylan Thomas' sonnet, "When All My Five and Country Senses See":

"My one and noble heart has witnesses
In all love's countries, that will grope awake;
And when blind sleep drops on the spying senses,
The heart is sensual, though five eyes break."

It is with the heart that Liao will now observe the life of man, for as Thomas intimates (and as Liao also does in "Deep Entry"), it is the most acute sense of all: It will still love when the senses warn of the pain and torment that love (and life) must inevitably bring.

In "The Great Cycle," Liao attempts to portray the cycle-like transition which is the life of individual man. The series of incantations and images which Liao presents, manifest a dramatically positive attitude toward death -- the individual's inescapable fate.

'Appendix pp. # 355.'
In the first poem of the cycle, "The Cycle Pillar" [Xunhuan zhu], Liao introduces the sexual imagery and drive which powers these poems and are to play a major role in much of his later poetry:

"... The proud city has fallen low, shades of night move into place, the oceans of the unconscious surge mistily at its island top..."

---that tall triumphal column standing at the center of the square damply signals a great achievement at the last with the epoch of empire building as a backdrop, launch the glorious seizure by force

The blood of man bedecks revelry's totem, odes to the age are merely synchronous choral cries

An ordinary human face is cast into a strange bronze, dividing equally with Death the autumnal scenery of the world of man

Congregation of spirits! Unified entity of heaven and hell
My tormented hallucinations are the only hope"

......

Great heaven-piercing devilish pillar, its base is the latent maternal body, the darkness before my birth

......""

After this powerful beginning, "The Great Cycle" does not proceed to revolve around its potent center, but gradually falls off. If "The Cycle Pillar" presents the reader with an image of a rigid, forceful penis, then the final two poems of the cycle offer the concluding images and sensations of the sexual act:

"......"
The water is underfoot, the flaring old lunatic
licks your essence clean away
Take pity on Death!..."^°

It is a wearying experience, as life must be when, as Liao puts it, "upper limbs are gods, [and] lower limbs are beasts." A series of wriggles, roars and assaults by a penis symbol are a continuous thread throughout Liao's poetry. Other content, including an even more basic strain -- death -- is often hung upon, an adjunct to, or inherent to this one. Liao divides himself into two antithetical opposites, god and the devil, a pure essence and an equally pure bestiality, within his later poetry. Over the course of "The Great Cycle" where this tendency first appears, the poet attempts to sublimate and conquer pain, solitude and death as he strives to pass beyond individual, earthbound sensibility, toward the deeper, universal truths of life.

The aims of "The Master Craftsman," a poem which Liao began to write immediately upon the conclusion of "The Great Cycle," are much the same. However, here the focus is no longer upon the individual, but on all of mankind as the poet sets out to write a developmental history of human existence. Liao attempts to raise the individual's internal contradictions to the level of the nation, of all mankind. Through the life experience of an individual, Liao tries to reveal higher sets of contradictions and the even higher balance between them, the tragedy of death and the

^°Appendix pp. # 374.
sublimity of life, and the extremities of yearning and weariness, which are what he believes to be the basic qualities of life in its collective, universal form. The life of man, civilization and nature are of a similar pattern which reaches beyond the death of any one individual (or nation, or culture for that matter).

To the surprise of many young poets and poetry critics in China, these experimental poems of Liao's were published in establishment journals. Almost immediately upon its completion in the summer of 1985, "The Great Cycle" was published in Lanzhou's Poetry Selections Monthly [Shige xuankan], and it was republished in 1986 in the pages of Plains [Caoyuan], a widely distributed literary monthly out of Huhehot, Inner Mongolia. Parts two and three of "The Master Craftsman" were also published in Poetry Selections Monthly during 1986. To many young poets this was a sign that a more liberal attitude toward literature was beginning to find currency in certain sectors of the cultural establishment, even though these publications were often located in remote corners of China.

Part one of "The Master Craftsman" was published underground, however, in Chinese Contemporary Experimental Poetry which was produced in Fuling, Liao's hometown, in early Fall 1985. After the banning Modernist's Federation and Sichuan's underground poetry associations, Fuling and a new name for the journal were chosen in a successful attempt to escape the attentions of the authorities. Two local organs were found to
act as sponsors (the Fuling branch of the Sichuan Developers of Intelligence Association [Zhili kaifazhe xiehui] and the Fuling Correspondence Center of the Sichuan Correspondence University [Hanshou daxue hanshou zhongxin]). A new organization going by the name of the "Chinese Contemporary Experimental Poetry Research Room" (Zhongguo dangdai shiyan shige yanjiushi) was established by Sichuan's underground poets and took editorial responsibility for the journal. Liao was heavily involved but kept his name off of the editorial board. The structure of the journal was similar to Modernist's Federation and primarily the same poets participated in the venture. Bei Dao was the only Misty representative remaining, however, and two poets from Nanjing's Them, Han Dong and Xiao Jun, were added along with two from Shanghai. The inclusion of Yu Jian and Haizi allowed this journal the same national scope Modernist's Federation had had. Finally, once again Daozi graced the final six pages with a translation of Allen Ginsberg's "Howl," the first published translation of this poem.

Once again, however, the journal was banned almost immediately by the authorities, the sponsoring organizations were censored and the research room was disbanded.

Over the next few months Liao wrote two sequences of poetry, "White Horse" [Baima] and "Golden Jade" [Jin feicui], which continued to explore the internal contradictory nature of man in the search for universal spiritual truth. In May 1986, "The Garden of Pleasure" [Le tu], written in late 1984,
appeared in the pages of the Chengdu underground journal, *Han Poetry: A Chronicle of the 20th Century -- 1986* [Hanshi: ershi shiji biannianshi -- 1986]. The journal had been 180-pages long originally, but all copies of it were confiscated at the printing plant by the authorities. Only a few photo-copies of *Han Poetry* were in circulation before enough funding could be found to produce a slimed down, 120-page version in December 1986. With the exception of poems by Haizi and Daozi, all the poets of *Han Poetry* were Sichuanese. There were also thirty pages of theoretical essays in this journal, primarily written by the lead poets of "Wholism" (Zhengtizhuyi), a school of poetry founded during the summer of 1984. *Han Poetry* marked the end of the attempt to present a cross-section of Chinese underground poetry in one journal anywhere in China (in 1990, Beijing’s *Modern Han Poetry* [Xiandai hanshi] became the first non-Sichuan journal to make the attempt).

The summer of 1986 witnessed the final shattering of what in Sichuan’s underground journals had appeared as peaceful coexistence among China’s underground poets. It now seemed that the poets felt that the period of experimentation had come to an end, and a myriad of would be schools of poetry and poetic "-isms" burst to the surface in the form of the "1986 Grand Exhibition of Poetry" orchestrated by Xu Jingya.

Liao appeared in the "Exhibition," together with Ouyang Jianghe, a Chengdu underground poet, under the banner of "New Traditionalism." What appeared in the "Exhibition" as a
manifesto was actually a preface which Liao had written for a collection of poems by nine third generation, Sichuan poets which the editors of China [Zhongguo] literary monthly had asked him to prepare early in 1986.

Entitled "The New Tradition" [Xin de chuantong], this preface recorded many of Liao's basic attitudes toward tradition in poetry and the role of the poet in China's new age. Liao rejected outright what he saw as a tendency among former Misty poets, such as Yang Lian and Jiang He, and some third generation poets to return to the musty, discarded culture of past centuries in search of enlightenment just as poets of past eras had done:

"The art of today is in essence a re-enactment of this sort of behavior. We [write] annotations on mythology, reach deductions based on The Book of Changes [Yijing] pursue the sense of history in contemporary poetry, do our utmost to exaggerate the effects of literature; in appearance concerned about our country and our people, in our bones all yearning to restore ancient ways. Those yearning to enter make general surveys of the realm of poetry and ten thousand voices converge into one; those who retreat take on the airs of immortals and finger valises in peach blossom gardens, using modernist methods to express a feudal consciousness of reminiscence is one of the obvious characteristics of current so-called 'national' poetry.

.....Old values, old culture, old customs and old modes of feeling have settled as sediment in the national collective unconscious and have formed a contrary internal impulse which prevents us from entering into the century of science. The new tradition is not only based upon the destruction of old

\footnote{\textsuperscript{11}Including Liao's "Lovers," and works by Ouyang Jianghe, Zhai Yongming, Wan Xia, Li'Yawei, Zhou Lunyou, He Xiaozhu, Shi Guanghua and Gou Mingjun. \textit{Zhongguo} [China], (Beijing: 1986 no. 10), pp. 35-51.}
\footnote{\textsuperscript{12}Ibid., p. 128.}
forces, but is also rooted in the merciless judgement of oneself.

"We deny all that the old tradition and the modern 'pig-tail brigade' impose on us, we oppose channeling artistic feeling toward any religion or system of ethics, we oppose the castration of poetry ... As a creator of art -- the poet, no matter if it be present suffering, blaspheming against oneself, tearful howls and taunts when there are no other alternatives, or songs in praise of life, issuing challenges to death, affirming an adventurous spirit or the courageous questioning and dissection of the quality of one's own people, his life experience, his contradiction-bound body should be a unique history of art, a special tradition [in his own right]. For at the same time that he exposes himself, he also reveals the perplexity and inevitable outcome which he holds in common with the age.

"That spiritual body which has wantonly lorded it over creation for eons, sprays fresh life unceasingly onto the planet, it is more lasting than any epoch or long-standing tradition. Therefore, aside from yielding to one's innermost feelings and guiding mankind toward the dark sound which has fled into the depths of the universe, poets of new traditionalism do not yield to pressure from any external, non-artistic moral concepts, habits, directives or national inertia.

"Ultimately there will come a day when we shall weary, but we can only throw ourselves forward within this, our own tradition.

"The New Tradition" was more than a preface to a disparate collection of poets who may or may not have shared Liao Yiwu's sentiments (which perhaps explains why China chose to publish it apart from the collection). Rather, it reads like Liao's personal observations on the current situation of Chinese poetry and a statement of personal intent and belief -- a manifesto, but a very personal one.

13 Bold print type-face is used by the author in the original text.
14 Appendix p. # 375.
This article points up the troublesome use of the term "tradition" as referred to earlier in the previous chapter. It would seem that the tradition which Liao is claiming as his own here is the spirit of Western modernism and avant garde art. In fact the "new" tradition is an attitude towards art which consists of a breaking away from established rules, traditions and conventions, fresh ways of looking at man's position and function in the universe and experiments in form and style. Liao appears to be unwittingly laying claim to the May Fourth Movement's attitude of totalistic iconoclasm. Yet just as with those writers, while borrowing heavily from Western sources, he also both consciously and unconsciously remains within Chinese tradition. Liao's later poems feature sometimes frequent reference and allusion to Chinese history and literature, even to the point of echoing the language and, to some degree, the form of classical poets. (An obvious example being the "Questioning Heaven" [Tian wen] poem within "The Master Craftsman".) "Yielding to one's innermost feelings ..." and so on, certainly can not be considered new attitudes and themes. Instead, Liao's imprecations are directed at the poetry engendered by the CCP and its literary establishment over the past 40-odd years. (A similar attitude is exhibited in some of the poetry of Li Yawei in Chapter III and Zhou Lunyou in Chapter IV. At points in their careers they too undertake what appear to be totalistic attacks upon "tradition," but in fact their
attacks make sense only with regard to China's post-1949 literary "tradition."

Thus Liao's declaration appears to be old news, but in the context of Chinese poetry in 1986, and bearing in mind that what Liao was writing was intended for publication in a major establishment literary journal, his words were both provocative and offered some insight into the attitudes of most underground poets with regard to the perceived "establishment" (a very self-conscious and defensive establishment in the case of China).

In fact, "The New Tradition" was written shortly after Liao had completed another poem, "The City of Death" [Sicheng], to which the manifesto is very closely related.

Liao's pledge of "the destruction of old forces" and "the merciless judgement of oneself" applies more accurately to "The City of Death" than to "Lovers" or any of the other poems published together with it in the pages of China.

In "The City of Death," Liao turns against and does battle with himself, his earlier poetry and the search for roots within that poetry. He takes aim at the illusory ideals of poetry, of culture and of beauty, on the mindless behavior of anti-culture poetry and the crude, utilitarian linguistic creations which were prevalent among Chinese poets of the time.

"The City of Death" refuses to accept traditional literary form and writing habits, it strives to shake of the ideological controls of cultural semantics, it uses the suggestive
powers of linguistic symbols to oppose the linguistic system
of post-1949 social values, and uses the brutality and the magic
of the imagination to disassemble and estrange the reality and
concepts foisted onto language by cultural traditions.

Liao attempts to wreak havoc at the unconscious
psychological level of language and deflate the structure
built upon the psychology of traditional culture, as evinced
by its aesthetic value concepts and moral ideals.

This is done by a series of interrelated phenomena which
permeate the text: the fall of the cultural prophet
Allahfaweh; acts of incest by the cultural archetype Nü Wa;
the confusion of human, devilish and godly qualities; the
atrophy of racial vitality; the spiritual damage done by
historical holocausts (primarily the CR); the lack of
temporal and spatial order in perceived existential
circumstances; the violent conflict between the control of
language and the imagination; and the latent contradictions
between individual expression of free will and the norms of
literary form.

The poem has the surface appearance of a city of cultural
death: strewn throughout are its crumbling ruins; the stink
of historical decay fills the air; everywhere there is
illusion, deception, suspicion, jealousy and vilification;
its bones are permeated by the instinct to abuse others and
to accept abuse from others, and in its blood flows the
inherited elements of authority and slavishness.

Liao fragments the logical structure of historical
existence by composing "The City of Death" from a series of shattered linguistic shards. Language and reality are thereby estranged and this creates a tension and disagreement between the use and meaning of language which then acts to free the imaginative powers of the writer and the reader.

The unconscious of the individual and of the race to which he belongs are both intertwined and in opposition to each other within "The City of Death": for example, the imprecations of "I" directed at Allahfaweh, the degenerate archetypal father figure; the incestuous feelings of "I" for Nü Wa, the archetypal mother figure; and the unconscious entangled relationship between the three. This relationship is reflected within the language of the poem by way of the poet's resistance to and separation from traditional culture (Han Dong's "spirit of the classics" and Confucianism and Chinese traditional popular culture in general) and a similar relationship between the poet's diction and traditional linguistic literary form (both classical and post-1949 realism).

Of vital importance to an accurate appreciation of "The City of Death" are the blood ties, or sexual relationships, between "I", Nü Wa and the imaginary cultural prophet, Allahfaweh.

"Allahfaweh" [Alafawei] first appeared in Liao Yiwu's "The Great Cycle." There he was a totem symbolic of the primitive powers of nature inscribed upon "the cycle pillar" which in turn was symbolic of the intertwined nature of man,
beast and god. In "The City of Death," Allahfaweh remains a cultural icon and an imaginative symbol of primitive vitality.

Allahfaweh makes his second appearance in part one of "The Master Craftsman" where he appears as the prophet of the evolutionary pattern of human existence. He is a shaman of the spiritual universe, a cultural prophet of great creative power, and is also an archetype of the collective unconscious who is also the guiding force in the poet’s unconscious. However, in "The City of Death," Allahfaweh takes on the roles of father ("daddy of my imaginings") and a con-artist (a brothel customer). He drops out of the sky into the hellish world of man and unworthily occupies a place in it. Concentrated in his figure are a devilish nature, a source of lies and sexual abuse, sorcery, authority, and brutality. And "I", as his "indirect seed" in the dark city of death deep within the subconscious, participates in the entire process of his depravity. When "I" is born as a result of a magical reaction to his presence, "I" is already old and feeble because "I" is an apparition carrying the original sin of an entire race’s culture upon itself. Therefore, "I" is unable to rid itself of the racial blood relationship and can do nothing but write monologues of the soul about the decline and loss of Self as a form of atonement for its crimes.

The life of the individual and that of culture further breaks down into two primary elements: sexual instinct and a certain fatalism. The former is seen within the poem in sexual role reversal, rampant sexuality, and sexual exhaustion,
and is closely associated with the internal mechanisms which led to the decline of culture and history, and the suicidal tendencies of the Self; the latter is manifest within the text by the predetermined nature of decline, the cycle of evil and the crisis of death, and is closely related to the inhibiting nature of traditional culture and self-restraint. The intertwined relationship between "I" and Allahfaweh, and the profane nature of the confrontation between the two, constitute the internal drive of the fated tragedy which is "The City of Death." When Allahfaweh acts as the symbol of culture's super-ego and brings his power to bear in an attempt to suppress "I," under the combined pressure of both he and culture, "I" is only able to put off this life and maintain the ability to carry out linguistic acts in this hallucination by way of magical incantations, mad ravings and somniloquy. Viewed in this way, this relationship takes on oedipal characteristics. Furthermore, the overlapping relationship between sex and culture, by way of sexual role reversal and sexual atrophy, exhibits the impotent state of traditional culture's spiritual life. Finally, the description of the profane sexual relationship reveals the innate nature of the crisis which confronted culture at its very origins.

Nü Wa appears as the object of sexual abuse in a scene which "I" is lured into by Allahfaweh:

"Silently I count the inns I've overnighted in during my life. From one to a hundred. Remote ancestors."
Progenitors. Great-grandfathers. Mothers. The made-up opera faces of each dynasty all flash through my mind. At the end I discover Allahfaweh, the prophet of Ba People Village, showing his green hand. Disguised as a customer groping his way into an underground brothel

YOUR HAND SIGNALS AROUSE MY PASSION SURVIVING TREES OVERGROWN WITH VINES SEARCHING FOR LONG-DESIRED BRAMBLE THICKETS PIERCE CRACKS IN THE EARTH PIERCE DOOR LINTELS PIERCE BED SHEETS PIERCE FORESTS AND GRASSLANDS A CONCEALED UNIVERSE OF AMBER’S ELECTRICAL WAVES FLOW ON FOREVER STIR UP THE BLOOD CYCLE TWO MIGHTY BOWS SHOOT AT EACH OTHER TWO SEMI-CIRCLES BITE INTO EACH OTHER OUTSIDE TIGHTLY WRAPPED SUMMER UNUSUALLY HOT SPRAY HEAVENLY BODIES SPEED UP IN THEIR TURNING THE WHITE DOG SWALLOWS THE ELEPHANT THE ROOF TILES BREAK STARS INTO PIECES ALL MANKIND FALLS INTO HELL ALL HELL FALLS INTO HEAVEN SMASHING OUT GOD’S BRAINS WHO’S DANCING MODERN DANCES IN THE GREASED PAN ASS GYRATING LIKE ISADORA DUNCAN’S LOUD APPLAUSE YOU’RE DEITY YOU’RE DEMON YOU’RE A TANG-DYNASTY DIEHARD OR COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS ALL LIVING THINGS ARRANGED IN A ROW ABOVE THE EVERLASTING ABYSS UNCROSSED LEGS FORMING AN ENDLESS URINE-SOAKED CORRIDOR OF HISTORY WAITING FOR THE TERRIFYING PILLAR OF FLESH TO BE RAMMED STRAIGHT IN!

The soil has been tilled my girl your entire body drunkenly limp ovaries and seed in turmoil I say I love you I love you I love you until I suddenly recognize you as my mother until I lift away your ninth layer of skin and discover Nu Wa sobbing hiding within the eardrum-shattering thunder I seize the filthy genealogy and howl wildly I desperately thrash my lower torso like a swarm of bees the curse of eighty-eight generations of forefathers stings me. I shout: 'Allahfaweh! You seducing thief!'

The prophet falls back slipping into the inner room. Flashing a green hand"15

By way of hallucination and deception, the worship of the cultural archetype (or totem) of the mother becomes a scene of sexual brutality and confusion. Faith in culture becomes a kind of blind possession, an act of incest and of

15Appendix pp. # 226-227, # 387-388.
blasphemy against oneself. Once the mythological archetype becomes the plaything of the will to power, so-called cultural holocausts (the CR) can be looked upon as outbursts of the repressed racial libido.

Within "The City of Death," Liao sets about to destroy the myth of a mutually nurturing relationship between the universal female and male principles in traditional Chinese cosmology (yin yang), exposing the imbalance which in his mind has sealed the fate of Chinese culture. From this point of view, Liao’s writing style and choice of subject can be seen as a self-defense mechanism, a battle within himself to prevent symbolic castration at the hands of a culture perceived to be impotent. In this battle, Liao brings the full force of his imagination to bear against his imagined adversary. With this in mind, Liao questions all commonly accepted Chinese social and linguistic conventions -- the old ones and the new ones nurtured into being by the CCP: The language of the poet must be free of all taboos in order to explore and purge himself and the reality perceived by him.

The conventions and taboos Liao seeks to shatter are primarily, however, of somewhat recent vintage: like other younger Chinese poets he has only a superficial knowledge of the classical poetry tradition and, in any case, the scraping of classical form and language for Western form and a more colloquial language had already been more-or-less completed in the 1920s and 1930s. Poetically, Liao writes in a surrealist vein which often borders on absurdity and by
so doing counters the officially encouraged poetry of realism (once 'socialist-' , then 'revolutionary-' and now progressive -- as in optimistic and tacitly, if not actively, supportive of the post-1976 "new era" [xin shiqi]). Ideologically, Liao's open sexuality and representations of psychic and physical chaos run counter to puritanical Confucian morality and the love of discipline and order in all things, traits which the CCP have always encouraged, if not required of Chinese society and its artists. Aside from sex, Liao also touches on sensitive political subjects: in "The City of Death", not only does the CR appear as a cultural holocaust, but all that came before and since are part of a far greater, 5,000 year-old cultural assault upon the human spirit. In the context of the poem, Mao and Deng appear as false gods who lead a willing people toward grandiose illusions of happiness and prosperity.

The Chinese language of today has been redefined, even recreated, by the all-pervading lies and half-truths of the CCP. Both near the beginning and the end of "The City of Death" Liao refers to the agony of personal expression, and also to the type of verbal magic which cannot be expressed by normal language:

"... Unclear who is ghost and who is human, I want to cry out. A troop of frogs leaps up and scurries into my mouth......"16

"......
Sadly she plucks out a tongue the size of an egg-plant

16 Appendix pp. #219, #381
She gazes fixedly by the light of the moon
Carved on it are your sins
And the history of a famous city

The first section presents a predicament in which expression is blocked; its premise is the inability to fulfill the desire to cry. Due to a sense of alienation which comes about as a result of the inability to distinguish between men and ghosts, anything placed in these circumstances possesses a certain magical power, even frogs can prevent expression. These lines are a demonstration of the magic of the imagination. Semantic logic is collapsed by the imagination, and this applies a certain pressure to what follows and, in turn, the entire text. Worthy of note is the fact that these lines appear in the first section of "The City of Death" after the magical birth of "I" and against the backdrop of commonly held superstitions about ghosts and other supernatural beings. Therefore, these lines may be a commentary on expression: Only expression can bring about the magical movement of objects and events within the poem into concrete form of universal spiritual [fanling] significance.

The "she" in the second set of lines is not a spur of the moment imaginative creation. She may be an aged Nü Wa, a castrated "I," the poem itself as it approaches completion, or the poet. Here as the sky is about to brighten and the entire story of the city of death has been rendered into 

1"Appendix pp. 230, 391.
words, the difficulties of expression are about to come to a close. The narration of "sins" and "the destruction of a famous city" can be "plucked" from any place in the text, just like her "tongue the size of an egg-plant." The difficulties of expression are now the unforetold fate of expression, everything is now irrevocable fact as reflected by the content of expression and the concrete reality of written language.

Liao deliberately uses literary forms and a poetic diction which clash with traditional conventions, and will thereby estrange and alienate those who approach the text with traditional expectations of it (ie. sequential time line, realism, controlled emotions, selflessness, rationalism, etc.). In an age when China lacks a strong cultural axis, when there is also a massive incursion of outside culture and modern commercialism, the art of poetry is being pushed into a corner and becoming little more than a decoration or a piece of furniture. Under these circumstances, the poet is often led against his will to become a missionary or a sort of spiritual doctor. Beginning with "The City of Death," this was the role which Liao felt himself forced to play. For Liao, poetry had taken on the aspect of a religion in his life. For while "The City of Death" can been looked upon as an analysis of the contemporary Chinese spirit, in this poem the writing of poetry becomes a form of self-analysis through which the poet may attempt to purge his spirit of accumulated cultural dross.
Poetry appeared to be Liao's chosen path towards personal spiritual salvation in a struggle that continued to be played out in ever more uncompromising terms in his later poetry. This tendency was an offshoot of Liao's earlier poems such as "The High Plateau," "The Hat," "Lovers" and "The Great Cycle," all of which explored the theme of a spiritual universe that formed the core of all life. Now Liao was working towards a closer communion with that spirit by attempting to destroy all the man-made cultural barriers (be they poetic, linguistic, ideological) that stood in the way. This poetry demanded not only a spirit of sacrifice, but a ruthless introspection of his own personal history and way of life -- his past life as an establishment poet and functionary in particular, and the naivety of his pre-1984 poetry. Under these circumstances, blasphemy directed against all commonly accepted norms and traditions has often been a path toward purity chosen by artists, in addition to being a socially vital form of criticism. In this sense, Liao's poetry is also an indirect product of his personal ideological stance -- of his concept of a spiritual universe, a spirit of anarchy, and deep-rooted pervasive scepticism.

"The City of Death" and Liao's later poetry are a very personal commentary on, diagnosis of, and, at times, a prescription for the illnesses of the Chinese soul. But as the poet himself predicted in his preface to the poem, "Written before the gates of The City of Death" [Xiezai sicheng de menqian], his words would not be welcomed:
"...This [poetry] is obviously a far cry removed from rational and lofty human nature. However an artist’s sincerity is found in that he doesn’t take pleasure from this world, and in that he willfully searches out the entire developing story of a people or even all of mankind. He jabs at its fatal weaknesses and at the cost of his life sounds a warning signal. He reveals the roots of the collective sickness which under the domination of primal, supranatural forces causes people to mutilate and kill each other and themselves.

"Manifestations of anxiety, crisis, despair and rebellion ensure this City of Death won’t receive a ready welcome, and Liao Yiwu’s value lies precisely in this fact. Once a poet achieves universal public acclaim, his artistic life is done."

His poem was welcomed by some, however, such as the Hunan author, Han Shaogong, who went so far as to refer to "The City of Death" as "China’s ‘Waste Land’" (there are allusions to and borrowing from this poem in "The City of Death") and who late in 1986 made use of his contacts in Beijing to arrange for the poem’s publication in the pages of People’s Literature, China’s most influential literary monthly.  

In January 1987, "The City of Death" was published in People’s Literature, but without its preface, thus serving to render an already very complex poem more incomprehensible than it otherwise might have been. No doubt this was a result of direct references to the CR and the implication that the consequences of it were wreaking havoc still. Other direct references to the CR were removed from the

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19 Based on verbal accounts from Liao, Li Yawei and Xiao Kaiyu, all of whom were friends with Han and frequent visitors to his Can Xue’s Hunan homes between 1985-1988.  
poem itself.

Liao began to suffer the consequences of the poem's publication in early February. The anti-bourgeois liberalization campaign which began in the realm of the arts after the forced resignation of CCP general-secretary, Hu Yaobang, focused on the contents of this journal and on Liao's poem and three other literary works in particular. Almost immediately, Liao was ordered to "cease work and undertake self-criticism" (tingzhi jiancha), and his small establishment literary journal, The Literary Wind of Ba Country, was permanently closed down by Sichuan's cultural authorities not long thereafter. Over the course of the next few months, a public campaign of criticism was waged against "The City of Death" in the cultural establishment media where a number of articles appeared attacking "The City of Death" for being overly obscure, depressing, obscene and generally not suited to the social needs of Deng Xiaoping's "new China" (similar articles began to appear again in 1990).

Liao, however, took the situation in stride. He refused to cooperate in his "self criticism" and was essentially left to his own devices while still drawing his regular monthly paycheck at the Fuling District Cultural Bureau. In writing "The City of Death," Liao had already made a conscious decision to follow his own personal muse and to turn his back upon the establishment. Also, late in 1986, Liao had already agreed to undertake the task of editing an underground poetry journal -- a clear indication that he was
no longer as concerned about his status in the literary establishment as he had been earlier.

Undaunted by his plight, in February 1987, Liao pressed ahead with the task of collecting what he considered to be the best of Sichuan's underground poetry during the preceding year for the underground journal, the name of which was to be The Modernist Poets of Sichuan [Bashu xiandai shiqun]. In a preface entitled "Return Home" [Chongfan jiayuan], Liao called out to China's underground poets and others to look into their souls for inspiration and to cease dreaming of entry into the literary establishment. He was critical of Xu Jingya's "Grand Exhibition" for appearing as a mere circus act which further encouraged young poets to abandon artistic principles in a mad rush toward the limelight, status, acceptance by the establishment and fortune. Their false hopes and expectations were predictably smashed, however, when the "everlasting hand" of authority closed the door to poetic orthodoxy upon them (a reference to the events which began to unfold within the literary establishment in February):

".....
You must each return to your home.

There is a sound beneath your skin which says this. Since art will not bring you any real benefits, you can only return to your home. No matter whether you abandon poetry, continue to sink down or float up, you must break away from solitude and engrave yourself more deeply into the true circumstances of mankind. Although the birth of figures of permanent stature is often at the price of the silent sacrifice of one or several generations, those who understand and undertake the
salvation of their own souls, even if they haven't written one line of poetry, are also qualified to console themselves with the title of poet...."^21

In early May, The Modernist Poets of Sichuan was ready for the printers. However, the authorities were tipped off, and late in the night after the 1,500-copy print-run was completed, the police descended upon the small Fuling printing house and confiscated all copies of the journal. The next day Liao was questioned, but not arrested. In addition, he refused to hand over the journal's printing templates (claiming that he did not have them) and, with the help of a friend elsewhere in Sichuan, was later able to use them to photo-copy a limited number of copies.

Within this journal Liao published the preface to "The City of Death" which People's Literature had not had the nerve to publish and the second poem of what Liao entitled the "The Allahfaweh Trilogy" [Alafawei sanbuqu], of which "The City of Death" had been the first poem. Liao had completed this second poem, "Yellow City" [Huangcheng] during the latter half of 1986 and followed that in early 1987 with "The City of Illusions" [Huancheng]. "The City of Death" had recorded the perilous journey of the individual's unconscious through the ruins of Chinese culture; standing upon these ruins is "Yellow City" (Yellow is not just a reference to skin color and earth, but also implies authority and

^21Appendix pp. # 392. (Bold type face used in original text.)
orthodoxy) which is an empty, false cultural edifice. Following the destruction of these two cities, the entire accumulation of culture down through the centuries becomes a vacant, unreal "City of Illusions." Taken together the three poems constitute an elegy about the life of the individual in China, and at the same time an allegory about the crisis of culture and of life in China today.

The trilogy is not, however, simply anti-culture for the sake of culture; rather Liao takes great pains to illustrate the complicated relationship between the poet and culture. When this relationship is examined within the context of life itself, it becomes possible to overcome and surpass that relationship.

All three poems are concerned with death. The gloomier, self-reflexive "City of Death" and authority's "Yellow City" both expose a form of death: the passive death of an entire race. "The City of Illusions" pushes the theme of death to the limit: the spirit, illusions, all possible paths out and the future are all smashed by a series of prophecies within this city of fantasy. Allahfaweh says:

"I will disguise my name and live in solitude
Block off access to you all
Until the loss of language, I will partake of the offerings to the gods"\(^{22}\)

The trilogy becomes a tragedy enlarged to encompass all of mankind. In "Yellow City," Allahfaweh says "You are merely doomed insects!" trying to crawl away.

\(^{22}\) Appendix pp. # 399.
WHAT KIND OF STRANGE BEAST IS HISTORY PEOPLE ARE ONLY BODIES AND TAILS UNABLE TO ESCAPE BEING CONTROLLED BY HEADS THE IRRESISTIBLE MOUNTAIN TORRENT STIRS THAT ONE AND ONLY NAME YELLOW EMPEROR YELLOW EMPEROR THE CHAINS WHICH BIND OUR WINGS ARE LINKED THROUGH TIME IMMORAL SYMBOL OF THE CONTINENTAL DRAGON YELLOW EMPEROR YELLOW EMPEROR MUMMY I WANT TO GO OUT

Crawl, but where can one crawl to? In "Manuel's Music no. 9: Godliness and Elegies" [Manniuer de yinyue zhi jiu: shenxing yu wange], Liao says of himself that he "was born onto this earth in order to sing dirges." His tears are primarily intended for himself and the death of Allahfaweh, however, and only secondarily for his race and all of mankind.

On the strength of the friendship and admiration of Zong Renfa, the young assistant-editor-in-chief of [Zuojia], a literary monthly out of Liaoning province in the northeast of China, "Yellow City" was eventually published in that journal's February 1989 issue. None of Liao's subsequent poetry, including "The City of Illusions," has been published in the establishment print media.

After the completion of "The Allahfaweh Trilogy," Liao set about rewriting "The Master Craftsman" during the latter half of 1987. Initially a three part poem written in 1985, Liao now expanded it to five parts, incorporating the subject matter of the three cities of death into its text. Whereas "The Allahfaweh Trilogy" was primarily centered upon Liao's own internal contradictions and inner turmoil. The narration of the historical development of humanity in "The

\(^{23}\) Appendix pp. # 406-407.

\(^{24}\) pp. # 412.
Master Craftsman" is made from a more impersonal, comprehensive point of view.

Liao was still in a state of limbo with regard to his post at the culture bureau and was thus able to turn his full attention to poetry. In early 1988, he set off on an extended trip to various parts of China with Li Yawei and Xiao Kaiyu. Liao returned to Fuling in April 1988 with an even more pessimistic perception of what he considered the two major pressures of the times on the individual and poetry: spiritual exhaustion and rampant consumerism. His immediate response was the poem "Bastards" [Zazhong], the first of three poems that would make up what Liao was later to call "The Slaughter Trilogy" [Tusha sanbuqu]. Liao now began to tear into poets, poetry (likening the writing of poetry to defecating) and language itself, employing all manner of post-modernist literary devices in his work.

APHORISM

Where did the name bastard come from? Did it fall from the sky? It didn’t. Is it inherent in man’s brain? It isn’t. The name bastard can only be derived from social practice, from the practice of class struggle (world war), the production struggle (land reform) and scientific practice (genetic engineering).

*

To tear out a page from a book is the same as killing a person.

*

You are not a genius, you are not an ordinary person, you are the kind of person between genius and ordinary.
Tired

Bored

Go on living.

What are you?
What am I? What is Ginsberg? What is Dante?
What is Li Bai? What is Confucius, Zhuangzi, Mencius, Laozi?
What is Star Wars? ...."2"  

"Aphorism" [Geyan], the ninth and final part of "Bastards," opens with a rewritten passage from Mao's little red book [Mao Zedong yuluben].26 Mao had originally asked from where correct thinking was derived. Liao proceeds to turn this on its head in an expression of personal, mental and spiritual limitation and exhaustion, and an all-embracing scepticism which ultimately calls into question the assignation of meaning and significance to language itself.

In "Idols" [Ouxiang], completed in August 1988 and the second poem of the trilogy, Liao continues his outright assault upon culture, here turning his attention to the idols and icons of poetry and all forms of mythology. The cultural significance of poetry and poets is dispatched in the opening and concluding poems of "Idols" ("The Giant Mirror" [Jujing] I & II). Sandwiched between them are a series

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25 Appendix pp. # 434-435.
26 pp. # 434. (Liao's note in text.)
27 pp. # 445.
of four poems equating Mao Zedong with the poet-creator, detailing their wanton acts of creation and destruction.

"People are monkeys with ideas, before understanding cause and effect, we must wait for the rotting bodies to pile up into a mountain, business at Death's restaurant is always good..." 28

".....Remember, sons -- the father who eats himself to death always says this. The devil knows what he wants his ancestors to remember

REMEMBER -- and so we invented language, it is the symbol which waits in our stead. It increases, decreases, decreases, increases, from beginning to end neither too many nor too few.

....." 28

And, of course, language is the greatest icon of them all.

After the completion of this poem, for almost eight months Liao's pen was silent. As the earlier poems and statements make abundantly clear, he had consciously chosen marginalization for himself and his poetry in 1986. The first two poems of "The Slaughter Trilogy" had been little more than elaborations of themes he had first introduced to his poetry in "The Allahfaweh Trilogy." His poetry had lost the serious and, at times, insightful, and thus constructive, tones of the earlier trilogy and "The Master Craftsman"; and he was no longer holding to the strictures he had laid down for himself and others in "The New Tradition" and "Return Home." Instead, "Bastards" and "Idols" appeared as light comedies of rebellion, bordering at times on mere rebellion for rebellion's

28Appendix pp. # 445-446.
sake, and denunciation for denunciation's sake.

In "Slaughter" [Tusha], which Liao began to write in May 1989, he is singing dirges once more. During the first two parts of the poem, he cries as much for himself as for others over his personal inability to leap with his imagination and creative ability beyond the travails of Chinese social and spiritual circumstances:

"Cry! Cry! Cry! Cry! Cry!
The only person this century to squander his tears
The only person this century to soar beyond mankind obstruct the tide of history
The only person this century with the courage to
cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry cry!
The only person this century to profane against his own mother, hate his own blood, curse his own species, mutilate his own friends, shit, soul.
Man of the fields. Crycrycry! Shattered myth, a wild beast that should be sliced into a million pieces, in the end your own tears will drown you!

*****
"All you can do is reminisce and think, and in reminiscing and thinking waste away
You have no choice but to live as a parasite in a people, a home, a fatherland, a mother, a work place, a way of thinking, a train ticket and one fate
No room for choice, like a novel of realism
Time, place, characters, motives, desires and every sentence, all meticulously plotted
Don't dream -- ! Don't dream -- ! Don't dream -- !
These damned nights, even my insomnia is planned by a director".

Fatalism, self-doubt and despair lead Liao to question his own motives and significance as a poet:

"Are you Xiang Yu? Are you Qu Yuan? Are you a hero who after a thousand and one twists and turns

29 Appendix pp. #462-463."
descends upon the world of man?

Too bad nobody knows you. The fasting, petitioning students don’t know you. The capital under martial law and the soldiers don’t know you. The woman who spent last night with you doesn’t know you.
The door of the home you just stepped out of moves far away to avoid you -- you don’t even know you

This is again reminiscent of the tormented, utterly alienated character of "I" in "The Allahfaweh Trilogy." The second part of this poem concludes with "I" (in this poem "the real you" [zhengzheng de ni]) observing the results of China’s cultural catastrophe:

"......

The real you is refused entrance to a hotel because of your accent, stares eagerly at 'Tailang,' 'Gangcun,' 'Songjing' embracing your sisters as they climb the steps and enter the room, loosen clothes and undo belts, cherry blossoms and ancient rhythms induce dreams, your sisters call out softly 'Thank you for your attentions' after being seduced and raped by foreign currency, jewelry, furniture and top quality woolen fabrics

Now three hundred thousand bitter souls in the war of resistance against Japan museum shout in alarm the devils have entered the city, in our hallucination three hundred thousand bars revolve, run wild, shatter, like horse hooves sweeping past amidst gunsmoke"

In "The Allahfaweh Trilogy" and elsewhere, Liao had made the point that one’s race was one’s fate. "The real you" is to be found there and must share in China’s depravity and degradation. This is the ultimate cause of Liao’s tears and
dirges and, on June 4, 1989, more horrific evidence of the
nation's plight further confirmed Liao's beliefs and led to
a very different conclusion to "Slaughter" than had been
originally intended.

Now instead of the slaughter of souls, living and dead,
the slaughter of human life and blood lust is graphically
dramatized. As symptoms of the general malaise, there is, as
always, a solution, but for a people who have already lost
their souls:

"We stand in brilliance but all people are blind
We stand on a great road but no-one is able to walk
We stand in the midst of a cacophony but all are
mute
We stand in the midst of heat and thirst but all
refuse to drink
People with no understanding of the times, people in
the midst of calamity, people who plot to shoot
down the sun
You can only cry, you're still crying, you cry
crycycrycycrycycry! CRYCRY! CRY!
.....
"In this historically unprecedented slaughter only
the spawn of dogs can survive".

Of course, this was not an "unprecedented slaughter", for
greater atrocities had occurred during the CR (not to
mention the results of civil wars and rebellions throughout
Chinese history). However, it was unprecedented in terms of
Beijing and with regard to student protest movements there
this century. From this point of view, Liao's dramatic
exaggeration may appear justified. In China, Liao would be

\[33\] Appendix pp. # 233 , # 474 .
\[34\] pp. # 233 , # 475 .
classified as an "intellectual" [zhishi fenzi], and the students murdered in Beijing and elsewhere represented the naive hopes for freedom of most Chinese intellectuals, if not the rest of the populace. But it was the students who had acted on those hopes, other intellectuals had been largely immobilized by fear and anguish.

Now, as the bastard spawn of a dog, Liao went the next step in his rebellion against his fate, a fate which in Beijing had taken on a more concrete form than ever before in Liao's experience, and declared himself a dissident poet.

Other Chinese poets may have written poems to commemorate the Tian'anmen Massacre after the fact, or after they had already fled the country, but Liao wrote his on June 4-5 while the massacre was still being perpetrated. If other poets still resident in China wrote similar poems, they have been locked away in desk drawers or have been destroyed by the poets themselves. By making the decision to circulate copies of his poem and a voice recording of his reading of it, Liao became the first Chinese poet to consciously attempt to use his poetry as a weapon against the CCP regime.

By not putting his name to the manuscript or voice-tape, Liao was able to avoid arrest even though the authorities discovered a copy of the voice-tape in Shanghai and had questioned him and placed him under surveillance in October 1989.
In early 1990, Liao together with five friends set about producing a videotape based on "Slaughter" which was to take the name of "Song of the Quiet Souls" [Anling qu]. Apparently, the six of them believed that Liao was no longer under surveillance, for they made little effort to conceal their actions in Shapingba, the suburb of Chongqing where they decided to produce the video. Finally, on March 25, 1990, on the very day the video was completed and ready to be distributed, the authorities moved in and arrested all six.

Axia was also arrested initially because she had copied out in her better handwriting the manuscript of "Slaughter" for Liao. She was released after a period of one month. The other five participants were held for two years without trial before being released in February 1992. Liao Yiwu was eventually given a secret trial in the spring of 1992, and sentenced retroactively to four years in prison. Currently, Liao Yiwu is confined in a labour camp near Chongqing. He is in good health, is well treated, and, according to recent reports, has been allowed to resume writing poetry.

Liao Yiwu is in some respects a casualty of his era. The power of his imagination and diction, and an unusual sensitivity allowed his star to rise early and fast in the early 1980s. These qualities are the same ones which drew him to the poetry of Dylan Thomas with whom, on the surface,

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These five included Ba Tie (a poetry critic from Fuling), Liu Taiheng (a Chongqing poet), the poet Li Yawei, Wan Xia (a Chengdu poet), and Gou Mingjun (a poet from Nanchuan).
he appeared to share much in common:

"Poetry is the rhythmic movement from an over-clothed blindness to a naked vision. My poetry is the record of my individual struggle from darkness towards some measure of light. My poetry is, or should be, useful to others for its individual recording of that same struggle with which they are necessarily acquainted.... Poetry, recording the stripping of the individual darkness, must, inevitably, cast light upon what has been hidden for too long, and, by so doing, make clean the naked exposure.... It must drag further into the clean nakedness of light more even of the hidden causes than Freud could realize."  

These words of Thomas' could just as easily be those of Liao Yiwu prior to the writing of "The Allahfaweh Trilogy." In 1986, Liao chose not merely to uncover what lay hidden within himself, but to also turn his poetry into a battle ground between himself and the forces of evil which he identified as being the ultimate cause of his own personal and his entire nation's suffering.

Thomas believed that self-knowledge could bring a peace of mind which resulted from a sound psychological readjustment, mental health and a fuller and more valid mode of living. Liao, on the other hand, was reacting to a much more turbulent, perilous environment than Thomas had ever experienced and by his very nature was fated to react to it just as violently as Thomas often did to his.

The criticisms of Liao also bear much in common with those of Thomas. Some have deprecated his obscurity. Others

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have cavilled at his slipshod use of words, at the monotony
of some of his rhythmic patterns, and at the limitations of
his theme.

In answer to the first objection it must be granted that
Liao is obscure, and must remain obscure to all whose
emotional experiences are dissimilar from his, though
principally so to those who will make no effort to recognize
the voices of the body, and to those who demand, from
everything they may encounter in life and art, a
mathematical equation, or a prose equivalent.

With regard to the other objections, the poet is
primarily concerned with Man, through birth, copulation, to
death, as has already been stated. Life is a limited
process, after all, and only human conceit could make it
other than it is; so, if the successions of glandular and
other physical images seem tiring and unreal, then the
sooner those critics turn to the poetry of others, the better.
Whatever sort of poetry Liao is writing now, it seems
unlikely that his talent will ever throw off these
qualities completely.

Life in any poem of Liao's does not move concentrically
round one central image; the life must come out of the
center; an image is born and dies in another; and any
sequence of images is a sequence of creations, recreations,
destructions, and contradictions. But in Liao's later poetry
he is unable to make a momentary peace with his images at
the correct moment: the warring stream drags on until
extreme exhaustion or death overtake the poet and his poem. Perhaps Liao will emerge from his four years in prison a wiser judge of his own abilities and limitations. But this will require some modicum of readjustment to and accommodation with the art of poetry, if not with his social environment and culture in general. Liao is a singular, unique figure among Chinese poets and one who has played an active role in the development of China's underground poetry and third generation poetry in general. At the still young age of 36 (when he will be released from prison in 1994), there is no reason not to expect more and better poetry from his pen.
Chapter 3) LI Yawei: The Hard Man of Sichuan

Since his release from a Chongqing prison in February 1992, Li Yawei has turned away from poetry and has applied his literary talents to the writing of pulp fiction about the imaginary knights errant and daring bandit-heroes he once wrote poetry about. A return to his days as one of China's few itinerant poets appears to have been finally precluded by marriage in the summer of 1993.

Li's apparent reaction to his post-June 4 incarceration (he was arrested on March 25, 1990) is in stark contrast with his rambunctious rise as a poet of some acclaim in China's second, underground world of poetry.

Born on March 17, 1963 in the mountains of eastern Sichuan province, Li Yawei began his career as a poet in 1981 during his first year as a student at a teacher's college in Chongqing. Prior to 1984, Li was introduced to the serious themes and social concern of Western modernist poetry and its pale Chinese reflection in Misty poetry, in addition to those of ancient China and the CCP-era. Like many other young poets of the time, he looked to Misty poetry for early guidance in his craft.

By the end of 1983, however, like many others, Li reacted against the homogenization of the Misty poetry style as it entered into establishment orthodoxy minus the penetrating
scepticism and all-pervading sense of alienation of its early period. At the same time, in Sichuan at least, "poetry in search of roots" (xungen shi) was gaining popularity among a number of prominent younger poets. This "roots" poetry appeared to many as a conscious attempt to recapture and explore a poetic spirit and tradition which was already long lost. In Li's eyes, roots poets were trying to pass off as relevant, false gentility and lifeless imagery passively derived from China's ancient traditional culture, seeking sources as they did in ancient mythology and The Book of Changes. Li was not ill-disposed towards classical Chinese poetry, for he was drawn to many of its themes (drinking, women and parting, among others, were to figure prominently in his later poetry). Instead of the re-gentrification of poetry, however, he felt it necessary to write poetry in a language and in a style that he and others of his age could identify with. Li also reacted against the Western modernist tradition as it was taught in China's schools. In short, Li was infused with the rebellious spirit which had gained currency on China's college campuses. However, his poetic rebellions were focused on the realist-utilitarian tendencies of establishment poetry and certain trends among younger poets. The classical tradition was still a legitimate source of inspiration for one who

^Li Yawei, "Manghan shouduan" [Macho man methods], Guandong wenxue yuekan [Guandong literature monthly], (Liaoyuan: June 1987), pp. 39-42. Appendix pp. #477-482.
felt close to some aspects of it. Furthermore, as previously mentioned, there was no call to rebel against a poetic and linguistic tradition which was already far removed from present day reality. His spirit of rebellion was directed against the literary phenomena of his experience and was probably further heightened at the time by the CCP political campaign to stamp out "spiritual pollution" (so-called "bourgeois-liberal" thought and behavior) in China’s schools and literature during the fall and winter of 1983-1984.

It also appears that Li got his first look at translations of the poetry of Allan Ginsberg, Sylvia Plath and other more recent Western poetry during this time. In the emotional explosiveness, unashamed self-preoccupation and metrical expansiveness of Ginsberg, Li and other young poets discovered possibilities for the creative freedom they craved. Here was a poetic form perfectly suited to their "screw you" attitude towards all forms of authority and the hypocritical morals, values and conventions current in Chinese society. Like Ginsberg, Li also aspired to write poetry which invited a complete emotional and physical participation by the audience. This early poetry sought to release into poetry a happy-go-lucky type of vitality which Li himself felt and which he believed common to all people not yet smothered by abstraction, orthodoxy, regulation, and the antiseptically cerebral.

A further inspiration for Li was the poetry of Carl Sandburg who also had sought to liberate verse from
gentility and to speak and sing like ordinary people in his poetry. Into his poetry, Li incorporated colloquial speech, slang and even, on occasion, CCP terminology.

"I am China" [Wo shi zhongguo] is one of Li's earliest poems of this phase and incorporates the expansive "I" of Walt Whitman in describing a China which in many ways appears to be the antithesis of Whitman's America:

I AM CHINA

But I'm probably a woman
My history is a few lovely years of wandering
I live, to forget my
Belly has just given birth to several sons,

Actually, I am a bad poet turned back by fate

I am the father of science, the son and a lab technician with a monthly salary of forty-five yuan
I am the son-in-law of a big-footed peasant woman

I am the fatherland's present, past and future
I am the yellow emperor, a corpse, but primarily a living person

I am a map of China!
I am China!
I am a policeman's club stuck on this clump of earth a hoe, a pair of big feet or a calculating instrument
There are lots of me's in this earth female me's

All are me and other me's
I am China."^2

As in the poetry of Liao Yiwu, the spirit of China is a passive, inert thing typified by the female principle (yin), sexually repressed to the point of castration. The poem's humour and tone of self-mockery are recurrent elements in Li's poetry of this period.

^2 Appendix pp. 483-484.
During the month-long January-February 1984 Spring Festival school holiday, Li Yawei made the acquaintance of a number of like-minded student-poets (Wan Xia, Yang Li and Er Mao chief among them) in Chengdu and Chongqing. Girlfriends, alcohol, fighting and wandering were common themes of the poetry of this group which was later to take the name "Macho Man" (Manghan) for their style of poetry.

"The Chinese Department" [Zhongwen xi] is a poem which expresses the antagonistic, sceptical spirit of students on Chinese college campuses, but primarily alludes to Li's gang of restless chums: superfluous men in a college setting. Unhappy with the restrictions placed upon them, protest and rebellion is expressed through narcissistic and nihilistic activity. This portrayal finds some inspiration in Ginsberg's allusions to the Beats in "Howl," although Li is specific within his poem about the individuals involved and their experiences are much less extreme than those of the Beats.

Written in the summer of 1984 upon the graduation of most of the Macho Men from college (expulsion in a few cases), "Hard Men" [Yinghanmen] was in some respects the manifesto of this group of poets. Now, no longer trapped within campus walls, they sought direct and complete engagement with the world as "porcupines with poems dangling from our waists/“.

we're dubious characters/submerged drifting masts". These poets sought to embody the male principle (yang) absent from the spirit of China's culture. Shamelessness and fearlessness were to be their trademark. The self (or selves) in Li's poem is both the creator of conflict and on the receiving end of it. Also, here again the prevailing tone is one of self-mockery. In contrast to the heroic stance of the self in Misty poetry, the self is crushed, collapsed, a situation revealed by the contrast between the insignificant, powerless individual and the monstrous, overpowering nature of the world which he is now entering into. Action and movement are the keys to existence in such a world. The hard men embody an anti-heroic consciousness as they refuse all the modes of existence dictated by a repressive society and dead traditions. China lies passive before them:

"Go, and along with the roads choke the whole mountain
along with the trackers for the boats pull the Yangzi straight
with the Yangzi force the sea back
Set out and see our vast world
see the waste land history has left to us
Let's go
my hard men"

"I am China" and "Hard Men" were the first two poems in the first edition of Macho Man, the journal, published clandestinely in Chengdu, December 1984. By this time, the
Macho Men were scattered throughout the province, isolated from one another by the bureaucratic, authoritative nature of a society in which employment is assigned to students upon graduation from college.

"The Cornered Beast" [Kunshou] and "The Blind Tiger" [Manghu], two poems written by Li during 1985, capture a new, humorless sense of isolated, uncomprehending powerlessness which descended upon Li during his first year as a high school music teacher in a remote mountainous corner of eastern Sichuan.

It was no coincidence that "The Cornered Beast" was written during school summer vacation in 1985: "In flight he feels free."

Aside from ridiculing himself and his attempts to ward off unreasonable manipulation by society, poetry was also an important form of self-affirmation for Li when not together with his fellow Macho Men. But Li was also well aware of the dangers which lay in store for him and others of his kind in China:

"His fur brushes against brambles and past, behind there is a roar of rifles being cocked"

"The Cornered Beast" is an expression of Li's belief that a person has no roots, that there is no true spiritual home, only life and movement within its never-ending stream. Ultimately death is the final and only repose.

In keeping with this theme, after graduation in 1984, Li Yawei began to introduce new subjects into his poetry which

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"Appendix pp. # 242, # 492.  
'pp. # 245, # 493."
offered imaginative escape and freedom from China's social reality, while at the same time still commenting obliquely and humorously upon it. Now his most common themes were of knights errant, daring bandits and famous classical Chinese poets, in addition to those of wandering, sex and alcohol, all but sex being traditional themes inspired by popular romance novels or classical poetry. The knights, bandits and poets offered Li some modicum of comfort and companionship now that he was isolated from his old Macho Man friends for much of the year.

Li would wander into ancient China and from there in satirical visions comment caustically on the present day:

"This group of horse-riding
  Intellectuals wandering about in antiquity
  Occasionally carry their pens in supplication to the
  emperor and frolic before him
  Raise intricately rhymed opinions
  Sometimes accepted, the land is at peace
  Most of the time they become the esteemed
  forerunners of rightists
  .......

"Su Dongpo and his Friends"
  [Su Dongpo he ta de pengyoumen]"

Li's criticism is intended as a negation of various aspects of tradition, not of culture per se. He is attracted to poets, such as Tao Yuanming and Li Bai:

"Old Tao, for a long time now braised fish hasn't
  been a dish to eat while drinking strong liquor
  Now even those who love us only drink beer
  My verse stops at the riverside and is weeping after
  antiquity"

*Appendix pp. # 494.
*pp. # 246, # 498-499.
In this poem, "An Ancient Friend" [Gudai pengyou], Li harks back to an age when poetry and poets were of greater value than they are today. Li grieves over the commercialized, depersonalized nature and forms of contemporary literature (and life):

"Are you dead, Tao Yuanming
Afterwards your poetry was cloth-bound by a commercial print house
Your poems are dissected by old men in universities"\(^\text{10}\)

As a poet whose work, at the time, was circulated exclusively in underground publications and was finding a broad, enthusiastic audience, Li was confident that he would not suffer a similar fate:

"But my poetry will push all this aside
Entitled as a district magistrate, my verse is commanding armies to march south"\(^\text{11}\)

Li's lament over commercialism and the crude sensibilities of modern Chinese, takes a cue of sorts from Ginsberg's "A Supermarket in California" and Ginsberg's despair over Whitman's "lost America of love":

"Tao Yuanming oh Tao Yuanming I have no money tonight
This evening my lines are searching for the fisherman by the river"\(^\text{12}\)

Li harks after the untroubled, idyllic visions of man in

\(^{10}\)Appendix pp. # 246, # 498.
\(^{11}\)Ibid.
\(^{12}\)Ibid.
harmony with the universe as portrayed in Tao's pastoral verse. The fisherman is the one that Tao writes of as having travelled to the "Peach Blossom Spring" [Taohua yuan ji] who after once having found it and left, is never able to return: only rumor of and longing after that place remains for those without. Li, like Tao before him, is left on the banks of the stream of life (a recurrent image in Li's poetry) looking towards its far-off source. In the end, for Li, all that is left are melancholy tears in recognition of the great distance that lies between he and that spring, and his soul-mate, Tao.

After over sixty years of exorcism by the CCP and their predecessors, China's traditional culture can only reappear in the disembodied, absurd forms which it does in Li's verse. But while the forms may be different, the message, on occasion, may be the same.

As previously mentioned, the Macho Man poets had essentially disbanded as a group by December 1984. During 1985, together with Er Mao who also worked in the same remote area where Li had been posted, Li put together two further underground collections of Macho Man poetry, in addition to a personal collection which also used the Macho Man name.

In that same year, Liao Yiwu, editor of Fuling's Literary Wind of Ba Country, published Li's "Endless Road" [Qiongtu] in his journal's inaugural issue. This was the first publication of Li's poetry in an establishment journal.

Furthermore, also in the fall of 1986, Li Yawei and other Macho Man poets were featured in Xu Jingya’s "Grand Exhibition." By that time, Macho Man had already ceased to exist as a coherent group much less an "-ism." However, Li agreed to write a short manifesto entitled "The Macho Man-ism Declaration" [Manghanzhuyi xuanyan] and a number of Macho Man poems written in 1984, including Li’s "The Chinese Department," were published together with it as representative works.

The establishment publication of Li’s work and of that of other Macho Man poets and other third generation poets who wrote colloquial language poetry during 1986, was a clear indication to Li that, to some extent, Macho Man had already become acceptable to the poetry establishment. He recognized that Macho Man was not a school of poetry (although some north-eastern practitioners of Macho Man claimed that it was) or even a loose grouping of poets (as it still appeared to be within "The Grand Exhibition").

In December 1986, Li wrote "Macho Man Methods" [Manghan

In 1987, "Hard Men" was awarded the top prize for poetry published in Guandong Literature during 1986.
shouduan], a retrospective review of Macho Man poets and poetry initially published in The Modernist Poets of Sichuan, the underground journal published by Liao Yiwu in the spring of 1987, and once more later on that year in Guandong Literature. Li stated that far from being any sort of "-ism," Macho Man was in fact no more than an attitude towards life, it was poetry written purely as self-affirmation and self-valuation. Of more lasting value, according to Li, was a "language which destroys language" (the language destroyed being that of post-1949 lyricism) and the introduction into Chinese poetry of a youthful language of action, brute force and alarming, even if superficial, frankness.

It was in recognition of this last statement that Li was invited to submit poetry to another Sichuan underground poetry journal, Not-Not, published by Zhou Lunyou in Xichang in the west of the province, in the spring of 1986 and once again in 1987. Yang Li, one of the original Macho Men, was actually on Not-Not’s editorial committee. Not-Not specialized in publishing poetry which assaulted the linguistic and value systems current in China. Li Yawei’s poetry had also appeared in three other widely circulated Sichuan underground journals during 1985-1986. Aside from Guandong Literature, The Literary Wind of Ba Country and China, however, no other establishment literary journals showed an interest in publishing Li’s work at that time.
The situation was to be somewhat different with regard to poetry anthologies published by establishment printing houses, however. Between 1988 and 1990, Li Yawei's earlier work, primarily that written between 1984-1986, was published in at least six anthologies of contemporary Chinese experimental poetry (exploratory, avant-garde, third generation, and post-Misty were other frequently used terms). The reason for this discrepancy within the cultural establishment might lie in that literary journals are more tightly controlled, and that their editorial boards are manned by more elderly, conservative individuals than those of publishing houses. In addition, the 1980s witnessed the founding of many new publishing houses, while the number of nationally and regionally circulated literary journals has remained static, if in fact their number has not been reduced.

Certainly, the introduction of "market socialism" has had its impact on state-owned literary journals and publishing in general. Since the mid-1980s, most literary journals have been forced to carry advertising and seek to earn operating capital in other ways due to diminishing state-subsidies. For example, beginning in 1986, Guandong Literature began to devote its odd-numbered monthly issues to popular pulp fiction, while even-numbered months were devoted to serious literature by young writers -- publishing serious literature alone threatened the journal's viability, according to Zong Renfa, then editor-in-chief. The closure of a number of national and
local literary journals was, perhaps, inevitable, although, the 1987 closures of China and The Literary Wind of Ba Country for political reasons are clear exceptions.

The popularity of recent poetry is perhaps best gauged by the willingness of publishing houses to publish collections of poetry and the size of print runs. The popularity of Misty poetry was attested to by the success of its first official anthology, Misty Poetry Selections [Menglong shixuan]: its first printing in November 1985 numbered 135,501 copies, and by the fifth reprint in April 1987, the print run had grown to 192,500. By comparison, the July 1992 first printing of The Happy Dance of the Light Filament -- Post-Misty Poetry Selections [Dengxinrong xingfu de wudao -- hou menglongshi xuancui] was accorded a run of only 30,500 copies by the Beijing Teacher’s University Press. The prices of the two books, both being roughly the same size and length, are more or less equal once inflation and the rise in general income during the intervening period are taken into account. It should be pointed out that the majority of recent post-Misty poetry anthologies have print runs of well under 30,000 and none have yet found a large enough market to require reprinting.

1987 began badly for Li Yawei, as it did for many other underground poets in Sichuan, as a result of the province-wide crackdown on "bourgeois-liberal" thought and culture following nationwide student demonstrations in
December 1986 - January 1987. Li was questioned and required to make self-criticisms with regard to his underground poetry activities. He refused to cooperate and was ultimately suspended -- with pay, however -- from his teaching post.

Li took full advantage of what was otherwise new-found freedom to wander throughout China on a more-or-less full-time basis. He was able to do so because there were a number of fans of his poetry willing to help him in anyway they could.\textsuperscript{14}

Perhaps Li's best friend in this sense was Zong Renfa, initially the editor-in-chief of Guandong Literature, who did all that he could to arrange for the publication of Li's poetry in north-eastern establishment journals. Macho Man poetry grew to have a large following in the north-east partly as a result of Zong's efforts on behalf of Li and other Macho Man poets. Zong saw to it that Li's work was published in at least four issues of Guandong Literature between 1986 and 1988. And in 1988, when Zong transferred to Changchun, the capital of Jilin province, to take on the post of assistant editor-in-chief of Author, a nationally circulated literary monthly, he saw to it that Li's poetry continued to be published on a regular basis in that journal.

\textsuperscript{14} I met one in June 1989 at a literature conference in Fuling which Li Yawei, Liao Yiwu and I were invited to attend. Every month this middle-aged female writer would mail one hundred yuan to Li wherever he might be in China at that time.
During 1987, Li Yawei all but ceased to write poetry of the initial Macho Man variety. Now, while retaining many of the themes of his earlier poetry, he turned his hand to lyric poetry of more traditional thematic nature. The tone of bitterness and melancholy which had already entered into poems such as "An Ancient Friend" became more prominent. At the same time, Li seemed to be more at peace with himself and his poetry, if still feeling as much alone and alienated from both current poetic trends and society as before. The youthful optimism and spiritual vigour which had been so prominent in his early work had now been replaced by a tone of disappointed resignation.

In May 1989, Li was awarded one of five poetry prizes for works published in Author during 1987-1988, for a collection of lyric verse entitled "The Inn in the Valley" [Xiagu jiudian]. "The Inn" [Jiudian] and "While I Was Standing" [Wo zhanzhe de shihou] are examples from this set of six poems of a new theme about a strange, bitter kind of love addressed to women who are no longer present or women who were never there. In "The Inn," the innkeeper (a woman, perhaps Sun Erniang) of his imagination (or his muse) is a bridge to the spirit of ancient China, of China when it was culturally strong, virile and at peace with itself. Alcohol is merely a sedative which blocks out harsh reality, a process which lays the wounded spirit bare and allows it bleed outwards as poetry.

Again, in "While I was Standing," "you" is a shy would-be
lover. Once in a "private accord" the two of them, the poet and his muse, will stand in full view of each other by the river which is the stream of life. This almost perfect union, given the always unfortunate fact that they cannot be together in it, is denied, for "you" is not there. All that there is to see is a vast wasteland. This appears to be yet another reference to the spiritual and cultural wasteland which Li considers today's China to be. As a recurrent reference it appears in the concluding lines of "Hard Men", ("Set out and see our vast world/See the wasteland history has left to us"), and again here in "Idle Words While Drinking" [Jiuliao] ("The place of my birth/Has long been absolutely drained").

In "Crowded World" [Shijie yongji], Li is again by the river, this time near a dock where people crowd down into the mad rush of the world from off the boat which sails upon it. Stairs down the river bank into the river hint at the option of suicide as a way back to a life from which modern man appears to be alienated. Mankind lives in autumn where the dock is anchored, nearer the end than the beginning of life.

"On the road home
You are pushed to one side by your imagination
You must live out the whole afternoon alone
living in this view, from far away"16

On the way back into that river (via death by whatever

15 Appendix pp. # 249, # 501.
16 pp. # 247, # 500.
route), the poet is singled out from the crowd by his imagination which leaves him alone and gazing out onto the solemn autumnal scene before him for the rest of his days.

During the latter half of 1987, however, Li began work on a series of longer poems which, more in the manner of Not-Not than Macho Man, focused on language itself. In "The Island" [Dao], "The Mainland" [Ludi] and "The Sky" [Tiankong], Li sets about demonstrating the control which language has over people in general and poets in particular, and how far this language is divorced from reality. Li's previous rebellions had been against certain cultural and poetic traditions; he now begins an assault upon culture in general.

"Everywhere on the mainland there are the ancients and stars and national borders!
Everywhere on the borders are nuclear weapons and churches and fatherlands!
Each Fatherland grows a great golden tree!
The entire tree is draped with history and literature!
Entire trees of dogs and damned things,
etire trees of tasty, live puppies!"

In one tableau, Li mixes together a series of the serious and the ridiculous, of sublime and base verbal images in an altogether too obvious mockery of the fixed values and codes of the world. These poems amount to little more than heavy handed attempts to destroy the supposed sanctity of tradition. But one question always presents itself: Is this truly necessary in today's China? Perhaps it can be justified as a response to the demands and criticism of

17Appendix pp. # 507-508.
establishment poets and critics, but only as a less than serious political use of an artistic medium in a battle that cannot be fought, much less won, within the realm of poetry.

The anti-culture poet is bound to approach language in the same way as the culture poets whom poets such as Li Yawei and Liao Yiwu declare themselves the enemies of: their own language is motivated and manipulated by the very facts which they explore. The results are never promising:


"Walk over and say you. Come here and say me. Above man below woman. Man left woman right. Superior man inferior woman. One day. Call you a woman. Call me a man. Afterwards everyone starts to move about. Man walks over. Woman comes here. You left I right. On the mainland. Our only chance is to travel toward the distant place."  "The Mainland"^{19}

"This world is merely a linguistic phenomenon That person has a relationship with you because of a certain form Because of grammar, because of silence, rhythm Because of written language that person coincidentally makes poetry with you He hangs on a function word, lets actions and words collude together Passing through unreliable paragraphs you enter into your mind"  "The Sky" ("The Feather"[Yu])^{20}

^{18}Appendix pp. # 504.
^{19}pp. # 505.
^{20}pp. # 514.
In the end, the history of poetry shows that those who rebel against the institution are bound to enter into it. The coarse, common, savage arts ultimately become accepted practice, even modern classics (such as Ginsberg's "Howl"). These poems of Li's were, perhaps, recognition of this fact and a final attempt to reject a similar fate, which, at the time in 1987 and early 1988 however, seemed to have been temporarily forestalled as a result of CCP campaign's against "bourgeois-liberalization."

In a statement of his views on poetry published together with "The Island" and "The Mainland" in the April 1988 edition of Guandong Literature, Li stated "writing poetry is a way of life, the writing of a certain style of poetry is a way of saying something, writing the poetry of some -ism or school is empty talk."

In light of this and the two poems published together with the statement, it would appear that Li is ridiculing both himself in his attempt to write such poetry and others for actually doing so:

"There are too many statements about poetry, too many demands; poetry will disappoint people, poetry will appear to be nothing at all. Actually, poetry is probably everything.

"More and more I suspect that my poems are novels, or something else. Like a thing; after a poem is written, when it is put down it should be a flying pig, picked up it is a glass of foul wine, thrown up in the air it is a slovenly cloud..... Sometimes I believe my poems are purely actions: fighting,.... crying, drinking,..... birth,..... death, parting,.. ... "

^1Appendix pp. # 502.
A poet's reputation and its longevity is determined by
the tastes of others. Macho Man poetry, in its initial
form, was written in accordance with the naturalist formula
Li espouses above. It was not, however, written for a
specific audience (aside from perhaps Macho Man poets
themselves), but simply as the expression of the as yet
untamed spirit of young men bucking up against systems of
thought and Chinese society which pressed in upon them at
all quarters. The above statement might be understood as an
explanation of or comment on the continuing popularity of
much of the verse he and other Macho Man poets wrote prior
to 1986.

While continuing to write poetry in this spirit, now
primarily in a short lyric form which was suited to it and
which also reflected Li's maturity as a poet and a new-found
respect for the art itself, early in 1989, Li began
experimenting with a new verse form and a new approach to
poetry which encapsulated more completely the world view
already glimpsed in some of his earlier post-1986 poetry:

"..... I often feel that my seasoned and mature
command of the Chinese language has distanced me
from poetry. After the most satisfying work is
committed to the written language, it begins to fail
to meet expectations. Therefore, the life-and-death
battle between a poet and language is natural, as is
his vested literary talent. I began writing poetry
in 1981, a few years later I finally discovered that
I had already got the hang of all its tricks: If I
don't destroy language, I can't get used to life in
this world. I've never been poetically close to
industry, science; cities and so on, if at the same
time these things are actually romantic, that is
only because something beyond the thing itself has
occurred or appeared [to make it so]. Otherwise, they can only be the paint, fearful of loneliness, on the cultural backdrop. Because this kind of cultural edifice, like extant language, is merely a thing on the present stage of mankind's development. Mankind is currently developing at a terrific speed, on the next stage these things will probably be all gone, just as in the beginning mankind cast aside mountain caves, stone implements and wild body fur, and entered into civilization and cities. In the future mankind will also cast off extant science, symbols and systems, and enter into another kind of living space. Fortunately, I have attained an undying spirit within poetry! Even though my poems are still composed of existing, written Chinese characters, these are gentle thoughts of sickness, birth, agriculture, animal husbandry, fisheries, the beverage industry and plants, they are confused remembrances of people and simple depictions. It's not so much that I think overly highly of my literary talent but that poetry has led me to grasp the everlasting light of life, thereby leading me to immerse myself in man's final external form -- dreaming amidst the body's fragrances and aspiring to gently fly up upon the final enemy and final form of poetry -- language."

This new futuristic tone of optimism was reflected in Li's new poems which he apparently viewed as his "autumn harvest" (qiushou), both the name of one of these poems and a term repeatedly used by Li in other poems of this period. This statement was written just after Li had completed writing "The Flight" [Feixing], an ode to his own maturity as a poet. However, it was primarily an ode to the wonders of the imagination and to the transcendent driving spirit behind the lines which appear clumsily, but magically, upon the page:

".....

At your place of origin, along the pupils of the liquor bottles the cellar's look is rolling

APPENDIX PP. # 517.
Showing that alcohol doesn’t get itself drunk, 
sixty-five proof won’t numb fifty-seven 
Alcohol is just one of the things that fly off on 
their own 
But you can’t lower your head and stare down, this 
isn’t any different from the assiduous study of 
texts 
Page by page the waves of the ocean are flipped open 
Reading sail upon sail from the strait to the cape 
Land on the opposite shore and you won’t die 
You’re thinking of heavenly things, you have to only 
think of how high the clouds are 
And it equals riding a horse 
It sends you farther than turning the pages of a 
book one by one 
Probably your fall off the horse happened between 
the words and the lines 
Because you ducked your head and looked down, it may 
have taken shape in a script 
But it isn’t important, you’re totally illiterate, 
even waiting to die isn’t easy 

I am still the one who travelled the farthest 
Because after renouncing isolated entanglements 
circling in the air became very easy 
Just like the returning of wheat in autumn fields to 
the sky 
I gallop like a horse, like the long hairs of the 
wind trailing the whitest clouds 
Just like the view of the autumn seen by people 
riding the wings of opium, driving the great 
ether wind and climbing up to the heights to 
gather it in”

No longer is Li struggling with his mode of existence in the 
world, now he lives within his poetry, within the river of 
life which he often commented sadly upon in early poems. His 
final battles shall be fought out in and with a language 
that ultimately proves inadequate in the expression of that 
spirit and freedom found in the imagination and his 
own physical being.

In one of Li’s last poems written before his arrest in

**Appendix pp. # 253-254, # 520.**
March 1990, "We" [Women], written in September 1989, he offers what appears to be a fanciful retrospective and summing up of the fate and circumstances of the Macho Man poets between the years 1984-1986. However, the poem could also be read as referring more generally to the fate of third generation poets and their poetry, or even to that of all Chinese of Li Yawei's generation in the wake of the Tian'anmen Massacre. The human imagination forms and guides our world and ourselves, there can be no escape from its terrible power. And in recognition of this, Li finally finds an inner peace of sorts, an accommodation he can and must live with, and an understanding of the world and his place in it:

".....
We came up from the surface
We suffer a sudden inter-weave on the antipodes of longitude and latitude
We throw ourselves into weaving, form patterns,
raise our heads and attain love
Wearing flowered clothing we throw ourselves into revolutions, and meet up with The Leader
We wander round, cross borders, and even earn ourselves another
Though we might only be walking on the street
It's also a product of dreams, nothing is real or unreal
Anyway you look at it, all are characters of the imagination
Walking outside, yet sticking precisely to contours of thought"

Li details man's inability to transcend systems of thought, culture and civilization, all creations of the human imagination from which there can be no escape.

However, "Our camels change shape, our line is fake

"Appendix pp. # 257, # 523."
now/When it comes down to it, we are still strugglers."
Perhaps for this reason Li chose to join together with Liao
Yiwu and four other poets and friends (including Wan Xia,
one of the original Macho Men) in Chongqing to produce
a videotape version of Liao's poem, "Slaughter."
Possibly the temptation of a new form of struggle against
the existing order of the imagination was too much for Li to
resist. Although Li was to some extent willing to accept
authority within the context of poetry, "We" still betrayed
a longing for the savage rebelliousness and physicality of
his Macho Man days (the three years referred to in the poem,
Li had never used his poetry for political purposes. His
poetry had always plumbed the imagination for the freedom
and companionship he was often unable to realize in Chinese
society. Not surprisingly, aside from one or two ambiguous
lines within "We," Li makes no attempt to deal specifically
with the events of June 4, 1989 and its aftermath. Instead,
"We" appears to reveal the inability of poets, of all
mankind, to break free of the imagined ties and
relationships which bind us all together. Neither real nor
unreal, aside from protest which is doomed to fail, poetry
is no more than a record of the helpless ineptitude of man
in his struggle to come to terms with himself. In this
light, June 4 was merely a minor horror in the fantastic
practical joke which man has been forever playing on
himself. For Li, "We" and his arrest on March 25, 1990
marked the end of his imaginative and physical struggles with what is commonly known as reality. Perhaps his silence as a poet since his release two years later is indicative of his surrender to it.

It is also quite possible that his spirit was broken by the beatings and torture he was subjected to during his 23 month incarceration.\(^\text{25}\) If this is the case, perhaps his recent marriage is an indication that his internal healing process is nearing completion. Possibly, in the not too distant future, Li Yawei will be able to bring himself to write poetry once again.

\(^{25}\) I had heard rumors of all six being beaten and tortured in 1990, however, I have only recently received direct confirmation that this was indeed the case. All but one, Ba Tie, the poetry critic, held up under this pressure and solitary confinement with no visitors (except a court-appointed lawyer) before charges of "incitement to counter-revolution" related to the videotape were dropped and all, except Liao Yiwu, were released in late February 1992.
Chapter 4) ZHOU LUNYOU: ON THE KNIFE'S EDGE

"The pass to poetry is granted only by faith in its sacramental character and a sense of responsibility for everything that happens in the world." 1

Come the next bout of political repression in China, Zhou Lunyou will no doubt be arrested and once again shipped off to a remote prison camp in the mountains of Sichuan. With the Fall 1992 publication of issue No. 5 of Not-Not, the underground poetry journal edited by Zhou since 1986, he has almost certainly booked a second passage into China’s gulag archipelago. This time, however, there will be more justification, from the CCP’s point of view, than in the first instance (August 1989 - September 1991). For Not-Not No. 5 opens with Zhou’s poetry manifesto, "Red Writing," which essentially is a call to arms directed towards all Chinese writers and poets asking them to take up the literary cudgels lain aside by the underground writers of the former Soviet Union and its Eastern European satellites, in the battle against the CCP’s continuing attempt at dictatorship over thought.

Born in 1952, Zhou Lunyou has personally experienced CCP political oppression his entire life. His parents, having

served the Chinese Nationalists prior to 1949, were subjected to persecution during each of the political campaigns which washed over China in seemingly endless waves until 1976.

Residing in the town of Xichang in remote western Sichuan further added to the Zhou family's difficulties. As is the case in smaller Chinese towns, a smaller population often means that the victims of political campaigns often become permanent scapegoats placed at the top of the list of the "usual suspects" to be rounded up with each new campaign.

Inevitably, in the early 1960s, the Zhou family was ordered out into the countryside near Xichang in order to have their class-consciousness rectified by toiling with the farmers on the land. Before this occurred, however, the Zhou's eldest son had been able to win a place at university. He was driven mad, however, by mental and physical persecution during the CR because of a theoretical article he wrote deemed critical of the regime. To this day, the Zhou family still pays to have him kept by a housekeeper in a mountain cottage near Xichang.

Driven into the countryside and unable to attend school after only three years of primary education, Zhou Lunyou and his elder twin brother, Zhou Lunzuo, began a program of intensive self-education (against the wishes of their parents). With the death of Mao and the fall of the Gang of Four in 1976, the education system slowly returned to a
state of pre-1964 normalcy, and the two brothers were able to complete college degrees in 1979.

Like his elder brother, however, Zhou Lunzuo’s interests also lay in politics and political philosophy. A high-school teacher, because of published papers deemed critical of the CCP, he was twice arrested, in 1980 and 1987, and on each occasion administratively sentenced to two years of "thought reform through labor" (laodong gaizao).

Zhou brother number four was sentenced to life imprisonment on trumped up charges of rape (of a girlfriend who was the daughter of a high official) in the early 1980s. And in early 1990, the youngest of the five brothers, whom his parents had successfully kept out of school and illiterate in an attempt to avoid political persecution, was killed in a car accident. The driver of the other vehicle was clearly at fault, but has never been charged in the matter. (Up until that time, this boy and his wife had been able to parlay Deng’s economic reform policies into a thriving chicken-farm enterprise which allowed him to drive Xichang’s first privately-owned taxi cab and purchase a newly built apartment.)

With this sort of background, it would seem reasonable to expect that the poetry of Zhou Lunyou would reflect some of his experience, or at least be more overtly political than other underground Chinese poets. This was not the case,
however, until after the Tian'anmen Massacre in 1989, and, possibly, only as a result of his own arrest.

Like the vast majority of Chinese poets and writers, despite personal suffering and witnessing the suffering of others, Zhou initially chose not to write on these subjects or dared only to hint at them ambiguously. For most Chinese poets, poetry either is a release from reality into a place where they can dwell upon the more pleasant or hopeful aspects of life, or it is an immersion in the abstractions of philosophy, historiography and, in recent years, a plethora of imported and traditional poetics. Fear of the CCP and the traditional scholar-would-be-government-official syndrome are the reasons for this. There has never been a tradition of active dissidence or independence of thought for the artist or intellectual in China. The romanticized figure of the hermit who shuns any role in society was abolished in 1949 when the CCP established a totalitarian regime that stretched into all corners of the country and effectively forbade non-participation in society as a lifestyle option.

Thus, the poetry of Zhou Lunyou was necessarily of an acceptable vein when it first began to be published in the CCP's literary journals in the early 1980s. Among his works were poems strongly influenced by the Misty poets and Chinese poetic tradition such as "The Solitary Pine" [Gusong] and "Spring Festival" [Chunjie], both included among translated
poetry in the Appendix."

Neither was Zhou beneath writing poems which met the political requirements of the regime and sang the praises of the working man and China's new, hopeful post-Mao era. Desires for publication, recognition and poetic community see many poets write poems like Zhou's "The Black Statue" [Heise de diaosu], only to see these same poets turn their backs upon such exercises at later dates. Not all do, however, and it is they who publish and prosper in the CCP's poetry and publishing establishments. It is not easy to turn away from the allure of lifetime employment and reward within the system, a system brimming with perks, including trips overseas as representatives of contemporary Chinese literature. But by 1984, Zhou had successfully overcome these temptations, if in fact, considering his background, they had ever truly existed for him.

After his graduation from China's television university in 1979, Zhou Lunyou had continued his personally designed course of self-study. In the early 1980s, he read all that he could of the Western literature, literary and linguistic theory, and philosophy which was then being translated and published in China.

On July 25, 1984, Zhou had published the first of a series of poems written as self-analysis: "The Man with the Owl" [Dai maotouying de nanren]. Over the next three years,

\(^3\)Appendix pp. #259, #525.

\(^3\)pp. #261-264, #527-528.
the exclusive subject of Zhou's poetry was "Man." Focusing on experience, human nature and reason, and the mask of personality, or personae, he exposes the adventures of the human spirit under the control of the unconscious, and the automatic nature of man's manipulation of (and by) language. Through perceptual experience, illusions and dreams, he explores the irrational aspects of life by way of formal linguistic management of the conscious and the unconscious.

"The Man with the Owl," first published in Modern Poetry Exchange Materials, is a super-empirical cultural meditation intended to expose the pain and revelations resulting from alienation of the Self from culture.

In "Valley of the Wolf [Langgu]," a cycle of poems written early in 1985 and published in Chinese Contemporary Experimental Poetry, Zhou employs monologues of the unconscious to express psychological abnormalities resulting from pressure on the Self from the Super Ego and the Id. Half of the poems in the cycle are in fact linguistic analysis of Western surrealist and abstract art works, and the other half are poetic experiments with Freudian theory using symbols of the unconscious as he does in the poem, "The White Wolf" [Bailang].\(^4\) Taken together, the cycle appears in the form of a split personality in order to describe the internal spiritual conflict that Zhou apparently experiences.

\(^4\)Appendix pp. #263, #529.
In "Man-Sun" [Renri], published in Han Poetry: Twentieth Century Historical Annals - 1986, Zhou continues with this over-arching theme in using irrational life experiences to portray the experience of individual man. This poem concludes with a conversation between the poet and Zhuangzi, and the lines: "Zhuangzi is merely thoughts of the butterfly/The butterfly is merely Zhuangzi's wings." These remarks appear to be designed as a satiric comment on the fascination of so-called roots poetry with Zhuangzi and ancient belief systems similarly devoted to interpretations of reality, such as oracle bones and The Book of Changes, which Zhou also refers to within the poem. "The roots of the tree are rotten, but its leaves are still fresh.....[My] rootless drifting starts here." The culture at the base of these beliefs and symbols already being dead, they can offer no more than inspiration for continued irrational flights of the imagination. "Let the content disappear, all that remains of the entire world is sacred abstraction./ Yet I live concretely."

In "The Thirteen-Step Flight of Stairs" [Shisanji taijie], written in early May 1986, Zhou continues to employ irrational experience as he proceeds to map out a thirteen-step evolution of human life up until the point that "finished walking the thirteen-step flight of stairs You are no longer a man of language," he has reached a state of pure

Appendix pp. # 534.
pp. # 531.
'pp. # 531.
"pp. # 537."
perception free of all the obfuscating cultural baggage which began with the willful naming of things on the first step of the stairs.

This poem was published in Zhou's own underground poetry journal, Not-Not. Early in 1986, Zhou got together with a number of like-minded underground poets, principally Lan Ma and Yang Li who acted as assistant editors to Zhou's position as editor-in-chief, in Chengdu. Between them they resolved to create a school of poetry which would be unique to China, a course of action which they felt was preferable to slavish imitation of Western poetic practice and theory, and which would ultimately allow modern Chinese poetry to become a recognized, full-fledged member of the world's poetic community. In order to achieve this goal, not only did they resolve to found the underground journal, Not-Not, but they also composed the "Not-Not-ism Manifesto" [Feifeizhuyi xuanyan], "Not-Not-ism Poetry Methods" [Feifeizhuyi shige fangfa] and even "A Small Dictionary of Not-Not-ism" [Feifeizhuyi xiaocidian] which offered explanations of terms used in these poets' critical articles. (Both the Manifesto and the Dictionary were updated or enlarged in subsequent issues of the journal.) In order to prove the necessity of Not-Not-ism, Zhou authored an essay, "Structural Change: A Record of the Revelations of Contemporary Art" [Biangou: dangdai yishu qishilu], which by detailing the causes and effects of the fundamental developments which affected Western art early in this
century, sought to offer an explanation for the appearance of Not-Not-ism in China.

Also at this time, Zhou decided to dedicate himself entirely to this cause: He resigned as librarian of the Xichang Agricultural Training School and, with the full support of his wife, Zhou Yaqin, resolved to devote himself on a full-time basis to the Not-Not cause. He also resolved that from that day forward he would no longer beat his head against the wall of the poetry establishment and submit poetry or essays to establishment literary journals, a promise he has kept over the past seven-plus years. His poetry and essays have appeared in such publications, but only upon request by sympathetic editors.

The poets of Not-Not claimed as their goal ridding Chinese poetry of all unnecessary and harmful cultural and linguistic baggage, and returning it to a concrete, practical language of neutral intent. "Not-Not-ism Poetry Methods," written by Zhou and Lan Ma together, in combination with the Manifesto was to be a blueprint towards what they hoped would be a school of poetry that could accomplish this task. Under the heading "Not-Not-ism and the return of creativity to its original state" [Feifeizhuyi yu chuangzuo huanyuan] (a desire expressed in Zhou's "Thirteen-step Stairway"), they issued three statements of intent:

"(1) We want to dispose of the semantic obstacles to sensory activity ...[and achieve] the restoration of the senses to their original state.
"(2) We want to dispose of every kind of boundary
formed by the semantic network on the television screen of consciousness ... [and achieve] the restoration of consciousness to its original state.

"(3) The languages of culture all contain ossified semantics. Only suited to fixed operations of the cultural variety, they are powerless to undertake the expression of pre-cultural experience ... [We want to achieve] the restoration of language to its original state."

As the carrier of cultural traditions, language receives special attention:

"(1) We are resolved to transcend dualistic 'right' and 'wrong' value judgements ... and attain an open nature of pluralistic or even limitless values.

"(2) In writing poetry, we will strive to rid language of abstraction, sweep away the fixed qualities of abstract linguistic concepts and, in the description of things, clear out acts of inference and the judgements found in reasoning.

"(3) Fixed semantic meaning is the cause of language's loss of vitality. By way of irregularity and the construction of a variable linguistic state, we will make some of the old, decrepit language shine once again with the brilliance of regained youth, having reacquired what had been lost -- a polysemant (multiple-meaning), non-fixed, multifunctional nature."

Finally, if it were not already clearly the case, Zhou and Lan Ma took Not-Not-ism well beyond the bounds of poetry and language alone by proposing what they called a "method of creative criticism" (chuangzuo pipingfa).

Here again they listed three points of major emphasis:

"With regard to sense perception, our criticism intends to eliminate the semantic sensations of culture, mood-sensations and sensations patterned by...

\(^{9}\)Appendix pp. # 538-539.
\(^{10}\)pp. # 539.
habit. With regard to consciousness, our criticism intends to eliminate surface-layer collective consciousness (the consciousness of realistic cultural values such as material gain, knowledge, concepts, etc.) and deep-layer collective consciousness (the consciousness of inherited cultural values such as reason, logic, finalized and semi-finalized imagery, etc.). With regard to language, our criticism intends to eliminate abstract terms of fixed value, terms with dualistic value tendencies, and the traditional vocabulary of rhetoric."

Clearly, their desire was to return, on at least a spiritual level, to a pre-cultural or non-cultural world from where a new culture or cultures could spring forth ex nihilo and coexist freely and in perpetuity. Implicit in the manifesto, and presented more explicitly in essays by Zhou and Lan Ma in the first four issues of Not-Not between 1986-1989, was the fact that their poetics were, in part, a response to the weakened hold of China's traditional culture, the continuing attempts by the CCP to fuse a spiritless "new spiritual civilization" (xin jingshen wenming) onto what remained of it, and the rapid rise of a culture of crass utilitarian pragmatism resulting, in part, from Deng's economic reforms and the selective opening to Western pop culture during the 1980s. (See pages 121-125 for criticism of Not-Not-ism.)

In reality, however, according to Zhou, the basis of Chinese culture remained the native conglomeration of animistic, Confucian, Daoist and Buddhist intellectual and social traditions. Attempts to introduce Western traditions and

11Appendix pp. # 539.
concepts (such as democracy, socialism, and even new poetic forms and "modernism") over the preceding 100 years had resulted in thin veils over the old forms. While outward forms and surfaces sometimes appeared to change, the inertia of over 2,000 years of tradition ensured that content would be little affected. In the realm of the arts, Zhou pointed to the frequently lifeless intellectual game of copying Western modernism which, while initially intriguing and useful tools for self-promotion, in the end had amounted to no more than fads of copying which had not taken root in Chinese soil. Zhou expounded these views in a series of essays, beginning in 1986, written as assessments of the underground poetry movement and contemporary Chinese modernist poetry in general.

In an essay entitled "Anti-Values" [Fan jiazhi], published in Not-Not No. 3 (December 1988), Zhou proposed an attack on all value systems then prevalent in China's arts and society in general. The mere destruction of language, form and perceptual modes could do no more than minor, temporary damage. It was the values which propped up the cultural superstructure that made men slaves to the languages they lived in. Only by eliminating the core value words (such as the beauty, truth, love, etc.) and their attendant verbs, nouns and adjectives, by eliminating opposing value structures (such as good versus bad, true versus false, etc.) and implicit or explicit value judgement in language of which all languages of culture consist, can there be true freedom and genuine democracy in the arts -- and, by implication, in
all other areas of society.

In conclusion, Zhou states that he is well aware that his proposals cannot be adopted without placing mankind in unprecedented difficulties. His main purpose is to call the readers' attention to a situation in which all are placed by value-loaded language and to the assumptions which predicate the existence of man. Once one is aware of the situation, which Zhou likens to a game, and of the rules (value systems) by which it is played, the individual will have the ability to opt out and to act as an independent entity.

The concluding paragraph of "Anti-Values" sums up the positions of Zhou Lunyou and Not-Not-ism in general:

"The value exercises of mankind compare well to a ball game: My father's generation and the father generations of my father's generation all enthusiastically joined in -- getting into the championship match and claiming the prize being the highest objective. They never thought about who fixed the entire set of rules which controlled the competition, or whether the rules were reasonable, and so on. Before myself, there have been some who have refused to join the contest. This wasn't because they had grown tired of the protracted competition, or because they had become suspicious of it, but because they knew full well that they could not come out victorious. They chose to adopt an attitude of refusal in order to save face. As far as I'm concerned, the question is not whether or not to refuse to join in the match, the problem I have discovered is more important by far than the match itself: The value based behavior of mankind is merely a game, and in this game we are the ones being played with. What actually controls the game are a few terms and a self-manipulating set of rules which comes with them. These terms and their rules throw you, us, them, this flock of stupid things into a game of chance, they make us perform with ourselves as audience. After the wheel had spun a
few times, I finally understood: I am in it, but I must not be in it! By way of destroying its sacred rules I will stop this great game, and, furthermore, replace it with new rules — This, then, is what I am now doing and want you to join together with me to do. Let's do it together!

"The realization of anti-values is, therefore, the creation of new values — only when that is achieved can one say: I have moved one step forward."12

Zhou Lunyou's next major poem, "Free Squares" [Ziyou fangkuai], published in Not-Not No. 3 (1987), is his attempt to embody and demonstrate in poetic form the value-based linguistic game in which mankind is caught. For this poem, Zhou takes on the role of a satirist and regales the reader throughout with his trenchant sardonic wit. Zhou chooses a satiric stance in order to better expose the discord between the individual and culture in general. He exaggerates the conflict and seeks a form of psychological balance by way of evasive twists and turns and counter-actions to it. The contradictions he himself must have experienced are prominent throughout the poem: man is at ease with himself but unable to act for himself; he is impulsive but unable to act freely; he is alone but unable to keep his silence, and so on.

A satiric poet is, of course, a rebel, but because the poem's internal monologue is presented as an aside, it takes on an instructive, revelatory form. The pose of the satirist is that of having complete comprehension; the poet attempts to transcend the absurd nature of the world he lives in. Zhou's intention is to overcome this absurdity by way of

12Appendix pp. #566.
word games. For example, part one of "Free Squares" is an expression of extreme scepticism in the believability of poses in and of themselves: "The pose should be paid attention to. As a traditional beauty pays attention to the look of her face. For example, she does not bare her teeth when laughing. For instance, not being allowed to cast sidelong glances. Pierre Cardin chooses you as a model...... Sit by the south wall. Sit facing the wall. All these are ways in which the wise ones would sit. You’re not a sage. You don’t think the supreme lord is about to come down among us. You can sit more casually......\(^{13}\)

"Pose" (zishi) is perhaps better translated as "position." The term appears to refer to the role an individual chooses or is assigned within culture. The pose determines the individual’s relationship with culture and other individuals but bears little relation, in Zhou’s conception of the situation, to the basic nature and instincts of the individual. Part one of "Free Squares," entitled "Motive I: Position Plan" [Dongji yi: zishi sheji], seeks to expose the inhuman nature of culture. Alienated man (uncertain, unsettled, with little self control) doesn’t know if his pose should be based on instinct or agreement with cultural conventions. Knowledge is the cause of his indecisiveness. An evil culture has already entered his bloodstream (this is similar to Liao Yiwu’s belief that one’s nation is one’s fate), he has no choice but to shrivel up and

\(^{13}\)Appendix pp. #265, #567
die spiritually in choosing between the two. This appears to be abnormal, but is in fact the normal situation of all people. The tragedy is that this person in search of a pose is not learning from the experience of life’s tragedy, but as quickly as possible searches out a pose in which to reside and there to accustom himself to his alienated reality. This act exposes the degree to which he has already been twisted by that reality.

Throughout this first part, Zhou makes constant, direct and indirect, allusion to the figures and "poses" of classical Chinese poetry, in addition to Buddhism and other ancient philosophies and practices. It is apparent that to some degree his satire is directed against certain trends among China’s poets which he had already touched upon in critical essays written before and after the writing of "Free Squares." Just as deliberately, "Motive I" is written in a style designed to impress upon the reader the often unconscious, reflexive nature of pose picking, or "position design." Zhou achieves this affect by stringing together allusions to Chinese classical poetry, philosophy and religion in a way that approaches interior monologue, somewhat similar to stream of consciousness technique. (Here, also, we see the poets paradoxical relationship with traditional culture: Using it for "inspiration" while denying it as a living tradition.)

In "Motive V: The Salt of Refusal" [Dongji wu: jujue zhi yyan], Zhou writes of the individual's feelings of anxiety and
atrophy. Here "you" are a sacrificial offering to traditional culture. The anxiety of "you" is the result of the simultaneous expiration of both the life of the individual and traditional culture (a thinly veiled reference to the ascension of the CCP to power in 1949), and is not the product of a post-industrial society (as it is in modern Western poetry).

"When necessary learn how to shake your head or wave your hand
If both your head and your hand are not free
You must learn silence"^1^4

All paths are closed to the individual by a list of over twenty refusals. The refusals of "you" are not those of an Ah Q-like character (self-aggrandizing), but are rooted in feelings of self-abasement, of being abandoned or discarded, and the lack of any spiritual goal whatsoever. Traditional culture has taught "you" only two things: the blind following of others (blind faith), and mindless refusal. In the midst of all this, "you" feel nothing:

"Refusing is an art. The attacking army is at the walls
You're still enjoying your siesta
Shuffle the chessmen idly
At the Pavilion of Uninterrupted Leisure listen to the water and the fish"^1^5

On the surface the appearance of composed correctness is an expression of self-abasement and abandonment. We (which can be alternatively read as all Chinese people, the generation who grew up during the CR, or the poets who have

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^1^4 Appendix pp. #268, #573.
^1^5 pp. #270, #574.
emerged from that generation) are left at the side of the road by the rest of the world. The poet is in misery, he scorns his soul, his spirit, his Self, and yet cries out for them at the same time.

In "Motive IV: West of Tahiti" [Dongji liu: taxiti yixi], the concluding section of "Free Squares," Zhou returns to his pet subject of abstract painters and their paintings -- this time Paul Gauguin, who also protested against the "disease" of civilization and set out for Tahiti in 1891, there doing some of his best work and writing the autobiographical novel, Noa Noa. Here and in the second half of this section Zhou deals with Daoist philosophy and the illusory, arbitrary nature of attributing meaning to cultural artifacts. Ultimately:

"-- You didn't come from anywhere. (Where did we come from?)
-- You aren't anything. (Who are we?)
-- You aren't going anywhere. (Where are we going?)

I eat therefore I am.
And that's all there is to it.

(You meditate on a step of the stair. Make a circuit of the dome. There's no door in or out. You sit down and don't ever want to get up again)"\(^\text{16}\)

In Zhou's next major poem, "Portrait of the Head" [Touxiang], written in 1987 but published in the January 1989 issue of Not-Not No. 5, he continues to mock the earnest nature of the various mien of Man. A drawing of a human head complete

\(^{16}\)Appendix pp. \#272, \#576.
with facial features at the top of the manuscript slowly
loses those features so that by the fifth and final section
of the poem nothing of the head remains at all: Man has lost
himself among the illusory symbols of culture. Finally the
poet declares:

"GREAT VIRTUE. Real people don't expose their faces.
Like an antelope hanging its horns in a tree while
it sleeps. No trace to be found......
"GREAT VIRTUE. Personality is a mask. For people to
look at. Whether lofty or refined is determined by
the plot of the play. A hero without a head. Without
scruples......."

In this section of the poem, Zhou addresses himself to
"you" (nimen) in the plural. It becomes apparent that he is
addressing his remarks to China's modern day literati and
intellectuals in general: "The world isn't a problem.
Problems are a form of addiction. Fabricate a balloon out of
nothing and then explode it." Zhou appears to be
referring to man's love of abstracting an unreal thing out
of something real, creating problems where none had
previously existed. "[You] have caused this world to lose
its face," it has been made to become something else,
just as man's innate nature has been buried beneath the
abstractions of culture.

In the end Zhou appears to make an appeal for simplicity
in Chinese poetry, in line with Not-Not's call for a
restoration of the senses, consciousness and language to

1 Appendix pp. # 58+.
10 pp. # 58+.
15 pp. # 58+.
their original state, when he concludes this poem with the lines: "More plum blossoms and less of that/Vacancy."^{20}

Zhou's discarding of the lyrical language of poetry is also part of his rebellion against so-called poses, even though, therefore, he has no choice but to choose another type of non-lyrical ironic pose. To the satirist, reality is revealed in an absurd form, this then is the reason Zhou uses an extremely bored speaking voice to express the design (affected, artificial creation) of poses in "Free Squares," or the completion (concealment and elimination) of the portrait of the head.

Not surprisingly, Zhou's criticism of other poets both within his poetry but, primarily, in his critical essays was not appreciated by China's underground poets. Many dismissed him as merely political, believing he was grandstanding for the establishment in order to help Not-Not achieve official acceptance. The slick, well-edited nature of Not-Not's numerous publications may also have led to some degree of envy.

Not-Not No. 1 had been printed in Sichuan with a print run of 2,000 copies (as had all subsequent editions). Most of the journals were sold for five yuan, a sum which covered printing costs alone. No. 1 was eighty pages in length and was one of the most elegantly designed underground journals ever to appear in China. On May 4, 1987, Not-Not No. 2 (140 pages) was published, one year after the first edition.

^{20}Appendix pp. #586.
(The date, May 4, was consciously chosen for both issues in order to convey to readers that Not-Not was carrying on in the May Fourth Movement's spirit of totalistic rejection of tradition. Not-Not, however, sought to reject Western tradition as well as Chinese.) During that year, Zhou also compiled and edited three four-page broadsheets of regular newspaper-size entitled Not-Not Criticism [Feifei pinglun], two of which featured critical and theoretical essays written by Zhou and other Not-Not poets and theorists, and one of which was a compilation of several articles written about Not-Not published in China's literary establishment media and in Hongkong. With the crackdown which followed nationwide student demonstrations in January 1987, Not-Not was officially banned in Sichuan province. This impediment was circumvented, however, when Not-Not No. 2 was published outside of the province.

Also, in the fall and winter of 1986, Zhou Lunyou, like Liao Yiwu and Li Yawei, had been invited to lecture on Not-Not-ism at several universities and colleges in Sichuan, and had met with large, enthusiastic audiences. While these activities came to an abrupt halt in 1987, 1988 brought another relaxation in the CCP-controlled cultural climate and Zhou found himself officially invited to a handful of establishment poetry conferences. In April of that year, parts 1, 2 and 5 of "Free Squares" were published for the first time in the literary establishment, by the liberally edited Author out of Changchun. Portions of the poem have since been published in at least three poetry anthologies.
(In the spring of 1987, Liao Yiwu published the poem in its entirety in the underground journal, *The Modernist Poets of Sichuan*.) Zhou was also asked to write several theoretical essays and rebuttals to criticisms of Not-Not by establishment literary publications, such as *The Poetry Press, Contemporary Poetry* [Dangdai shige] and *Poetry Monthly*.

After the completion of "Portrait of the Head" in October 1987, Zhou devoted almost all his time to the activities detailed above. During a period of almost two years following that date he failed to produce a poem which he saw fit to publish in his own journal.

*Not-Not* No. 3 (150 pages), printed in Wuhan, Hubei province, appeared in December 1988 and was entirely devoted to theory and criticism, including "Anti-Values" and one other essay by Zhou Lunyou. A month later, in January 1989, *Not-Not* No. 4 (146 pages), also printed in Wuhan, and given over entirely to poetry including Zhou's "Portrait of the Head," went into circulation.

Police harassment of *Not-Not*'s chief contributors and editors, Zhou, Lan Ma and Yang Li, had begun in 1987 shortly after the initial ban on *Not-Not* was issued, but never went beyond questioning and verbal chastisement. The liberal atmosphere that marked the first half of 1989 saw police agents visiting Zhou in Xichang and asking politely for copies of *Not-Not* No. 3 and 4. Apparently, word had reached the authorities, no doubt from the Sichuan literary establishment, that two new editions were in circulation. Zhou,
of course, did not oblige their request (the journals had been distributed already and Zhou had only a few personal copies left, none of which he was prepared to surrender to his mortal enemies).

In fact, by this time, Not-Not had already ceased to exist. As a result of serious differences, both personal and ideological, Zhou had broken up his partnership with Lan Ma and Yang Li not long after the January publication of Not-Not No. 4. Not-Not would continue, however, but now Zhou planned to put out a version of his own, and Lan Ma and Yang Li another.

But, perhaps, the root basis of this parting of the ways was to be found in the weakness of Not-Not-ism itself. Based on an urge to break free of the restrictions placed upon poets by a language weighed down by cultural traditions, Not-Not-ism had focused on culture, language and values to such an extent that very little was actually said about poetry. Their attempt to transcend culture and language was, of course, impossible, a fantastic dream. The super-language which they aspired to was still a language, just as the super-culture which was associated with it was still a culture. Deep-rooted cultural influences were bound to remain, as would a certain inherited aesthetic consciousness and other psychological elements. The return to a pre-cultural state which Not-Not-ism advocated would mean the end of poetry, for the poet can do nothing else but use language to express himself.

Neither was it clear what language was to be transcended.
If it was "normal," everyday speech, it takes on a transcendent quality once it is written as poetry in any case. It they were referring to an over-used language of ossified semantic meaning, then their's was a quest after a new poetic language and a refurbished version of estrangement theory.

It is also not clear how symbolic meaning, metaphoric meaning, and changes in meaning which result from different linguistic states are not also to be considered as transcending language and semantics.

It also seems that Not-Not theories of transcending culture and language are better suited in reference to the mental state of a writer prior to the creative act, and the reader's mental state when he is able to transcend surface linguistic meaning and his imaginative powers are able to operate freely as a result of that reading.

Not-Not-ism is contradictory in regard to other aspects. No matter how much the writer prepares himself and is mentally able to "return to his origins" (huanyuan) (a mode of direct perception), if it only remains in the writer's head, it is not poetry. To become poetry it must pass through language (into the text itself).

Simply commenting on content, as No-Not-ism does, is not to talk of art, but of experience. Only when there is commentary on form and art as art, can true poetic criticism be said to have been made.

Terms such as "direct perceptual thought" (zhijue siwei), "super-semantic thought" (chao yuyi siwei),
"non-determination" and so on, appear to refer to experience (the pre-creation mental state) alone and do not enter into the poetic text itself.

Poets must pass through language and a text to express poetry, the first step toward reading appreciation must be language which requires a relatively fixed semantic thought process. This process is determined by the cultural nature of man and the basic cultural nature of language.

An understanding of anything (poetry) can not be done with a blank mind (an aesthetic direct perception free of all hang-ups and obstructions) which passively receives what is presented to it, but is based upon a kind of a priori structure of consciousness (prior existence, prior perception, prior certainty) which in turn assists in the readers understanding and interpretation of the text. This prior structure naturally also includes specific cultural deposits within it. After readers have a fairly certain understanding and grasp of the basic semantic meanings of poetic language and of the entire composition itself, only then is it possible to set the imagination into further motion by using the prior structure of one's own consciousness, including direct aesthetic perception, to finally complete the poem.

Given these apparent weaknesses and criticism from both underground poets and the establishment, it is hardly surprising that after two and one half years the poets of Not-Not would begin to drift apart. Yang Li was
considered the group's representative poet, but for the reasons stated above, even his verse was unable to attain the goals laid out by Not-Not-ism. As has already been seen, Zhou confined himself to satire and word games which sought to reveal the weakness of contemporary Chinese poetry and poets, and the difficulties a poet has in coming to grips with language and values which threaten to emasculate the poet's Self.

In the spring of 1989, now without Lan Ma and Yang Li, Zhou felt he still had enough support from poets and poetry lovers to go it alone and continue to produce an underground journal. Ever aware that, given his family background, his position with regard to the authorities was precarious at best, Zhou had always made a point of not becoming involved in any overtly political activities. This was even more the case during April-May 1989 when demonstrations against CCP incompetence, corruption and dictatorship were sweeping the country. Zhou stayed well clear of the demonstrations which took place in Xichang.

Finally, however, in late May, Zhou succumbed to his curiosity and went on what he termed a study tour of Chengdu and Beijing. On June 4, he had already left Beijing and was on his way back to Sichuan. When he returned to Xichang, however, he found that Zhou Yaqin, his wife, had been arrested on June 5 and that their son was living with his grandparents. (On June 5, Yaqin had gone to market wearing a T-shirt upon which she had expressed with two written characters
(aidao) her sorrow and indignation over what had occurred in Beijing and Chengdu. She was arrested that night and held without charges for two months.)

Not long after his return, Zhou was informed by well-placed sources that the local police had begun an investigation into his activities. In early July, agents from the Ministry of State Security [Guojia anquanbu] began to follow Zhou and to photograph him together with acquaintances. Finally, on the night of August 18, ten days after the release of Yaqin from prison in Xichang, Zhou Lunyou was arrested.

Initially, Zhou was held without charges and without visitors for six months in a Xichang prison. In February 1990, he was administratively sentenced to three years of labour reform at a prison camp tea plantation on the slopes of Mount Emei in northwest Sichuan, to be served retroactively from the time of Zhou's arrest.

Zhou's alleged crime was the vague, ubiquitous charge of "inciting counter revolution" (shandong fangeming). Given that Zhou did not participate in any June Fourth-related political activities, his arrest was plainly an attempt by the authorities to once and for all eliminate Not-Not. (Of course, they were unaware of the split which had already occurred within the Not-Not camp.) Perhaps they considered its anarchic theories which both directly and indirectly struck at the cultural foundation the CCP had been attempting to establish since 1949, as somewhat of a threat
to the state. Certainly, its well-ordered, systematic appearance as an underground organization for a period of over three years must have been a source of embarrassment to the Sichuan literary establishment and the legal authorities.

During his first six months in the prison camp, Zhou suffered terribly from overwork and undernourishment. During this period he developed dropsy (oedema). Eventually, Zhou Yaqin, who was now able to visit him, raised enough money to administer a bribe which resulted in Zhou being assigned work as a teacher in the camp. Yaqin was also able to smuggle books to Zhou. Ultimately, Zhou was released almost a full year early, in September 1991, ostensibly for good behavior.

Throughout his ordeal, Zhou continued to write (or compose in his head and memorize) poetry. It appears that the extremity of his situation was the cause of a shift into a more lyrical style of writing. At the same time, however, his poems took on more direct political overtones.

Two poems written while still in prison in Xichang during December 1989, are remarks on the continued freedom and power of the imagination while in physical captivity ("The Great Bird of the Imagination" [Xiangxiang daniao], and "From the Concrete to the Abstract Bird" [Cong juti dao chouxiang de niao]):

".....
The bird is a word, but also not a word
Between books and the sky the bird is a sort of hinge
An imaginary shape. After breaking away from substance
We are birds ourselves
The final image emerging in a dream
When birds are injured, fresh blood flows from our eyes
When birds are silent, stones spread through our hearts

In prison I write this poem
With iron upon my body. My face feels
The softness of feathers. I know
Only a concrete bird can be caught and killed
But a pure bird can’t be
Because that is merely a kind of abstract flight
Not a bird flying, the sky
The abstract bird is beyond all range of fire
The abstract bird can not be shot dead

After the crack of the gun
The bird still flies”

It now seems that Zhou has come to a new appreciation of abstract language, or cultural symbols (as in "the abstract bird"), and the value of imagination in a confining, dangerous environment.

Other poems prominently feature images of iron and steel, blood and stone, and are redolent with fear and contempt. As in "The Circumstances regarding an Arrangement of Stones"[Shitou goutude jingkuang]:

"This situation I have never before entered deeply into
It takes violent hold of you. Atop a colossal stone
Rocks containing iron pile up coldly
And form into columns and walls
You have been put between stones
The north, or the south. You sit facing a wall
Dully dreading the blue which seeps out of the silence

This isn’t some kind of game of the imagination
At the cost of your life you are on the scene

Appendix pp. #291-292, #592-593.
For all of three years, you must accept these stones
Become one component in this arrangement
Only through murder can you experience that intensity
Forcing itself in on all sides
Compelling you to become small, smaller
Until you skip into a stone and become a form of a thing

Break into a stone and there's still a stone
From wall to wall. From the soul out to the eyes

You have to love these stones, stone people
And stoney things, love and be intimate with them
Nod a greeting, sometimes the bumps will leave your head bleeding
Heavier stones on top, occupy commanding positions
You can't look up at them but can sense them at all times
Always so indubitable and brutal
They can smash your body to pieces at any time

The circumstances of the arrangement of stones are like this
Like the dangers to a person entering deeply into a tiger
Pulling teeth in the tiger's mouth then suddenly a tooth aches
Maybe one day you'll obtain a whole tiger skin
Thereby proving your courage and riches
But right now the tiger is biting you, eating you
This non-substituteable plight has damaged you all over

To penetrate a tiger and not be eaten by it
To penetrate a stone and not become a stone
To pass through burning brambles and still be your old self
Requires perseverance. You must hold fast to yourself
Just as the crystal holds fast to the transparency of the sky
The iron stones continue to pile up around you
In the arrangement of stones you light a candle Illuminating each of your wounds more brightly

Cold, inhumane indifference and enforced tolerance of inhumanity to man are recurrent themes. In the midst of

\[\text{Appendix pp. } \#286-37, \#391\]
bloody thoughts, terror and pain, writing poetry becomes a reflexive exercise, an escape, a defense mechanism: "In the wound, in a drop of blood/We keep up our daily crystal exercises."\(^{23}\) ("The Everlasting Wound" [Yongyuan de shangkou])

Tones of self-denigration are also never far from the surface, as in "The Image of the Tolerant" [Renzhe yixiang]:

".....
The beauty of forbearance issues forth brilliance from the inner depths
At crucial moments think of Han Xin
And your conscience is set at ease the word tolerate is a knife in the heart
The heart drips blood and still you talk and joke leefully
Oh, the mighty Tolerant!"\(^{24}\)

Under these circumstances and with the knowledge of the circumstances of other third generation poets Zhou penned what reads like an epitaph on the grave of this generation of poets in the wake of the June 4, 1989 killings in Beijing and Chengdu:

".....
After passing over a thousand mountains and ten thousand rivers the third generation poets are forging out true achievements Then suddenly they're shot down by a birding gun
And become wonderful fragments of a tragedy Just as they successfully complete their magnanimous opus
Bei Dao and Gu Cheng crossed the sea to join the ranks of the outsiders the third generation poets
Remain in China and continue the war of resistance they learn silence

\(^{23}\) Appendix pp. #281-282, #580-590.
\(^{24}\) pp. #285, #520-571.
Learn to run away from home are heroes and cowards at the same time
They learn to sit in jail cells express themselves vehemently in prison refuse to admit their guilt and repent
They learn banishment learn to do hard labor their heads shaved bald
They change their way of life under the hammer and sickle
Zhou Lunyou served his sentence on the slopes of Mount Emei Liao Yiwu and Li Yawei
Stood trial in Chongqing Shang Zhongmin wrote self-criticisms in Chengdu
Yu Jian gave a name to a blackbird in Yunnan the third generation poets
Scattered like monkeys when the tree fell in ten years time we'll judge the crimes and merits of these thousand autumns”

After his release from prison camp in September 1991, Zhou was reticent to turn his hand to poetry. He was emotionally drained by his experience and all too aware of his inability to continue to fight against the oppressive soul-grinding organs of the CCP. The final four lines of "In a Mood to Detest Iron" [Yan tiede xinqing], written in October 1990, perhaps sum up his mood at the time:

".....
After you've been scooped out
Your whole body is dug down to dullness
Before that night I lived as lightly as a goose feather
After that night I awoke with a heart of dying embers”

Following his release Zhou did continue writing poetry, but it was of a very different nature from that which he had written before his arrest. In December 1991, Zhou wrote an essay, "The Posture of Refusal" [Jujue zitai] (published in the 1992 Appendix pp. #310-313, #378-399.

pp. #294-295, #593-594.
spring/summer combined issue of the underground journal, Modern Han Poetry, which issued a call to China's poets of conscience to write poetry for poetry's sake, and to refuse all advances and enticements from the CCP's literary establishment. On the surface, Zhou seemed to be proposing a passive, detached poetic pose in the face of the state's tyranny. In the opening paragraph of his essay, Zhou offers an interpretation of "Motive V: The Salt of Refusal" from his 1986 poem, "Free Squares," stating that the opening four lines are now to be taken as a course of action: "When necessary learn to shake your head or wave your hand/If both your head and your hand are not free/You must learn silence/For this you practice fasting."^2^

In defense of himself in this new passive mode, Zhou states in "Thinking of Ourselves in the Fire of a Neighboring House" [Linzhai zhong huo zhong xian women ziji], written in September 1991, in itself apparently a commentary on what had taken place a few weeks earlier in the former USSR, that the silence is a false one:

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...A ringlike fortress coldly surrounds us
To know iron and steel is brutal, and
To handle one's own life cautiously, this is not cowardly
Follow Zhuangzi and be carefree, be the so-called spark
Burning internally, this is precisely our true situation
Stay low, until the crucial moment, and then tell all"^2^b
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In "Simulating the Language of the Mute" [Moni yayu], Zhou.

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^2^ Appendix pp. #168, #573.
^2^b pp. #277-278, #594-595.
offers that speaking (writing poetry) and saying nothing has its own value:

".....
The essential of exercising mute language is not speaking
But getting ready to speak, it must be you who speaks out
The iron-black nature of this century
The sensation of metal is retained and flows in your blood
It reminds you frequently and painfully
The essential of mute language exercises is in speaking
So as to avoid losing the ability to express through disuse....."2

But by March 1992, Zhou Lunyou had a radical change of heart. Now he must speak his mind, as he states in "The Hungry Years" [Ji’e zhi nian]:

".....
Everybody says you look strong and stout have a fairly rich life
Until American handcuffs imported together with freedom of thought
Are clapped on your hands then someone discovers
Among the many rich and poor mouths crying out in hunger
You are starved into becoming the most patriotic on the mountain
You gnaw on roots of plants drink the north-east wind
Come out with an altered physique more room in your stomach
You leaf through unfinished poems and your entire body goes cold
Since coming into the world you’ve used the energy of a lifetime to write one poem
And still you have not finished can’t give up half way
Take poverty as a prerequisite
To be experienced (let others play about with Qigong and consumer goods)
You tighten your belt persevere to the end with art ....."3

2 Appendix pp. #299-300, #595-596.
3 PP. #303-304, #596-597.
In "The Way of the Hand" [Shou de fangshi], Zhou turns away from his previous passive pose and adopts one more aggressive than that of Not-Not-ism ever was:

".....
Or peel off your tense skin throw yourself
Toward the light from behind armour plate
Catch hold of the hand with no body temperature
Let your blood flow smear it all over the palms
In the final testimony of this century force it
To leave behind a bloody print (Ending #2)
There are always painful privacies in the game of compulsion
You must act as if nothing has happened
On an irregular chessboard
Continue your match against the shapeless hand"

It was also during this month that Zhou Lunyou resolved to revive Not-Not and begin preparing for the publication of its fifth edition. Of his own work he would publish "20 Poems on the Knife’s Edge," a collection of poems written since his arrest in 1989. He had already made contact with a number of like-minded poets whose work would also be included; what remained was the writing of a manifesto that would serve to rededicate Not-Not to their cause: "RED WRITING -- The 1992 Arts Charter or the Principles of Not-Leisurely Poetry" [Hongse xiezuo -- 1992 yishu xianzhang huo fei xianshi shige yuanze].

The old theories of Not-Not-ism were not entirely abandoned, but a new Not-Not-ism, as in "not-leisurely," had taken priority over all others. The first paragraph of "Red Writing," written beneath the heading of "White Writing and Leisure" [Baise xiezuo yu xianshi], made Zhou Lunyou’s

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Appendix pp. #305-307, #597-598.
meaning abundantly clear:

"Chinese poetry has just undergone a period of White Writing. In unprecedented numbers and over a wide range of subjects, the feeble minded have written many words that have been forgotten as soon as they were read: cowardly, pallid literary works of an indifferent nature, lacking in creativity, and of pretentious superficial refinement. Defeated and scattered in all directions from the center of being. A dispersal without a core. Drifting, rootless words crowding and jostling against each other. In the quises of idle talk, hermits, hippies, ruffians....endlessly trivial, insipid and empty. Deliberately avoiding the masters and their works, in fear of or without the courage to pursue profundity and power. Passing white turnips off as ivory tusks so as to avoid real and fabricated dangers. To the weak rhythms of elevator music, a generation of poets has formed into meandering rows and uses a limited vocabulary to repeatedly and collectively imitate one another and themselves. Persistent repetitiveness and inadequacy have made triviality and mediocrity the universal characteristics of an entire period of poetry...."

Zhou Lunyou appears to be referring to the post-June 4, 1989 period, but he deliberately fails to be specific, for, in the eyes of some observers, this "period of White Writing" could be said to have begun in the mid-1980s (the rise of post-Misty poetry). His comments are not only directed at establishment poets, but also towards a surprising number of young, underground poets. Zhou points out an undertone of "leisureliness" which runs through much of the poetry of this period and finds it rooted in a near-universal aspiration for or actual enjoyment of the life of relative comfort and ease enjoyed by Confucian scholar-officials of old. Zhou sees China's poets traveling the middle road, the path of least resistance, avoiding all confrontation, and

32 Appendix pp. #39;40, #60;61.
interested only in mere self-preservation. They think no evil, and exhibit mild temperaments and elegant mediocrity in the majority of their work.

Zhou goes on to lament the absolute absence of a truly critical consciousness and scepticism among China's poets. That which may once have existed in China's underground poetry is stripped away once this poetry is co-opted into the establishment literary mainstream. New styles and techniques are readily accepted in the establishment on condition that new, critical content is left behind in the underground journals and the privately printed collections of poets during their foolish, headstrong youth.

Possibly during his two years in prison, Zhou recognized that he himself was guilty, if only to a lesser degree, of the sins he had accused others of. Not-Not-ism, while critical of poetic convention, linguistic order and traditional value systems, was still an obscure, round-about subversive maneuver, understood by few and, thus, easily dismissed as irrelevant. The events of June 1989, his subsequent personal experiences and, ultimately, the overthrow of similar totalitarian regimes in Eastern Europe and the former USSR convinced Zhou that literature has a direct political role to play in Chinese society (though not the traditional role in support of the regime, but in support of common humanity in general), that poets also have social responsibilities and that irrelevancy is the inevitable reward for poets who do not face up to them. Art
for art's sake, when devoid of any direct relationship to the artist's society, is little more than self-centered, nihilistic expressionism.

Zhou claims that Red Writing is a literature of freedom that will allow the human spirit to once again become pure and whole. It is a literature which will help to put an end to division and antagonism in Chinese society.

"..... At this point, we want to offer our greatest respect to those fellow poets and writers in Eastern Europe and Russia who share with us the same values and beliefs (Solzhenitsyn, the Mandelstams, Brodski, Havel, Kundera, Milosz, etc.). From behind the Iron Curtain they spoke out unyieldingly and this led to the sudden demise of the mythology of the everlasting sacred order. Despite long periods of political oppression, imprisonment, exile and hard labour, they still held fast to mankind's universal values and ideals, and never wavered or ceased to write (Today we are reconsidering our situation and writing at the same point from where they set out). With rare courage and an indomitable spirit they saved themselves and went out from hell into a pure world. We still remain in a shadowed corner of the world, each day we must differentiate our shadows from out of the surrounding darkness. But at the same time, I believe: Fate is impartial. What they have experienced, we will experience. And furthermore, are experiencing. Starting from this very moment. Their today is our tomorrow! ....."

Here, on the last page of "Red Writing," Zhou issues a direct challenge to the CCP cultural apparatus. The "red" in Red Writing does not stand for communism and its victory, but for blood, for the reinvigoration of all forms of writing, not just poetry, and ultimately for freedom -- freedom of the spirit, of the imagination, of expression.

The writings of Solzhenitsyn, Havel and Kundera, to name...
but a few, are still banned in China. Only the non-political works of Brodski, Milosz and Osip Mandelstam, and so on, are available to the few Chinese readers with an interest in such literature today. Yet word of mouth and untranslated foreign texts have allowed knowledge of what has been banned to reach those who have an interest and who also wonder why it is that China has yet to produce even one writer or poet of equal courage, strength of character and moral purpose.

While Zhou may exaggerate the influence of literature in the fall of foreign communist regimes, the aims of Red Writing go beyond literature and writers alone, they reach out to readers and Chinese society in general. In this sense the impact of literature is certainly greater than that of any one author:

".....Actually, my intention is a very simple one: To invigorate the pure fountainhead of your innermost being — a consciousness of the blood ties between the individual and the fate of all mankind; the vigorous enthusiasm created by true freedom; the satisfying actualization of a full and complete life!

A new century will soon be rung in. We stand on this side and look towards it. A great battle is taking place within us. The entire significance of Red Writing is to join in and fight it out to the end — to penetrate into all that is sacred or blasphemous in the arts, and to mount the final assault upon all the forbidden regions and ramparts of language. One day seventy-three years ago, Lenin's guard said to his woman: "We'll have bread, we'll have food, we'll have everything." Today, seventy-three years later, after having become sculpted historical reliefs, the Vladimir Ilyich's have been reduced to rubble. Now I will tell you that, aside from food, other things which have not been realized, will be:
-- There will be art
-- There will be freedom
-- There will be everything
What but man's freedom does art hope to realize?
All things are temporary, only this eternal undertaking will not change. Red Writing believes this, and, furthermore, reaffirms: Art that is rooted in life is immortal. Having experienced calamity, young Chinese poets are testifying with their golden voices that during mankind's final efforts to free itself, the people of China will not give themselves up for lost!34

Not-Not No. 5 was printed and went into circulation in the Fall of 1992.

Also at that time, in response to Deng Xiaoping's apparent call to "counter leftism" (fan zuo), a number of literary conferences were organized in Beijing to attack continued leftist influence in the arts establishment. The first of these was a poetic theory conference which took place in Beijing on August 20-21. Zhou Lunyou was invited to attend and was able to present his as yet unpublished Red Writing manifesto. At the time, the manifesto received an enthusiastic response.35 Subsequent events, or rather the lack of them, appeared to indicate that these conferences were just for show and primarily an effort by the CCP to placate disgruntled intellectuals.

It now appears that Deng and his supporters used the anti-leftist tide to quell critics within the party in preparation for the CCP's Fourteenth Congress which was convened in November 1992. Shortly after the Congress was completed the second half of the slogan which Deng supposedly mouthed in January-February 1992 has been given added

34 Appendix pp. #344, #616
35 According to letters from Tang Xiaodu who was one of the principle organizers of the conference, and Zhou Lunyou himself.
emphasis: In its entirety the slogan read "Counter leftism, guard against rightism" (fan zuo, fang you).

Here again we find shades of 1978-1979 when Deng used public opinion to remove Maoists and other "radicals" who opposed his policies of economic reform at that time. Criticism of leftism (in the person of doctrinaire Marxists, Stalinists, Maoists and anyone else opposed to Deng’s policies) in 1992, however, was strictly limited to the CCP and certain intellectual and arts circles -- no doubt with an eye to the events of the summer of 1989 and fear that a broader campaign might lead to calls for redress with regard to them.

Zhou Lunyou has persevered in his crusade however. At last report he is hard at work producing and editing two editions of Not-Not, No. 6 and No. 7, for publication in the Fall of 1993. As with the third and fourth issues of the journal which were printed within days of each other in December 1988 and January 1989, one issue will be devoted entirely to prose essays and theoretical articles, and the other will be given over exclusively to poetry. Apparently Zhou is finding enough financial support to undertake this venture. It would also seem that he has found enough fellow-travellers to fill the journals’ 250-300 pages with the work of quality which Zhou has always demanded for Not-Not.

Zhou’s own poetry will hopefully continue to mature. Prior to his arrest, Zhou’s poetry had often appeared derivative and self-inflated, though without the Ginsbergian excesses and obviousness of some of Liao Yiwu’s and Li Yawei’s
work of that period. In the "Knife’s Edge" pieces, however, the intelligence and integrity of Zhou’s earlier work survive, and inform. The thrust of the "anti-rhetoric" and the less obvious, more sophisticated Western influences and reworking of Chinese poetic history also remain, but in more subtle forms.

Zhou’s efforts have, to some degree, been rewarded. During the spring and summer of 1993 a number of establishment literary journals have asked Zhou for permission to publish some of his work already published in Not-Not No. 5 and have also asked to publish new works. Chief among these publications was People’s Literature which published four poems, including "Imagining the Great Bird," from "Twenty Poems Written on the Knife’s Edge" in its June issue.  

Despite the fact that Zhou’s more political poetry has yet to be and probably never will be published in the establishment print media, the fact that his work, the work of a poet arrested on charges related to June Fourth, can now be published must offer encouragement to many other poets. The publication of Zhou’s work might be taken as a sign that a liberal atmosphere is once more returning to the realm of serious art in China. Further evidence of this is the imminent publication of a six volume collection of Misty and post-Misty poetry entitled A Review of Contemporary Poetry Trends [Dangdai shige chaoliu huigu congshu], edited by Xie

\[36\] Information based on recent correspondence with Zhou Yaqin. Zhou Lunyou has spent the months of July, August and September in Beijing preparing the next two editions of Not-Not and I have had to rely on his wife and Tang Xiaodu for information about his recent activities.
Mian and Tang Xiaodu (planning had initially begun for this set of books prior to June Fourth). Also, Wan Xia, the former Macho Man poet, who like Li Yawei has become a writer of popular fiction since his release from prison in February 1992, has undertaken the task of financing and publishing an over 2,000 page volume entitled The Complete Collection of Post-Misty Poetry [Houmenglong guanjij]. While in light of the number of volumes of third generation poetry published since 1987, the publication of these two sets of books does not appear to be remarkable, it should be pointed out that previous anthologies have suffered from the forced exclusion or inclusion of certain poets or works, and from many editors lack of knowledge or access to China’s underground poetry.

Once again it appears that the arts have entered into the

3 Based on information in a recent letter from Tang Xiaodu. The six volume set of books is due out in September, and Wan Xia’s self-financed tome will appear before the end of the year. (As an aside, Tang’s The Happy Dance of the Light Filament -- Selections of Post-Misty Poetry was ready to go to press in June 1989 [he wrote the Forward I paraphrase from in Chapter I, in November 1988], but was not published until July 1992.)

3 Based on knowledge attained through personal communication with Tang Xiaodu, Zong Renfa and other similar individuals. For instance, Tang’s first third generation anthology (the first published in China), Selections of Chinese Contemporary Experimental Poetry [Zhongguo dangdai shiyan shixuan], published by the Spring Winds Arts Publishing House [Chunfeng wenyi chubanshe] of Shenyang in June 1987, was severely tampered with by the publishers after the final draft had already been approved for publication. This resulted in the publishing house substituting Liao Yiwu’s "The Great Cycle" for "The City of Death" which Tang had originally selected, among other similar alterations to Tang’s original selections. Zong Renfa together with Author were prepared to go to press with a four volume collection of third generation poetry (including Liao’s "Allahfaweh Trilogy" in its entirety) and theoretical essays in 1989, but the entire project was cancelled for political reasons.
liberal phase of the liberal-conservative cycle which has afflicted China since the advent of Deng Xiaoping's "opening" and "reform" policies in 1978. When the next CCP crackdown on domestic dissent and general unruliness occurs, it is a safe bet that Zhou and the few poets and writers who have had the courage to take up the challenge of Red Writing will once again be harshly dealt with. Since 1949, sooner or later all social forces which have refused to compromise and work together with the CCP have been crushed. Survival depends upon inconspicuousness and a corresponding political passivity. "Red Writing" is surely a wart on the complexion of the CCP's China which must eventually be removed. While "Red Writing" as a group of poets, and its publication, may not survive, perhaps its existence, no matter how brief, will encourage other poets and writers of courage and integrity to put thoughts to paper. The appearance of one group of poets like "Red Writing" hopefully presages the beginning of active literary resistance to the CCP's attempted dictatorship over thought and expression in years to come.
Chapter 5) CONCLUSION: UNDERGROUND POETRY IN CHINA

Underground poetry in China continues to exist in a world of shadows in which the CCP appears willing to allow it to survive. Clearly, the reason this situation is allowed to continue is primarily that this poetry is not seen as a direct threat to the state. Only during times of political repression, such as in 1987 and 1989, have underground poets been subject to aggressive campaigns directed against them. But even at their most repressive, these campaigns have had no obvious impact on underground poetry, at least not in terms of the number of poets involved and the number of publications they have produced.

Instead, it has been economic pressures which have depleted the ranks of poets in general. Given the rapid commercialization and rampant corruption of Chinese society over the past five or so years, many poets or would-be poets have been drawn into the maelstrom and have taken advantage of opportunities to better their lives materially to the neglect of spiritual concerns. Just as in the West, idealism of any kind is scorned or deemed impractical by the majority of China's citizens. Fewer people look to poetry for solace, for the voice that speaks from the heart to the heart. The modern day opiate of the masses, the products of the mass entertainment industry and its media, has made large inroads (still guided by the CCP, however) and most people are
satisfied with the quick, superficial highs they are able to find there.

Certainly, with a few noteworthy exceptions, China's underground poets have been more concerned in this thesis with the art of poetry than with the circumstances of their fellow countrymen or even that of themselves personally. Perhaps this is the reason why anthologies of Misty poetry sold so well until the late 1980s. Much of the early Misty poetry written by poets such as Bei Dao, Jiang He, Mang Ke, Shi Zhi and Yang Lian, was of an obviously political nature (to knowledgeable Chinese readers) which spoke to the hearts and experience not simply of other poets, but to many others born into a new age of scepticism and doubt, if not blatant cynicism, in the face of continued CCP dictatorship and repression after the CR.

Younger poets and those who began their careers as poets after (and sometimes as a result of) the Misty poets have sought to raise the standards of modern Chinese poetry to those of the rest of the world. Of course, the "world" of poetry which most of them perceived was that which an increasing number of translations of twentieth century Western poetry brought to their attention. Necessarily, given CCP control over thought and expression, the tradition of poetry written under similarly oppressive conditions in Eastern Europe and the USSR, poetry written primarily as equipment for living for its readers as well as for its writers, the poetry of witness and of protest
against communist dictatorship, was not included among the works sanctioned for translation and publication.

Instead, China's underground poetry became the realm of a modernizing avant garde during the mid-1980s, a poetry of unprecedented radical experimentation by Chinese standards. They shared the May Fourth spirit of totalistic iconoclasm, but to some degree their attacks were not so much on aspects of the classical tradition as on more recent, post-1949 "tradition" -- a "tradition" which, in many ways, was a far more thorough-going renunciation of China's past than any other "renewal" movement in Chinese history.

The post-CR renewal movement cannot be said to have been an altogether bad thing for modern Chinese poetry, just as China was attempting to enter the world's economic and political communities after the CR, poetry, and literature in general, also attempted to accomplish the same feat. However, the state was less ready for reform and modernization in the realm of literature and ideas than it was in the economy. This contradiction is the principal reason for the radical expansion of underground poetry activities during the 1980s. And, because it was underground, the experimentation that occurred was limited only by the imagination, knowledge and immediate physical circumstances of the poets involved. Almost without exception the principal influences upon these poets were translated poetry and poetic theory to which all had more or less equal access. If this eventually resulted in a state of apparent anarchy bordering on open warfare between
different poets -- few of whom truly acknowledged the poetic influence or superiority of any native living (or dead) poet -- it can only be regarded as the inevitable outcome of an almost unconscious rush to be seen as modern (not necessarily modernist), a rush to occupy vacant positions of authority within the realm of Chinese poetry which not so long before were not even perceived to exist.

The Misty poets marked a break from the formerly unitary poetic practice, their decision to write the truth of their own personal experience and that of their generation necessitated a more political poetry, a poetry of self-empowerment in reaction to years of self-negation in poetry and society in general. By the mid-1980s, a situation of two acknowledged (if not yet sanctioned in the case of Misty poetry) poetic styles had developed into a plurality of poetics, a symptom of a total disregard for and discounting of any and all authority wielded by the state’s literary institutions and an intellectual freedom, in the underground, which allowed the individual poet to choose his aesthetic allegiances in accordance with his own intellectual and spiritual makeup.

However, while a conscious modernizing and the great psychological pressures which that entailed as a result of the effort to rediscover the world of poetry in such a short time span were the most obvious characteristics of underground poetry at this time, success in this endeavor was severely retarded or warped by the fact of continuing political and new economic pressures upon the individual.
The evasive or escapist stance of many underground poets with regard to personal and national social realities, while being a political response in itself, also ensured that the audience for their poetry would shrink from that of an entire generation which had avidly read Misty poetry, to a limited (though still relatively large) audience of poets or would-be poets who were willing and able to decipher the various poetic devices and languages of the modernizing poets. Thus, it should come as no surprise to learn that many of the better, recent anthologies of "third generation" poetry have been published by university print houses or print houses which specialize in the serious arts.

The work of the three poets dealt with in this paper is by no means "representative" of all third generation poetry. As the foregoing discussion would indicate, there are not, nor can there be any truly representative poets or poetry of this period (the 1980s). Depending on the reader's poetic predilections, they cannot be said to be any worse or better than others who established themselves as underground poets before 1989. However, it is the belief of this commentator that these three poets have created works of lasting value, as have many other underground poets of the 1980s. (Such as Liao's "Allahfaweh Trilogy" and "The Master Craftsman," some of Li's post-1986 lyrics, and Zhou's post-June Fourth poetry.) Perhaps in time emotions will cool and less partisan eyes will allow a more honest appraisal of their work in China. For the time being, however, the task appears to be one of preservation of poets and poetry until that day.
However, an examination of their work over this period does give the interested reader an insight into how China's underground poets have dealt with modernizing, or renewal, and social-political pressures.

Liao Yiwu is one of the very few poets who retreated out of the establishment where he had first made a name for himself and adopted the extreme modernist pose of rejection of all authority, a pose which ultimately took him outside of poetry and into the realm of politics. Liao has a gift of great imaginative power, but his knowledge of this talent and his desire to be avant garde ultimately resulted in a derivative tendency which culminated in the Ginsbergian howl which is "Slaughter." It is apparent that Liao not only wished to be modern, but that he also wished to be epic. He was not the only Chinese poet with this desire, but none pursued it as unceasingly as Liao, as witnessed by his long poems, "The Master Craftsman," "The Allahfahweh Trilogy," and "The Bastard Trilogy."

"The Master Craftsman" and "The Allahfahweh Trilogy" were attempts to analyse and, ultimately, repudiate the entirety of China and its culture. Posing as poet-prophet, Liao painted a brutal picture of gloom and doom. He does deal with the realities of present-day China, however, and as such is more political than most underground poets. But his harsh, surrealistic imagery and language confuse or alienate most uninitiated readers. In "The Bastard Trilogy," Liao turns his attention to the abasement of language, poetry and contemporary Chinese society in general, pouring invective
and abuse upon all -- and, as always, upon himself, a self which encapsulates all. Liao's poetry is the personalized form of a fallen society, a dying culture, and a language and poetry exhausted of all creative possibility. In a society shorn of hope and culture, Liao and his poetry survive as the "spawn of dogs," as do all others. There is much truth in what he says, but there are few who have the stamina and the patience to appreciate it. Just as few have the courage to face up to and admit the role they play in the tragic farce which is China today. Man must have hope to live and Liao allows none. His ambitions as a poet are great, but all too often his technique does not match the scope of his imagination. His work is bound together by inertia and despair, hardly centers of energy with the ability to draw most readers, however well prepared, into a poem and then pull them all the way through it. The one vague hope Liao does allow is that once everything has been destroyed, something new may rise up upon the ruins, like the phoenix.

"The first movement is singing,  
A free voice, filling mountains and valleys.  
The first movement is joy,  
But it is taken away."  

These lines written by Czeslaw Milosz seem to sum up the experience of both Liao Yiwu and Li Yawei. Liao's early poetry was driven by this natural impulse to sing of life,

but by 1986 knowledge and experience had left him with a poetic impulse which found more exercise in cursing. For Li, however, the impulse to write poetry was quite simply taken away with his arrest in 1990.

Li Yawei was just as much the outsider, the loner that Liao Yiwu was. He had no ambitions beyond poetry itself, beyond freedom of expression and imagination. He wanted nothing to do with the social realities of China; Li left those concerns to others. He cut a romantic figure, if a somewhat irresponsible one, as opposed to Liao’s pose as a tragic hero (or anti-hero). Li is everyman, or is as everyman would be if he had the freedom that Li discovered in the imagination, in poetry, in life once he slipped the bonds of society. Perhaps inevitably, however, his freedom had a bitter edge to it because it was an empty pleasure in a world that is not free. It was no surprise that his poetic associates are imaginative figures and dead poets from Chinese traditional literature, and alcohol and remembered women. The present and the future hold nothing for him, only life itself and the poetry it produces has lasting value. Seduced into striking a blow against a state that would destroy imagination, freedom and life, Li was finally captured and his strength to resist cooption appears to have been finally crushed. Li sought modern poetic forms that would suit his spirit, but was not averse to using themes and characters from China’s poetic tradition -- for
that was where the soul-mates of his imagination lived. True, in 1987-1988, he did take a self-indulgent, fashionable post-modern approach to language, but even then he continued to write the shorter lyric poems which had succeeded in keeping for him the relatively large audience he had won for himself with flamboyant, anti-lyric verse between 1984-1986. When reality in its most brutal form (he like Liao and the others was beaten and tortured in a failed attempt to extort 'confessions') finally did pin him down, because of his previous poetic-imaginative flight from it, Li was ill-prepared and nearly defenseless against it. Yet there is reason to hope, once the wounds to his spirit have healed sufficiently, that Li will bring a matured intelligence and tempered (though not cowed) imagination back to poetry. The same could also be said about Liao Yiwu when he is released from captivity in 1994.

Zhou Lunyou, obviously, is a different kettle of fish entirely. Perhaps because he is older than most other third generation poets and also has the benefit of greater experience and knowledge, his concern has always been as much with the intellectual integrity of man, in particular the individual, as with poetry per se. His understanding of the history of modern Western poetry and awareness of the developing nature of recent Chinese poetry (and also, perhaps, his own shortcomings as a poet), led Zhou to believe, in 1986, that a well-organized poetry underground could sustain a poetry "movement (yundong)" like that of the
Surrealists and Imagists earlier this century in Europe. Before 1989, the message of Not-Not-ism was more cultural than poetic, however, as it was heavily influenced by Western post-structuralist and deconstruction theory, such as Derrida’s deconstruction, Roland Barthes’ ideas about ‘metalanguage,’ Kristeva’s about ‘semiotic’ elements, and so on. Many underground poets resented the political overtones of Not-Not, just as they resented his apparent desire to lead an underground poetry movement which many did not perceive to exist or were unwilling to admit existed. Though the poets of Not-Not differed greatly in style and technique, they appeared to represent an expression of the belief that there was strength and safety in numbers -- this might translate into a larger audience and, ultimately, influence. In fact, the apparent size and success of Not-Not was the direct cause of Zhou’s arrest in 1989. In turn, this resulted in Zhou refocusing his attention upon himself and the experience of the individual living under oppressive dictatorship over thought and expression. Ultimately, in 1992, Zhou rededicated Not-Not and his own poetry to the political cause of human freedom. "Red Writing" restates in poetic terms the words of one of the greatest and most popular underground poets of them all, Czechoslovakia’s Jaroslav Seifert, when, in 1956, after being partially rehabilitated during that country’s brief de-Stalinization period, he proclaimed, "If an ordinary person is silent about the truth, it may be a tactical maneuver. If a writer is
silent, he is lying...." This is the spirit of true underground poetry, of the samizdat publications which literate men and women of conscience covertly read in Eastern Europe and the USSR before the dictatorship over thought was replaced by the dictatorship over the pocket-book.

In China today both forms of dictatorship exist simultaneously. More and more it seems that there is a certain prestige in being an underground poet; the figure of the outsider, the ultimate refusenik has become even more romantic, but also more difficult to maintain.

The aesthetic standards of the state's literary organs are still for the most part utilitarian. Serious literature is still a tool to be wielded over intellectuals (if not the "people" who don't read it anyway) and must meet the state's explicit and implicit requirements -- all of which assist in the accumulation of cultural authority to the state and its aims.

Underground poetry, on the other hand, is home to a multiplicity of aesthetic standards, many imported from the West, where a pure love of poetry and hatred of dictatorship or consumerism can coexist on an equal footing. Zhou's "Red Writing" is simply one of the most recent, and most

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dangerous, tendencies to enter upon the scene. Most
dangerous not only in a political sense vis a vis the state,
but also in the sense that this kind of poetry is
accessible, in literary terms, to all who have experienced
oppression at the hand of the state. While it may only be
a matter of time before the other non-utilitarian aesthetic
standards find varying degrees of acceptance in the literary
establishment, as has the majority of now dated Misty
poetry, it now appears that a true underground aesthetic is
beginning to take shape in China.

In this sense, the slaughter on Tian'anmen Square
occurred at an auspicious moment. China's young poets had
been to school and learned modern poetry during the 1980s;
now, having had cause to pause and reconsider their
continued existence as poets and the idea of poetry in general,
there seems reason to believe that a poetry of greater maturity
and honesty may begin to flow from the pens of a growing
number of China's underground poets.
If recent reports out of Hongkong are to be believed, another crackdown on the spread of "bourgeois liberalization" in the arts is about to get underway in China. According to one report,\(^1\) in June 1993 the CCP’s central office and the propaganda department collated a collection of comments made by Ding Guangen, the politburo member responsible for culture and propaganda, and this document has since been circulated to related departments throughout China.

Ding speaks of "two difficulties" (liang nan) in dealing with what he reportedly refers to as "the tide of bourgeois-liberal thought in literary art works" (zichan jieji ziyouhua sichao de wenxue yishu zuopin): One difficulty is that of ascertaining general standards with which to judge these works as a result of chaos in theory, thought and government policy, and international influences; the second is that of carrying out policy guidelines in general.

Ding goes on to promise that in the near future the central office would issue a document that would go some way to clear up the problem of standards and policy implementation. Once works of obvious "bourgeois-liberal"

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\(^1\)Tian Zhen, "Wenyi chuangzuo de xin jinling" [New bans on artistic creation], Zhengming [Contention monthly], (Hongkong: August 1993), pp. 32-33.
ideological tendencies are discovered, they will not be allowed to be printed or, if already published, to be distributed. Those works already on sale will be ordered taken off the shelves. The individuals or organizations whose works contain "serious political mistakes" (yanzhong zhengzhi cuowu) and are printed, published and distributed privately, will be treated in the same way as those who produce pornographic materials: In other words, the perpetrators will be subjected to heavy economic sanctions so that they will serve as object lessons to others.

Ding goes on to say, of course, that he does not want the leftist practices of the past repeated, by which lie appears to be implying that no one is to be arrested and sent to prisons or labour camps. The authors and publishers of works which only have serious political problems will be subjected to "administrative methods" (xingzheng shouduan) and "economic sanctions" (jingji zhicai) alone, and not "political dictatorship methods" (zhuanzheng shouduan). The administrative methods he refers to are those of forced resignation or being fired from government posts and positions at state-owned economic entities (a penalty that also often leads to loss of housing, health care, education, denial of passports, and so on).

If these reports are true, Zhou Lunyou and the editors of a number of other underground poetry journals and anthologies may soon be suffering the consequences of Ding's
efforts. Zhou, for one, might be subjected to an enormous fine which, given his inability to pay, might result in imprisonment in any case. (As mentioned earlier, Not-Not is a non-profit undertaking funded by donations from poets and poetry lovers. Zhou has no personal income aside from that of his wife and the small amounts he receives from the infrequent publication of his work in establishment journals.)

The hope must be that this document and the following circular directive will be ignored like so many other central government directives today. Zhou's only hope would be that Xichang authorities and Sichuan's literary and law-enforcement authorities do not decide to make an example of him once again.

Given that Zhou has spent the past three months near Beijing overseeing the publication of the two latest issues of Not-Not, he is probably well-aware of the situation. And, quite obviously, he does not care about the consequences of his actions. The coming weeks (or months, depending on how quickly copies of the journal come into their possession) will show just how much the authorities in Beijing and Sichuan "care" about Zhou and Not-Not.

October, 1993
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群体
西川体
(西川)
xin chuantongzhuyi
Liao Yiwu
Ouyang Jianghe
Hu Yaobang
Yi Lei
Yang Xiaobin
panshi
shunshi
dunshi
qishi
wanshi
qishi
Li Yawei
"Anling qu"

新传统主义
廖亦武
欧阳江河
胡耀邦
伊蕾
杨小滨
叛世
顺世
逝世
弃世
玩世
启世
李亚伟
安灵曲
Glossary for Chapter II

fanling guan 泛灵观
Liu Shahe 刘沙河
Bai Hang 白航
Yan Li 姚力
Yu Jian 于坚
"Youguan da yanta" 有关大雁塔
Wang Yin 王寅
Lu Yimin 陆忆敏
Chen Dongdong 陈东东
Haishang 海上
Dalu 大陆
Niu Bo 牛波
Daozi 笛子

Sichuansheng qingnian shiren xiehui 四川省青年诗人协会
shige yanjiu tuanti 诗歌研究团体
Dongfangwenhua yanjiu xiehui 东方文化研究协会
Zhengtizhuyi yanjiu xiehui
Disandai ren tongmeng
"Jiejhu huo kaishi"
Haizi
Guo Lijia
Li Xia
Axia
Baguoy
"Xunhuan zhu"
Shige xuankan
Zhili kaifa xiehui
Hanshou daxue hanshou zhongxin
Zhongguo dangdai shiyan shige yanjiushi
Xiao Jun
zhengtizhuyi
Zhai Yongming
He Xiaozhu
Gou Mingjun
Yijing
Nuwa 女娲
Alafawei 阿拉法威
yin-yang 阴阳
xin shiqi 新时期
fanling 法灵
"Xiezai sicheng de menqian" 写在死城的门前
Han Shaogong 韩少功
Xiao Kaiyu 肖开愚
Can Xue 残雪
tingzhi jiancha 停职检查
"Alafawei sanbuqu" 阿拉法威三部曲
"Manniuer de yinyue zhi jiu: shenxing yu wange" 曼纽尔的音乐之九：神性与颂歌
Zong Renfa 宗仁发
"Tusha sanbuqu" 屠杀三部曲
"Geyan" 格言
Li Bai 李白
Kongfuzi 孔夫子
Zhuangzi 庄子
Mengzi
Laozi
Mao Zedong yuluben
"Jujing"
Xiang Yu
Qu Yuan
zhisheng de ni
Tailang
Gangcun
Songjing
zhishi fenzi
Ba Tie
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Glossary for Chapter III
Glossary for Chapter IV

Zhou Lunzuo
laodong gaizao
"Langgu"
Lan Ma
"Feifeizhuyi xuanyan"
"Feifeizhuyi xiao cidian"
Zhou Yaqin
"Feifeizhuyi yu chuangzuo huanyuan"
chuangzuo pipingfa
xin jingshen wenming
zishi
"Dongji yi: zishi sheji"
"Dongji wu: jujue zhi yan"
"Dongji liu: taxiti yi xi"
nimen
huanyuan
zhijue siwei
chao yuyi siwei
aidao
guojia anquan bu
shandong fan geming
Han Xin
Shang Zhongmin
"Baise xiezuo yu xianshi"
fanzuo
fanzuo fangyou
Dangdai shige chaoliu huigu congshu
Hou menglongshi quanji

直觉思维
超语义思维
哀悼
国家安全部
煽动反革命
韩信
商仲敏
白色写作与阅读
反左
反左防右
当代诗歌潮流回顾丛书
后朦胧诗全集
Glossary for Chapter V

Shi Zhi

食指

Yundong

运动
Glossary for Postscript

Ding Guangen 丁关根

zichan jieji ziyouhua sichao de wenxue yishu zuopin
资产阶级自由化思潮的文学艺术作品

yanzhong zhengzhi cuowu 严重政治错误

xingzheng shouduan 行政手段

jingji zhicai 经济制裁

zhuanzheng shouduan 专政手段
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Appendix 1:

TRANSLATIONS

BEI DAO, LIAO YIWU, LI Yawei, ZHOU LUNYOU
Poems by Bei Dao

Baseness is the password of the base,
Honor is the epitaph of the honorable.
Look how the gilded sky is covered
With the drifting, crooked shadows of the dead.
The Ice Age is over now,
Why is there still ice everywhere?
The Cape of Good Hope has been discovered,
Why do a thousand sails contest the Dead Sea?
I come into this world
Bringing only paper, rope, a shadow,
To proclaim before the judgment
The voices of the judged:
Let me tell you, world,
I—do—not—believe!
If a thousand challengers lie beneath your feet,
Count me as number one thousand and one.
I don’t believe the sky is blue;
I don’t believe in the sound of thunder;
I don’t believe that dreams are false;
I don’t believe that death has no revenge.
If the sea is destined to breach the dikes,
Let the brackish water pour into my heart;
If the land is destined to rise,
Let humanity choose anew a peak for our existence.
A new juncture and glimmering stars
Adorn the unobstructed sky,
They are five thousand year old pictographs,
The staring eyes of future generations.

Résumé

I once goosestepped across the square
my head shaved bare
the better to seek the sun
but in that season of madness
I changed direction, meeting
the expressionless goats on the other side of the fence,
until I saw my ideals
on blank paper that seemed from a saline-alkaline soil.
I curved my spine
believing I had found the only way to express the truth, like
a baked fish dreaming of the sea.
Long live... I shouted the blasted cry once only
and then sprouted a beard
tangled like countless centuries
I was obliged to do battle with history
and at knife-point formed a family alliance with idols, not indeed to cope with
the world that is fragmented in a fly’s eye
among piles of endlessly bickering books
we calmly divided into equal parts
the few coins we made from selling off the stars
in a single night I gambled away
my belt, and returned naked again to the world
lighting a noiseless cigarette
a gun bringing death to that midnight
when heaven and earth changed places
I hung upside down
in an old tree that looked like a mop
gazing into the distance
TRANSLATIONS: LIAO YIWU
THE HIGH PLATEAU

On the high plateau, even snow-capped mountains seem tiny.
   Edging along white slopes it appears you could pass
   into the pulsing sky

Lift your head, turbulent clouds brush against your lips,
   lighting a fire that races through your body
Hawks casually swoop low, at the same speed seemingly as
   torrents of water that sound like horses hooves

We these men who love to move as rivers do, like to go to
   highways and gaze into the distance
onto avalanches that burst angrily open like flowers. We
   then give out a great shout
and listen to the sound clatter down the cliffs of Mount
   Haizi like a clumsy log, setting off a sequence of
delightful echoes
   (on the high plateau, hollering is great pleasure)

Of course, we still ride out on patrol or to race, blowing
   lustily on bone hunting-horns
bursting the sun tied to the mountain tops like a balloon.
   At dusk or dawn, shreds of sunlight drift down
causing "red roses" to blossom on the river banks and the
   valley floors

And then often we imagine that spring has come, even late at
   night when a boastful wind is making a great noise
deep in the bowels of the earth we imagine a liquid spring
   welling up, warmly shooting through the great belly
the earth's temperature gradually rising.....
We're used to wild notions, used once the high plateau is quiet to
feeling music flowing forth from the starry mouths of flutes. We believe any myth
we even believe ourselves to be small pieces of sky scattering over the high plateau

-published in A Collection of Exploratory Verse, Shanghai Arts Publishing House, August 1986, pp. 239-241;
and, Poetry Monthly, 1984 #8, pp. 28-29, Beijing.
SLEEP (1986)

Dearest, your sleep opens my imagination up.

Separated by a window. The dark night has been set in a cavernous fish bowl. The moon is a misty navel, dwindling to a spot in the distance. A great swarm of crystaline tadpoles squirm out from within, passing through clumps of reeds, tapping on the window pane with their tenuous tails.

You smile amid the charming swish. Eyelashes laid over pure white illusions, the seam of your eye is like a trail hidden by pine needles. I pass this way to get near the subtle sleeping spirit --- the innermost chamber. The beggar of Fate is curled up within shivering in the wind, a burbling spring glides over his bare feet and climbs upwards, nourishing a layer of real mud on the chamber roof --- the plough of day turns soil in wide sweeps.....

Dearest, your fertile sleep changes the nothingness into reality. The day stretches in two directions. I, a slave to illusion, stand between. Cautiously beating out the night watch.

"Prose Poems Written for A-Xia" (DEEP ENTRY and SLEEP) published in Poetry Monthly, 1987 #1, p. 54, Beijing;
in Stars Poetry Monthly, 1987 #7, pp. 78-79, Chengdu, Sichuan Province
DEEP ENTRY (1986)

In this unending solitude, the tide of love swells sadly up to my ear and ebbs quietly only to several times retreat. To the sound of breaking waves, I dive ever deeper until I enter your innermost being.

Like walking into a land within a land the tempest subsides, without sun or moonlight, I can only vaguely sense the cautious changing of the seasons on a hazardous bluff. Time passes: a century as quickly as a fox's tail --- a flash at the entrance to time's tunnel and gone.

My brief life is enveloped so by your breast, threaded through by your everlasting veins. I become part of your heart, pulsing always, sending this love for you, sending this love to a deeper, distant world
Written before the gates of "THE CITY OF DEATH"

And now let us enter the City of Death.

Don't ask stupid questions like who Allah Fahweh is, when he died, or what the relationship between the bull, god and the people is. If you enter early into the year 6891 and discover your true "home", if you are brutally lashed to the wheel of time --- turning head over feet hitting the ground, whatever you do, don't cry out in despair: This is the city of death, no one will save you.

Future, present, past; past, present future --- the environment where you exist has changed completely. Who knows when history has it's beginning? You think some names sound familiar: Jiang He, Bei Dao, Gu Cheng\(^1\), Zhang Chunqiao, Li Weidong\(^2\), and so on --- naturally you only remember the era in which you lived. Your deepest overall impressions are always of the Chinese faction fight that broke out in 1966. Fluttering ranks of red cloth incited all to struggle against each other, to hunt down and slaughter the bull of illusion. Have you ever heard the string of crisp popping sounds made when gonads are smashed?

That sound kept me terrorized for thousands of years. You have to believe me, believe the lonely craftsman who built the "City of Death". I can recite my name, age and place of

\(^1\)Three well-known popular poets who gained prominence in the early 1980's.

\(^2\)Two prominent figures during the Cultural Revolution, 1966-1976
birth fairly accurately to you to prove that I have never gone mad.

I can fairly accurately knock on the door of each acquaintance and little by little insinuate my solitude into their bodies, fomenting the madness hidden by the soul. No matter how pretty the mask, the force of instinct flows on forever from a far-off source. The task of art is to resist convention, to build an opposite world on top of the strict, scientific order, to satisfy absolutely free, frenzied imaginings, to let the material and spiritual reach relative balance.

My task is simply to save the imaginative character of mankind's childhood from base reality. It stands detached above time and space, above feelings of mother-love and fond remembrances of times past. It includes creative blasphemy (like the angelic look of pleasure on a child's face who pisses on a whole city off the top of a tall building) and profane procreation (like a child poking a stick into the crotch of Nu Wa's statue\(^1\) and imagining her riding his "flying horse"). Often children are seen casually abandoning their painstakingly constructed sand castles.

This [activity] is obviously a far cry removed from rational and lofty human nature. However, an artist's sincerity is found in that he doesn't take pleasure from this world, in that he willfully searches out the entire developing story of a people or even all of mankind. He jabs

---

\(^1\) Chinese goddess said to have created mankind from clay and to have cleared the earth of threats to man.
at its fatal weakness' and at the cost of his life sounds a warning signal: He reveals the roots of the collective sickness which under the domination of primal, supra-natural forces causes people to mutilate and kill themselves and each other.

[Manifestations of] anxiety, crisis, despair and rebellion ensure this City of Death won't receive a ready welcome, and Liao Yiwu's value lies precisely in this fact. Once a poet achieves universal public acclaim, his artistic life is done.
6891 AD, a giant bull circles the brown [Sichuan] basin. Near death, Allah Fahweh, prophet of Ba People Village, points to the ground and says: "This city will hem you in, no matter whether god is dead or alive."

You've crossed this threshold. Such graceful footsteps, daylight crackles like a large burning candle. Cow's milk everywhere. Nudging forward, spear grass shining like curved horns. A hole is hacked into your instep. You howl three times, hooves burst out of your lower limbs. What a miraculous bull you are now! The light of the setting sun shudders and goes out. Leaving behind a large pool of wax. I saw you dissolve in thick milk. Become a puff of smoke.

Night of thunder. After the clash of the cattle horns. A cracked sky, bovine eyes flooded with tears. One pops out at some girl's belly.

I come bawling into the world. Become your indirect seed. I clearly remember you crossed this threshold. And telling me that you weren't coming back this time. Daddy of my imaginings! Me, sitting all day on my own at the edge of the stairs. Drooling. Smiling stupidly at green-faced long-distance travellers. Who am I begging for news of you? Behind, the hunchback who bore me stands out clearly.

Fifteenth day of the seventh month of the lunar calendar. The traditional ghost festival. The graveyard is really hopping. Like a large pier. Boats on the river Styx all dock here. You're sculling. The oar blade smashes the knee caps.
of the spirit worshippers. A tumult of grandmotherly voices rises in drunken madness. Unclear who is ghost and who human, I want to cry out. A troop of frogs leaps up and scurries into my mouth. A hellish wind gushes up, suddenly. The hunchback throws himself on the ground and becomes a stone turtle. I snuggle up against it. Like a woman I lavish a terminal tenderness on it. I dig out what’s in my mouth. Drag out coils of my own intestine. Out of the corner of my eye I see you cut a person in half at the waist and make the lower half hop in front of me and ask:

"Allah Fahweh. Where are my trousers?"

I remember your bloody hands. Leaping over rows of white walls. The faint sound of chickens clucking. The fifteenth day of the seventh month of the lunar calendar. Gravestones flood the city like a rolling tide. Stand facing the human houses

Through a screen I watch mourners move off into the distance. I finish burning paper money and make my way out of the mountain cliffs. A snake bite draws my attention, the Styx has vanished. Trails of smoke like a path scarcely travelled. Stretching out, peacefully. When the silver-scaled snake climbs onto a branch, the black spots just now journeying on into the distance turn right around immediately and come back. Come toward me and slip away into my heart
I am an empty city sunk inside another empty city. A spacious world. I am the room from which tragic laughter bursts forth each night. An owl is in full bloom like a black spring flower on a railing. Wild vines conceal masks that come out and sink in the windows. The mourners' cries linger in my ears. The roots of my hair are soaked with the stench of death.

Ghosts are everywhere. People are sunk in the pleasures of pillow and bedclothes. Suspended in mid-air the wasteland grows. Grass roots plunge into the earth of dreams. You cross every threshold on the way to the bell tower. Time is controlled by a revolving sword. Is that the icon over the land of freedom?

Summer sea of 1986. Mankind's ferry is still tossing. The steam whistle blows. Frightening flocks of birds with dazzling scales and shells. Inspired by these birds my dry land slowly emerges. Like an earthen jar with blue algae climbing over it. The dull setting sun just covers its mouth. Constructs a city of golden jade. Winding coral. Seahorses frolic. Pillars of waves form overlapping ranks like the postures of dancing shark folk. Gemstone necklaces are left behind on the sea.
The wind at dusk is a vast copper column flattening the water. A booming sound reverberates from antiquity. Seizes the muddy, cold and dense wandering whirl of time. I hear urgent footsteps rise up from the undersea. In the distance I see countless men and women, there a dragon’s tail sculling. Battalions of people bow down to pray toward the new city. The temple of prayer is constantly scorching them like a solid flame. Holy lord Jesus squats on the temple top leading the dirges. Voices and tears of blood. The sky above, the sea below. Riding a white horse, the bride is as changeable as the clouds.

The multitude follows the lead. The gentle black face of gauze descends. Nietzsche, the sacrifice, is torn limb from limb by teary-eyed disciples. His smoking remains slither toward the city walls. Scrutinize the posted notice made from his skin:

"God is dead ... Are we now headed into that distant place?........................................"

The sounds of music linger on. Jesus died first. Several great dictators argue softly over something on the pillar of punishment-by-fire. Suddenly police sirens scream. Large bridges collapse. Freeways crash into dizzying ravines. Lines of able-bodied men answer the call and enter the palace. Tearing at each other like marionettes. Like paper towers in children’s crotches tall buildings shrivel. Shreds of paper fly about. Can’t distinguish if they are peach
blossoms, human heads or leaflets inciting holy wars. After a frenzied bombardment my land is sinking. All that remains sighing among the turbid waves is half a lion's leg. Winter of 1966. Chang E\(^1\) elopes with an infidel. An angry Hou Yi\(^2\) shoots ten suns blind. The civilization of this people of illusions is committed completely to the flames. Some poet wrote:

"When the wisdom of man attempts to surpass the wisdom of the creator
their day of judgement is at hand

................................."

Those lines in the tongue of tadpoles enchant me: god is dead. Who will manipulate the chess pieces hanging in the air? A ferocious echo. I'm devoured by my own voice. Like worn clothing, the flesh and skin pealed off my bones of their own accord. My brain itches. The ants go in and out. Summer sea of 1986. Gloomy world of man. Nietzsche returns from his tour of the Milky Way. A sacrificial Liao Yiwu is just about to immolate himself in front of the mob. Policemen carry him from dreamland to the insane asylum

\(^1\)Chinese goddess of the moon.

\(^2\)Legendary figure who shot down nine suns with arrows.
I clutch the bed sheets tightly. The end of the corridor. An opening and closing, tear-jerking rose. Sleepwalkers shrink into pistil-sucking insects. I listen closely to the slow advance of feet trampling petals. Again. And again. Nu Wa's face flashes past the iron-barred window. A stethoscope is poked through the wall. You drift into awareness.

Crescent-shaped cattle horns. Live fish nudging upward obscured below the abdomen. From the shape of you I've recovered childhood. Roe are gently teasing my penis there are always mothers who uncross their legs lie supine on the beach use exquisite egg-shaped pebbles steeped in blood. Against the current I hauled in the baby crab's home. Shared a meal of sand worms. Several seamen swim through my armpits. Fan-like cacti fold and unfold. Grains of sand join infectiously in singing red folk songs. I come across Gu Cheng drinking his fill from Lorca's brook. Voices of greeting rise up through a crack. French, Inca, Hebrew

And what language do you speak? Where does your stethoscope want to lead me? An orchard of peach trees. A couple of doctors called Jiang He are off in pursuit of Nu Wa. Ku Fu¹, Xing Tian², Qu Yuan³, Zhuang Zhou⁴, organs of

¹legendary figure who pursued the sun
²legendary figure cast from heaven after losing in battle with the emperor of heaven --- caused to have breasts for eyes and a belly button for a mouth
³a famous poet of China's antiquity
⁴a famous Taoist philosopher of China's antiquity
crazed ancestors have all been slashed off. The senseless butchering peach-blossom village I managed to escape and following you forced my way into the tumultuous square. I performed for all the lunatics: turned all the self-absorbed third generation¹ madmen into hogs with poems dangling at their waists.

Beasts everywhere. Foreshadowing my fate. A red wolf stares at me until saliva drips from his mouth. I try repeatedly to flee from the palm of your hand. Dark images wedge into surrounding walls. Like mutant spawn of dinosaurs. In the age of space flight I flex my talons. A gold-quilled hedgehog quivers. A feathered arrow sprouts from between my lips. Come here, you —— demon. Mankind. Pistols and necromancy! I'd rather die in all-absorbing mortal combat! See the moon’s spider winding roll on roll of iron netting wire. Escaped prisoners dangle by their feet from the net.....

Pitiful escapees! Their bloodied clothing is stripped away by others of their ilk. Art is hung in the great exhibition hall treated like totems —— look. Ladies and gentlemen arrive. Clip, clop of heels. Walking sticks point out empty sleeves. I ride a toy train travelling back and forth between the asylum and the grave. Travellers are forever getting on and off. Absentminded faces. Heads of people and corpses indistinguishable. I witness medicine made from

¹Young poets who gained prominence in the mid-1980’s.
their brains being sold at each train station to cure the mad ravings.

But those stars high in the sky look so much like crystal umbrellas! Where is my wife waiting? Can I phone beyond time?

One bitter laugh from you is enough to reduce everything to nothing. There's a path aside from heaven's. But my only option is to be liquidated here! The wings of the nine-headed bird¹ are a dimly discernible ladder. Rungs mount up toward a longer cavern. An iron hand of lightning reaches out from inside. Gouges out the channels of five rivers. From inside me five fissures ooze out. Come, you --- doctors. Impostors. Reality. Slaughter houses. I myself rip off and give you my thundering genitals!

Twenty-eight arms hold me from behind. Twenty-eight voices take turns telling me to SHUT UP! Dejectedly I fall to the ground. Wearily seek to come to grips with my uprooting. Silently I count the green hands shooting up from my roots. From one to a hundred

¹A red duck-like bird of Chinese legends. Said to be very unlucky, originally ten-headed. A dog bit off the tenth and anyone splashed with its blood will suffer catastrophe.
Boundless lines of my palm spread out to the plain. I sink down into them. Don’t even know which are my own. I just feel the voices of the sons grow old in the all-encompassing haze. Peaks and ridges are settled down like cows. Prophets clutching secrets to success swim out of udders.

I just feel that the world of man is so lonely. The land within the Great Wall is filled by kneeling stone statues with broken right arms. Tears accumulate into Yellow River sand. The hot-spring building crowds close to the mountain wall. Stinking hot water slithers down spiral stairs. Pouring into the entrance of a towering vault. Buses rust before the door. Wind chimes whimper. Foam breasts conceal daggers. Two large worms burrow out of a man’s nostrils, entwine and copulate.

Silently I count the inns I’ve overnighted in during my life. From one to a hundred. Remote ancestors. Progenitors. Great-grandfathers. Mothers. The made-up opera faces of each dynasty all flash through my mind. At the end I discover Allah Fahweh, the prophet of Ba People Village, showing his green hand. Disguised as a customer groping his way into an underground brothel.

YOUR HAND SIGNALS AROUSE MY PASSION SURVIVING TREES
OVERGROWN WITH VINES SEARCHING FOR LONG-DESIRED BRAMBLE
THICKETS PIERCE CRACKS IN THE EARTH PIERCE DOOR LINTELS
PIERCED BED SHEETS PIERCE FORESTS AND GRASSLANDS A
CONCEALED UNIVERSE OF AMBER’S ELECTRICAL WAVES FLOW ON
FOREVER STIR UP THE BLOOD CYCLE TWO MIGHTY BOWS SHOOT AT EACH OTHER TWO SEMI-CIRCLES BITE INTO EACH OTHER OUTSIDE TIGHTLY WRAPPED SUMMER UNUSUALLY HOT SPRAY HEAVENLY BODIES SPEED UP IN THEIR TURNING THE WHITE DOG SWALLOWS THE ELEPHANT THE ROOF TILES BREAK STARS INTO PIECES ALL MANKIND FALLS INTO HELL ALL HELL FALLS INTO HEAVEN SMASHING OUT GOD'S BRAINS WHO'S DANCING MODERN DANCES IN THE GREASED PAN ASS GYRATING LIKE ISADORA DUNCAN'S LOUD APPLAUSE YOU'RE DEITY YOU'RE DEMON YOU'RE TANG-DYNASTY DIEHARD OR COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS ALL LIVING THINGS ARRANGED IN A ROW ABOVE THE EVERLASTING ABYSS UNCROSSED LEGS FORMING AN ENDLESS URINE-SOAKED CORRIDOR OF HISTORY WAITING FOR THE TERRIFYING PILLAR OF FLESH TO BE RAMMED STRAIGHT IN!

The soil has been tilled my girl your entire body drunkenly limp ovaries and seed in turmoil I say I love you I love you I love you until I suddenly recognize you as my mother until I lift away your ninth layer of skin and discover Nu Wa sobbing hiding within the eardrum-shattering thunder I seize the filthy genealogy and howl wildly I desperately thrash my lower torso like a swarm of angry bees the curse of eighty-eight generations of forefathers stings me. I shout: "Allah Fahweh! You seducing thief!"

The prophet falls back slipping into the inner room.

Flashing a green hand

\[\text{Diagram:} \]

\[\text{Diagram:} \]

\[\text{Diagram:} \]
6891 AD, the sole witness dies. Only in the black leather book, The Great Craftsman’s Fall, is this crime recorded;

1937 AD, the Second World War breaks out. Japanese planes bomb the Yangtse river basin, the Ba People Village’s records archive is reduced to ashes, the whereabouts of The Great Craftsman’s Fall is not known;

1944 AD, the Chinese army leaves for the South Asia front, along the way I mistakenly enter an empty house. The Great Craftsman’s Fall is recovered. While I read I eat three packages of magic cookies, from then on I was mute for five thousand years.

When this all ended, my hair was already white
my face covered with dust. All night I sit alone on a park bench
watching the wind break off the nearly dead brittle branches

I shift the left-over stump of the leg
hold my breath as I endure last night, this night...again
the dawn breaks
I am expecting a beggar to hop out from behind the bench, fierce-voiced, and take all my life savings including the medal that cost me the shank of my leg.

He can relieve the pain of my wounds. Any enemy can use perfect means of revenge to relieve the pain of my wounds.

You too, settle old scores, pour poisoned liquor down my throat.

Even though you wear an elegant top hat, I still know there's a bull's horn in the back of your head.

Dull-witted childhood is such a joy!

You turned into a bull then, taunted me.

Later we taunted each other.

Both suffered until I sat alone all night on a park bench watching the city of death north south east west indistinguishable.

When this all ended you'd not revealed yourself.

No one showed their faces.

I can just stare at the worn threshold beneath the hill of the rock garden opposite.

It seems so like my old home's.
At the edge of the stairs to my childhood
an old woman sits north facing south
Sadly she plucks out a tongue the size of an egg-plant
she gazes fixedly by the light of the moon

Carved on it are your sins
and the history of a famous city

When she stuffs it back in her mouth
from beyond the high walls comes the poet's wild song
the day is breaking
Poets behind bars

China

LIAO YIWU

In March 1990, the dissident Chinese poet Liao Yiwu, aged 31, was arrested on accusation of publishing "subversive poetry". Over two years later he languishes in gaol in Chongquing, still without trial or sentence.

Liao and a number of others were arrested after the Chinese authorities seized a video-tape recording of readings by a number of young poets from Sichuan Province which included a reading by Liao of his poem 'Slaughter', reproduced below from that video. The government claims that the poem directly refers to the events in Tiananmen Square in June 1989, although friends of Liao Yiwu have been freed.

One of Sichuan's most well-known and respected young poets, Liao Yiwu had come under attack from the government at least once before when his poem 'The City of Death', published in 1987, was criticised for being too abstract and pessimistic. His major influences are said to range from American poets such as Sylvia Plath and Allen Ginsberg, to Dante's Inferno.

'Slaughter' Part III

translated by Michael Day

And another sort of slaughter takes place at Utopia's core

The prime minister catches cold, the people must cough: martial law declared again and again.

The toothless machinery of the state rolls towards those who have the courage to resist the sickness.

Unarmed thugs fall by the thousands: iron-clad professional killers swim in a sea of blood, set fires beneath tightly closed windows, wipe their army regulation boots with the skirts of dead maidens. They're incapable of trembling.

These heartless robots are incapable of trembling!
Their electronic brains possess only one programme: an official document full of holes

'In the name of the Fatherland slaughter the constitution!
Replace the constitution, slaughter righteousness!
In the name of mothers throttle children!
In the name of children sodomise fathers!
In the name of wives murder husbands!
In the name of urbanites blow up cities!
Open fire! Fire!
Upon the elderly!
Upon the children!
Open fire on women!
On students, Workers, Teachers.
Open fire on peddlers!
Open Fire! Blast away!
Take aim on those angry faces.
Horrified faces.
Convulsing faces.
Empty all barrels on despairing and peaceful faces!
Fire away to your heart's content!
These faces that come on like a tide and in the next moment are dead are so beautiful!
These faces that will be going up to heaven and down to hell are so beautiful!
Beautiful.
A beauty that turns men into strange beasts!
A beauty that lures men on to ravage, vilify, possess, despoil!
Do away with all beauty!
Do away with all flowers!
Guitars and pure clean air!
Do away with those ideas that enter into error!
Open Fire! Blast away! It feels so good!
Just like smoking a joint.
Going to the toilet.
Back on the base giving the old lady a good fuck!
Open Fire! All barrels! Blast away! Feels good! So good!
Smash open a skull!
Fry the skin on his head to a crisp!
Make the brain gush out.
The soul gush out.
Splash on the road!
Splash towards the sky where they become stars!
Escaped stars!
Stars with two human legs!
Sky and earth have reversed positions.
Mankind wears bright, shining hats.
Bright shining metal helmets.
A troop of soldiers comes charging out of the moon.
*Open fire! All barrels! Blast away! It feels so good!
Mankind and stars fall.
Flee together.
Can't make one out from the other.
Chase them up to the clouds!
Chase into the cracks of the earth and into their flesh and waste them!
Blow another hole in the soul!
Blow another hole in the stars!
Souls dress in red shirts!
Souls with white belts!
Souls wearing running shoes doing gymnastics to radio!
Where can you run to?
We will dig you out of the mud.
Tear you out of the flesh.
Scoop you out of the air and water.
*Open fire! Blast away! It feels good! So good!
The slaughter takes place in three worlds.
On the wings of birds.
In the stomachs offish.
Carry it out in the fine dust
In countless living organisms.
*Leap! Howl! Fly! Run!
Freedom feels so good!
Snuffing out freedom feels so good!
Power will be triumphant for ever.
Will be passed down from generation to generation for ever.
Freedom will also come back from the dead.
It will come back to life in generation after generation.
Like that dim light just before the dawn.
No. There's no light.
At Utopia's core there can never be light.
Our hearts are pitch black.
Black and scalding.
Like a corpse incinerator.
A trace of the phantoms of the burned dead.

We will exist.
The government that dominates us will exist.
Daylight comes quickly.
It feels so good.
The butchers are still ranting!
Children. Children your bodies all cold.
Children, your hands grasping stones.
Let's go home.
Brothers and sisters. your shattered bodies littering the earth.
Let's go home.
We walk noiselessly.
Walk three feet above the ground.
All the time forward, there must be a place to rest.
There must be a place where sounds of gunfire and explosions cannot be heard.
We so wish to hide within a stalk of grass.
A leaf.
How much farther till we're home?
We have no home.
Everyone knows.
Chinese people have no home.
Home is a comforting desire.
Let us die in this desire
*OPEN FIRE. BLAST AWAY. FIRE!
Let us die in freedom.
Peace. in these vague desires.
Stand on the horizon.
Attract more of the living to death!
It rains.
Don't know if it is rain or transparent ashes.
Run quickly, Mummy!
Run quickly, son!
Run quickly, elder brother!
Run quickly, little brother!
The butchers will not let up.
An even more terrifying day is approaching.
*OPEN FIRE! BLAST AWAY! FIRE! IT FEELS GOOD! FEELS SO GOOD!...
Slaughter - Part IV

Cry Cry Cry Cry Cry Cry Cry Cry Cry Cry
While you still have not been surrounded and annihilated, while you still have strength left to suck milk, crycrycry.
Let your sobs cast you off, fuse into radio, television, radar, give repeated testimony of the slaughter.
Let your sobs cast you off, fuse into plant life, semi-vegetable life and micro-organisms, blossom into flower after flower, year after year mourning the dead, mourning yourself.
Let your sobs be distorted, twisted, be annihilated by the tumult of sacrosanct battle.
The butchers come from the east of the city, from the west of the city, from the south and north of the city.
Metal helmets glint in the light. They’re singing...
Putrid, sweltering summer, people and ghosts sing...
Don’t go to the east, don’t go to the west, don’t go to the south and north.
We stand in the midst of brilliance but all people are blind.
We stand on a great road but no-one is able to walk.
We stand in the midst of cacophony but all are mute.
We stand in the midst of heat and thirst but all refuse to drink.
People with no understanding of the times, people in the midst of calamity, people who plot to shoot down the sun.
You can only cry, you’re still crying, crycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycry! CRYCRY! CRY!
You’ve been smothered to death, baked to death, your whole body is on fire!
And yet you are crying.
You get up on the stage and act out a farce, you’re paraded before the crowds in the streets, and yet you’re crying.
Your eyeballs explode, scald the surrounding crowd, and yet you’re crying.

You offer a bounty on yourself, find out yourself, you say you were mistaken, this accursed epoch is all wrong!
And yet you’re crying.
You are stamped into meat pie, you cry.
From meat pie you’re trampled into meat, you cry.
A dog licks up the minced meat, you cry inside a dog’s belly!
CRY! CRY! CRY!
In this historically unprecedented slaughter only the spawn of dogs can survive.

Cuba

MARIA ELENA CRUZ VARELA

The prize-winning Cuban poet Maria Elena Cruz Varela was sentenced to two years in prison for ‘illegal association’ and ‘disrespect’ after a summary trial in November 1991. The charges relate to her work for Criterio Alternativo, a group of intellectuals who have been calling for economic and political reform. Just before her arrest, she had been subjected to an ‘acto de repudio’ when a crowd of people came to her house, shouted verbal abuse at her, dragged her down the stairs by her hair and stuffed Criterio Alternativo leaflets in her mouth.

From El Angel Agotado (The Exhausted Angel) translated by Mandy Garner

The stone-thrower’s poem

I am throwing stones against the deaf ear.
On the cusp of two worlds.
This is loneliness and its crackling echoes.
I am signalling both to the patient fool on the hill
and to the poor madwoman who is patching up her grief on the park bench.
Through her crumbling fingers. Like a broken weaver. The remnants ooze.
The final chronicle of the abandonment. I tell her to wait for me.
The Chinese department is a great well-baited river
A professor and a group of lecturers are casting nets in the shallows
The netted fish
When brought up on the bank become teaching assistants, later
They become tour guides to Qu Yuan and Li Bai\(^1\) and still later
Cast their own nets
Those who want to consume *Wild Grass* and *By the Flowers*\(^2\)
Deposit Lu Xun\(^3\) in a bank and eat the interest

Be a great poet in ancient times leading a gang of lesser poets to write poetry

Write upon the rock which Wang Wei\(^4\) wrote of
In term-end fishing interrogations, foolish carp
Are slapped with exams and quickly stumble out the door

The teacher told us to be great men
We must eat their leftovers and recite their coughs
Ya-wei wants to be a great man
    wants to work together with the great men of antiquity
Everyday he coughs up all sorts of sounds from the library
To the dormitory. Afterwards he simply coughs non-stop
Poet Hu Yu is a mischief-maker
But he isn’t very good at roller skating, so
On his long hair he often slides into places where female students congregate and uses his cheeks
To sing of evening breezes blowing over Peng Hu bay

---

\(^1\) Two famous poets: Qu Yuan, 340-277 B.C.; Li Bai (also written as Li Po), A.D. 701-762.
\(^2\) *Wild Grass*, a collection of prose poetry by Lu Xun.
\(^3\) China’s most influential writer of literature in western form, 1881-1936.
\(^4\) A famous Chinese poet, A.D. 701-761.
Twenty-four year old Brother Ao
Hasn't written a poem in twenty-four years
But is a poem himself
Forever loving a girl from five meters distance
For not remembering if Han Yu was Chinese or Russian
Brother Ao tragically dropped a grade. He wanted to escape
But feared that when he crawled up on a Hongkong beach
The police would immediately haul him away to a classical Chinese
language test

Everyday after getting out of bed Wan Xia's problem
Is whether to keep eating or
Never to eat again
Together with his girlfriend after selling all his old clothes
The signal to drink often buzzes in his head

Little Mian Yang the sworn brother of us all
After taking a month to read half a page in a text book went to the
cafeteria
Picked up his food and also picked a fight with a cook
The Chinese department's like this
Students worship the ancients and the blackboards by day
And by night worship the silver screen or just as easily
Chase women through the streets

Poet Yang Yang is always planning
To marry a girl he's just met, always
Gliding up to the food voucher gambling table with a shark face
This thug is acquainted with four cooks
But to this day still doesn't know the writing class teacher

\* Famous essayist and poet, A.D. 768-824.
He once had the brilliant idea that
Knowledge is a book and books are women
Women are tests
And each man had better make the grade

The Chinese department flows on like this
Teachers order students to think freely, command
Students not to talk nonsense at assemblies of any size
Twenty-two rules of military conduct requires that professors urge students
To bring forth new ideas, bear fruit
And to not soil final exam papers

The Chinese department also studies foreign literature
Primarily Baudelaire and Gorki. One evening
A flustered looking lecturer raced out of the toilet
He shouted: Students
Disperse immediately, there's a modernist inside

The Chinese department flows on like this
Like the waves of urine Ya-wei pisses on the dry earth
Following piles of sealed exams for graduation off into the distance

Published in: Macho Man: 1985-1985 Poetry Selections --- Li Yawei
(underground journal), Sichuan, 1986, pp. 3-4;
- An Overview of Chinese Modernist Poets, Tongji University
  Press, Shanghai, September 1988, pp. 101-103;
- An Appreciation Dictionary of Chinese Exploratory Verse,
  Hebei People's Publishing House, Shijiazhuang, August 1989,
  pp. 556-558;
- After Misty Poetry --- A Selection of Chinese Avant Garde
  53-56;
- Poetry Press (newspaper format), Hefei, Anhui province,
  21 October 1986, p. 2.
- "火焰与幸福的舞蹈——刘晓峰诗选举" 厉晓墨编
Ever since we were pushed aside by the summer
by yesterday
by sofas and girlfriends
shoved out the door
Like a forehead into the naked world of autumn
We've been outside belching and putting up with winds and frosts
Running into walls, walking thorny paths
We are still watching the sun
watching the moon
Excited about this pair of colons
We're still beating bitterly at the day
making surprise attacks on the night
We, these stirred up bottles of white lightening
this herd of bolting long-legged wine glasses
Basically we're
Porcupines with poems dangling from our waists
we're dubious characters
Submerged drifting masts
We've seen august
shriveling up and die on a branch, we've seen
Women in mirrors, admirable things
We've seen death, still want to see it, and therefore
Accept a bribe of red lips
With proud anti-missile missiles
take aim at the head rising in the sky
We file out through the mountain passes of Li Bai's and Mao Zedong's poetry
We file out through the Chinese department, enter life
With heads and teeth, with arbitrary decisions
Qi-gong^ and obscenities contradict the door to love

^ A method of exercise incorporating meditation, breathing and positional exercise which regulate the body's life force.
We'll hit women in their faces
With sonnets by Petrarch
Attack with UFOs
Smash one or two school presidents and department heads on their craniums
Pound strangers' faces into the dirt
Compel the women to pull out the love belted tightly under their trousers

Proudly, of our own will, we drop out of school
Smash mummy and daddy on those damn text books
Make dates with an insatiable desire for poverty, hesitantly we pawn our wrist watches

Let mainstreet look askance at me
Let's be above fooling about together by fooling about together
Cut out grief and indignation with grief and indignation
And then self-righteously behave yourself

We are all hunters but surrounded by wolves stalking us
You become a tragic wolf by shooting at yourself
We lust obscenely after poverty
We're slovenly and lovely
We hike up our skirts
We're all men

But we still hesitate and nod
Like our foreheads
Swaying like autumn
We take off on long journeys to become Li Bai and Robinson Crusoe
And live communally, roam
With poetry
Jammed into traffic pavilions we sleep together in the middle of mainstreet
Feel queasy together in our stomachs
Barbarically lonely

savagely silent together with the barren mountains
We, this herd of sabre-toothed tigers from different forests
these cobras
these tubes of colorful oils
these whales trying to beach ourselves
We fully realize that history is a broad, level table cloth
and among the chessmen upon it life is organized murder
It's the sun and the moon
black and white men
women and men

We know we're smarter than the books, but we
Only have a tiny bit of courage left and
a stubbornness we don't regret in the least
We know too
how awful we are
how easy it is for us to crash, dive and burn
We're so easily
soiled by our names
left forgotten on bed by breakfast
tossed out of doors by a deep sleep
abandoned by women in dreams
We're merely life's mercenaries
our own rivals in love

We're unreliable, not dazed
We're dangerous, we're poisonous perfume
We're UFOs
love letters of unknown origin
a piece of doggerel written by plain people

Often we suspect we're probably the best poets
The same as distrust every one of your body's organs
You must believe yourself a great poet
Just like you believe yourself a most excellent yellow-skinned fellow
Go and umpteen times toss away
cigarette butts
Go and take close looks at
women
Go, and along with the roads choke the whole mountain
along with the trackers for the boats pull the Yangtse straight
with the Yangtse force the sea back
Set out and see our vast world
see the wasteland history has left to us
Let's go
my hard men

Published in: Macho Man (underground poetry journal), Chengdu, Sichuan province, December 1984, pp. 1-8;
- Modern Poetry Internal Exchange Materials (underground journal), Chengdu, January 1985, pp. 48-49;
- Guandong Literature monthly, Liaoyuan, Jilin province, April 1986 (October 1987, awarded magazine's top prize for poetry published in 1986);
THE CORNERED BEAST (August, 1985)

In flight he feels free

His blood vessels follow the run of mountain ranges and become a great roaring, convulsing river
His eyeballs follow the roll of a bird in flight
His feet are hijacked by a pair of mankind's shoes
Everyday war breaks out in his head, his brains explode and rise up as mushroom clouds
Hung in markets his lungs and his liver are the most desolate unsaleable commodities under the sun
His chopped entrails are fought over by flies and mosquitoes
His heart is cooked, sliced up to become a side dish for a solitary foreigner drinking and thinking of home
His body needs a sound heart, he forces himself into a hospital
Like in a fight he takes a fierce punch
A pair of hands strap him tightly to a sick bed
A tube is placed in his left arm, his right is needled and injected at will
And unceasingly stamped by official embossed steel seals

He finally runs away
In flight he feels free

He is moving towards giant boulders and deep ravines, towards forests gulping great breathe of hurricanes
Towards lofty mountain ranges and desolate open spaces
He runs on his four limbs, uses fur in place of the burden of clothing
Along the way he casts off his helmet and armour; hopes, glasses, women, sex, love all gone
Without the slightest hesitation he discards history, memory, imagination, language and facial expressions
He becomes an It and grows horns and hooves
Behind it is the rattle of firing bolts of hunters' rifles
Its ears press tightly back against its neck, its tail curls into its
crotch fishing for life while in flight

Its fur is cheap its life will not always be to mankind's taste because of
the juice in its meat
Its hopes are anti-hopes are boring his happiness is not worth bearing on
its agile animal feet
Its horn and gray fur, its dull trade mark
But it can't change the wounds in its body once again
It doesn't ponder muddled problems: dogs doing slave labour
    cattle eating straw, men eating food god eating clouds
It just wants to howl long and hard at the sky
And produces a solitary resulting impulse: run

While running it feels alive and profoundly experiences freedom

It becomes a black shadow like a vision of nature wildly skimming over
    open country
Behind it a bundle of sunlight's arrows pursue and shoot
    forests and the black night fly up from the earth
The muffled corpses from the death knell spread outward to the frontiers
    of sight
Finally it stands at the predestined place
Hunters arrive like rays of light, bullets arrive like rays of light, a
    brilliant life
    like rays of light concentrated on this resplendent moment
The vast wilderness, it raises its head and comes to understand
    unparalleled sorrow:
    I can not run, I'll never need to run
It takes tight hold of the handle of the life of mankind with a long drawn-out howl

The It becomes a he
While in flight he deeply felt the magnificence of life

Yet
At his back is a wall
A protective screen fixed to his body isolating grasslands and mountain ranges from dreams
His blood vessels and energy paths are jumbled together with electrical and iron wires
Houses are his skin
Windows are necklaces for his freed head

Oh precipitous life of man

He can't shake it, can't transcend it, and everything is so colossal and without even one crack
The large buildings overlook him, envelop him
The streets kidnap his steps
And in each office is an ill-tempered clock waiting to strike him with its sound
The times are helplessly drunk down, sat out, exterminated by convention
Each weekend he is purchase-ordered by a phone call
afterwards together with the dusk he is killed by friends and women
All the different art forms only cause his yearning to suddenly rise up like a chimney
Cause his dark breath to smoke himself into a higher state
In dreams the spiritual loftiness, these elevations above sea level and these high buildings always toss him off the planet
He lives on the top of a building as one would live on the tip of a rocket
He yearns to withdraw, retreat is the most beautiful form of flight

He rushes down from the highest point in the city
He feels stairs attracting his feet like the breath of a wild beast
He hopes the stairs descend deep into the earth, deep into remote antiquity
   deep into his origins
(all running organisms know their final destination, there were
   they hold their heads high in terror before setting out)
He still feels he is running in a forest
His fur brushes against brambles and past, behind there is a roar of rifles
   being cocked

Published in: The Literary Wind of Ba Country (half-yearly), Fuling,
   Sichuan province, (Liao Yiwu, editor) 1986 #1, pp. 18-21;
   China literary monthly, Beijing, October 1986, pp. 43-44.
AN ANCIENT FRIEND (1986)

Are you dead, Tao Yuan-ming
Afterwards your poetry was cloth-bound by a commercial print house
Your poems are dissected by old men in universities
But my poetry will push all this aside
Entitled as a district magistrate my verse is commanding armies to march south

In the south that glistening white desolate moon
Is opening up earth's wine cellar, the sounds of dogs and chickens
The scent of the peach blossom garden while cooking
A beautiful simple song brews a strong dark night

Tao Yuan-ming ah Tao Yuan-ming I have no money tonight
This evening my lines are searching for the fisherman by the river
Wanting to strip off a worn-out imagination to exchange for a braised fish

Often when alone drinking cold wine I find
The braised fish come carrying nets circling me
Old Tao, for a long time now braised fish hasn't been a dish to eat while drinking strong liquor
Now even those who love us only drink beer
My verse stops at the riverside and is weeping after antiquity

Published in: Ba-Shu Modern Poets, (underground journal, Liao Yiwu, editor)
Fuling, Sichuan province, Spring 1987, p. 14;
Guandong Literature monthly, Liaoyuan, Jilin province, April 1987, p. 43;

1A famous pastoral poet, 372-427 A.D..
2An earthly paradise as described in Tao's poetry.
CROWDED WORLD (1987)

Autumn is too narrow, people can’t keep their feet
Always squeezed out by something
Stand on the dock watching others come down off the boat
Fit quickly into the crowd
Watch the stone steps keep their composure
Slip suddenly into the water and hinting at
A way out

The dock is anchored to autumn
A column of geese is edged out of the sky
On the road home
You are pushed to one side by your own imagination
You must live out the whole afternoon alone
living in this view, from far away

Published in: Guandong Literature monthly, Liaooyuan, Jilin prov., June 1987, p. 8;
- Author literary monthly, Changchun, Jilin prov., April 1988, p. 38;
THE INN

- for my drinking buddies and my lover -

I kick down the doors of all inns with my feet For years
I've wanted to fall into the hollow of your hand Innkeeper

I want there to be an inseparable relationship between us
I want to make love to you amid the dim sensations
My drinking is merely
A process of wounding Afterwards
The wound will quietly recall many things

You should install freedom in a wine-cup too There should be
Something in you that is rapidly exchanged Innkeeper
At least you understand what giddy is The giddiness
Leans against the other side of life Long ago
Nothing could smother the smell of blood
Duty-bound it pours out

Published in: Author literary monthly, Changchun, Jilin prov., April 1988, p. 39;
IDLE WORDS WHILE DRINKING

I want to leave me
Along with my bones I slide down
Well, god dammit, I feel a little more relaxed

A lot of hands lift me up
For a long, long time
I open my eyes and see
A guy in the crowd, his head raised, looking over at me
Holding out an empty bottle

I think
What have I been drinking
The place of my birth
Has long been absolutely drained

Published in: Author literary monthly, Changchun, Jilin prov., April 1988, p. 39;
WHILE I WAS STANDING

If you'd only dare take one look at me
I'd take a good straight look at you, woman
Ever since I was born until now, I've been idle with nothing to do

Do you know what I want to do as I stand here
What do you suppose a person's greatest sorrow is
Certainly not that feeling of loneliness while standing at the top of a pagoda

I'm sad
And I stand this way
Because there's a thing about this world

Would you want to use the old ways of the others
We can wait until evening and walk in the outskirts of the city
When we've wandered into a private accord we'll stand by the river face to face
Would you like to let the moon get a hand in

The countryside around and about is vast
Vast these outskirts are
Because you're not there

Published in: Author literary monthly, Changchun, Jilin prov., April 1988, p. 40;
THE FLIGHT (April 1989)

The wings of opium passed over the ocean and finished the last reconnaissance.

The smallest black spot in the mind circles in the ether of the sky overhead.

The people have already stopped harvesting.

The limitless worries of wheat in the field are aimed silently at the sky.

Collective memories closed on the individual after nightfall.

I am still he who travelled farthest.

I crossed a great river on a horse and drift in the dry wind.

And beneath the stars I crossed a sheet of paper, carrying the characters of the written language with me and its school.

Linking it finally to a hand signal at the end of the road.

I've considered everybody and everything, finished off my time up north in a glance.

At the small entrances to the stair of my eyelids, gigantic pupils are turning toward deep night.

Shooting out memories of past events, crossing the great plain under the starry sky.

Since the train passes through my eyes, it is departing from the last station.

Drumming a rhythm along a fragrance, the steam whistle blows among the flowers.

In the seats passengers are all your innocent tears dripping south.

This train has no way of stopping, because it is nothing else aside from noise.

It blew through fragrant powder, it's quite simply the blooming of a flower.

One woman rises from the earth, after she is full grown she reaches the heavens.

She knows area is equal to death, the volume and the memory must be
brought in before the night falls
She has already seen through herself, so she can come in and out of skin
at will
Because skin is only one atmosphere around the person
Like the south it has never been a place, just a sound

The celestial body is moving ever closer now, I ride a horse up onto the
star's glow
A girl is passing through her loveliest age, halts and thinks of me
A beautiful girl is a colour going from one place to another
At eighteen she thinks of rainbows, then passes beyond fragrance
And I am able to do nothing but come down out of the heavens and love her

And a dove swifter than all other doves, becomes a flower of colour
Passing through books of poetry beyond the atmosphere, I saw the sky ahead
too blue
Because water of the sea was beginning to soar up, rising to the sky
At this time I let myself go, like one left hand letting go of another,
and take hold of my soul
Drawing a vast stretch of skin, I washed in the sky
Blasts of wind folded it over, bound into lines upon ocean waves
And then they too let go, spraying the Pacific at the sandy beaches
Freckling the sky like a child

Now the fish also let loose and form the hub of the oceans

Those people who love me are wings
For imagination is a flower, and blooming goes from one place to another
Those people who remember me
Fly above the treetops upside down at dusk or fall onto islands
Those people who keep a lookout for me have actually gone beyond reading
For every time the horse loses its footing on a word it creates a chance
encounter
To fall off a horse this way is simply a happy fate
Like a flower blooming, it is quite simply a scent that has spread wings

At your place of origin, along the pupils of the liquor bottles the
    cellar's look is rolling
Showing that alcohol doesn't get itself drunk, sixty-five proof won't
    numb the fifty-seven
Alcohol is just one of those things that fly off on their own
But you can't lower your head and stare down, this isn't any different from
    the assiduous study of texts
Page by page the waves of the ocean are flipped open
Reading sail upon sail from the strait to the cape

Land on the opposite shore and you won't die
You're thinking of heavenly things, you have to only think of how high the
    clouds are
And it equals riding a horse
It sends you farther than turning the pages of a book one by one
Probably your fall off the horse happened between the words and the lines
Because you ducked your head and looked down, it may have taken shape in a
    script
But it isn't important, you're totally illiterate, even wanting to die
    isn't easy

I am still the one who travelled the farthest
Because after renouncing isolated entanglements circling in the air became
    very desirable
Just like the returning of wheat in autumn fields to the sky
I gallop like a horse, like the long hairs of the wind trailing the whitest
    clouds
Just like the view of the autumn seen by people riding the wings of opium,

driving the great ether wind and climbing up to the heights to

gather it in

Published in: Modern Han Poetry (underground journal), Beijing, 1991

Summer, pp. 21-23.
WE (September 1989, at Wu-dang Mountain)

Our camels change shape, when it comes down to it
Our line is fake now, we are still strugglers
We cross deserts and streams to learn culture
We are reflected on to the coast by a mirage
Plain features, easily forgotten or caressed
We are drowned by feelings, let loose from the contradictions today
Happiness, concerned over the final goal, joins up with us
Brings up the rear in a horse drawn carriage

We are the flowers of our youth, bunched together
Learning from and confusing each other
Extending along the vines, often led
To become part of the masses and experienced men
Fading away in the desert, and refracted out by the sea
Three years ago, cheeky and engaged to be married
We came by boat, inquired into life and death, explored philosophies
A force that could have split bamboo
We mastered the essentials, crossed snow-capped mountains and the Ganges
Into another person's home

We come up from the sea, we must find housing
We come from the desert, we must have food and clothing
We come from two sides, enter realms and seek the forbidden, knock at doors asking guidance

Having crossed over winter and ice, we enter the very fibre of the skin
Holding weapons of despair, the sighing organs
Comprehend, have a deep understanding of the gist of it
We come from the antipodes of labour and harvest
We come from the two sides of flower and fruit
Through study on our own, we become the people
Our camels are reflected onto an island
Our vessels are projected into books
And become phenomena, vague and indistinct
Mutually replaceable, mutually imagined
Moving straight onward, creating logic
We assess the explorations and develop in another direction
Trickling across creeks, swamps, ascending onto The Great Way
We have fixed plans and miss the point by miles

We come to the city from the antipodes of food and clothing
We come onto the street from the two sides of good and bad
Alone, lean, we meet and want to drink
We hate the lateness of our meeting, by marriage brought together
By technology driven apart
These three years, we learned from the past, fell in love
Died off in new places, and beg in the old
Three years later, we go into the West, at the forefront of knowledge
Clogging the streets, definitions change
Thinking it through, our numbers increase, we can't be depleted

We come from the antipodes of one and two, carrying poetry and knives
We meet, and love reduces our number by one
We pass through a city of pagodas, are miraged out to sea
Never to return
Again we come from the antipodes of one and two
Diligent in our studies, coughing up blood in our youth
Industrious, self-improving, with talent to spare
Forever inquiring after learning and childbirth, striking the ovum
onto stone

We come to the village from the antipodes of seed and fruit
Exchange experiences, approve of each other
We come to the market town from the antipodes of buying and selling
We disappear in the exchange, become pearls
Become her floral handkerchief, and she striding out in front of her husband

The first-loved and remembered by her

An unending stream of traffic, restraint, we judge others by their appearances

We come up from the surface

We suffer a sudden inter-weave on the antipodes of longitude and latitude

We throw ourselves into weaving, form patterns, raise our heads and attain love

Wearing flowered clothing we throw ourselves into revolutions, and meet up with The Leader

We wander round, cross borders, and earn ourselves another

Though we might only be walking on the street

It's also a product of dreams, nothing is real or unreal

Anyway you look at it, all are characters of the imagination

Walking outside, yet sticking precisely to contours of thought

Published in: Modern Han Poetry (underground journal), Beijing, Summer 1991, pp. 24-26.
TRANSLATIONS: ZHOU LUNYOU
The Solitary Pine

A historian
Strolls alone on the high plateau
Time has played a joke on him
He has lost the way home
He stands on a precipice
    staring off into the distance
The stars take the place of his stern gaze
All that remains is a clear head
He continues in his undertaking
Writing his life into chronicles
The rings of the wheel of time
Are a history that will never decay

Spring Festival

I'm a honey bee
Flying out of a traditional Oriental painting,
On each festival day along my way,
From mugwort leaf and calamus I gather honey
    in bitter delicate fragrances
I collect a trace of poetic mood
From a mooncake as round as the moon
And a moon as round as a mooncake
I gather a fulfilling desire
From the scattered oblique shadows of chrysanthemums
And cornel, I harvest a homesick melody
Carrying so many stories and legends
I descend upon your pistil
And gather a little pollen
To make a spring of all colors

- pp. 53-54, Feitian literary monthly, August 1982, Lanzhou, Gansu province;
- page 51, A Selection of Lyric Poetry by Contemporary University Students, October 1987, Sichuan University Publishing House, Chengdu, Sichuan province.
The Black Statue
   - for a young road worker laying asphalt

The black solution
Gushes up out of your hands
Your work-clothes are spattered with pitch
Even the sunlight turns black
   sculpt the expression on your face
black

Like this solution, boiling hot

Reality is grim
When automobile wheels spin in the mire
And history is compelled to slither in the mud
The age sent out a summons
   You stepped up
And accepted the laborer's card with both hands
You took on a lofty mission

We have never joined in the designing of roads
Only names from our parent's generation are among the road construction crew's
When the footsteps of the young
   march forward treading on the shoulders of their forebears
Do they complain that the road is bumpy
Or set to work and pave it flat
   You chose the latter

Under the heavy rhythm of the road roller
A layer of tar, a layer of crushed stone
   presses slowly forward
This is today's addition to yesterday
Pave the rough road into the future flat
An all-weather highway
Stretches out of the hardship in your hands....
Looking at the level surface
    you let out the hint of a smile
The laugh lines unfold
The smoothness of a freeway
Vehicle after vehicle speeds by your side
    the wheels remember your name
Horns sound    blare out your salute

- *Stars* poetry monthly, April 1983, Chengdu, Sichuan province;
- pp. 467-469, *300 Lyric Poems by Contemporary Youth* (Volume 2),
  Guizhou People's Publishing House, May 1985, Guiyang, Guizhou
  province.
The White Wolf

The white wolf is dancing the foxtrot Draw-out howls on the ridge of the roof I am never able to dodge its long tail Waving a riddle as if it's reminding me of something hinting at something Not one stalk of grass is growing on the bald pastureland for the flock of sheep I can't keep my hair Yet it still stares at me that way Stares Have you passed this sort of night Shaking the snowflakes the frostwork or a moonlight-like white coming in from your earliest consciousness Think about it Not yesterday Not last year Earlier and still earlier Imagine this sort of a night In a place you love where you're a child It's a house Really dark Distantly I see that white wolf take a bite of me through the ceiling Kept at a distance by a thick wall it wounds me Each written character comes to bite me Every single sentence comes to bite me and leaves teeth marks behind Once more you try to remember what you saw that night Snow-white walls float up into the air Four chalk-white walls drift up Your cradle is like a boat Imagine that you are an infant suckling at your mother's breast What did you see at the moment you opened your eyes Now you push open that door You walk in Lamplight knocks me over The zebra-striped roof sways An impression A beautiful shape The white wolf has come up from the sea up onto the shore The whole world starts to rock becoming a pliable body Isn't the cradle being pushed by that pair of hands Mommy isn't by my side Now please use your own hands and gently peel off the sea's skin The animal beneath won't bite That two-headed animal will definitely not bite you This evening mother has been gobbled up by it Now please try to push the two heads apart with your hands Don't say whose face you see The white wolf fox-trotting on the ridge of the roof is far off The long tail has broken off in the wind inch by inch becoming hummingbirds flying up and down An ancient pagoda is planted at the centre of a lake inundated by blue light Who will garner those ripe wind-chimes Those sweet tinklings are about to sprout and leave that swamp are going to bud and push up out of that bog
- Contemporary Chinese Exploratory Poetry, (underground poetry journal, Yang Shun-li editor) Fuling, Sichuan province, July 1985, pp. 11-13;
- Chinese Literature monthly, Beijing, October 1986, page 49;
FREE SQUARES

You use a suspicious language.
You set a trap for us.
You yourself first fall into it.
- from 1986 Diary

(You meditate on the step of the stair for three days.
Circle the dome once. You can't find a door in or out. You sit down again.)

MOTIVE I  POSITION PLAN

The pose should be paid attention to. As a traditional beauty pays attention to the look of her face. For example, don't bare her teeth when laughing. For instance, not being allowed to cast sidelong glances. Pierre Cardin chooses you as a model. You redesign yourself according to modern standards. Sit and wait like a clock. At the stroke of midnight go to the passenger boat. You're not on the boat. In the Temple of Precious Light count the countless arhats. Sit on the south side. Sit facing the wall. All these are ways in which the wise ones would sit. You're not a sage. You don't think the supreme lord is about to come down among us. You can sit more casually. Pick a rush hassock at random. Or imagine an ancient hermit. Or imitate a monkey. Since ancient times the wise and virtuous have been so alone. Sitting is the root of realizing the Way. If you can't sit, you have neither skill nor learning. Confucius sat and had three thousand disciples. Zenon sits and discovers that arrows in flight are motionless.

1"Squares" refers to the space which a Chinese character occupies.
2A buddhist monk who has severed all ties with the world.
Achilles is never able to catch the tortoise. And you see Yang Zhu
seated like a flower. Swaying when there is no wind. He attracts three
or five butterflies. Men like girls whose tails wag. Sleep like
a bow. A heavy snow replete with bows and knives. Choosing a
style for sleeping is extremely necessary. It's best not to kill during the
daytime. I've heard that it was the ugly and inappropriate sleeping form of a
palace maiden which led Sakyamuni to spurn the world and become a monk. From
that time on he was most particular about the technique of sleeping. You prefer
to sleep on your side. You want to change the way you sleep. You try
turning over. Then feeling in that foot like it's both there and not there.
A kind of airplane. A jet. That dives in that gliding-on-water way.
An off-screen Tai-Chi punch. You feel that kind of position is
very elegant. Death is a matter for tomorrow. Continue to study it.
But today persevere in your morning calisthenics. With regard to
whether there is a life after this one. From Sun Yat-sen to Jesus no one
has spoken clearly on the subject. Furthermore a Swiss scientist has
research showing that god was an extraterrestrial. You have even less of a desire
to head for those heavens. Submission you can accept. There's no tail to be
stood up in the air. But the back must be straight. A man's tears aren't easily
shed. Maintaining a balance is of extreme importance. Stand like a pine tree.
Under the pine tree ask a child. He will say the master has gone to gather
herbs. The child under the pine answers once more. I do not know which pine
the master is under. What's important is to stand modestly and
courteously. It's best not to speak. Han Yu admired the posture of Jia
Dao\(^*\) as he stood to knock or push at a door. He took him in as a
follower. You know there are more positions on the other side.

—The posture of Tao Yuan-ming's\(^*\) throughout his untroubled gazing at
mountains in the south

\(^*\) (Circa 400 B.C.) Philosopher who taught that all individual persons
and things are inviolable --- denounced as extremist and harmful to
society by Confucianists.

\(^*\) Famous Tang dynasty poets; Han Yu (768-824AD); Jia Dao (779-843AD).

\(^*\) Famous poet, 365-427AD.
--The posture of Wang Wei's®, loosening his belt while the wind blew through the pines
--The posture of Su Dong-po's® as the great river flowed east
--Li Qing-zhao's® posture for people slenderer than day-lilies

There are many other postures besides people's. The cloud's. The moon's. Birds'. The rainbow's.
You call up the zebra and the swan. Add all that to them.
Design a new style. Many people will come to imitate you.

(You meditate on the stair-step for six days. Circle the dome twice.
You can't find a door in or out. You sit down again.)

MOTIVE II  EXERCISE IN PERSON

...........

(You meditate on the stair-step for nine days. Circle the dome three times.
You can't find a door in or out. You sit down all over again.)

MOTIVE III  RUBIC'S CUBE

...........

(You meditate on the step of the stair for twelve days. Circle the dome four times.
You can't find a door in or out. You sit down once again.)

*Famous Tang dynasty poet, 701-761AD.
'Famous Song dynasty poet, 1037-1101AD.
"Famous Song dynasty poetess, 1084-1151AD.
MOTIVE IV  A BED FOR TWO

...........

(You meditate on the stair-step for fifteen days. Circle the dome five times.
You can't find a door in or out. You sit down again.)

MOTIVE V  THE SALT OF REFUSAL

When necessary learn how to shake your head or wave your hand
If both your head and your hand are not free
You must learn silence

For this I practice fasting

Reject water for you will never again swim Never again cast nets in rivers,
lakes and seas
Reject fire for you will never again refine stones Never again copy all forms
of lamps
Reject rain for you will never again preach Never again beat on broken clay jars
Reject wind for you will never again raise a flag Never again command fleets on
distant voyages

You make refusing a game
without an opponent
Your chessmen are still being whittled down in number
The salt of refusal is tasteless
From tastelessness you approach the Way to Cook
Reject the sages and the virtuous for you will never again study this or that step by hurried step
Reject standards for you can't distinguish between good and evil Forget your height and weight
Reject relatives and those of no blood relation to you for the crudeness or fineness of unknown roots
Reject hatred for you take down bow-and-arrow Hang a gorgeous lion skin in the room
Reject the path for you will never trek forth again Never again undertake useless quests
Reject ardor for you will never bathe again Never again be visibly moved by beauty and sex

You use refusal to ward off attacks by the great and the famous Mao Zedong Thought is ever-victorious
You are unable to hold your own You can only lower your head and admit your crimes

Refuse to open your mouth So as to avoid falling into the trap of attitude You will never debate again
Refuse language for you have lost the conception of it Can only be silent or howl
Refuse illusion for you will never again hope for such highs or lows
Reject questions about livelihood for you don't study ways to keep healthy
Never again gather herbs and make immortality pills
Refuse meditation Continual struggle From beginning to end unable to hack out a bloodied path
Refuse to break out of your own entrapment for you're ashamed to face the people on the eastern bank" Not as good as keeping the next assault in reserve and songs of defiance and death

"Reference to Xiang Yu, tragic general annihilated by Liu Bang who later went on to found the Han dynasty (206 B.C. - 220 A.D.).
Refusing is an art. The attacking army is at the walls
You're still enjoying your siesta
Shuffle the chessmen idly
At the Pavilion of Uninterrupted Leisure listen to the water and fish

Refuse long journeys
You will never again explore the wonders Visit sights or muse over antiquity or
intentionally sigh the regretful sigh of aimless drifting

Refuse to scale the heights
You will never again arrange jasmine and cornel Never again cry to the blue sky
while in your cups nor tug at Chen Zi'ang's¹⁰ jacket front
not knowing whether to laugh or cry

Refuse to go into seclusion
Early in the morning you will sell the dusk of rockery hills Remove the banzai
plants Leave nothing as far as the eye can see Mary a bamboo shoot
for thirty miles around

Refuse to remember
For your personality mixes with thick and thin masks of form and illusion The
contours are gradually lost You don't remember details
You remember the teachings of Zhou Lun-you.
People can be against you. You can be hated by them. But you must not be scorned.
You especially must not be mocked by people.
Mockery makes fasting futile.
The salt of refusal makes you look haggard. You gradually enter a state of
forgetting all insults and praise
According to ancient texts If you persevere it will make you ignorant and
desireless -- finally reaching the point of no shame. Then you
will be saved.

You agree to try again.

¹⁰Famous Tang dynasty poet, 661-702 A.D..
(You meditate on the stair-step for eighteen days. Circle the dome eight times. 
You can’t find a door in or out. You sit down once more.)

MOTIVE VI  WEST OF TAHITI

When you think of that island you can not sit still. The enormous breasts of the women carrying plates of fruit overwhelm you. What frightens also entices. It was because of this grandfather crossed the sea. West of Tahiti. Naked women’s skin stirs you so that you can not open your eyes. Fresh juicy fruit. Large pits, rich and resilient. Grandfather must have eaten many of these pits. And from then on thought no more of home. The sea then was not as blue as it is now. The sky very high. A thin layer annealed on the window. Like a piece of transparent glass. Unchanged for decades.

You want to cross the sea. For the sake of tropical pits and the fruit. You’re a sex maniac too. When small you enjoyed colored toys. As a grown up you like women and books. Following grandfather. Somebody already gone ahead of you. He was a rascal who called himself an artist. After begging a pound of bread from grandfather. They became friends. He painted island girls. Also seduced island girls. There’s more. Later there will be one called Picasso. Who becomes famous because of the rape of an Avignon girl. That year. All the females on the island jumped into the sea. Beneath the fierce sunlight. The men started to love themselves. The men began to make homosexual love. The men started to love sea turtles. The men started to love vegetables. In the midst of general love, honor and contempt. He finished the last painting. Set his own straw hut on fire.....

For the sake that self-immolated artist. You want to cross the sea.
For your grandfather’s collection of books. You want to cross the sea.

About his death. To this day, opinion is widely divided. Some say he died from the poisoned arrow of a rival in love. Some say he died from excessive dissipation. Anyway. He died most shamefully. I remember grandfather saying. After that artist died. One painting stayed on the wall. Even flames weren’t able to make off with it. You must go. Standing by the ruins of your fingers. You think of Paris. Think of the fashionable lines of young French women. A match stick brings down the golden plates of fruit and mangos. Only the pits are alive. You close the art book. You want to go nowhere. You say.

-- You didn’t come from anywhere. (Where did we come from?)
-- You aren’t anything. (Who are we?)
-- You aren’t going anywhere. (Where are we going?)

I eat therefore I am.
And that’s all there is to it.

(You meditate on a step of the stair. Make a circuit of the dome.
There’s no door in or out. You sit down and don’t ever want to get up again)

(December 15-22, 1986, on the shores of Moon Lake)
Published in:
  (underground poetry journal, Zhou Lunyou editor);
- *The Modernist Poets of Sichuan*, 1987, Fuling, pp. 75-85
  (underground poetry journal, Liao Yiwu editor);
- *Author* literary monthly, March 1988, Chang-chun, Ji-lin
  province, pp. 41-43 (Selections: Parts I, II & V).
- *An Appreciation Dictionary of Exploratory Chinese Poetry*,
  August 1989, Shi-jia-zhuang, He-bei People's Publishing House,
  pp. 603-606 (Selections: Parts I & V).
20 POEMS ON THE KNIFE'S EDGE


(Published in this form in Not-Not $5, underground publication, Fall 1992)
THE GREAT BIRD OF THE IMAGINATION (December 17, 1989; in prison in Xi-chang, Sichuan Province, China)

The bird is a thing able to fly
It’s not an oriole or bluebird. It’s the great bird
Feathers as heavy as Mount Tai^1
Clearly pressing in on the imagination
I made this up
Wings of another kind
Water and sky of another kind

The great bird was thought up like this
A very gentle action that causes one’s heart to pound
The great bird is deep-rooted, it makes me think of the lotus
Think of an older kind of quicksilver
An shearer existence beyond the mass of earthly phenomena
Three-hundred years have passed, still the great bird doesn’t fly or call out

Sometimes the great bird is a bird, sometimes a fish
Sometimes it’s like Zhuang-zi’s butterfly and recluse
And sometimes it isn’t anything
I only know that the great bird consumes flames
So it’s very beautiful, very bright
Actually the alleged flames are also imagined
The great bird has no wings, there’s not a shadow of a bird about it at all

A bird is a metaphor. The great bird is a big metaphor
Whether it flies or not it occupies the sky just the same

^1A mountain of great legendary and religious importance in China.
^2Ancient philosopher’s anecdote about whether a recluse dreams a butterfly or if it dreams him.
From a bird to the great bird there's a kind of transition
From one language to another there's only a sound
The great bird blots out the sky and covers the earth, but can't be grasped

The sudden appearance of brilliance empties consciousness
With a finger to strike the sky, a very blue tranquility
Let a musical key from out of nowhere to be covered by falling dragon flies

Deeply and directly enter or withdraw
The further one departs from the core the closer one gets to the great bird

To imagine the great bird is to breathe the great bird
What causes objects to grow huge and far away; sometimes only a smell
Life is brimming with and fortified by crystal
Impelling time and bronze to run in opposite directions
The great bird is massive like a pearl gestating between the sea and the sky

We are contained within
Become the bright nucleus
Faced with the flesh the eager heart is driven into action

Now the great bird is already beyond my imagination
I can't touch it and don't know the direction it travels in
But I've definitely been hit, the significance of that kind of mopping-up operation
Causes me unforgettable pain, and to ponder whether
The great bird is soaring or motionless in another sky
That is a sky closely linked with us
We only have to think of it occasionally
And a certain feeling makes us vast without limits
When the day arrives on which the great bird suddenly comes flying
towards us

The eyes of us all will be blinded

- also in: Modern Han Poetry (Xian-dai Han-shi), underground journal,
THE MEANING OF A FRUIT-PIT (May 10, 1990; Mount E prison camp, Sichuan)

Language separates out the meat from the fruit
The fruit pits that remain become the firm, tensile portion
Several grindings of the flowers
Renders the fruit pits smaller, but even harder
A fruit pit in a fire keeps its original shape

A fruit pit implies nothing
Occasionally it's a facial exercise
A certain event just being experienced
Sometimes it doesn't even entail movement
A child is contained in a fruit pit
But never grows up. Freckles that flew over the face
Are covered in a wink by fall of autumn branches from the tree

(To speak of a fruit pit is to speak of a boy
Or a girl. Not related to this world
Open mouthed. But with no sound whatsoever)

Fruit pits sometimes burst open
Some leaves grow out
They generate more heads and fruit
Or a city
One person climbs to the position of king, many scatter
Or exactly the opposite

One fruit pit fills the season to bursting with confidence

- also in: Modern Han Poetry, underground journal, Beijing, Fall 1991
  p. 137.
TRANSFORMATION OF SYNTAX COMPLETED ON THE KNIFE'S EDGE
(January 6, 1991; Mount E Prison Camp)

In your imaginings your skin is cut by a sharp blade
Blood everywhere. Very thick blood
Causing your breath to smell strongly of fish
Coldly ponder the wounding process
A finger wiped and wiped again on the knife’s edge
There isn’t courage to let you go a little deeper

Now is still not the time to speak of death
Death is very simple, living requires more food
Air and water, a woman’s sexual parts
Feelings of carnal desire aggravate you to greater foolishness
Living right is yet another matter
Mortgage your life, let violence loose its patience

Let the knife sink in a bit deeper. From watching others bleed
To bleeding yourself, experience the transformation process first hand
The hand that strikes violently is certainly not as relaxed as the hurt hand
Open your skin along a sharp thought
Watch the knife’s edge carve in, from the flesh a spot of blood seeps out

And sets off a host of impressions

This is your first drop of blood
Abiding by the principles of syntactical transformation
No longer has an audience.
Use subjective flesh to resist steel, or be overthrown by it
A stretch of sky pressing in upon your head
The wound’s extensive pain vanishes
After you the world remains completely cold
The edge of the knife bleeds. Across from the left to the right hand you learned from experience that you attempted slaughter while sacrificing yourself. The death of imagination fills your two eyes with ideas of death.

- Also in: *Modern Han Poetry*, underground journal, Beijing, Fall 1991, pp. 138-139.
THE EVERLASTING WOUND (Sept. 8, 1990; Mount E Prison Camp)

This moment of disaster can't be forgotten
Prolonged pain makes me uneasy in my seat
I passed through the motionless wrecks of birds in the water
Beginning from the tip of the tongue right down to the finger nails

Below the darkest color is another kind of beauty
Another species of steely silence
Sharp beyond compare

The everlasting wound is a
Deep and vast drop of blood. Aimlessly
The names of the dead line up quietly around the wound
The wound's infection causes more people to burn with dread
The effect of a tiger is a riot of color
This is the root of your lack of appetite. Alone we weep
Into the wind. Or close our eyes and sit still

(Use iron. Use the most brutal way to reduce inflammation
It never heals, a fever on clear days
Even more unendurable pain on dark days)

Actually I have no idea where the wound is
What kind of knife stuck in which strip of the sky
I only feel pain
The sleepless hand reaches out from inside my body
Makes me live traumatically
Blissfully experience agony
Carve a work of art that will never fade into my bones
The everlasting wound is a degree of depth
Our bodies are sunk into it and we can't pull ourselves out
Passing through the wound, pain becomes a kind of substance
Pressing heavily on the four limbs
In a dream cruel cracks appear on a porcelain vase
There are no more vessels left intact. As a still-life
Unfolding gracefully under the sunlight
A lotus flower stained red with the blood of an infant

In the wound, our whole body festers
Or gives off flashes of light, the results are all the same

The wound is forever a fresh color
The unavoidable steel causes me an irreducible grief
The world lines up around the wound written into the characters
of different languages
Exalting us or throwing us down, this is of no importance
In the wound, in a drop of blood
We cherish a crippled mentality
Keep it up in daily crystal exercises

In the wound, in a drop of blood
We keep up our daily crystal exercises


"Crystal" is symbolic of the process of poetry writing in the poetry of Odysseus Elitis.
THE SUBJECT'S LOSS (Jan. 15, 1991; Mount E Prison Camp)

Use a mirror as a metaphor
The subject is a thing untouchable in a mirror
An unresolved thought
Embodying a lot of content, but difficult to grasp
From start to finish contained and not revealed in the mirror
It lets intimate desires keep their freshness

A mirror is a kind of authentic fabrication
The imaginary oriole is more profound in a metaphor
Expecting a sort of miracle opened by the shouts of wild fantasy
To manifest itself, and then you walk into a landscape
Surrounded by music you listen to another strain
Unable to clearly describe the lotus flower behind your lips

We can only be outside the mirror: illuminated by light
Or forever deceived, this isn't the mirror's fault

Facing the mirror is a form of confrontation
Is to lay aside life and confront death
On an abstruse plane the soul looks after itself
One side quiet the other guarded by shields
Or escapes. Let thought slowly crystallize
Watch the flesh rot, with an incomparably steadfast expression

The depth of a mirror is beyond conjecture
Enter a mirror and immediately become part of darkness
The entire life of a poet is spent struggling in a mirror
Mulling over the subtly changing colors of the sky
Seeking the profundity of diamonds
Dreaming of qualities in immortal bronze
(The mirror suddenly catches fire, unexpected flames
Have singed the hair of a generation
The world shatters, having looked into the mirror)

The initial image also disintegrates
One drop of blood casts the mirror itself into doubt
Turn the mirror around
There are no more objects on the reverse side
Separated from metaphors the mirror's merely a piece of glass
But also not less than glass

The glass falls to the ground and is shattered by sunlight
You sustain a serious life-long loss

- Also in: Modern Han Poetry, underground journal, Beijing, Fall 1991, pp. 133-134.
THE IMAGE OF THE TOLERANT (January 26, 1991; Mount E Prison Camp)

Eat Eastern philosophy and attain the Tao of Lao-zi and the Yellow Emperor.
The chrysanthemum of antiquity enters deep into your bone marrow.
Subdue the hard with the soft endure all humiliations.
But don't believe they humiliate accept his every blow.
But don't feel their weight let him laugh.
Exist outside your body as a butterfly.
You feel the holiness of this wrong decisions are in the hands of others.
You can only give in the words are in other people's mouths.
Speechlessly you listen attentively allow the attacks to expand.
They touch on the soul again a face hangs.
Peacefully your thoughts turn to the unfathomable.
The image of the tolerant is a tortoise.
It draws its head back into its belly allows people to trample it underfoot.
You find pleasure in this ponder the suffering of mankind.
One hundred times yield a hundred times admit your guilt.
One hundred times crawl under the crotch of others.
Swallow your last tooth into your stomach.
Water is hurt by the stone water surrounds the stone.
The beauty of forbearance issues forth brilliance from the inner depths.
At crucial moments think of Han Xin¹
And your conscience is set at ease the word tolerate is a knife in the heart.
The heart drips blood and still you talk and joke gleefully.

Oh, the mighty Tolerant!

¹A famous general who helped Liu Bang, the founding emperor of the Han Dynasty, conquer China. As a child he was often insulted and tormented by others: i.e., he was forced to crawl through the legs of others. Died 196 BC.
THE CIRCUMSTANCES REGARDING AN ARRANGEMENT OF STONES (October 3, 1990; Mount E Prison Camp)

This is a situation I have never before entered deeply into
It takes violent hold of you. Atop a colossal stone
Rocks containing iron pile up coldly
And form into columns and walls
You have been put between stones
The north, or the south. You sit facing a wall
Dully dreading the blue which seeps out of the silence

This isn't some kind of game of the imagination
At the cost of your life you are on the scene
For all of three years, you must accept these stones
Become one component in this arrangement
Only through murder can you experience that intensity
Forcing itself in on all sides
Compelling you to become small, smaller
Until you skip into a stone and become a form of a thing

Break open a stone and there's still a stone
From wall to wall. From the soul out to the eyes

You have to love these stones, stone people
And stoney things, love and be intimate with them
Nod a greeting, sometimes the bumps will leave your head bleeding
Heavier stones on top, occupy commanding positions
You can't look up at them but can sense them at all times
Always so indubitable and brutal
They can smash your body to pieces at any time
The circumstances of the arrangement of stones are like this
Like the dangers to a person entering deeply into a tiger
Pulling teeth in the tigers' mouth then suddenly a tooth aches
Maybe one day you'll obtain a whole tiger skin
Thereby proving your courage and riches
But right now the tiger is biting you, eating you
This non-substituteable plight has damaged you all over

To penetrate a tiger and not be eaten by it
To penetrate a stone and not become a stone
To pass through burning brambles and still be your old self
Requires perseverance. You must hold fast to yourself
Just as the crystal holds fast to the transparency of the sky
The iron stones continue to pile up around you
In the arrangement of stones you light a candle
Illuminating each of your wounds more brightly

THE HIGH-STEPPING CRANE AND MIDGET HORSE OF THE PAINTER

(November 12, 1990; Mount E Prison Camp)

This is my experimental work. An extraordinary composition
The appearance of an animate or inanimate object on the same piece of metal

A crane is harder to hold than a horse
The undersized and striped type
Within the confines of a fixed circle let it
Take pocket-sized walks. Now draw a patch of lawn
White palings indicate the line of demarcation
Within the confines it fully
Enjoys the sunshine. This is the appearance of things
In the seeable depths, in the very bright shadows
I saw a crane (in a spot a little higher
Than the horse's) circling the glass in a high-stepping dance
Surrounding it is the untitled sky
(A red cock's comb is redder than the first drop of blood from a virgin)
From a viewable object to unseeable radiance
The very variable wings are quickly arranged
Change at its most advanced stage tends toward pure indifference

The horse is eating grass just now
I make it lift its head and take a midget's look up at
The crane in the unseeable depths. The horse can not see it
But it has heard the crane's cry distinctly. The far distant crane
Was once deep inside the horse
This is what I want it to know and strive to remember
(Only the horse once had a high-stepping time
Its hooves stamped back and forth across the sky)
Now the horse seems to have sensed something, it pricks up its ears
And neighs shrilly the once (And so the horse looks a little larger)
But the crane is still in the unseeable depths (I intend
To not let it land) let the crane, hang in midair
In accord with my intent
 Waiting until the tiny horse walks out from behind its white palings
  The crane in the depths will fly brightly by itself out from inside the copper

CHAIRMAN MAO SAYS

---patterned after "The Country's in Chaos", a verbal drinking game popular in China
(September 20, 1990; Mount E Prison Camp)

Chairman Mao says alcohol's a medicinal potion
Down it and there'll be no loose talk Chairman Mao says again
Revolution is based on self-awareness strip off your own pants and clothes
Chairman Mao also says reform through labour is the same as a day's work

Being killed is the same as sleep Mao continues to say
Masturbation does no harm to society
Is a popular sport beneficial to the health of body and mind
Suited for all round development.....
Elderly honorable Chairman Mao is tired of speaking
He says finally: People of the entire nation --- Shut up!
FROM THE CONCRETE TO THE ABSTRACT BIRD (December 1, 1989;  
in Xi-chang City Prison)

Seldom do birds fly by windows here  
But the feeling of feathers comes across my face often  
This is the concrete bird  
Below the high wall, within range of fire  
At all times prepared to drop at the sound of a shot

Actually our so-called bird  
Is only a kind of posture  
From the written word becoming a flying bird  
From a bird changing to the written word  
Moving to-and-fro between a book and the sky  
Occasionally feathers flutter down  
The bird becomes a concrete thing

Birds in a book and birds in the sky  
Cry out together, fly in the azure sky  
The birds grow larger  
Gradually I am unable to hold them  
Bird-catching eyes and nets suddenly open  
Hairy hands stained with bird sound

From bow and arrow to canister shot is a sort of progress  
From wing to-wing is a graceful perseverance  
Dead birds hide inside books and become written words  
Even more birds fly in the sky  
Glass that passes beyond time and space  
Birds still flying
The bird is a word, but also not a word
Between books and the sky the bird is a sort of hinge
An imaginary shape. After breaking away from substance
We are birds ourselves
The final image emerging in a dream
When birds are injured, fresh blood flows from our eyes
When birds are silent, stones spread through our hearts

In prison I write this poem
With iron upon my body. My face feels
The softness of feathers. I know
Only a concrete bird can be caught and killed
But a pure bird can’t be
Because that is merely a kind of abstract flight
Not a bird flying, the sky
The abstract bird is beyond all range of fire
The abstract bird can not be shot dead

After the crack of the gun
The bird still flies
WATCHING A CANDLE IGNITE (April 12, 1990; in Xi-chang Prison)

Nothing is crueler than this
To watch a candle ignite, and then die out
This small course of events shakes a person up
Several fingers part in the candlelight, lift them up
Make an elegant design, deeper grained than a woodcut
I didn't see how the candle was lit
Only remember one sentence, one gesture
The candle flame leaps from this eye to that
More hands are lifted up in the candlelight
At the light's core is the blood and fat of youth
Beams of light in all directions
The entire sky is filled with the face of a dove
Nothing is crueler than this
Watching helplessly the candle about to die, powerless
Shadows concentrated in the candlelight gather around
I can't see clearly their faces and teeth
A thin sound of thunder treading over yellow skin
I never saw how the candle flame died
Only felt the graceful breaking of those arms
The exquisite fracturing of more arms
Wax tears cover the stair
Death creates the coldest landscapes out of summer
After a brilliant twinkle the candle has become ash
Objects shot through by candlelight staunchly darken

To watch a candle ignite, and afterwards die out
Undergoing the greatest cruelty in the world of men
In darkness, I can only, silently, send up this smoke
IN A MOOD TO DETEST IRON (October 19, 1990; Mount E prison camp)

Always afraid to return to that night
That moment of flames. In their midst
Let the rush of hot blood ignite your whole body once more
The power of words stirs the lives of the humble
In flames, the square became suddenly very small
By immense passion raised up
And then from a very high place dropped down
The radiant shards turn the eye-witnesses into the blind

There can only be silence
There can only be distant, quiet self-reproach and the flood of tears
The weight of tractor treads crossing over the top of your head
Is beyond experiencing. Who can say
Whether the sound of smashing bones pleases the ear
Crueler iron and steel
Also rolled across your mother’s breasts
The abundance of mother’s milk dyes the sky an agonizing white

(I’m unwilling to go through that feeling again
Out of death, let each person together with me
Gather up their own face. Agony’s rebirth)

Henceforth, that night saturated with iron and steel
Becomes my dementia
In the mood to despise iron I can not speak of fire
Only think of gathering a few stems from tangerines and the like
In a time of no heroes and butterflies
I boil water and talk of cowards. I remember
Then in a certain school in the suburbs
Bells tolling all day, striking the monks all day
We live like this. Just like this
Persistently don't think
Persistently act as if nothing has happened
But irresistibly, in the depths the wound is becoming inflamed
Abruptly breaking off the sound of our laughter
Like this our grief turns us into despicable creatures

Like the water, be like this, without fish
That sky without birds
A structure without meaning. Striking and not striking
All are bells. Sounding and not sounding, all are monks
Vision sheared off by the glass the airplane is vomited gently upward
Just like an unsuccessful abortion
After you've been scooped out
Your whole body is dug down to dullness

Before that night I lived as lightly as a goose feather
After that night I awoke with a heart of dying embers
A SWORD'S INSCRIPTION (January 7, 1990; in Xi-chang Prison)

The sword. A sharp implement
The ancients had no choice but to cast it
Sages had no choice but to use it
Occasional use is fine
But it can't be used often
Because the sword is not omnipotent
When a head decidedly drops to the ground
The hand holding the sword
Has already struck
Into a thing more relentless than iron
THINKING OF OURSELVES IN THE FIRE OF A NEIGHBORING HOUSE

(September 15, 1991; at home in Xi-chang)

A fire breaks out in the neighboring house, very peaceful flames
Stab painfully at my eyes. Old people and water alarmed in their sleep
Distance doesn't exist, on both sides of the wall
Bread is sliced equally, becoming an authentic fabrication
The reason for fire is beyond bread, beyond
housing and inflation. A pure aesthetic issue
Unfolding universally, acquires a higher form
A distant fire in the senses burns close by
THAT IS OUR FIRE AND THEIR FORTRESS
Burning mightily under the close attention of a multitude of eyes
No audience is indifferent. Each person
Is in the fire, each person in a different state of mind
No longer is this the kind of fire lit in the name of revolution
By a pyromaniac, scorching one from top to bottom
This is the fire of mankind. From arm to arm
From mouth to mouth, infection by skin contact
The forbidden vocabulary of the bloodsuckers appears repeatedly
The largest end-of-century landscape with the power of a thunderbolt
THAT IS OUR FIRE BURNING THEIR FORTRESS
A structure of seventy years. With tangible and intangible
Stones, bayonets, lies and dogma
A painstakingly constructed fortress, crumbling in the fire
This is the last opportunity. Watch the blood of others flow
And yourself moved emotionally, then tears flow, after which feelings
flow
Afterwards in sorrowful symphonies silently mourn for three minutes
This is still not enough. Toleration of atrocities is a people's
disgrace
We have been shameless for too long, the hair of several generations
Is falling out while waiting, not only lacking iron
But needing a bath of flame. Edifices here and there
Are all the same structure, we can only wreck them from bottom to top
Such a large fire! Tongues and hands burn together
Run in a breath, whether near or far from water its of no use
The fire has reached the roof, the fire burns their eyebrows
In the distance the tallest bell tower topples down with a roar
THAT IS OUR FIRE WHICH DESTROYED THEIR FORTRESS
The immortal founding enterprise in an instant no more
Their catastrophe is our holiday. Express ourselves
With alcohol and expressions of the eyes. Dipped in the blood of the
dead paint a bird
Wings which blot out the sky fly toward the blaze
Our high tides or lows, our once extinguished enthusiasm
Hasn’t yet cooled to ash. The fire’s burning in the distance
The fire is idealized on our bodies. Old people and water
Firmly entrenched in the fortress. The toys of the leader are racing
A ringlike fortress coldly surrounds us
To know iron and steel is brutal, and
To handle one’s own life cautiously, this is not cowardly
Follow Zhuang-zi and be carefree, be the so-called spark
Burning internally, this is precisely our true situation
Stay low, until the critical moment, and then tell all
SIMULATING THE LANGUAGE OF THE MUTE (November 11, 1991; by Moon Lake in Xichang)

Speak like this: mouth hung open
But unable to utter a sound. Even with the mouth not open
Make your mouth withdraw into your body, eternally sealed
Language becomes the reason for health
Thinking is obstinate in broad daylight
The elegant comportment of silence. To speak or not to speak
Is only a question of attitude

Standing poses its own gesture: stand in the corner facing both walls
Eliminate the sitting lotus. Its very cold in the mountains
Extend your two hands and you'll always touch something
Again a wall. Again it's electrified barbed wire
Each day the stone in the water is growing up
Dreams are moving toward the depths of the day. You are outside the glass
See the changes in your own facial expression are devoid of content

Speak like this: mouth hung open
But unable to utter a sound, better not to open it
An overflowing mouth answers for an eventful summer
A cold and sad beauty keeps the heat in your body
Face the wall and think. As a serial-numbered animal
Acting according to regulations lead your life, eat and drink
Gradually get used to the condition of a deaf-mute

The essential of exercising mute language is not speaking
But getting ready to speak, it must be you who speaks out
The iron-black nature of this century
The sensation of metal is retained and flows in your blood
It reminds you frequently and painfully
The essential of mute language exercises is in speaking
So as to avoid losing the ability to express through disuse
Speak like this, without any object
Speak purposelessly. Copy a mute's
Expressions and actions: exaggerations and details
Combining characteristics, affect being the subject of the verb. Affect
A predicate state. Make sentences according to mood
Speak without the need of lamplight
Simpler even than moving a chair

It's saves energy too. Take away the hand on the glass
Open your eyes, already you're a great master of pantomime
Speechless existence is a state
The trick to it lies between speaking and not speaking
A little audience involvement, embodies a thousand possibilities
A sort of explanation: If one day your tongue is cut out
You may use the language of the mute as your second means of articulation
NIGHT OF THE CAT KING (December 22, 1991; on the shores of Moon Lake in Xichang)

Night of sliding glass
I saw a cat at the corner of metaphysics
Lift a vigilant tail straight up ready to act at anytime
At this moment all clocks suddenly stop
This is a black cat
Representing total darkness deeper than the most secret impulses
I can't distinguish objective from subjective mutually the cat and the night make up the backdrop
Sometimes its one face sometimes its two completely different faces
Each animal species lies hidden within definitions
Only the one-eyed cat king keeps watch the revolving green eye
Sends out a soul-stirring radiance from the pedestal of darkness
Unavoidably we are toppled over
Sometimes feeling fine sometimes totally losing confidence
With a motion not easily detected by us
It imitates the sound of passing water the sound of light the sound of a plant falling to the earth and sprouting roots
The sound of unseeable objects in midair resisting each other
the heart of metaphysics
Is a blank space the cat king occupies the best position
From a height risk-free controls everything with its gem
Its sharp claws catch our skulls and our names its mighty leap
Takes our appetite away hard to settle down
When frightened we sense its magnificence even more insignificant ourselves
When fear scatters the crowd off in all directions
The business of the cat king has climbed to its zenith
Our senses have all been sucked out
Our bodies sprout pine needles bird feathers and wild animal fur
I know the relationship between this cat and me
A contract signed by others repaid by me an arbitrary debt
The fish bone stuck in my throat has two sharp ends I spit blood
and live

From the blue of the tiger interpret the origin of things
Until a piano opens up the skylight and is speaking bright words
Then I roll in from the metaphysical depths to my own body
That cat alone remains in back of the glass night
Each night I am kept incontinent by his deep-set gem
THE HUNGRY YEARS (March 12, 1992; on the shores of Moon Lake)

Very few people know how you live
Those days of anti-materialism have passed lightly by
A peculiar sensation in the stomach
Runs throughout the writing of this poem tighten the trouser belt
Appease your hunger with the bread of women and imagination
Fart like there's nobody around (there is food in poetry)
You possess the world's best cereals and wheat
A gourmet meal of the imagination still unfinished
But pushed aside for other reasons the search for reasons to console myself

A wry smile there are no endless feasts under heaven
When writing the climax I always get cold sweats
When out of bullets and food I silently recite the works of Mencius¹
As if that gentleman were an empty-bellied me
Spitting acidic juices on one hand and on the other waiting for an important appointment to fall from heaven

Actually there isn't any extraordinary reason
Only the writing of a few poems editing a magazine
Called Not-Not published irregularly
Like this, art getting the better of the stomach makes hunger
A fashion laid out in a column
It makes more people imitate and go through it
The holiness and honour of going hungry for art
Anyway I'm still young while it is tempered with words
The stomach is damaged no pain
Just because of the delusion created by a slight case of dropsy
Everybody says you look strong and stout have a fairly rich life
Until American handcuffs imported together with freedom of thought
Are clapped on your hands then someone discovers
Among the many rich and poor mouths crying out in hunger

¹A Confucian sage-scholar, 372-289 BC.
You are starved into becoming the most patriotic on the mountain
You gnaw on roots of plants, drink the north-east wind
Come out with an altered physique, more room in your stomach
You leaf through unfinished poems and your entire body goes cold
Since coming into the world, you've used the energy of a lifetime to
write one poem
And still you have not finished, can't give up on it halfway
Take poverty as a pure prerequisite
To be experienced (let others play about with Qi-gong and consumer
goods)
You tighten your belt, persevere to the end with art
The wife serves extremely clean and tidy meals everyday
There are always problems that lie low in the sunlight
Causing you to dwindle away like an immortal Taoist, you abhor eating
meat and fat
The wife says, I think you'd best become a Buddhist monk
You say your ties to the world are not broken yet, wait till this
poem's done
When your mind's at ease, you'll become a Buddha on the spot

*The harnessing of the life force which flows through the
body much like blood, for medical use or for show: e.g.
walking on eggs, smashing large stones with limbs or head.*
No hand of mine
Forever unwilling to cut itself off from my body
Breath heavier than a shadow
Opressing each body part
From mouth to lungs then to the four limbs
Allowing you no reckless movement
Your spirit ought to be still more sensitive
It wants to go get far, far away
To a place where their whips are not long enough to reach
Beyond the scope of games laid on by the hand
Limited to thought only excursions of imagination
Just doing this alone is also very dangerous
More real than a knife edge are the feelers in the hand
Sharper they stick into the heart of dreams
Know everything don’t ever let a
detail go and speed like hawks and falcons
From the sky keep watch over the movements of a rabbit
It lurks in every place you might possibly go
It lurks in plainclothes, collar turned up long ago
It took only the fall of that fatal blow
And everything was lost with you kicking up a stink for half a year
They give you an out or they carry it out over an extended sentence
Carry out a manhunt as long as your life against you
Since you’re not to be killed immediately the hand is certainly
showing no lenience
Out of each day’s terror you learn by experience
The patience and cruelty of a cat toying with a mouse
The magnificent efficiency of machines a hand still colder than iron
A wall away it cooks raw rice to a tenderness it smears
Your name in black on a list
And draws a thick red line through it these are no idle hopes of persecution

The barbed wire running in and out of life and the mobile walls
Force you to back into a book for self defense
To hold out for the last few isolated words and phrases
The light from the hand points at all things inclusively
If you come out of the water there is a mesh of the fish’s internal net
If you escape out of the sky there’s a deadly target range for flying birds

Open the classics and find oppressive chapters
Violence and persecution aimed at thought
During each day’s meals the illusory shadow of the hand
Even begins to interfere with your stomach and intestines
Suppresses your appetite
The urge for sex rapidly sinks into paralysis
Premature hair loss and forced sleep nightly
Leave behind the mark of the hand a element in the callousness of metal

Like the beauty of an omnipresent tiger
The structured control of the crystal the theme’s
Control of characters the poet’s concrete form
Can’t shake off the abstraction of control theory
The hand tosses and turns makes you laugh bitterly wildly
Taste all the sweet sour bitter spice of the human world
At the last not knowing whether to laugh or cry you finally understand

It turns out that a national chess champion is matched up against you
The imperiousness of the hand the rhetorical shape of violence
Unavoidable defeat as inevitable
Outcome better to live by the way of the hand
As a show of submission slice into the depths of time
Use silence as an indirect reply

^Used on public notices to indicate that the death sentence has already been carried out on a person.
Under the hand's pressure and influence
This poem can have two endings -----
First you think of living in seclusion study the examples of ancient poets

Behind a chrysanthemum (no mountains for the hermit
All mountains have been nationalized)
You have to stay in your original place not thinking
Change from a mute into an idiot

Sit forgetting under
An unmindful tree without beginning without end (Ending #1)
Or peal off your tense skin throw yourself
Toward the light from behind armour plate
Catch hold of the hand with no body temperature
Let your blood flow smear it all over the palms
In the final testimony of this century force it
To leave behind a bloody print (Ending #2)
There are always painful privacies in the game of compulsion
You must act as if nothing has happened
On an irregular chessboard
Continue your match against the shapeless hand
FIRE-BATH SENSATIONS (March 23, 1992; on the shores of Moon Lake)

No more a bird. Get rid of that element in the metaphor
In man’s name step directly into the center of the flames
A naked body. At the non-mythical level of meaning
Taste the flames. Savor a pure-gold enthusiasm
Enveloped by a greater enthusiasm, or the fire-extinguishing
Baptisms and devotions. The subject and the non-subject
Are separated only by a wall, the distance of a footstep. Be
And I, two absolutely different kinds of flame
On the tongue of a flame experience your own flesh
Much more realistic than watching others set fire to their fingers
The smell of burnt skin, the smell of well-done meat
The greatest significance of excessive agony, is not to know pain
Inside a very small flame, the faces distorted by a great distress
Mutual barbarity, mutual blood-letting, mutual betrayal
Reciprocal snowstorms. In the heart of the flames
It’s so cold you give off smoke. The fire’s penetrations change
endlessly

A resolute siege and slaughter. Thought
Is unadulterated darkness. The white of a pure blue flame
The red of a flag. The transparency of bloodless killing
You read the biographies of great personages a hundred times and still
can’t attain the sublime

Can’t find any sense of the phoenix
Or even its feathers. What’s harder than iron is fire
The perfect opportunity for self-refinement. The crucial moment
Blood pressure rises high. Consciousness at arm’s length
The teeth of fire nibble your hair white
Like the ashes of finest charcoal one by one. Radiance
Consumed by silver. In the flames life tends toward purity
A resolution that overpowers all other thought. Neither restless nor hot
Inside the fire you shake off the fire, return to the core life-force
The initial position. Tempered into steel, or
Tempered into essence. Water evaporating in high temperatures
None of these portray your condition at this moment
Better to return to your original idea. Shake off the ashes
From the flames not a phoenix
But a crow is reborn, a gleam of complete black
THIRD GENERATION POETS (February 28, 1991; in a blizzard at Mount E
Prison Camp)

A mob of refined thugs under the dictatorship of words
Isolated for too long in this year finally raises the flag of revolt
They held an antipathetic position toward the faces of gentle sincere poets

Pee on them. Causing neatly ordered China
To sink into prolonged chaos these are the third generation poets
A generation that blows its own trumpet declares itself a revolution
A from-bottom-to-top insurrection within the limits of language
Smashes the old world to pieces fabricates lots of rare nouns and verbs

Blackens or gilds its own face and no one applauds ever
The third generation’s perception of itself is grand they think their golden light is great
All around the country for a long time they write first rate poems read second rate books
Indulge in third rate women as bandits make a permanent name for themselves
They possess the insight to recognize heroes a word from Brother Yao-bang

And third generation poets come up from the underground looking deathly pale
Sit in the central hall of the propaganda bureau and sing a folk song for the Party to hear
They spit out a gutfull of acid and bitterness the gentleman died for the sake of his intimates
Those who shouldn’t die get out first the third generation poets were suicidally grieved

---

^Hu Yaobang; General Secretary of the CCP until forced to resign in January, 1987. Died in April 1989, precipitating demonstrations which led to the Tian-an-men Massacre.

\[A\] group of younger poets who were extremely in the poetry underground (1984-1989) throughout China, and who have introduced new form, content, style and poetics into Chinese poetry. The third generation of post-1949 poetry.
They swore to carry out the behest of Brother Yao-bang unfettered to the end.

In this way the third generation poets understood that inviting guests to a meal is not revolution.

They learned to talk dirty, be cynical, to curse the mothers of others.

Upper strata in China's sky switched back and forth third generation poets.

Often caught cold or got sick, they became hyper-sensitive and careful.

Too many unmentionable taboos, the only escape is poetry.

The third generation poets changed into clean clothes on the ivory surface.

Played games with no rules, remote from the heart, the body and the blood.

Or imitated the forms of the ancients, wrote poetry by moonlight.

With chrysanthemums, wrote some very delicate words from red to white, enthusiasm gradually degenerates to the zero degree of language.

The third generation poets lived very poorly, eating the cooked food in the world of men.

Speaking a common language, sitting in teahouses, sipping tea, enjoying.

The jasmine blend. Marx said a non-worker didn't deserve to eat.

Third generation poets rely on their old ladies for food but write only for mankind.

So with an easy conscience, they smash the iron rice bowl of marriage.

The third generation poets have made many gorgeous mistakes.

Pursuing Freud, they go deep into the tips of women's tongues and vaginas.

Expend too much semen in imagining these, which results in a great deficiency of Yang.\(^{3}\)

\(^{3}\)The male, strong, bright, etc. side of the Yin-Yang theory of the universe popular in Far East Asia.
The third generation poets love parts of Mao Zedong, a kind of peasant simplicity. And impulse ambition for a dynastic change in poetry is unconscious. It's merely the feeling that there's a fart to let fly and doing so it leaves the fragrant flowers and poisonous weeds to others. Fettered by the roots of the imagination stick in the knife, shut off the water or Expose it even more crudely to prove the purity of their blood line. The third generation reads Zhuang-zi* the Yi-jing^ they tend toward mysticism or forced mysticism make use of the eight diagrams and practice divination have one palm reading. And learn a way to deceive others swindle friend and foe. Afterwards enter into a state of Qi-gong^ the location of the Dan-tian is of little importance. The sitting posture is the key you have to create the appearance of understanding and regurgitating Deliver a few sentences of informed opinion on counter-culture and then believe you've achieved The Way. Of course alcohol must be drunk and even more must be eaten an entire generation Lives this way in a mix of truth and lies the sounds of praise and condemnation forever in their ears. The facial expressions of the third generation poets do not change their hearts do not leap they still write first rate poetry Read second rate books smoke cheap cigarettes and indulge in third rate women.

*One of the most famous Taoist philosophers (369-286 BC).
^The Yi-jing also known as The Book of Changes. A mystical text of uncertain origins. The eight diagrams and divination refers to the uses of knowledge held within this book.
^Qi-gong refers to the skill of mastering the life force (qi) flowing through one's body. The Dan-tian is the navel area where this force is centered.
After passing over a thousand mountains and ten thousand rivers, the third generation poets are forging out true achievements. Then suddenly they're shot down by a birding gun and become wonderful fragments of a tragedy just as they successfully complete their magnificent opus.

Bei Dao and Gu Cheng' crossed the sea to join the ranks of the outsiders, the third generation poets. Remain in China and continue the war of resistance, they learn silence. Learn to run away from home, they are heroes and cowards at the same time. They learn to sit in jail cells, express themselves vehemently in prison, refuse to admit guilt and repent. They learn banishment, learn to do hard labor, their heads shaved bald. They change their way of life under the hammer and sickle. Zhou Lun-you served his sentence on the slopes of Mount E. Liao Yi-wu and Li Ya-wei stood trial in Chong-qing. Shang Zhong-min wrote self-criticisms in Cheng-du. Yu Jian gave a name to a blackbird in Yun-nan. The third generation poets scattered like monkeys when the tree fell. In ten years time we'll judge the crimes and merits of these thousand autumns.

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Two earlier underground poets who gained fame between 1979-1984 and now reside in the West. Considered to be members of the second generation of post-1949 poets.
The 1992 Arts Charter or The Principles of Not-Leisurely Poetry

Time cuts a hole in a fresh subject
The place where blood unceasingly flows is a new start
--- from The Pose of Refusal

A. WHITE WRITING AND LEISURELINES

Chinese poetry has just passed through a period of White Writing. In unprecedented numbers and over a wide range of subjects, the feeble minded have written many words that have been forgotten as soon as they were read: cowardly, pallid literary works of an indifferent nature, lacking in creativity and of pretentious surface refinement. Defeated and scattered in all directions from the center of being. A dispersal without a core. Drifting, rootless words crowding and jostling against each other. In the guises of idle talk, hermits, hippies, ruffians.....endlessly trivial, insipid and empty. Deliberately avoiding the masters and their works, in fear of or without the courage to pursue profundity and power. Passing white turnips off as ivory tusks so as to avoid real and fabricated dangers. To the weak rhythms of elevator music, a generation of poets forms into meandering rows and uses a limited vocabulary to repeatedly and collectively imitate one another and themselves. Persistent repetitiveness and inadequacy have made triviality and mediocrity the universal characteristics of an entire period of poetry.

This is only an outward impression. In the midst of this cacophony we discover that the dominant tone is one of "leisureliness" (xian-shi) --- a tranquility with escapism as its rationale, a placid, unconquaining "golden mean" (zhong-yong) and "correctness" (ya-zheng), meeting all the demands of confucian teachings on poetry: think no evil, be benevolent and be sincere. A cultural traditions passed down through the ages have dulled the sensations in the blood of poets, and the "serene inaction" (qing-jing wu-wei) of Taoism has made the little consistency that had existed in the blood become even weaker. Be it the leisurely feeling brought about by the
rays of the rising sun entering through a window, or an idle state of being among eastern hedges and southern mountains, white writing takes the most insignificant thing as a point of reference (corresponding to the innate nature of these poets): sweep some moonlight with bamboo, be spellbound by a little dust on the table top, reduce or expand an ink stain on the wall, and so on. Whole-hearted insignificance. Quietly, superficially amusing oneself while writing a few inconsequential words, the leisurely poetry of the onlooker which has been deemed appropriate throughout ancient and modern times.

This great tendency contrasts with one incontestable fact: a multitude of poets of weak character are flaccidly articulating a white noise which has escapism as its principle aim, and a nearly girlish gentleness during an age chock full of violence and confrontation. This, then, is my first image of white writing.

Of course, this is not representative of the situation of all contemporary poetry.

In the midst of universal weakness and deficiency, a minority of strong-willed poets are still opening up and cultivating art with the vigor of their lives and persevering as obvious exceptions to the general rule among contemporary poets (Bei Dao was the first exception, and with the passage of time his brilliance is even brighter); there is also a group of young poetry critics who in the face of the flood of white writing have tried to bring order out of chaos on the theoretical level, who persevere with uncompromising critical stances, and attempt through their theory to lead white writing in a more serious direction. All of these individuals have made great, dedicated efforts during this time. However, although this has been the case, universal inadequacy is still an incontrovertible fact.

The uncertainty of this generation, in addition to the weakening of inborn human dignity, is primarily the result of spiritual self-weakening. As the transmitters of the spirit of Eastern aesthetic consciousness, we instinctively tend towards leisurely and carefree moods. Faced with the violent structure of the world, we deliberately become orchids and
chrysanthemums [symbolic of the life of the hermit in classical Chinese poetry] in pastoral settings: a graceful escapism. For this reason, nothing can be more natural than the production of escapist art.

"Leisureliness"(xian-shi) is a typical Chinese mood. It makes me think of the literati of long ago sipping tea while admiring the beauty of the moon or of the natural scenery. Of course, the basis for all this was being well provided for by land rents and silver, and that indispensable decorative item: the fan. On the other hand, "leisurely comfort" was not only the life ideal of traditional Chinese literati, but it was also their artistic ideal. The spirit of the literati and officialdom consisted of both confucianism and taoism: the internalization of taoist thought was embodied in a leisurely attitude towards life, its externalization was a indolent taste in art. Escape from society, escape from the great contradictions of reality, a calm mind and body and unruffled poetry all in harmony with nature. This fundamental tone became a great concealed, yet unbroken, strain throughout classical Chinese poetry, and easily overcame the weak-willed poets and readers of later ages.

The literal sense of "leisurely" is "idle, easy and comfortable"(qing-xian an-yi: Modern Chinese Dictionary, Commercial Press, 1979). By inference, it refers to "even-tempered and good-humored" or a mental state at harmony with nature: a life free of worries and desires, a serene state of mind; it is also related in meaning to "boring" (wu-liao), "indifferent"(dan-ran), "indolent"(lan-san), and "to idle away one's time"(wu-suo-shi-shi). In short, it is an axiomatic gentlemanly, worry-free cognizance of life (even though there may be some worries, they are no more than a few idle concerns of the sad, seasonal variety), possessing all the economic and cultural implications of the words "of leisure" (you-xian) as in the term "the class of leisure" (you-xian jie-jii). Even the words related to "leisure", such as "carefree", "at loose ends"(xian-san), "refined"(xian-ya), or "a leisurely and carefree mood"(xian-qing yi-zhi), and so on, all lead one to think of "a man of leisure"(you-xian-zhe) and his bored state of mind as he idles his time away. When they write poetry
or do something else, it is no more than a "playful way" (wan-fa) of killing time. No matter how hard they try to put up a serious front, the overtones of "play" (wan) are always present in their attitude toward life. Among the literati of recent times, Lin Yu-tang (1895-1976) was a typical representative of this philosophy of "playing with the world" (wan-shi = cynicism) as conveyed by his 'leisurely' writing style.

New Chinese poetry [dating from 1919] tried to be different by being "anti-traditional", but in the end it has returned to poetry's most traditional artistic sensibility. This is the greatest irony of modern Chinese poetry!

What needs to be pointed out here is: as a poetic phenomenon in the aftermath of "misty poetry" [meng-long shi: or obscure poetry, 1976-1983], white writing achieved influence at the cost of a divorce from reality (to a greater extent, it is a conscious divorce from humanity). At the same time that critics correctly pointed this out, they also believed that this kind of separation was a contribution to the diversification of poetry. They were, thus, equally mistaken. Just like all poetry traditionalists throughout literary history, what white writing shows solicitude for is not the truly important structural transformation of poetic form, but the harmlessness of content! Sucking the incisive spirit of scepticism and the critical consciousness out of "misty poetry", grinding flat all cutting edges (especially as seen in the poetry of Bei Dao), resulting in a skillful, cloying branch of poetry and a leisurely mood of little consequence. Indeed, they have done no more than this to strengthen and advance modern poetic art, and what they have discarded are, in fact, the very qualities which bore the soul of modern Chinese poetry.

We are not left with a more graceful butterfly, but have changed from a butterfly into a specimen sample. This is my supplementary image of white writing.

Let us now take a look at the situation outside of China. Whether white writers say it or not, we all know the facts that they
wish to hide: Not only are they bound to ancient roots, but they generally also have genes which have been transplanted crosswise—these are the styles and literary forms of foreign authors which they have skinned alive and swallowed raw.

From classicism and the Imagists (including Hemingway's novels which were influenced by Imagist theory), they advocate simple, restrained, self-restricting literary forms, opposing metaphor and over-embellishment; with Camus, this form of writing had already reached a relatively high level of self-awareness, in its calm depictions, it developed a direct form of literary tension. There is nothing wrong with this. It's principle achievements constitute an important component of modern literature, making the world transparent and deeply penetrating. In Pound's Cantos, Hemingway's The Old Man and the Sea, Camus' The Outsider and many other classics of modern and contemporary literature, we discover a common quality which has made these works great and immortal. This consists of the style of each individual writer. But these styles are beyond literary form, they are spiritual things which can never be imitated or peeled away.

When white writers exert themselves to copy these writers' styles and forms, it is exactly this magnificent, inherent spiritual quality that is not (and never can be) imitated. As a result, their imitations are, ultimately, no more than superficial.

However, imitated most by white writers is still Robbe-Grillet and other new French novelists (currently, this imitation has already "developed" from the new novel to the "new new novel"—"the school of original appearances"). In order to not pass off fish eyes as pearls and to avoid creating unnecessary confusion and misunderstanding, let us listen to what the effigies of the originators whose faces have been obscured by the hands of those who run after them have to say for themselves:

--- The spirit of scepticism has already come into the world, we have already entered the age of scepticism (Sartre)
--- Reject all notions concerning the a priori order (Robbe-Grillet)
--- Make the indescribable reality become comprehensible, a reality more
real than reality (Simon)

--- Literature changes the way we look at the world and changes our
descriptions of the world, therefore it may be said that literature changes
the world (Barthes)

Digging down beneath the surface, we are also unable to find a basis
for escapism among these sources.

9

As an experiment in modernist writing, writers of this tendency have
never invoked escapism or withdrawal [from society], but, instead, an even
more profound existence within and engagement with it. From the
transformation of the united march of the arts into the unconventional,
opinionated stances of individuals, from their words and deeds there is not
one shred of evidence to suggest that their works contain escapist
material. Indeed, just the opposite, after reading their works, we more
thoroughly understand the perilous condition of mankind. Furthermore, we
are led to a resolve to make an effort to change this state of affairs. As
any writer knows, when using language to write, he has no way of placing
himself outside of the actual world: be it due to accommodation or
resistance, sometimes even silence is a posture. To some extent it can even
be said that all linguistic attitudes demonstrate certain positions. A real
"second kind of language" separated from all contact with reality simply
does not exist --- unless you throw away your pen and abandon writing
entirely. Therefore, the only thing a serious writer can do is: hold fast
to his artistic believes in his language and bear his responsibilities to
freedom in his form. Writing has never been an art of bystanders.

Nevertheless, the serious spirit of these works has been screened out by
their imitators. They have obtained a feather, but have forgotten the sky.
Not only can they not change into hawks, but, because of this, they will
never be able to step high.

10

There are also the issues of "colloquialization" and the importance
attached to "daily life experience".

After the 1960s, a new generation of american poets, following in the
footsteps of William Carlos Williams, opposed Eliot's "impersonalization" and advocated the direct expression of individual life experience; they opposed Eliot's aristocratic language, and advocated the use of colloquial language. This has had a direct effect upon white writing. However, what gratified white writers most was the "rejection of profundity". Without expending great effort, this allowed them to dispel misgivings about "superficiality" and "banality" in their writing. Little did they imagine that they were defending something of which they had no understanding: a revolt against the modernist tradition. But in China, where a far from stringent modernism had not yet taken shape, much less been established, from where does a "modernist tradition" come? The story with regard to "profundity" is even more farfetched.

Modern poetry, having only just slipped out from under the directives of political parties and groups, had not yet entirely won for itself even the minimum prerequisites of art: a non-ideological standpoint and a pure consciousness. Furthermore, from beginning to end, modern poetry has been in a state of crisis due to a lack of the basic conditions for its existence --- creative freedom and the freedom to publish. Where do they find a "profundity" to turn their backs upon!!! To put it bluntly, this no more than a tactic of white writing: latching onto the slogan "reject profundity" makes their banality seem reasonable and necessary, and even allocates to white writing some modicum of the hallowed nature of art.

11

Finally, there is the self-flaunting of the so-called "post-modern", a cheap trick like that of beating one's face till it swells up and passing oneself off as fat which, in the imaginations of white writers, then becomes an apparent fact. Yet another attempt to improve their prospects by way of an external phenomenon, it is still of no help in altering the indifferent nature of white writing.

Just as I have already said in the section above, as a recent artistic concept, the basic motive behind "the post-modern" derives from a departure from and a rebellion against the modernist tradition. While concentrating on experimentation in form, at the same time it cuts more sensitively into the heart of the individual's and mankind's existence: from its concern
over the current state of mankind's existence, it produces its theme of social protest; out of the cruel, violent nature of this century and the continuing destruction, is produced its theme of hopelessness; the third theme related to life is reconciliation and the singing of praises. If it can be said that white writing has truly received something from "post-modern" art, then it is the same as all the other acts of imitation mentioned above: through constant circumspection, they carefully avoid the serious themes of "post-modern" poetry (social protest and hopelessness) and choose to acknowledge the theme best suited to their weak character --- reconciliation. This has only served to add a slightly foreign tone of peace and elation to the skillful, cloying nature of leisurely writing. But it has not allowed white writing, even in an imitative sense, to become Chinese "post-modern" poetry.

12

Aren't you weary of this yet? A weakened will, a loss of vitality, an obtuse feeling for language. There are so many playing together with the same ball; it drops down from the sky directly into your hands, and then is passed on again. Duplicated language and actions. Writing has become the simplest of crafts --- a uniform imitative enterprise while in pursuit of the masters.

From the imitation of novels by novels, of poetry by poetry, the imitation goes on until it develops into poetry imitating novels and poetry imitating the news. Imitation has been universalized and has struck roots in the minds of the people! A gourd-ladle truer than a calabash. Reproductions more materialist than the writings of Robbe-Grillet:

Subject Matter (objectification, writing about objects)

Technique (a purely objective description of superficial details)

Tone (placid narration)

Imitation to the point of similarity in the feeling of language between entire paragraphs, definitive application of words (no associative monads), a linear structure with the addition of a recurring, long two-line refrain, boring, insipid synonymous repetition, a false mysticism lacking all sense of mystery; the maximum use of black and white together with trivial linguistic detail, all things that can be arranged into lines and columns
can become "poetry" and "poets"

Just as the sense of humour of Chinese people is always slow by half a
beat, the unmasking of the misdeeds of this type of writing also seems to
be somewhat tardy, to the point of allowing this imitation bordering on
plagiarism to swagger through the streets in the guise of the avant garde,
destroying the reputation of modern poetry. It also must be pointed out
that for a time now, some enthusiastic poetry critics have been unable to
distinguish between original creation and imitation. Approving of clumsy
imitations by looking upon them as new creations has led to an even greater
flood of imitative writing.

The time to put an end to this activity is now!

Enough said about white writing's pursuit of the masters through
imitation. The objects which they misread and use falsely in and of
themselves constitute the revolutionary achievements of literature. The
serious thematic nature of their work, from literary style to form, tends
toward a certain degree of difficulty: the experimental nature of writing
and the creative nature of reading. And not the indifferent popular poetic
style flaunted and, in fact, advocated by white writing. I point this out
merely to show that: it is impossible to imitate truly great works of art;
and, no matter how the imitators try to adorn themselves with the feathers
of the phoenix, their original pedestrian natures still cause them to lack
a certain self-confidence. The result: on one hand, the imitator is
forever trying to throw his predecessors into the black void forever,
thereby coming to enjoy sole patent on "origination"; but conscious
imitation always unconsciously brings the object of imitation out from the
darkened background and places it in the foreground. This unavoidable
illumination finally exposes the imitator to the light of day and the hoax
is suddenly laid bare.

The fault lies not with the literary pioneers. The problem arose among
Chinese poets.

Always impulsive, always indifferent, always leisurely, always eager for
quick success. The disorderliness of an entire generation. Without the great wisdom of creation, only possessing the meager ability to imitate others; without the courage to destroy and to build, only possessing the inferior ability to pursue fame and fortune. The blood of a race poisoned by a rotten tree runs deeper than memory, docile ants gnaw at the soul of a generation. During China's age-old decline, brittle shadows have piled up layer upon layer, forming an enormous enfeebling mechanism, dissolving the increasingly rare, creative passion. No matter whether it is out of the native soil or transplanted from foreign lands, any new and vigorous thing, including its initial impulse --- all that is uncouth and cannot be digested, and the spirit of skepticism have only to pass through the digestive tracts of Chinese poets and they will loose their original aspects and be transformed into a thing lacking initiative and overly cautious --- leisureliness erected upon a low, petty character defended by the "golden mean", a smooth evasiveness, and worldly wisdom combined together with caution in the extreme --- a self-manipulated delight!

I have now sketched out the preliminary contours of the fundamental features of white writing.

An art of evasion and reconciliation. All aspects of theory and practice reflect the fact that this ancient civilization of ours has lost its original creative power, all that remains is a little modesty and an effort to recall the past. As a reflection of the race's spiritual weakening, the weak character of poets constitutes its internal condition; escape is the most basic impulse. In form it is expressed by imitation (method of writing) and leisure (aesthetic pursuit), the golden mean and a correctness which lacks vitality. In the burnishing and ripening of modern art, its experimental nature becomes inert, its incisiveness is neutered, all the cutting edges of avant garde art are dulled, and it now reaches an accommodation with the violent structure of the world. This is what white writing has already done and is still in the process of doing: An enterprise fully intended to enfeeble.
The purity of poetry is a matter which has never been clearly explained, it is an unsettled issue over which argument has dragged on for a long time and will continue to due to insufficient evidence in support of any position. Putting this exhausting argument to one side for the time being, we can see that several people are upholding one particular thing, or going through the motions of upholding something in a devout manner, as if holding up an enormous glass marble or a piece of crystal, one slip of their hands and it will fall to the ground and be shattered. Their overly serious expressions give rise to scepticism: what's so mysterious about what's up there? or, that this exhortational posture is merely an expression of devotion. Thoughts like these, however, do not dispel the questions. The formerly raised hands are still raised as before, of their own volition even more hands gather around, and together they wait upon its fragile holiness. Even if we knew that the piece of crystal in the hands of artists was fabricated, it is undoubtably still shining. Furthermore, it displays a certain quality and weight, causing one to feel it, associate with it mentally, give expression to it, and it then proceeds to become the artistic ideal in which poets can believe and rely upon.

It is said that when many people worship at the feet of a clay Bohdisattva, it quite naturally becomes effective. In this there is a mystery that can only be sensed.

I have reservations about the kind of holiness that is waited upon. Having experienced the process of moving from belief to scepticism, at one time I removed my pious hands and the mirror did not fall to pieces, I was suddenly convinced that above all these lofty salutations nothing is being held. The existence of true purity is an inexpressible non-existence. This thought penetrated deeply into my later writings. Taking into account the fact that modern Chinese art slipped out from under the dictates of parties and groups not so long ago, a tendency toward pure art may
strengthen a solitary determination. Therefore, in Anti-Values, I still retained one final foundation for the purity of poetry. After three years of this accommodation (up to the time I write these words), it still effectively binds my limbs. Precisely out of my respect for and understanding of the desire for this type of purity among Chinese poets, I will continue to restrict my thoughts within the necessary limits, and under the premise of the affirmation of pure poetry, I will develop my exposition. Furthermore, as I clarify the misunderstandings of my predecessors, I will satisfactorily resolve this problem.

First, three categories must be clearly differentiated: pure literature, pure art, and pure poetry.

Pure Literature: In the first sense, it is distinguished from history, philosophy, etc., among the humanities; in the second sense, in contrast with popular literature and literature for the masses, it is synonymous with "serious literature", meaning all serious writing of a non-commercial nature, including poetry, novels, plays, criticism, prose essays, etc..

Pure Art: The self-purifying ideals and the realization of the art of mankind, primarily painting and drawing, music, sculpture, and sometimes also including poetry. Artists holding this view generally are of the "art for art's sake" tendency.

Pure Poetry: As a unique form of linguistic art, poetry's pure ideals are both possible and impossible to realize. But is does no harm to try.

Pure literature has been in existence since ancient times. One can say that it is an existence which has been achieved entirely. Although its initial widespread practice has been weakened by popular literature, to this day it still occupies the principal position in world literature. The situation of pure art is somewhat different. As the process of self-purification in art, it embodies a certain possibility, and in painting (by way of abstract painting), and in music (via music without melody) it has been partially realized. Pure poetry's circumstances are more distinctive. Its entire difficulty is hidden within its premise: a
language which gathers into one unit the real, the unreal, limitation and self-indulgence. Therefore, the attainment of purity in poetry can only be resolved by the use of language within language.

On the level of attitude towards language, there are two linguistic points of view that need to be distinguished.

The traditional concept of language looks upon it as a tool through which thought or something else is expressed, this concept focused only on its obstructive and partial nature, and adopted a simple attitude of repudiation. Confucius (language is incapable of expressing all meaning), Lao-zi (the speaker is ignorant) and the central position of “logos” in the West since the time of Aristotle sustain this linguistic point of view.

The modern concept of language has disposed of the “functional theory” position. From the analogous nature of being it has penetrated deeply into language, it has come to understand that language is not a tool, but that language is man’s mode of being — that it is being itself. Through language man brings existence to light, man can only exist within language.

--- Language is the home of being (Heidigger)
--- Language is a form of life (Wittgenstein)
--- We ourselves are language (Gadamer)

In this way, the full hidden nature of language is revealed: As the basic form of existence, on the one hand language defines the indefinite, on the other it endows the definite indetermination. Therefore, it is obstructive, but it infers even more. All the darkness and light of being starts and ends with language. No matter whether it is repudiation of language or revolt against culture, the poet’s struggle within language is merely a "magnificent, futile effort" which is incapable of changing mankind’s predetermined (therefore everlasting) linguistic predicament by even one iota.

As conjecture on being and as conjecture in and of itself, the ideal of purity in poetry is a battle between the obstructive and definite qualities
of language within language, and an endeavor related to linguistic openness and linguistic possibility. Here we now enter into the realm of theories about original and non-original languages.

Original language is the root language, as a theory of poetic openness, it is the comprehension of and self-reflexive language of being, once spoken it illuminates, it is the first naming of objects in the primeval state. Its poetic expression always brings forth entirely new meanings. This constitutes the poetic realm of pure truth.

Non-original language is just the opposite: They are terms suspended in mid-air divorced from the root of being. As a phenomenon of words and phrases of tainted roots, they are not the expression of new meaning, but the repetition of old; understanding and expression of a repetitive nature: a darkness moving from obstruction to obstruction. All those institutionalized languages, ideological terminology, public opinion, conceptualized words, abstract preaching --- all elements of linguistic pathology are manifestations of it.

As the clarifying intent of language, original language can only be understood and expressed through poetry. But non-original language, as an obstruction to being, is never inclined to remove its shadow. Furthermore, once all the entirely new meanings brought forth by original language have been defined and repeated by mediocrities (or by poets themselves), they will also become new obstructions. Therefore, the poet's tendency towards purity is manifested as: subjugating non-original terms and the self within language. However, precisely because non-original truth is an inert quality inherent in language, no matter how the poet strives, non-original language unavoidably accompanies original language into poetry, becoming the impurities of a specific work of literature. For this reason, "pure poetry" refers to the elimination of these impurities and poetry from which these impurities have been eliminated.

This, then, is the fundamental relationship between "the purity of poetry" and language.
Now we may seek out poetry's impure elements.

From an investigation of poetry's vertical links, the earliest impure element was the "narrative quality" (Homer's historical poems), afterwards there came "moral preaching" (Romantic poetry). Early in this century, aside from the pre-existing limitations, "sentiment", "reoccurrence", "logical transition", "defining components", and so on were added. Contemporary poetry looks upon "obscurity" and "abstraction" as the most impure elements, therefore contemporary poetry possesses universal characteristics of clarity and concreteness.

But, when all is said and done, poetry, after all, is not a nihilistic undertaking, when it points out those impure qualities which hinder its pure realization, it also hints at an ideal transparency. From the common pursuits and acknowledgements of poets, we can distinguish these qualities: "the sublime", "lyricism", "musicality", "expression", "impersonalization", "anti-lyricism", "abstract wisdom", "ambiguity", "suggestive imagery", "psychological detail", "the perceptual", "personalization", and so on.

The problem still exists. Due to the divergence between the artistic concepts of different eras and the innate self-love of poets often carried out to the point of madness, people are always diametrically opposed to one another with regard to artistic concepts, one never willing to give way to the other. Poetry is no exception. Not only between different groups of poets, but even between poets sharing the same goal have different, individual beliefs regarding the nature of pure poetry. As a result, this has produced different standards for pure poetry and has made impossible the establishment of unified criterion for pure poetry. Taking "ambiguity" and "clarity" as examples: in the poetry of Eliot and Auden, "ambiguity" is taken as the key fundamental element of poetry, but "clarity" is an impure element which must be overcome; contemporary poetry ("the confessional school", "the Beat generation") opposes the standards of Eliot and Auden, looking upon "clarity" as crystal and denouncing "ambiguity" as poetic garbage. The contradictions between "personification" and "non-personification", "lyricism" and "anti-lyricism" are also of this nature.
All sorts of similar arguments do not allow us to make a final determination about "the pure nature of poetry". In the end, we can only give it up and suggest that "pure poetry" is a metaphysical ideal of poets, the cause which propels the poet to incline toward purity, and not an effect.

The first mistake of white writing is to confuse "leisureliness" with "purity", believing that poetry is pure when all the incisiveness of suffering, profundity, despair and being is averted. Its starting point is to make the serious and enriching nature of the relationship between poetry and living world mutually antagonistic, separate -- turning from society to nature, from conflict to harmony, from steel, movement, flames and the cruel teeth of matter to mountains and rivers, lotus flowers and white cranes (the feathered symbol of Taoism). In a word, turning from living in the world to standing outside of it, from serious thought and action turning to the leisureliness of inaction (wu-wei-de xian-qing). As if "poetic purity" only exists in a dialogue between the poet and autumn waters [a traditional metaphor for 'the limpid eyes of a woman'], equating "pure poetry" with "pastoral poetry" (tian-yuan shi) and "mountains-and-waters poetry" (shan-shui shi), the recluse of antiquity becomes the purest of poets. For the moment, let's ignore how this view has no theoretical legs to stand on, but even with regard to poets such as Tao Yuan-ming (372-427), Wang Wei (701-761) and the abstruse poets of the Wei-Jin period (220-420), held up as exemplars by white writing, they are grossly mistaken.

Eighty to ninety percent of the works of the Wei-Jin poets (including abstruse poetry and poetry about immortals) are works of consternation and indignation. Although Tao Yuan-ming may have been a pastoral poet, he most certainly was not a poet of idleness. In a volume of Tao's poetry (including the poet's unrhymed works, "Notes on the Peach Blossom Spring", "The Story of Master Wu-liu", etc.) not one poem does not speak of his ideals. For the most part, the early works of Wang Wei recount his yearnings, and the mountains-and-rivers poetry of his later period often
carry Zen (Chan) Buddhist connotations. There are still other examples: The exceedingly sentimental language of Li Shang-yin’s (813-858) untitled poems frequently place a certain faith in a political ideal; Representative of the greatest artistic success of Li Hou-zhu (or Li Yu, 937-978), writer of exquisite spiritual ci [ts’u: strictly regulated poetry written to music, often sung], is the gloomy poetry written after the empire had perished in which he concentrated the anguish of losing both home and country. The above examples are all poets of pure artistic tendencies. Qu Yuan (340-277 B.C.), Chen Zi-ang (661-702), Li Bai (701-762), Du Fu (712-770), Bai Ju-yi (772-846) . . . . as the troubled, righteous voices of hardship and suffering, they had even less to do with “leisureliness”!

Western theory of “pure poetry” does not contain leisureliness. In this regard, it is only necessary to make one additional point: Honored by critics with the titles “a poet’s poet” and “a pure poet”, both Valery and Stevens were advocates of intelligence, the former approached purity through “abstract intelligence”, the latter approached transparency by way of “profound truth”. They were both poets of metaphysical philosophy.

12

Is “purity” a neutral principle then?

Of course not. Since poetry is a poet’s involvement in the world of being by way of language, it is necessarily articulated as a particular tendency. This is determined by the essential motivation of art.

Those tending toward the purity of intelligence, manifest an absorption with metaphysics; those with a tendency to subconscious illusions, express themselves through persistent, prejudiced rantings and discontinuity; Futurism emphasizes power, speed, weight, and a metallic movement; the confessional school wallows in the confessions of private concerns, a kind of holy howl.

--- Baudelaire’s “Flower of Evil” is not neutral;
--- Mallarme’s “The Coincidence which can never be eliminated by the roll of the dice” is not neutral;
--- Rimbaud’s “Season in Prison” is not neutral;
--- Breton’s “White haired left-barrel rifle” is not neutral;
--- Eliot’s “Wasteland” is not neutral;
--- Pound's "Cantos" are not neutral;
--- Ginsberg's "The Howl" is not neutral.
Kafka is not neutral; Dostoyevski is not neutral; Joyce is not neutral;
Faulkner is not neutral; Sartre is not neutral; Camus is not neutral;
Hemingway and the French "new novel" are not neutral; black humour is not
neutral; the "anti-utopian" trilogy is not neutral; the theatre of the
absurd is not neutral. Magical realism came out of Latin America advocating
the direct engagement of literature with reality, all the absurdity of the
real world is magically exaggerated by it, an extreme too tangled to
unravel which blurs reality and illusion --- this is the principle
characteristic of Latin American magical writing founded by Borges (early
on, Borges had been a convert to a school of literature appropriately
called radicalism)!

Writing is engagement.

And engagement implies inclination. No matter whether you are inclined
toward a particular aesthetic position, an artistic style, or are only
inclined towards art itself --- an inclination is unavoidable.

All serious poets should completely abandon "the golden mean", the
"neutral" principle of writing, and ultimately make it clear that: purity
is without a doubt not a neutral state of art, but an art form pushing
toward an extreme cutting edge. On the same principle, the pure blue flame
of a furnace changes iron into steel, and water heated above the boiling
point becomes gas and forms ice when below the freezing point. "Iron" and
"water" are states prior to purification, a kind of neutral inertia.

Whenever one talks of purity, one necessarily touches upon
"transparence". In modern poetics this term is raised up highest and at the
same time is the most misunderstood, most terribly damaged term.

According to its chief meaning, "transparence" indicates the specific
property of an object through which light can pass. There are no extended
meanings and shifting explanations --- just like the term in
itself: clear without obstruction, a depth and range which takes in all
things.
However, in the area of poetic theory, the situation has changed somewhat. There are two types of transparency here.

One refers to semantic transparency, occasional language, the functional efficacy and efficiency of language, direct linguistic meaning (including all indicated fixed qualities and the distinct and unequivocal nature of expression). Scientific terminology conforms completely with all the conditions demanded by this kind of semantic transparency.

The second type is the transparency of linguistic situations, related to the poet's perception and free association, a non-obstructive quality attained within language. Just as Odysseus Elitis describes it: "Behind a certain concrete object and able to penetrate through another object, behind the penetrated object and then penetrating through another object ....stretching on like this into infinite." A depth and scope which truly takes in all things!

What we advocate is precisely this latter kind of transparency.

This effort towards purity penetrates deep into a poet's writing, but only when it meets with god given literary talent and intelligence is it able to produce satisfactory results. Since this is the case, it cannot emerge as different tensions because of a poet's language, psychological elements, the composition of his literary talent, aesthetic pursuits or differences in diet and environment.

--- Valery penetrates deep into the ocean's sand, pursues the relationship between a drop of wine and the entire world, and the concealed composition of a pomegranate. Within metaphysical intelligence, he causes the depth of the sea to rise up to become the depth of the sky. A high-stepping transparency and an integrated whole. A tendency towards a blue purity.

--- Elitis drinks deeply of ancient Greece's sun, speaks with "light" and "clarity", in perceptual analogies he understands the crystal principle of the sun and mankind: The sublimation and deepening of reality, raised up to become the unity of "light" and "clarity". A golden purity.

--- Stevens lights a candle in mountain valleys at night, uses an unglazed earthen jar, a hemlock tree, an accordion and the cry of a peacock
to build a permanent order of art to resist the black domination of the
world's chaos. His purity is black.

--- Dylan Thomas returns to the depths of the womb, he experiences the
moment when the sperm and the ovum enter one another, the touch of
death and the trembling of life. The thick, sticky liquid within the
body of the mother. The constant temperature of flesh. A world still in its
primeval state. A purity bordering on crimson.

There is still a higher principle of purity. It is the colour that I

16

The transformation from white to red is not the result of any one poet's
subjective efforts, but is a turn to the better by art itself.

A great fissure delineates a prominent battle front. We are on the side
of art, within the abyss we place ourselves inside a deeper wound, the
sensitive core of profound being, touching the sore spot of the soul.
Gushing hot blood dyes red the sense of taste. Chinese art has never been
as close as this to the heart, the flesh and blood. This should be a
matter for rejoicing.

Turning from white to red is to turn from books to reality, from
escapism to involvement (engagement with life and the world), from the sky
to the earth. It is to turn from imitation to creation, from water to
blood, from reading works of the masters to reading one's own life. It is
not the imitative transplantation of Western "modernism" and
"post-modernism", it isn't the stealthy crossing over from art to art or
the displacement of one art by another. It is not abstract intelligence.
It is a reality little short of brutal, the deep penetration into all the
dangerous circumstances of the world of flesh. The intensity of metal.
After casting off leisureliness and imitation, Chinese poets will write
with their lives, a truly modern poetry of Chinese experience. With the
density of blood, learn first hand about the purity of poetry. This, then,
is the purity pursued by Red Writing --- Red Purity.

As a new principle of poetic purity, red purity does not seek to reduce
but to expand the intentions of poetry, but to cause the subject matter of
poetry to expand into life, into the flesh. To unit the texts of books
with the texts of the flesh. Ultimately, liberating poetry from books and
causing it to become a more widespread art form which dissolves
reciprocally into life, an art form which can be seen, felt and heard.

The time of Red Writing has begun.
C. THE FACTS ABOUT RED WRITING

1

Don't ask us where we came from, where we're going and who we are. The massive wandering whirlpool of the present tense has irresistibly swept into us and formed our indeflectable, concrete plight. The rhythms of our breathing, the need to dream and to speak, the basic rights of life; furthermore, the incontrovertible fact of spiritual oppression penetrates deep down into the dictatorial conduct of food and drink. More urgent than inherent qualities and the future. Return from the suspended staircase of metaphysics to the starting point of matter, the interior and the surface, the deepest penetration possible and as concrete as possible. Red Writing positions itself in life, being, the present. It is not memory and illusions, it is to experience, to pass through, and to learn through one's experience. It is the flames of brambles burning at this very moment. It includes this one moment of birth and extermination, the unweakenable brutal breath. It is the greatest stress on perception and flesh. It thrusts a hand into the core of time, it experiences the crushing of bones, the rotting of muscle, the absolute temperatures of cold blood and hot blood. It is the deep distress and love accumulated at the century's end.

At present and in progress. The immediate form of possession and expression.

2

From the very beginning it should be made clear that what Red Writing opposes the escapist artistic activity of leisureliness. A false purity far removed from the heart and the flesh and blood. A retreat from the severity of reality, an expression of the weak character of a poet, no matter whether he escapes into Zhuang-zi, the Yi-jing or into mountain forests and pastoral settings. Red Writing takes man's existence in reality as its focus, penetrates deeply into the bones and institutions, sets foot in the savagery of all time, embraces all the difficulty and intensity of the life of man. It is the courage of all magnificent refusals, great engagement with life, and majestic sacrifices. With the magnificent fearless spirit needed to enter deep into the tiger's mouth, write what
others dare not write, write what others are not permitted to write. There are no subjects and dreams that cannot be written! The true situation which those people can only quietly hint at with a whisper and a finger to their lips, should be spoken of loudly by poets. Red Writing will never avoid the all the severity and truth of reality: the bloody reek of the steel which rushes to caress our faces, the infections of wounds to the body and spirit, handcuffs, prisons, forced labour, hellish conditions personally experienced. Together with art amidst the violence of matter, being born and dying side by side, drowning or being saved together.

Life and art are one.

We can also move back a step.

Writing in and of itself is an action. A deeper entry into society than sitting still and fasting. A depth that sinks from the glass sheet of leisureliness down into the blood, writing that doesn’t shun metal and death, writing that is soundless and without a sense of taste. Within the hunger and jaundice of poverty, no matter if there are south-east or north-west winds, with the resoluteness of going to one’s death, it penetrates deep into language, pushing forward from the center of consciousness. Strike words with words, use words to clash with words, break up words with words, dissolve words with words. In the final grand spectacle of the twentieth century, we are both the actors and the audience, both the subjects and the objects, we personally experience all the cuts beyond the blades of knives, from rehearsal to performance to applause to the crying of tears and the spilling of blood --- we’ll do it all seriously, conscientiously, scrupulous of each detail until we drop. Standing fast by our duty to art from beginning to end. Preserve life for art.

There is still another circumstance. At a certain unavoidable, critical moment, a choice between art and life must be made. The golden oath of your devotion still rings in your ears. We move forward without the slightest hesitation. We can accept the fact of physical defeat, but art must speak and clarify. Dedicate life to art.
It is not a verbal dedication of oneself. From the start Red Writing contained the intention to spill blood: sacrificing life in the attainment of art is the supreme art of higher value than life itself!

While opposing imitation of form, at the same time Red Writing also opposes the horizontal transplantation of themes and images.

Red Writing believes: the dominant images of the life of a poet are related to the important events which occur during his lifetime. They are not philosophical reflections, not the replacement of one art by another, but the hand which has passed through the wounds of life and has been placed deep within the flames, repeatedly refined, purifying the facts of experience and the transcendence of experience into universal forms. And not the opposite, purposely seeking themes and imagery from the classics of Western art. Precisely on this point, Chinese modern art has passed into the zone of greatest error.

Modern Western art is rooted in the existential predicament of the life of Western man. Which is, primarily, the oppression of commercialization and a civilization of science and technology, as well as the misuse of freedom. At the same time as this highly developed material civilization benefited mankind, it also expropriated mankind, causing man to lose himself deep in a maze composed of commodities, desires, electronics and all manner of symbols from which he cannot extricate himself. And for this reason, the themes of "alienation", "solitude", "despair" and "absurdity" appeared in modern art. A kind of loss of theme, a loss of innate qualities (At this point, resistance to the dictatorship over thought has come to nothing, it has become a vague, generalized volley of arrows into the air. After two hundred years of repeated sacrifice beginning in the middle ages until the French Revolution in 1779, the principles of the freedom of thought have already changed from articles in a constitution to principles that are common knowledge among all people and have become part of Western spiritual tradition). The difficulties which beset the body and mind of the poet and artist in the spiritual space of unrestrained freedom are no longer political oppression, but culture and matter --- a non-violent form of oppression.
Chinese artists are doomed to seek a livelihood and to write in another type of environment. Although the soft knife of the initial stage of commercialization has already dazzled some so that they mimic the absurd and vomit ever so slightly, however, the principle reality which we face is still the violent structure of the dictatorship over thought, steel and control in all places. No matter how one emphasizes the differences in cultural traditions and qualitative differences between the citizens of nations, it is impossible to wipe away the one huge difference. It is precisely this central fact which determined that the "modern" and the "modern response" pursued by Chinese poets be necessarily of a different nature. This is to say, the themes and primary images of Chinese modern poetry cannot be transplanted from Western modern art. They must be experienced in the real, existing circumstances and physical experience of Chinese poets, in a profound yet simply explained form channeled through the vicissitudes of being. In accord with all the inherent conditions of truth. There is no need to draw on the experience of others. Some misunderstood modernism or post-modernism. This kind of art, when manifesting the poet's state of being, will necessarily bring out all the hidden relationships of the structures of time (the age) and space (region, country) which constitute the poet's actual existence. To a certain extent, writing about them calls into question the dictatorship over thought and gives impetus to the early arrival of the day of final judgement.

There is need of a supplementary statement: My opposition to "horizontal transplantation" most certainly does not imply that I agree with the silly attacks of false realism upon "the modernists", nor does it mean that I am wallowing in the theoretical mire with the stale proposition that "the more something is national, the more universal it is." These are two stances of an entirely different nature to that of Red Writing.

Red Writing values the strength of language, a metal quality which contends with the dictatorship over thought. It opposes feminine, soft, calm, evasive poetry, a language of the air or the void utterly lacking in substance. It possesses the rigidity of a rock, the richness of the soil,
it takes in the four seasons but does not sprout flowers. It is the broad lines of a sculpture, it is an internal tension poised for action. It is the precipitousness of a downward slope, the unevenness chopped out by the heavens, the material image of a partiality for rigidity. A direct, deep penetrating touch to the quick. It contains the necessity for a particular incisiveness (Incisiveness does not necessarily lead to politics, but is related to certain dangerous circumstances of being); an ironical, blasphemous, contradictory, extreme form of terror; a critical state of life; the resistance and despair of people in hopelessly absurd circumstances; a powerful scepticism permanently on guard against all sacred stipulations; a cold, harsh language which comes straight to the point. It casts aside petty, girlish, cosmetic airs and all feigned innocent, infantile, childish, doll-like attitudes. It is freely swinging one's limbs on a vast open plain, the utmost degree of power and willfulness, a hard masculine bearing bursting with vitality. This is not the division of the sexes, but a stress on character.

Red Writing advocates a serious attitude toward life: the unity of writing and the writer's conduct. It opposes unnatural character, the inflation of self, unprincipled flattery, obsolete modes of brotherhood; it opposes cliquism, self-centricity, utilitarianism; it opposes the literati disparaging each other; it opposes the false avant-garde passing off imitations as original creations --- all those false poets who use art as a stepping stone to a career in officialdom, all those trifling amateurs muddling about with art, all those brokers of poetry who regard art as a means to do business, all those moths to poetry who consume, sell and corrupt art, have no regard for good faith, morality, justice, self-respect and honour, and who reduce art to shamelessness and hooliganism. These are all held to be shameless and are resolutely spurned by Red Writing.

Here and now we make a clean break with corrupt art: all those who uphold the false values that are only acknowledged by the government, all those occasional dabblers in art, all the irresponsible words and deeds of these riffraff, have nothing at all to do with Red Writing. Each person will be responsible for the course of his own life.
Rejection of the false system of values is a fundamental position of Red Writing. This is not because freedom and art are incompatible with false values, but also because false values as a form of the enslavement of thought force us into opposition and into battle against them. This is not blind impetuousness resulting from personal prejudices, but a value-based choice rooted in instinct and careful consideration --- it is artistic conduct which will never allow compromise half way to its goal.

Thus, Red Writing may be understood as a symbol composed of the spirit, a bayonet and a rose (corresponding with the sickle and axe, the cross and the star of David). The symbols of art, devotion and life. Chopped down, it comes back to life; reduced one thousand times to ruble, it is still intact and undamaged. This is of tremendous significance: what art represents is obviously something even harder to destroy than flesh. An immortal throbbing which, having passed through the nets of the law, death and war, reappears within the same kind of spectacle, lets us breathe the blood and thoughts of both the living and the dead, the freshness of the vitality of art's great structural transformations, and causes us to live and write vigorously. Red Writing rejects all power and lies, the dual restraints upon flesh and the spirit; Red Writing rejects any form of dictatorship over thought. The highest honours and the profoundest misery cannot shake our confidence: our faith in art.

Red Writing is the illumination of language in the flash of the last glance of all those who have died for art since time immemorial.

At the same time that Red Writing upholds the independent nature of art and a non-ideological standpoint, it is clearly aware that in and of itself a new style of writing is a revolutionary event: the negation of the old linguistic order and the establishment of a new one. Poets have always been of the world. The question now is not whether or not to enter into it, but how. On this point, the difference between Red Writing's concept of worldly engagement and the traditional one lies in that: the latter advocates engagement in terms of content, namely with the sacrifice of art as a precondition, to turn art into a mouthpiece for a political philosophy
or a political concept (such as poets like Aragon and Mayakovsky did); on the other hand, the principle stressed by Red Writing is engagement in terms of form, under the precondition of the purification of art, to awaken mankind's dreams of freedom through writing, by way of revolutionary renewal of form to allow people to hold a firm belief in and make full mental preparations for the necessity of a rejuvenation of life. This also conforms with art's inherent tendency toward structural transformation.

Walk out of the wounds, set of from where the road breaks off. Red Writing is unobstructed, it is bright and spacious, it is a vitality that shall never be exhausted. Stand bravely in the vanguard of conceptual transformation, push open the doors to all that is taboo. There is no sacred a priori order. Within our grasp are all those limits that can be reached perceptually and those that can't be, all those limits which can be reached rationally and all those that can't be. The brilliance and darkness of irrationality. Ranging from religion to art, from power and influence to culinary art, from loyalty to betrayal, from sex to suicide, death at the of another, murder, slaughter, hanging up a sheep's head when selling dog meat, selling human flesh, selling the flesh of young girls, selling the flesh of the spirit of Plato, oral sex, masturbation, pornography, lasciviousness, liberation from the confusion of repressed sexual desires, faith and insanity! All the psychological and physical details which language can touch upon, the wonderful process of destruction and rebirth, this all lies beneath the pen of Red Writing.

Nothing is forbidden to Red Writing.

A major theoretical misunderstanding must be now clarified. Antagonism between art and politics is a recent occurrence. It reflects an aversion to the false poetry which "closely follows the political situation" and charts government policy, it also reflects the vigilance of modern Chinese poetry's self-purification process. This is one aspect. During a certain period in the history of new Chinese literature, out of sincere faith some poets aligned themselves with politics, due to
a qualitative change in class politics (a change from the pursuit of freedom to the suppression of freedom), not only was damage done to art, but the reputation of poets was undermined. Since that time, poets have kept politics at a respectful distance, afraid that they would be attacked and censured by others if art ever touched even lightly upon politics. Moreover, this sensitivity to "politics" is also reflected in a worldly, play-safe attitude of the people in a highly politicized society which, however, lacks freedom of speech. The psychology of an unbalanced society.

Therefore, what occurred was this: even when political "concern" fell upon poets and ridiculed the poet's aloof attitude with police batons and handcuffs, our poets still asserted that they had nothing to do with politics in order to prove their "innocence"! This has long been the case, and has proceeded to the next level where even "the age" (shi-dai), "society", "human rights" and "freedom", themes that may easily be suspected of encroaching into the serious affairs of politics, have been removed from the scope of language by poets. Now they have concentrated upon a form of inconsequential, leisurely expression (a worldly-wise, play-safe form of writing). Ultimately, this situation has been brought about by a lack of ethics and courage among poets of weak character.

As a self-manifest form of the spirit of mankind and as a manifestation of being, art is associated with the reality, ideals and hopes of mankind. It can be beneath consciousness or above ideas, but it can never be beyond the deep-seated desires of man. Just as Octavio Paz says: "Poetry is not only the illustration of all than man thinks, feels and does, but is the definition of man established by man himself." No matter whether it be lyrical, an expression of beauty, the exposure of truth, reality or the exploration of new expressive forms, the limited choices open to art make it impossible, from beginning to end, for art to rid itself of the shadow of man. Art cannot be divorced from man and the realization of this brings an interesting phenomenon to my attention: not being free, mankind tends toward freedom, and art itself is also not free. This makes the following proposition tenable: Writing is an awareness of not being free.
Accordingly, behind art, politics and religion, I have discovered a deeply concealed mutual impulse: To surpass limitations and to incline towards freedom. This is also the original cause of all of mankind's spiritual aspirations. Differences exist only in that: politics pursue social freedoms, religions pursue freedom for the soul, and art pursues freedom of thought (including imagination and expression). Of these three, art and religion are more closely related in character (both are spiritual, internal, and prophetic in nature), the difference between the two lies in that religion is manifested as an escape from reality, an emphasis on the world to come; art, however, engages reality and places emphasis on life in this world.

And so we come to understand: art for art's sake, or art with itself as the object, actually is man taking himself as the goal --- taking his spiritual freedom as the goal. In this sense, saying that "beauty is the symbol of freedom" is inferior to the more direct declaration that "beauty is freedom"! Writing is, then, the poet's awareness of not being free and the struggle towards freedom by means of this consciousness. Here, the reason why "freedom" in the political sense is not unrelated to the artist lies in the "basic human rights" for which it strives that contain the true realization of the creative freedom and the freedom to publish of such crucial importance to artists. These are also the minimum requirements for the existence and flowering of art. Therefore, it is not only of prime importance to the mass of men, but also to the artist (but it is not of ultimate importance, and this is the difference between artists and ordinary people). If we must equate freedom with politics, then pursuit of freedom is to engage in politics, in which case each genuine artist is political --- no matter how you try to explain yourself, you cannot divorce yourself from politics. Let's be frankly political! Derrida advocates the elimination the separation of philosophy and literature and unifying the two under the name of "writing". This is still not enough, he should also add politics, religion, Qi-gong, rock and roll, and the babblings of the insane! Away with all man-made boundaries, bring everything in under the name of "freedom" --- let all aspects of the spirit of mankind form a pure whole once again, let's not consume ourselves anymore in mutual antagonism and division.
Red Writing holds in esteem those books written with blood.
Not spilt blood, but the heart's blood, the blood of the spirit, hot blood, that absolute sincerity spoken of in the saying "No difficulty is insurmountable if one sets one's mind on it", the core inheritance of the spirit of mankind. With all your life's strength, with all the blood that fills your breast, write a book, write a poem, write one line, one word. This is the kind of attitude towards writing which we revere. From art to religion to philosophy to politics, all those great writers who with their spirit and flesh constitute the obverse or reverse sides of us, are the forerunners of Red Writing.

At this point, we want to offer our greatest respect to those fellow poets and writers in Eastern Europe and Russia who share with us the same values and beliefs (Solzhenitsyn, the Mandelstams, Brodski, Havel, Kundera, Milosz, etc.). From behind the Iron Curtain they spoke out unyieldingly and this led to the sudden demise of the everlasting mythology of the sacred order. Despite long periods of political oppression, imprisonment, exile and hard labour, they still held fast to mankind's universal values and ideals, and never wavered or ceased to write (Today we are reconsidering our situation and writing at the same point from where they set out). With rare courage and an indomitable spirit they saved themselves and went out from hell into a pure world. We still remain in a shadowed corner of the world, each day we must differentiate our shadows from the surrounding darkness. But at the same time, I believe: Fate is impartial. What they have experienced, we will experience. And, furthermore, are experiencing. Starting from this very moment. Their today is our tomorrow!

Red Writing is wide open, it is not limited to poetry only, but also includes novels, criticism, philosophy --- all forms of written language! It is not only a 'method of writing, it is also an artistic standpoint which emerges through writing. Red Writing speaks to all true, honest, brave souls and all those vigorous souls filled by the great dream of creation. We are not isolated. I am writing these plan words here, while on the other side of time which the point of my pen passes through to, you have already
heard and felt them; even if it be a blind man, his hands or another sensitive part of him has come in contact with the powerful strokes of my pen, and he has read out my scorching hot thoughts. Actually, my intention is a very simple one: to invigorate the pure fountain-head of your innermost being --- a consciousness of the blood ties between the individual and the fate of all mankind; the vigorous enthusiasm created by true freedom; the satisfying actualization of a full and complete life!

A new century will soon be rung in. We stand on this side and look toward it. A great battle is taking place within us. The entire meaning of Red Writing is to join in and fight it out to the end --- to penetrate into all that is sacred or blasphemous in the arts, and to mount the final assault upon all the forbidden regions and ramparts of language. One day seventy-three years ago, Lenin's guard said to his woman: "We'll have bread, we'll have food, we'll have everything." Today, seventy-three years later, after having become sculpted reliefs of history, the Vladimir Ilyich's have been reduced to rubble. Now I will tell you that, aside from food, other things which have not been realized will be:

--- There will be art
--- There will be freedom
--- There will be everything

What but man's freedom does art hope to realize? All things are temporary, only this eternal undertaking will not change. Red Writing believes this and, furthermore, reaffirms: art that is rooted in life is immortal. Having experienced calamity, young Chinese poets are testifying with their golden voices that during mankind's final efforts to free itself, the people of China will not give themselves up for lost!

(March 14, 1992, on the shore of Moon Lake, Xichang, Sichuan province)
Appendix 2:

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

BEI DAO, LIAO YIWU, LI Yawei, ZHOU LUNYOU
回答

卑鄙是卑鄙者的通行证，
高尚是高尚者的墓志铭。
看吧，在镀金的天空中，
飘满了死者弯曲的倒影。

冰川纪已过去了，
为什么到处都是冰凌?
好望角发现了，
为什么死海里千帆相竞?

我来到这个世界上，
只带着纸、绳索和身影。为了在审判之前，
宣读那些被判决的声音：

告诉你吧，世界，
我——不——相——信!
如果你脚下有一千名挑战者，

那就把我算作第一千零一名。
我不相信天是蓝的；
我不相信雷的回声；
我不相信梦是假的；
我不相信死无报应。

如果海洋注定要决堤，
就让所有苦水都注入我心中；
如果陆地注定要上升，
就让人类重新选择生存的峰顶。新的转机和闪亮的星斗，
正在破晓的荒野里隐现。
那是五千年的象形文字，
那是未来人们凝视的眼睛。

1976年4月
（载《诗刊》1979、3）

迷途

沿着鸽子的哨音
我寻找着你
高高的森林挡住了天空
小路上

一颗迷途的蒲公英
把我引向蓝灰色的湖泊
在微微摇晃的倒影中
我找到了你

那深}
在深渊
你守候——那
太阳在：
你在水里

一切都在
只有你在
从微笑的：
我采下了：
蓝幽幽的音

我习惯了你在黑
火光摇晃，你忘
“猜猜看，
我习惯了你坐在
ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS: LIAO YIWU
我们放着筷子，坐在床的床榻在激流中滑行，任金矿
和波头在笼梁上闪耀
我们回应着空谷之音，唤醒洞穿地层，让始祖鸟的化石
和沧海的远古内海悄悄开放

我们第一次在梦中变成大禹时代的人，把山脉推向
海洋
然后叩打海上月亮，回荡起银光闪闪的声音

这是一个产生神话的时代，大地向四周扩展着，永远
扩展着
群山后退着，永远后退着……我们把儿子种在新出
现的原野上
让他们开成大片淡黄色皮肤的稻，腋下伸出枝叶
嘴唇的开成世界上最奇异的花，猛烈吹奏绿荫和音
乐的花
花的茎管连结着咽喉，小腿插入盆地的动脉

大盆地啊，你红颜色的泥土滋养了我们
我们是你创造的奇迹

大高原
情侣

走
谁支配着我？
（这样的夜里星光很白，黑色的太阳
在世界外面咆哮不息。仿佛一只手
从里面拉上你的眼帘，暗示着——别走了）

走
谁支配着我？
（传说中的石海螺已经响起三次，群山是骚动的海马被推向海
看那峭壁起伏，开阔地越来越窄，海洋上涨了三次，把美丽的
水纹涂上天空——这是怎样的风景啊）

走
谁支配着我松开你的手
象松开渐渐冷却的人生——地上没有胡同
而我沿着一条无始无终的胡同走着，先是两只脚后是四只腿
（走——走
一声陌生的哀嚎从我胸腔里冲荡而出
闪射着月光的狼在天上回应我……

儿子哦——！
从人的村庄回来
从铁的囚笼回来
这儿是你的家。

我会用狼奶喂你
我会用皮毛暖你
我会把你塑成能杀死野牛的英雄
你是未来的龙山之王

你是自由
能凭听觉找到自由的配偶
饮血的陶醉，丛林大幅度摇摆
我将在你的婚宴上反复喝彩

当我老了
葬身你的空腹是我的荣幸
从此再也不清妈妈和儿子

儿子嗷 ——！
从人的躯壳里回来
从理性的枷锁里回来
你是我的……

儿子嗷 ——！ 子啊嗷 ——！
儿子嗷 ——！

狼嚎起伏着，一切荒凉而恐惧
群峰扬起锋利的爪子，贪婪地抓扯夜的衣襟
江河是血从伤口里涌出，四周的物体都发出急骤的蹄声
脚在开裂，裸露了诅咒

月亮之狼从天上滚落，和我拥抱、跳跃
皮毛般光滑的球被挤碎，牙齿嵌进对方的颈子
吹响古老的威厉……嗷嗷！我们是情人还是母子
我们的体内流淌着的是谁的血啊……

我的伴侣我的母亲！你知道我生子的想象力奇怪的
恐龙的脖子从瞳孔里伸出去，喝着星星般的树叶
那奔跑的魔群逃不了……嗷嗷！涸血是最高级的快感
行动就是音乐，就是美
谁说才行产生在高远的地方，谁说操纵星球演变的力量
产生在高远的地方

嗷嗷！我的伴侣我的母亲！你知道我趴在地上挺蚂蚁
小生命在毛孔里爬来爬去，还操着合混而神秘的语言
看那人也从世界的毛孔里钻出来了
动物般自由，不分母爱和性爱

情欲强死与生就没有边缘，迷茫与创造没有边缘
嘿嘿！我的情郎你为什么又撒开我去了？
惊觉般哀叫，沿着山脊
走成一轮真正的月亮

（旋风暴了
我瘫倒在地上，任清冷的光芒随意触摸
海陆的界限在触摸中清晰
自然恢复了秩序
我的眼中诞生了一个不可企及的女王）

啊，我的情郎！是谁赋予你这么大的威力
在瞬间澄清了这一片混沌？
你与我的肉体还依偎在我的身边，我的心上
而灵魂为什么逃得这样快？
啊！揭开你的面纱让我看一眼，月光女王
你诱惑我，动发我，然后抑制住我的野性，难道是让我
清醒地懂得你不可企及吗？

（海，胆怯的海在前面吹鼓
灰色的肚皮，唱着——不可企及的爱呵
不可企及的爱呵）

站起来！我要继续走
穿越人，善和无比纯洁的神之爱
不能生也不能死

哪块供我歇脚的大陆在哪儿？
哪块与实有的土地相应的缥缈的土地在哪儿？
还有那叶脉时散，或永远消散之中的形体呢？

照耀我，引导我前去，我的人性被肢解，被抽象
永恒的统治者啊，我为什么还要走？
陆地在延伸，没有岸，海在前方
永远拉着低音提琴的海在前方，但是我永远
走不进海里去

没完没了……这是注定的吗？走 走 走
在实有的大地上，直到肉体消失
灵魂还继续走，清醒的
在浩渺的白大陆上走

不可企及的爱啊
不可企及的爱啊

1984年，金原村

悬 棺

—第三章：袖珍花园

所有的启示是同一个启示。

在另一种死亡里，花园就是一切。不明来历的蝴蝶之梦兆几乎是一种无花的凋零。无火的焚烧。满目的寂静中空无一物，于是花园并未肉体。解离自身的空棺在别的星象的布散中孤单而已。

迷途之笑布于地上，象闪电般切口那样深深插入。季风由此而突然逆转。不可睁之双目中有迷途鸟的睡魂，每一次苏醒都增为地貌，受伤的天空纷呈鱼鳞之敏。

整座无花可开的泛泛花园是形面上的，一束悲调将永远悲调。飘忽不定的人面和那些看不见的绝调花朵温暖在一起，其辨彼此，任意摘下一朵花就就同时摘下一人头。因此花园

红得格外夸张。

无端分开的堑径正以为买房方式指点迷津。冷宫座北朝南，一次擦开使帷幕重重垂坠，之间的裂隙是隔夜曲中的音箱。带雕盘的顶棚是陷入大盆之目的唯一蔽起。众花委地，背影中

美人断续如花香。梳于洛可可和手痕形成疾走之状，方寸对影自乱，头发和细节丝丝入注。

除了双面黄镜没有别的能使阴谋描述深景，沿阶被折返吴漱之回光，使无性繁殖迷途于斯。

尤其在暴露的洗光中，暗地被取消的性别将散度零分纸张。如果衣袂转冷，就随风飘零如脸色的天气，直到花中之白血纷如擂暴。一种阴气的穿透从漩涡到根须，沾满质地如水晶的流暗，笼盖历代君主。

那些脸色涂作烟雨、形体消成段落的女人，脱去丝衣就贴身的花期，腹部就会肿胀成旧居。一旦走动将只剩下断壁残垣，使行人到此如临史前遗址。于是她们躺下，动容如水月染

影，花木掩映处有溪流的宠侍，流水落花相相相还。此中自有天意。
给阿霞的散文诗

阿霞，阿霞，你的笑靥照亮了我的生涯。
我在这个充满欢笑的夜晚，想起了阿霞的笑容。
阿霞，你的笑靥，像春天的阳光，照亮了我的心房。
在这宁静的夜晚，我们的心灵在阿霞的笑容中找到了安慰。
阿霞，你是我的阳光，你是我的希望。

与阿霞的岁月，是我生命中最美好的时光。

阿霞，你是我心中的太阳，你是我生命中的光。
我愿意在你的微笑中，度过每一个夜晚。
阿霞，你是我生命中的色彩，你是我生命中的光。
我愿意在你的笑容中，度过每一个夜晚。
阿霞，你是我生命中的阳光，你是我生命中的希望。
我愿意在你的快乐中，度过每一个夜晚。

阿霞，你是我的快乐，你是我的希望。
我在你的笑容中，找到了生活的快乐。
阿霞，你是我的阳光，你是我的希望。
我愿意在你的笑容中，度过每一个夜晚。
阿霞，你是我的光，你是我的希望。
我愿意在你的笑容中，度过每一个夜晚。
阿霞，你是我的希望，你是我的阳光。
我愿意在你的笑容中，度过每一个夜晚。

阿霞，你是我的快乐，你是我的希望。
我在你的笑容中，找到了生活的快乐。
阿霞，你是我的阳光，你是我的希望。
我愿意在你的笑容中，度过每一个夜晚。
阿霞，你是我的光，你是我的希望。
我愿意在你的笑容中，度过每一个夜晚。
阿霞，你是我的希望，你是我的阳光。
我愿意在你的笑容中，度过每一个夜晚。

阿霞，你是我的快乐，你是我的希望。
我在你的笑容中，找到了生活的快乐。
阿霞，你是我的阳光，你是我的希望。
我愿意在你的笑容中，度过每一个夜晚。
阿霞，你是我的光，你是我的希望。
我愿意在你的笑容中，度过每一个夜晚。
阿霞，你是我的希望，你是我的阳光。
我愿意在你的笑容中，度过每一个夜晚。
我唯一高贵的心在所有爱情的国土上
都有见证人，他们将在黑暗中摸索着醒来；
等盲目的睡眠降临于窥视的感官，
心还是有情的，虽然五只眼睛都毁灭。

—— 狄兰·托马斯
循 环 柱

黄金季节，一幢笔直的虹在江河交汇口耸立
作为我青春的象徵

骄傲的城市沦落了，夜色起处，潜意识之海朦胧澎湃于它的岛顶
—— 那高高于广场中央的凯旋柱最后召唤着丰功伟

以建立帝国的纪录为背景，及开辉煌的豪夺
人血装饰着狂欢的图案，时代的颂歌仅仅是同步的合鸣
一张普通的人脸被铸成怪诞的青铜。和死神平分人间 秋色

幽灵的聚会！天堂和地狱浑然一体
我痛苦的幻觉是唯一的希望
我的肉体蕴含着灵的烂块，却不能开采和燃烧
我成熟的感官分裂两岸，几度昂扬

却有节奏低逼的源泉，童年王冠的源泉浸没穿过
虚妄的热雾由此升腾，我飘然若梦境
上肢是神，下肢是兽，作为我精神形象的牡鹿在大厦之谷里逃窜
那似乎永恒的蹄声演奏着我的命运；

性格 悲怆 而纯静

够了！黄金季节，我不过是即将累死的魔王，危机四伏的幻觉是我的国土
水晶般耀眼的沙漠，海市蜃楼，飘过空寂的沼泽

我焦渴的眼望遍上帝的泪水———幢笔直的虹在江河交汇口耸立
炫耀我不可朽的神殿

通天的大魔柱，下实上虚，暗示无穷无尽

雨江迥异分流，船歌也一清一浊，龙头凤尾的水纹绕柱子上下激荡
惹人灵魂出窍

浮云起自柱侧，如絮如絮，向峰岭的骨架铺设房顶

云母之瓦层层叠叠，应和着潮涌落之声

只有阴山的丛林象缠着古藤的珊瑚与为害怕光亮的猛禽所占据

通天的大魔柱，底座是潜在的母体，是我诞生前的黑暗

我被交感着，歌颂着，在这脱本体的循环中

我可憎的缺陷也凸射出异样的光芒
八月

这是八月，盆地处在一个不稳定的预感之中。太阳
是正在放电的明晃晃的狮子，灸着地表那些神秘的穴位
火山岩震颤出裂痕，最渺小的砂粒内部也激起一阵阵剧变
倍蕾蓦然怒放，仿佛是肉掌松开
掌声汹出湿漉漉的花蕊，
五根指关节抖下甜腻的香粉，感引来蚂蚁和蜜蜂

——微观自然界的陆军和空军

我们意识的哑门被日焰炎穿
本能的怪物半跪着说话了
语言是一系列闪念，是扫荡我们思维王国的舌头
使人颠倒、幻象横生，形销骨蚀，回复到刚刚被造就的一刹那

我们捉住了一个巨大的过程，一个远比人类深广的所在
鱼苗在血液里，硫矿和镍矿在骨头里，生命之盐充盈
一粒盐晶就是一枚自孕细胞暗喻着动物和植物的分支
暗喻着被复杂综合过的“人”——

光洁的头颅在兽颈上悚立
我们的目光注视前方，期待的星座永不可及
我们瞳孔里两口深井，隐藏着福扯紧紧的尾巴
爬行的欲望被压抑，情感因此升华，歌颂光明的诗篇产生了
徐徐启开的天庭里，神的幻象也布满斑点

给我们以竞争吧……

这就是八月，双重自然界都处于开放
热量循环促使生命形态互相渗和，在消失中新生
箭鱼草跃上河滩，新鲜而滑腻，茎间垂张着古古的鱼叫
竹笋象地球裸在外面的器官，龟头发紫，破折里溢出粘液
泥石流昨天结束了，洪水仍在山脚轰动
好似几万面鼓，几万支号和几万把二胡的交奏
礁石随浪涛起落，突尖是按着弦孔的手指头

我们从旷世喧嚣里识别情人的声音
开水向上挥发，补充太阳的热量
浊雾在之形岩谷里沸沸扬扬
峭壁张开狰厉的牙齿，向我们倾吐干涸的已人悬棺
沉默的咒语，一个个悲凉的故事如大群鸦雀在壁间聒噪起来

我们的胸脯反射出青钢的剑光
一片片古迹纷纷有致，历史的链条却常被扭断
八月——古老特征的恢复期

我们恢复着，半裸或全裸
自然恢复着，全裸或半裸
八月，八月，远离人工域。寓意着一个时代

冥思的风貌
水道没有中断

巴里境内，晴空如雄鹰
在险恶地收拢它的双翼
水道越来越幽深，河面弥漫着浓烈的麝香味
给人以即将涸竭在暗河里的错觉

惊涛拍击木质的岩洞
仿佛里面埋伏着成吨的森林
船舱中起伏着女人的呻吟
我们恍若靠近自己的出生地，传说的恐惧源自体内
脸上却浮出平静的微笑

舞台千仞，万般形象在两旁起舞
豹身蛇头黑粼粼的牛尾……几粒星光摇摇曳曳
从石壁上牵出一列变幻的怪文，象那些诡奇姿态的注释……

突然有咳声声涌出暗穴
我们的唇间不禁吐出半人半兽的呼号

萧然的氛围，死者和生死之外的人都从腐朽里追求
以不可言喻的暗示，抹去我们关于命运的难题
我们本深的能量得以释放，创伤平复，我们不再提问
让血冷却。风暴神已被智慧的铁条紧紧捆住

剩下的就是收获……到处是死亡的骨头
胸前的化石闪着铜镜的光亮
头上是巴人的满月

月明里根植着葛藤
似女人的青丝当空撒下，点缀雄性的山川
铁块，钢块和其它金属块给满月光之网
象饱含我们先人细胞的果実

水道还未中断……还未中断……我们的手心里捏出汗滴
浪迹者

溯流而上，浓夜里激起万千脚爪的抓挠声
一种酥痒的共鸣无限伸展，越来越高。岸的皮肤被擦破
我触到了想破的创口

爱憎与怨恨多次流血
我原始的内脏注满鲜血和盐
泛醉的感情从顶上坠落，泻成湍急的激流，大河的激流
浪阵鼓呼呼喘息的水牛一群群拥过
我看见上百个女子骑着牛背，战战兢兢

河神在衣襟里放牧美人
雄山的鸟嘴伸进乌云，啄食颗颗饱满的月亮
佛佛佛占卜的时辰到了

渐渐龟裂的天空，妻子牙的羚羊筛出几把光线
风中泛着淡淡的鱼腥味……沙海深处
死人们大起大落，既演习八卦的章鱼，摆布着生者的命运……

佛

佛佛
佛——我被抛弃了，注定无家可归
船到哪儿？星球到哪儿？干脆别问吧，反正深不可测

凸岩紧紧相扣，如怪刺密集
两只白鸟沿着被留下的路径悄飞，似乎摇响了树叶
谁在哪儿之前唱那元字的挽歌？引我蓦然转向凸岩之林
仿佛被卷入一个无端的迷语？

魔法的水珠凝聚在钟乳的矛头上
偶尔有勇士破冰没于水中——我被刺中了！胸膛涌出原木
唾液化成的马拉松，含泪伸缩，如风暴的发源地
上帝之门就是我的内心

地球的覆盖打旋，无根无底
那柔嫩的皱纹是大地的层次，营养丰富，滋养出盎然的生机
信奉爬行的进化论，现实社会的安全感。啃噬水泥的雄鹰越插越深
只有我，无家可归

自由的痛苦！

视野太广袤，反不知向何处遨游！
多境界的领域，超越仅仅是一个过程……啊！
我唯有渴望魔法之水。享受流失
融入一片浩茫！
乌 江 新 娘

几重危岩，隔断烈性子的乌江

唢呐一路在传说里鼓吹

你的小路被肥硕的仙人掌所装饰

花瓣带血，阳光是一丝弱女子的柔情从针刺丛生的肌腱上挑过

你被一双伤痕累累的手握着，恍如被灵敏的猫头鹰俘获

白尾凤鸟在高处长鸣，宣泄着爱恋已到

低垂的虎背上猛然凸出你未来的宫床

祝福吧，在这暂时的大地上铺开喜宴

长老来了，祭祀牌匾，醇味弥漫的习俗

摆手舞是山峦派生的舞蹈，风神执着着猫头鹰凌空的战果

你，从无比空旷的空间里可能听见乌江的豪叫？

神智迷离，掌形植物在顶峰祈祷

两颗大星向你的石屋飘落，家家户户的两束光

乌江新娘，你少女的秘密被洞穿

你的岁月从此粘贴在陌生汉子的身上，盛花地的背篓在月下映着喜气

冷酷的纯胆最能挑起初恋的情窦
谁在半空中模仿虎啸，你从中感应到愤怒的暴怒
柳叶剪下鼻尖冲撞而来……你的我空谷激在墙上
松鸡翱翔着，壁虎在石头上，爬进深深的小径，唱着歌跳跃
绿荧荧的仰锦陈若，恰似一个地下宝石仓库

睡眠辽阔无边，但是安宁并不久远
雨季降临，上下是水，左右是水，石屋深处是潮声
那阴阳相间的野草，究竟不能解决遗传的焦渴

吉祥如意的娃娃鱼来自远方
两只肤浅的脚镯紧贴肚皮
沙梯一阶阶走向高处
贪婪的喘息是乌江的一道伤口

致命的伤口——你永远被出生地所困
水在拥抱你，梦想舞动了多少次，又从潮渺里再生
旋涡是连环的滚边，你祖祖辈辈都接受这一再追

陆地越缩越小，越缩越小……
你到底惧怕归去
心跳咚咚，象天然的石鼓，在山中诱发潜在的回声……
我问——谁得到过生命？
露珠却以内在的明亮
歌颂爱情的生机
阿拉法威的丧歌

第一歌手 向着平坦莫测的远景，去吧，阿拉法威！
粘膜鼓盖的世界，唯有胎宫是巨大的
星星的卵果分泌着柔光

第二歌手 消逝吧，不朽的先知
摆脱丑陋的躯壳
那纯粹的灵魂将逍遥浮现
我们俯首倾听风声
分辨那蠕动在一团污浊里的啼哭
如同期待刹那的烛照
灸治麻木的五官

合 唱 阿拉法威，楂木即将碎裂
在我们颤抖的指尖上，传统溃烂了
我们的凝望里包孕着蛆虫

第一歌手 铺及宽大的红袍
夕阳把我们引向绝顶——那是你的升华之路
去吧，阿拉法威，山脊的长龙与你同行
新月的冠冕将属于你

合唱
苹果属于你
女人属于你
凄绝的颂歌将世代追随你

第三歌手
把鹿角架上天灵盖
你就是驰过我们梦乡的鹰王
把野鸡毛插入腋下
你就是率领我们飞翔的鸟王

第四歌手
你是水神，主宰船夫
主宰曲折的峡谷
乌江在峡底摇动地轴
隆隆鼓声之上横贯著我们的命运

合唱
咆哮的人，孤独的人
你的死摧毁了我们的自由
我们蛇行着爬向高空
只是为了送你远行呵

阿拉法威

阿拉法威！

阿拉法威，鸟龙族传说中的著名的先知
碎片

这天夜里，远远传来敲门声。天开了一条缝

循着光亮走去，月儿像一张巫婆的脸从门缝里探出，向我
掷出锐利的目光。我的心跳起一阵黑猫的叫声

"喵！别碰我！"

碎片。全是声音的碎片。我是一生岁月经历了多少生灵的
悲剧。失踪的瀑布不祥的气氛。火山灰层层退来，森林
支支冒烟，赤身裸体的人们连自杀也来不及……月亮那张
巫婆的脸几次从门缝里探出来狞笑。远远传来敲门声……

朦胧似乎是永远的……

不知是童年还是暮年，一个高级的琴师在黑暗里提刀
割自己的舌头。他说音乐不是声音。他说他写的，懂
得太晚了

毁灭的艺术拒绝时间，但是人生的惯性决定我歌唱。喜欢
明明的湖水吗？那晶体的箱子。不朽鱼儿住进陆落的城市
死人的潜意识在无数水草。我听见水的哀歌。华灯初上的
节日的哀歌。玫瑰的哀歌通过我的嘴巴传唱

喵！别碰我！

只有在这一瞬间我才感到全是碎片。泪水大颗大颗地滚落。
谁来拯救我呢？我深深爱着的少女在梦里微笑。她的灵魂
却在更深的地方守望着。那幽蓝的眼睛忽闪蓝鲸之光

道路很有弹性。我虚幻的苹果被残踏，我从血污里爬起来
牢记着那圆满的形体——我祈求女人祈求世界而又破坏它
们，象一个追求高尚的骗子——直到碎片……直到心在最
后一刻发出黑猫的惊叫

远远传来敲门声。一个影子在三点半之前赶往山谷。
岩石的马脖子吞噬着树叶。毛茸茸的风中，猫头鹰从
那儿凄厉地飞出，似乎和我的心是同一种族。星星伸
缩着修剃着它的细毛

喵！别碰我！！！
最后的见证

从水上败退，日子被你挥霍断了
缩着迟钝的爪子，咸味的阴风，向你的头发撒下少许盐粒
太阳已碎。金矿在北方，一条野蛮的影子倾斜着
似在展示最后的醉态

不可抗拒的变迁，狮子，也不再暴怒

河在脚底，那发作的老疯子，把破败的肢体撞碎在一只只倾斜上
怪石长啸，被泡沫的毒牙啃凿，礁孔喷溅磷火
礁柱是不周之山的缩影，上下延伸，奥妙无穷

被不断涂改、浸漫
大岩谷幻化作一幅日臻完美的旷世杰作
拱壁吸收了万年的喧嚣，上万年的迷狂。浑身覆盖幽绿的羽毛
深洞筋脉畅通，灌胀了空气。仿佛将在一个旋风大作的夜晚

从这日趋缩小的星球上离去……

告诉我，强悍的人，面临不可抗拒的变迁
你的生命将迈向何方？

在自己的河流里死过九次
只有你，能为这永恒不变的创造作证
你的肉体交叠着九种溶液的颜色
你的心脏在九层皮肤里接近安宁
你的脉膊微弱，终于穿透空寂，触及到终极之水
那包裹在亢奋激流里的纯真的静谧

死过九次，你得以君临至境
任鬼气十足的灰猫掀开你的颅盖
任大鸡自树端，啄啄啄食你的舌头
兽形闪电在你的鼻尖上卓然矗立——你神色傲然
不再暴怒

水在脚底，那发作的老疯子舔光你的精气
怜悯死神吧！死过九次
蜕变的蛇却一次次从你冬眠的胸腔里醒来
根子从脊椎上直插入土，撑开岁月的皮
你的肋骨在每块崖石上凸现

1985年5～6月·金鱼村
新的传统

（卷前语）

李亦武

我们公认的传统是文明古国的宏大遗产：从《离骚》到《红楼梦》，从庄禅理学到贞节牌坊，从六十四卦到儒家互补，……其中之内，尽得其味，只要悟出那句“芝麻开门”的奥秘。年复一年，多少个“阿里巴巴”灌口袋进去，抱口袋出来，口称妙哉，至死不悔。

今天的艺术本质上是这样行为的复演。我们注释神话，演绎《易经》，追求古代诗歌的历史感，竭力夸大文学的作用，貌似忧国忧民，骨子里却渴望复古。渴望进则鸟瞰诗坛，万声归一，退则仙风道骨，弹镂于桃花园中。用现代派手法表达封建的怀旧意识，是当前所谓“民族主义”诗歌的显著特征之一。

这不是危言耸听。我们生生息息的国土，虽然早已建立了新的共和国，但封建社会毕竟有几千年的基础。旧道德、旧文化、旧习俗和旧的感情方式积淀在民族集体潜意识中，形成了一股逆向的内驱力，阻碍我们大步迈入科学的世纪。新的传统不仅基于对旧势力的破坏，而且基于对自身无情审判。

同样是中华民族的儿孙，我们深知跨出这一步的代价是什么。

我们的目光透视前方，期待的星座永不可及。

我们的瞳孔象两口深井，隐匿着绝望累累的尾巴。

爬行的欲望被压抑，情感因此升华。

歌颂光明的诗篇产生了——《大循环》

这是惨痛而真诚的选择，不如此，就没有未来的艺术。

我们否定旧传统和现代“辫子军”强加给我们的一切，我们反对把艺术感情导引向任何宗教和论理，我们反对阉割诗歌。语言之花娇弱而灿烂，其本身经历着诞生、生长、衰老乃至死亡的过程。艺术的繁衍贯穿之中，它神秘地附着人类的精神领域，不断萌发、消生出各种情感氛围，各种新文化现象。作为艺术的创造者——诗人，无论是现实的苦难，自我的衰落，流泪的欢叫和无可奈何的嘲讽，还是对生命的各种歌，对死亡的挑战，对冒险精神的肯定或对本民族素质的大胆怀疑与剖析，他的人生经验，他的才智交织的肉体就应该是一部独特的艺术史，一个特殊的传统。因为他在揭示自己的同时，揭示了时代的共同困惑与必然归宿。

从某种意义上，新传统主义诗人与探索者、偏执狂、醉酒汉、臆想病人、现代制造家共命运。他们生活在世俗中，却看向想象的荒野走，烈日炙烤着他们肚皮上的胎记。那道路仅剩了亿万年的灵物，纷繁地把活鲜鲜的生机喷射到地球上，它比任何时代、任何源远流长的传统更恒久。

因此，除了屈服于自己的内心情感和引导人类向宇宙深处直去的冥冥之声，新传统主义诗人不屈服于任何外在的、非艺术的道德习惯、指令和民族惰性的压力。

我们终有一天也会疲乏，但我们将前扑倒在自己这个传统里。

新传统主义相信：

永远永远和现在现在
鸟雀在谛听，付出的代价
是值得的

（埃里蒂斯《俊杰》）

一九八六年夏
已经过去的
正在经历的
将要来临的

写在《死城》门前

现在，让我们走进《死城》。

别问我这块牌子是谁，什么时候去的。牛、羊与人是什么关系之类的难题。如果你提前进入891年，触到自己的真实世界。如果你被甩到了时间之轮上，一会儿着地，一会儿倒着地，你千万要紧张，这是死亡之城，没有人能逃。

未来，现在，过去，过去，现在，未来，你生活的观念完全改变了。谁知道历史从哪一点开始？你觉得一些名字很耳熟。江城、北岛城、张爱玲、张医生等等。作者似乎记得了自己生活过的年代。给你印象最深的路线是1966年中国闹革命的那场民族斗阵，红卫兵搞得很大，革命已经争相
返至幻觉之中，你听见过塞扣被接离开时发出的那一些半脆
响吗？

那种声音使我烦恼发痛了几天。你要相信那，相信
造出《死城》的寂寞的工匠。我能相信他们会写得情节
名，年龄，出生地，证明我没有去过那。

我能相信准确地叮打每个熟人的门环，把我的孤独一
点点地挤入他们体内，诱发被灵魂掩盖着的病痛。不管面
具如何漂亮，希腊的外衣遮着神飞长的脚，艺术的职能就是
反抗学力。在科学的社会秩序之上建立一个与之
相临的世界。于是绝对自由的狂热，让物质与精神达
成相对的平衡。

我所做的努力，不过是从古早的现实里拯救人妻竞争
的想象。它起始于情欲之上，起终于患旧病或怀旧情绪
之上。它包括创造性的意识（把一个发着在麦穗场上对整
个体的激荡。神光辉提天使般的熟睡）和虚幻性的创造如
一个幼童把空洞地女娲画象的胸膛，幻想他为“骑飞马”，
至少孩子们容易抛弃自己精心构造的梦里的了，就很常
见了）。

这虽然与科学和科学的人性相去甚远，但一个艺术
家的真谛。恰恰在于他领先于历史，恰恰在于他早已经

说着一个正在发展的民族乃至全人类的将来。截去其致命弱点，以生命为代价发出危险的信号：揭露它所导致的自然力支配下的、使人们自相残杀的毒素的根。

尖锐、危机、绝望和叛逆，注定了《独裁》不会赢得掌声。磨难或价值就在于此。看一个诗人已经得到民众普遍向往的时候，他的艺术生命也就彻底完整了。

1986. 四月 1986
死城

公元6891年，一头巨牛绕过棕
色盆地，巴人村先知阿拉法威在临
终时指着脚下说：“这个城市将围
困你们，不管上帝是死是活。”
作跨过这道门槛。脚步那么轻盈，白昼象根大蜡烛吱吱
燃着。月儿透窗。推动窗的根根发亮的双叶草。你的
脚背被戳开个窟窿。你背叽三声下肢爆出血来。好一头
神兽的公牛！斜日之光翻翻颤跳一下就熄灭了。透下大
滩蜡泪。我看见你消融在浓稠的奶汁中。化作一股烟

露鸣之夜。牛角牛羊摇摇以后。裂嘴的天空涌满
流泪的牛眼睛。其中一只掉向有位姑娘的下腹

我吩咐要地。成为性交接的种子。我清楚地记得你跨过
这道门槛。并对我讲你从此不再回来。我眼前的爸
爸！终日独坐挨打的我。淌着眼泪。傻傻地对娘说还
人笑。我在乞求谁告诉我你的消息呢？生我教我踏背汉
子分明站在身后

阴历七月十五。传统的鬼节。墓地很热闹。象个大码头。
冥河的船都在这儿靠岸，你摸着橹。我只顾碎答着你的
膝旁。很多来我祖母的像是在发旋。我人思不清便放
声大哭。一里蛤蟆无地牢进我的嘴巴。阳风乍起。老养
我的张脸汉子扑地变成石色。我依旧着它。模仿女性给
予它最后的柔情。我把掉口中破。一团圆扯扯自己的肠
子。我觉到你在腰斩一个人让他的下半截跳到我面前问：

“阿加洛威。我的裤子在哪儿？”

我回忆着你的血手。翻越重重百端。虚虚有鸡叫。阴历
七月十五。坟头渐渐的浸入城市。与人关的房屋对峙
我透过窗子目睹新尸人远去。我烧完纸钱钻出山崖。缩
刺抱住冥河无迹可寻。缕缕升烟犹如淡淡的烟。发丝延
伸。当银甲虫爬上树枝的时候。刚刚过完的黑点又
飞快掠过。迎面逼入我的胸

我是一只空城沉陷于另一只空城。世界空敞。我是被被
爆发惨笑的病房。的鸭如黑色拔着花绽红于栅栏。野鹿
遮掩的橱窗半隐半没。新尸人的吆喝不绝于耳。我被
发根浮着尸臭。
鬼魅交错，人们对尘世的彷徨。荒原上春草生长。草根扎入梦幻之土。你还要每一寸坡走向前方。一辆转动的剑字等待时间。那就是自由的象征吗？

A

1986年夏季海面。人类的铠甲仍在颤动。浪笛声声。怪兽群舞鳞甲耀眼的舞。我的陆地爱鸟的居士一点点绽放。象舞莲舞型的杯子。黯淡的夕阳刚好垂挂在口。筑城一派金银碧之城。珊瑚透光。海底崩裂。浪控象鲸人的舞姿重重叠叠。几声宝石项链遥在水上。

黄昏风是巨大的铜铃在破碎冰川。隐隐之声从太古传来。挟持着混沌寒冷和深涌雾的岁月。我听见龙的脚音自海上升起。绝望无际的男女划破着龙尾。团团向新城膜拜。豆瓣寺象钢制的熔焰永远燃烧他们。圣主耶稣圣主夹塞领唱赞歌。声声血泪。天水一方。跨白马的朝霞

爱幻想云

空行→
人心不和，浮夸的黑面纱降临，轻率的人被含泪的圣徒的语言，他冒烟的筋骨扎扎撞向城墙。细数用自己的皮挤出的告示：

“上帝死了……现在我还要走向远方？

…………………………………………………………”

全看喜怒。暴盲光他而死。几个大独裁者在火刑柱上嘶嘶吵着什么，于是警车、警犬失声。人潮拥挤。高速公路踏石，千万民众召开万言会，象互相厮杀的桥高。大厦如楼塔在强子间隙重叠。纸屑横飞。分不清是逃走，人头还是满动圣战的徒单。拉幕独行之后，又再陆地落落。只剩半遮狮子腿在波浪中呻吟。1966年冬夜。蜡烛随同教徒狂舞。愤怒的后羿射出了十个太阳。这幻想种族的文明全部付之一炬。有位诗人写道：

“当人的智慧企图超造超主的智慧时
他们的末日就来到了

…………………………………………………………”
那一行行鲜嫩的字迹如魔：上帝死了，谁来摆弄永恒的
模式？回音铮石。我被自己的声音窒息。我的皮肉像破
旧的衣服被撕裂骨头。我的脉搏颤抖，蚂蚁进出进出。
1986年夏季海边，人世尘嚣。尼采用锡箔公开演讲，终
于在武王要在石红前目瞪。几名警察将他从幻境拖回精
神病院。

我紧紧扭住床单。长廊尽头，开闭着催眠的玫瑰。嘈杂
人声或虫子尖叫。马蹄子移动，脚掌慢慢逼近：
一下。雨下。微窗外闪过女娲的脸，一支听诊器顺着
来。你没看见。

牛角弯弯，腹下隐现着鲜红的鱼。从你的形象里我找回
了童年。鱼儿轻盈地逃走，阴影总有希望母亲又开双睡
的侧边用轻血撕开弥留最后的卵石。我逆水捞入小蟹的
家。分食幼虫。几支水笔经过我的腰间。斑扁碎的仙人
章一开一页。砂转线啃着红色的歌谣。我遇见乐湖船饮酒
落出伤的暖水。问好的零音以婚键停事。有话话、印加
语、萨伯华语

而你挂着什么语言。你的听诊器要将我问话与
跳转。几位听诊语的沙土在追寻出病。旁人、时间、厕
房、应园等疏散的器官里被清掉了。我好为逃出等人
如解的树在随你挤进沟里的广尘。向空气重问子表表
级起立三代自然和人变的睡眠挂着诗篇的猪

高特满阳。暗予我的命运。一头红靴双线斜着直到溢出
口水。我在你的掌凸腰侧多次。阴影横入围墙。易恐怖
的表冲。脚灭时代我伸缩着爪子。仰望苍空。金刺猬喜
案。羽自鲁间发芽。辛呀 —— 恶魔。人妻。手枪和
幼树！我与愿处于痴迷的决斗！看那月亮的蜘蛛垂晃着
层层蛛丝网。几十越狱的囚徒倒吊网中……

可爱的逃犯！他们的血衣被国条扒光。当作通讯员的花
悬挂展览大厅 —— 雾啊。先生们女士们来了。鞋张哈哈。
于林指出那空葫芦的葫芦。我沿着鳍具火车远远于再陵
与故人。旅途永无上下下下，而子恍惚。辨不清人与尸
首。我目睹他们的脑髓被制成治疗癌症的良药在每个车
站出售。

但是那高高之屋多像一把把水晶雨伞！我的妻子等在
那儿吗？我能一个电话打到时间和吗？

你的一声冷笑就足以将一切化为乌有。天外有路。而我
只有倒毙于此！九头鸟的翅膀是缥渺的阶梯。级级攀
上更深的洞穴。闪电的铁手从里面伸张。朝大地上开五条
河的流向。我的内部渗出五条裂纹。来呀你——医生。

喂？吃安。凳等吗。我自己扯下吃安的？”你给我吧！

有二十八支左臂从背后掠住我。有二十八个声音轮番对
我说闲话吧！我豁然截断，无悔地摆手掠住我放的根。
我默默从根上抹发的绿手。从一到百。
汝夫因铁的翻江向宇宙铺展。我堕落其中。竟不知那一片属于自己。我只感到儿子的声音在迷茫里变老。痛室化作无声飞机进入雾障。巨星卧如母牛。预言家握着密谈从奶子里游泳

我只感到人问是那样荡漾。长城内路开断臂黑像。泪水流到黄沙的沙子。温泉大厦紧贴山壁。腐臭的热水丝丝滑下铁梯。灌入巍峨的寄门。已香汽车在门下生锈。

疯发鸣叫。泡沫乳房里暗藏刀子。两只大蜂刺钻出人的鼻孔，你在一起交情

我默数着一生中寄宿过的家族。从一到百。这祖、大祖、曾祖、祖宗。母亲。每个家族的肤色都以脑海里匆匆而来。最后我发现巴人祖先和为法威光生死争。似蝴蝶客惯人

你的手摸起我的情欲丰满的枝枝蔓生触须寻常渴望已久的荆棘穿透地缝穿透门窗穿透床单穿透

补萨俺蔽的琥珀宇宙的电波源自不断搅动血液循环两张强弓无情射对两个半圆咬合一体外面紧裹
着夏季炎热喷溅星球超常运转日狗吞吃大象马片
把星星击得粉碎人类整个掉进地狱地狱整个掉进
天堂将上帝砸个脑浆直溜谁在油锅里滚现代舞屁
股扭得象邓肯掌声大作你是神你是魔鬼你是唐
朝遗老还是咖啡馆的女招待所有鲜活的东西都排
成一溜吧在永恒深渊之上又开放着形成又漫长又
湿润的历史甬道等待那根石破天惊的肉柱子直插
进来！

泥上翻翻过了我的始娘作满身醉软卵睁了动动爱或说爱
爱的释爱或爱的释直到底不然认为你是我的母亲直到掀开
你的第九层皮肤摸见女人都躺在里面骚湿正闻息你或抓起
被进斑斑的家谱脱发粗索或拼命挣打下身祖字八代
的咒骂各情人的群蜂嗡嗡螫我。我喊：“阿弥陀佛！你
这该好的啊！”

预言家倒退着踏入套间。在垂绿手

她
公元 889 年，唯一的见证人去世。只有在黑皮书中《巨匠的落日》里，记载了这桩罪行。

公元 1937 年，第二次世界大战爆发。日本飞机轰炸长江沿岸，巴人村落被夷为灰烬，《巨匠的落日》下落不明。

公元 1944 年，中国军队开赴东南亚前线，我在行军途中误入一间空房，《巨匠的落日》失而复得。我更觉得自己是喝完三色魔术饮料，从此做了五年哑巴。

当这一切都结束的时候，我已经头发白
满眼尘土。我独自移着老公园的长椅
看风吹折多少气急败坏的枝条

我挪动着半截残腿
整夜气怒地昨晚、今晚……天又亮了
我盼望从枝后跳出一个乞丐
流落凶狼，搜去我所有的积蓄
巨轮那块小腹换来的勋章

他能缓解我的创痛。他何谈人
都可以用理想的复仇方法
缓解我的创痛
你也幸吧，每每一账，随我几口香酒
尽管作装着高雅的礼帽
我还是知道你脑后有牛角

痴长的幼年多么幸福！
那时候变化为牛，指导了我
以后我们互相提导
两处惧伤
直到我拖夜独坐公园的长凳
看死城里不分东南西北

当这一切都结束的时候
你没有露面
谁也没有露面
我只听到车对面假山下的破门破
石条上，老年的门前残破

在武儿时的诗楼下
有个老太婆坐北朝南
她伤心地摘下茄子般的舌头
借着月光久久凝视

上面镌刻着作的罪孽
和一座古城的始末

当你塞回嘴里
高墙外传来诗人的强笑
天要亮了

1986.3.4
你们要各自回家。

有声音在天上如是说，你们回头望自己的家园，有非非想，离世的房檐隐着一扇扇门洞。你们曾经从那里逃出来，你们害怕被故地
漫没掉。

多少世纪以来，艺术的殉道者们在进行了旷世的创造之后，总是
一个接一个地悄然埋掉，即使他们生前隐入人群，灵魂也是远离尘嚣
的。你们不愿意那样，你们是一堆萌着，宁愿筑在一起硬充好汉，以
诗的名义搅起一次两次三次四次的波澜。1986年9月，有位“救世主”登
场代言：“要求公众和社会给予庄严认识的人，早已漫山遍野而起。
人权俱乐部通过自己脱稿稿接受上述事实。”但是，正统诗界的官
依然紧闭着。那么多裹尸布十多样，地位、金钱和永恒的空在中途僵
持住着，谁也无法预料，等待着自己的将是什么。

你们要各自回家。

有声音在你们睡梦里如是说，既然艺术不会带来现实的好处，那
你们只能重返家园，要么放弃诗歌，要么继续沉陷、浮升，从现实的
突围，更深地洞穿人类的真实处境。虽然永恒性人物的诞生往往以多
甚至几代的默默牺牲为代价，但是，懂得并从事着灵魂自救的人，哪
怕没有写过一行诗，也有资格以诗人自居，相反，写作者一旦成为群心
功到名逐的乞丐，即使他得到了社会普遍的认可，也不配言诗。

作者：

编著

一九七八年二月
先知三部曲之三

幻城

“你的四肢清醒，脑袋却永远长眠。”他念完这句话，就在人烟稠密的城门下消失了。此时，节目的钟刚刚敲过，满城颂歌，有谁名唤一时的女人撞死在汽车轮下。

——阿拉法威预言书
他们列队前进

一些人象刽子手，一些人象等待处决的囚犯

而你身兼双重的角色

睡是一种苏醒。室里的四壁散落着时间的零件。你摸索
自己的脸。它悬端的延绵部分。你摸摩臀下的络子。它
是血的凝固部分。闩次第而开。眼皮次第而闭。醒来。睡去。人生如此而已。

一旦你懒懒地换起背。你从暗箱中嗅到春天的气息。湿
漉漉的风。豆浆的甜味。家乡的油迹。默默飘移的原野。
马车。接续不断的歌声。风流的寡妇与风尘仆仆的过客。
你哭了。还是那么动人。圆镜里的火焰将你的头发燃
通亮。喜庆的蜘蛛跳跃着。把网从床头织到床尾。一条
蜡延伸着美女的头。象金链条的吊灯。分叉的舌头上安
卧冷血淋的妻子。

永诀之苦。近在咫尺而相距万里。你久久注视临窗的小
街。那幅命定的灾难动在目。她的躯干和凉爽的葛藤
盘绕你的颈子。你的脸膛如画。在波光粼粼的气泡里仰
你的事迹。你首先感动了自己，你一唱三叹的时候，人口
增长了三倍。你的庭院站满了军号。你的礼服上挂满了
勋章。你的先灵盖被一道道头衔遮着。当你歌唱时，国
旗而中断。隔壁有人接着唱下去，然后轮到鼓星。电台
与皇帝。然后轮到都市。农神和牧神。朝拜里外欢声雷
动。三角旗在游行的队列里翻飞。喇叭声中你低声调
出老调。冬去春来。地球反向晚着埃舍尔的怪圈。三十
年后又轮到你唱了。

你感动了人民。他们剥光你的衣襟。剥光你的汗毛。将
你拥到在草茎的蒸笼里。耗墨沸沸扬扬。哈炸你的肺。
你发软地接那些陌生的脸。直到手腕酸麻。但是还有那么多受惊的脸挨上来让你接。你听见目光的声音从几个世纪之外传来。宇宙的园丁里也拥挤着接接的恐慌吗？

醒是一种睡眠，从帷幕到帷幕。蜡制的躯壳微微不自。你的喉咙一天天堵哑。昨日的舞者。昨日的观众。昨日的角色。昨日的恋人。

无论何时何地，我都裸手荒郊。倾听你们为我拥抱的叫喊。

你在沙漠里走，沙漠这开无尽的脚与你一起走。好晕。

你的脖子伸向沉寂无声的远方，一匹死骆驼象——

干渴的睡袋 吃不出一滴血 焦枯的金子烫伤你的唇

你的嘴唇溃烂 象腹蛇的巢穴 你在沙漠里走 糟糕的

夜散发瓜果的清香 盛满水的杯子遍布枝头 接接欲险

与你的鼻子仅一毫之差。你的脸帮吱吱响动。你痛楚地想紧握沙漠里的水 你触及到海

25 × 20 = 500
你在胎衣里走，世界是一座空心的植物。若管插入每个人的体内，上帝在笼管中来回蠕动。像孤独的死天使经毁灭。你天生具有自我的冲动，你将自己捆绑在床上又拼命挣扎。你情不自禁地去接近绳索，被沿，血光闪闪的刀片。你的脉下流血如染。李白蘸着星辉写诗，陆游隔世，你在教尤谁的死亡方式。

祖先的脸上静静开在，暗示你的五官在出生前就被更换。

你在房间里走，书籍就是悬崖，引导你滑入深渊。你发现自己的一个接一个的罪犯面对人类，你惊讶失措。当当倒退，直到门铃骤响。

25 × 20 = 500

Chino 219 96 3
无人来访，你一次次开门，却不见那尘暴铃的踪影。日子一天天过去，门前穿梭着出游的长队，这荒芜的街廊，还剩下几人。你逐步养成收字母的习惯。你家风最里走，沿途采摘各类当葡萄的游客的盘子，铺满死者的眼瞳。你和谁共进这旷世的盛宴，谁弹琴赠枝雕刻的器具为伴？助兴，沿着阴魂夜走的轨道。梦里的列车载入冥土。你间萤起舞，牛鬼蛇神招齐而歌，壮士侠士踏浪响应。剑锋处，江山倾覆，浮宫旧作闲市，野舸空自人语。岁月如一摊谁尘被随意丢弃。

被虫的声，你搂你的枕头绘刺绣画，狮子从画中跃入马江。依山而建的大厦象夸张的抽象，他在我的爬山爬下。你在陆地上，下水道。陆地通过你的身体，为技艺艺人招摇过市。众皆剪短自己的头发。

你期待着转头却一点点长出来。围观者渐渐散尽，只有你伫立街心，只见飞砂如来，自新锐向外喷涌，日反天。猫弄来长篇短篇眨眼之间，哀鸿遍野，人烟浩渺。唯嘻笑且吟于沙丘。爱集的葫芦在西天翻滚，苍茫里回荡着胡笳的呜咽。

25×20=500
我在沙漠里走，被沙漠藏匿的城市与你一起走。你紧握
3 你的嗓子伸向沉寂无声的远方。你是一只干燥的眼
袋挤不出一滴泪。你仿佛趴在扎扎膨胀的铜柱上。你把
火烙烤，瀚海尽头。海底的绸子抖索不已，红白的鱼儿
斑斑点点。你想回应那亲吻你回家的鱼。人类曾经安息
在鱼的肚子里。珊瑚红妆自尽，婴儿的蜷曲在水泡中化
～含着奶子。像蓝色的果核。时鬃时散的云抚摸着鱼
背。象助于暖和的毛巾。你在沙漠里走，梦境支撑着你
你。你在黯淡的光圈里走。你的城市致命的过路。你望
见光如阿拉伯威信起袍袖。将血放进无底的杯口。那是
记忆的源头。我们都是其中的一粒水泡。}

我将埋名隐姓，离群索居。
阻碍通往你的路径。
直到诗歌丧失，分享诸神的供品。

我埋葬了我的鸟，住进你家的客店，你殷情款款待我，
让我喝酒，写诗，阅读当天的报纸，第三版里载了诗人

\[25 \times 20 = 500\]
唐三藏神机失措的消息，达君士坦丁堡，有人正拍卖他的手稿，要价五百万，我揣想据得二十亿胡须乞丐蹲在生铁柱旁，津津有味啃着蔗皮的情景，早知道他值这么多的钱，我先给他他，然后冒名顶姓，跑在晚了，我的弓刀已慢慢生锈。

酒酣耳热，徐照郑逸尘，诸我从侠客过渡到儒生，日日与妻女相伴，门外清清，名僧在墙头摇摆，夜骑着宝马，此刻，含着几朵蔷薇，撕烂我的外衣作儿童的尿布

秋天多雨，厢房内蜷缩着，你将白昼雨进碗里，淋湿书籍，从此书房一片空白，我轻声为笑，你我哈哈大笑，一了百了，你在前庭卖酒，我在后院卖僧，白剑一卷手话，入夜，你扮作山鬼响阶入室，鼓萧倒风，云雨方罢，南方的山缝里，隐隐传来惊喜的龙吟

你起身接麻，前额绿光莹莹，甘泉漫出枝头，浸润你的腰肢，麻雀绽成花，你卧于花中，时之欲出，又若隐如纸，我欲之舞之，拜之祭之，横任于子夜三刻
当白日的谣歌从手腕上脱落
水晶的骰子穿梭于脚下
你知道那一条驶向母亲的港口

到了那一天太阳将在正午泄漏我的孩子假如没有月亮升起
起源你怎能听见嘶吼的石磨声太阳和月亮象的刷磨盘互相咬合只有上帝的代子能够推动或它将粉碎所有的声音
而当我们守候在临终者的床边准备承受那声喉咙撕裂的
短促的呼叫时他的小腿已快陷入深深的石孔了谁也无法
挽救我们只好在身旁从他人的抽搐中提前品尝自己渐渐死去的滋味无论天上飞的还是地下跑的都逃不过生生不息的运选夜的魔掌倾泻着大片肥土里面搅拌着人的肉浆植物和动物的肉浆精神之气由此多生犹如地狱塔柱上的火光我们闭上眼睛也能看见我的孩子假如你愿意念你的运
祖就会尝尝这湿热的泥巴吧假如你依然故友或情敌就尝尝
这咸腥的泥巴吧假如你在噩梦里受摄于调门飘忽的巫歌
认剃刀作指指点点绕着尖叫地躺进去假如穿戴陌生面具的膝
盖也踏在你的心腹并以受难者魔西的名字对你说以割

25*20=500
礼假如你从此永世不生就尝尝这解除魔魇的泥巴所含的
者都会在你的牙齿间咬咬吸吸吧是另一种遗嘱生命经
为了细细的研磨之后相融相汇温存一休的遗嘱你只能偶
尔感受到一丝轻切一丝难以表达的酸楚创造的钥匙不在
我们的手中
孩子的背脊一词要蠕动多少次每一次蠕动
又有多少诸生的元素转化成你的筋脉血液和骨头这物
种起源的土壤已煲石破的土壤这由冥冥之主赐给你的
土地我们是生存死亡再生存再死亡昆虫舒张着女人的姿
态遗留在湿润的血雾绿叶蕴含着你的尊威或许在下
一个黎明你会突然从草根下掏出一份供至可献的神事来

太孤独了我们的孩子他渴望回到人群中去吧但是人群也会
渐渐散去像一堆堆低眉被风吹向尘世的海洋漂
火烈在若干张嘴上叫叫师啊千百年来这些抽着烟的精灵
就如此无忧无虑流浪吗你们从哪儿来哪儿去曼舞的人
类问了又问但是伟大的诗人是不可能说的哭泣吧我的孩
子劫难之钟哆哆响了海洋随风远石的祈祷爬上暗雾慢曼
田野山脉持墨一抹形成光怪陆离的水之山鱼知与交换了
位置有人趴在水之山头俯瞰洞因异呻出滴着血丝的臂膀

■解剖轮回之摩我赏目瞻自己的尸停着被众人抬着向透明

25 + 30 = 500 Chunj 219 88 3
的离咩走去台光知阿佐法威颈唱及泛员的末力家我们目瞪
自己的尸体抛开墓穴，挑着先人的尸骨向天上的磨坊走去
结束还是开瑞曼的的人类间了又问，但是伟大的空间是不
肯说谎的长脚吧，我的孩子你会有醒来的那一天，几十年过
去了我们照常吃饭作爱，接受阴凉的普照如成功的帽子水果
商的表情都和从前一模一样，不过服装的确变了杀人武器
的确变了

未来现在过去，我现在充满神圣地犹如音
难言就注发象一匹，墨人憎恨的在鲍尔灰荒山浪迹天涯人
们将弓箭齐发，但致命的那一支箭是你自己的弓。我的椅子幻想
你在墙角内咳嗽，是邓的妈妈触手不及飞吧拉着头发离开，４
恋在乱的大陆广场象缓缓退出的雪景，你在冰雪里飞你在
圆柱上飞你握着晶莹的割肩飞乱头，是割的螺角呜呜激
发你在柳条的苛性作拥抱，一对盲目瞪目你拒出自己
的眠珠赠给他的你的眼瞳斗斗耀如作自成一个不可分割
的宇宙你只能看见上帝是另一匹在钻破神话砌里的碎

※ 1987-1988 〇〇 〇〇
黄 城

○廖亦武

我知道那座黄金之城在你的眼
睛里，我必须得到它，要不，我的
灵魂将象一条狗，趴在最高的台阶
下烂掉。我活着，我等待。阴森森
的枪口发着抖。我知道那座黄金之
城在你的眼睛里。

——阿拉法的自由

巍峨的宫殿——触即溃

我们面对面站着，赤身裸体。脸象一朵花。满着红红的汁
液。我们听见一个哑嗓门在笑。笑，迟钝地绕着时间僵硬的
肌肉。瓦砾堆绽露出断臂的蝎子。有人坐起来，幽幽地唱着
歌：‘巍峨的宫殿——触即溃’

我们面对面站在幻影里，咖啡壶开了。一个哑嗓门‘咕咕’地
笑。叫春的蟑螂在梁上跳舞。我向你喷射一口咖啡。你抬手
抓住我的鼻子。晚钟宏亮。驶车穿插层层宫墙。我们挤作一
团。仿佛是两位落魄的君王互相征服着。我们用烟头烙烫对
手的大腿，烧焦的天花板发出焦臭皮肤的怪味。巍峨的宫殿
——触即溃。我们低低咆哮着彼此的名字。廖亦武廖亦武。我
们从血浆中爬起来又倒下去。想捡回不断涌出的内脏。摄像
机远远瞄准我们。大福标语横断长安街。上面写道：

\n
不准通行。这里正拍摄历史巨片

一把利斧将两条汉子劈开。先知阿拉法威当场作出判决。一个倒悬万
上，一个仰卧墙角。阴森迎风飘立。象鼻延的走廊互相攀援，火树银
花。眼花万里黑烟。神明与魔鬼在我们体内上下下。翩翩交触。而
我们只能在梦里遥遥相对

岁月蹉跎，往事如烟飘逝。我在电影院重温旧梦。我一边注视银幕
一边摸索自己。青春是一剂毒品使我们上瘾。但我已经老了。脸皮
干皱。最青春的装扮也修复不了。我不明白昔日那些风流潇洒的动
作是谁导演的。

观众换了一批又一批。我身边始终空无一物。查票的手电光斜斜射过
来。现在几点夜班车开进月台了吗？我的伙伴。我的永远在云端里翻
筋斗的伙伴。想下来谈谈我们主演的片子吗？

受风瘫风瘫全球。这就是我们俩干的好事。你听听迷惘的口哨声。手
淫者慢慢的摩擦声。我的皮鞭愤怒地伸向银幕着我自己。疯人院里
的太阳每天晒上电网，排满黑光四射的磷液。天授元年。武则天皇后
驾临各大剧场。勒令全体男子起立脱裤。一举铲平十年性乱的祸根

我流落成算命者。肩扛八卦走街串巷。顶卜人世间的喜怒哀乐。太平
盛世。佛诞盛行。八百里不闻鸡鸣。我迷失在青藤垂挂的幼稚园。任
一帮老小孩在背后吹吹打打。高音喇叭播放着母牛的哞 喲。太 监 监
城。而我又能说好。好。

电梯将大众向高处提升。楼顶连绵一片。铺展开崭新的乐土。牛仔长
衫。秀才如云。通宵达旦处。有人夹住猴子尾巴畅谈科学救国。赢得
满堂喝采。我携出这利的软表较正时间。大学生郭沫若在登月器上撒尿

我无尿可撒。乘电梯去观赏动态的风景。每次升降都是意味深长的轮
回。阳差阴错。我下降。阴阳反向道里上升。一团团寒气侵逼。我越
我们正在期待着什么？
妈妈 我望见你随着一顶红草帽爬起 象孤寂的幡
带悠悠飘离了我 妈妈 我已遥感到一阵阵微弱而
锐利的呼啸 那只追踪了你一辈子的鸟 正挟着你
的体温 洞穿无数灰色的时辰向我飞来 政客上
台演讲了 影视歌星正合唱黄帝在我们心里 妈妈
那只致命的鸟同女娲一起诞生 它啄食她的心长
大 飞出 这么多年 它每沦落一次就摄取一颗人
心 并且边啄边唱 嘀血的歌声向垂死者拉开涵盖
人间的终极的序幕 妈妈 我已窥见那无人无水的
海 妈妈 只有你的帆船能从上面通过 鸟是这样
唱的 当初女娲曾叮嘱它这样唱 冰川纪要来了
空荡荡的广场将没有一个人 我们将化作无人无水
的海的一部分。鸟依然飞着 沦落着 我们将依次
死去 妈妈 鸟是这样唱的 只有你的帆船能从上
面通过
我注定是一条虫子。

路灯亮了。一盏又一盏。夕阳衰弱。只剩下淡淡的橙色环。夜色成群结队沿着一条向斜的路。我要爬过去。一盏又一盏。水陆的亡灵。铁链叮当响。四面八方的鱼群游着烛台向来。水最终要枯竭。陆最终要枯竭。从潮声里蔓延上升的树影最终要枯竭。我将预先预感水陆的亡灵。为何付出一生的代价又能算得了什么？得救的机会。我绝不回首低矮的地面。坑坑洼洼的梦。人们的眼珠象气球一样从深渊浮升。凝聚成愁惨的月亮。我能辨认出我妈妈的眼珠。我要爬上去。路灯亮了。一盏又一盏。

我注定是一条虫子。你别对我说起莎士比亚。喜剧和悲剧又如何。奥义书讲刀锋是不可逾越的，生命的毁灭是刀锋。人种的起源是刀锋。在两重刀锋之间。谁都是无可奈何的虫子。你性交过吗你直行走过吗你经历过两次世界大战吗我不信。所谓活着完全是漫长的幻觉。

尘埃和空气是幻觉。太阳也是。它黯淡得象机里的手镯。戴在我脖子的。
手扭上，合欢之夜，蛇蝎的欲望。使我成为恋母的驴役。在房内床头
弄乱五千年，满目狼烟。逝去的尸体层层堆积，土地变厚了。我久久
聆听卵翼演变，一个自称我父的果子从虚肉里升起。嗓门苍老，庄严
地超越了时代

高空中传来了一什么声音？那是我奔跑绝望的惨叫。上帝应声失踪了。
子弹射进了谋杀者的胸膛，赫拉克利特！面对滔滔不绝的血液。我
们哭了多少世纪？

我们在每一段岁月之头痛哭。渺小的人类啊，我们不过是死守洞穴
的孩子，掘着安谧。祖母们悠悠地讲述帝王的故事，我们有了一天。笼罩
我们的背影碎了，那辉煌慈爱的背影碎了，我们唯有痛哭，为逝去的
乐园，为残酷的科学

谁的罪过。使我们陷入茫茫深渊？尼采，但丁。贝多芬和凡高！被击
毙在时代祭坛上的巨子啊！蠕动的蚁群只能通过你们的喉咙说话：

你刚开口，昼夜的国界穿透手心。元素煨和的泥浆喷溅，与日月之湖
融为一体。妇女们沉浸于摇曳变幻的时空。受孕。每个孩子都是精华
之精华。屁股上抹着宇宙深处的指痕

眼睛狂泻疾雨。泪啊，你刚开口，声带里就发出亿万个声音。从低到
高直至永远。几千年的思想化作一个递增的节奏向上放射。你。灵魂
们所依附的皮肉之城啊

人类感情始于你而终止于你。你。你们这些被对抗撕裂的巨匠啊！
谁能听懂你们的声音？谁能企及你们的境界？群殴的年月。你们不过
是疯狗。被驱逐，焚烧，隔绝。被捆在脚上吊在天上，路灯一盏接
一盏高。呛人的风一阵接一阵猛。我要试着爬上去。接近那一根根晃
荡的铁链，天空飞机坠进银河了。星岛象睫毛松的鸵鸟迎面跑来。
我的喘息传递给了宇宙。我瞧见激昂地扯着贝多芬的衣领。齐
狂叫：欢乐！欢乐！铁链扎扎响。头发如马鬃。我要爬，我要爬。凡高
咯咯地笑，身体又红又亮。象烧烧的鸡。我要爬。爬。去接近倒
的天堂。那一根根美妙绝伦的铁链！

我说。你们注定只是些虫子！

1986．巴人村．1986
曼纽尔的音乐

（艺术札记之九：神圣与挽歌）

某月某日

你是我最善良的人，暖暖。自己治得那辉煌（生活如一层硬壳包裹着你，一点也不让你露出本色），却想方设法宽慰我，告诉我一些明澈的东西。每当我顿足末日，惶恐地抱住自己的肩头时，你就加倍珍惜这种感情。虽有一天，我会倒在一片冬日的背景，长久地望着你，直到从你口中吐出某个足以立刻击溃我的字眼。亲爱的朋友，那是怎样一种奇特的满足呀！除了我们俩，还有谁能理解这种满足呢？

你要相信我，无论何时何地，你都要相信我不会自暴自弃。虽然我的心病由来已久，虽然我日趋衰弱，常常伏在藤椅上，竭力回忆从前，从前……暖暖，你曾经对我说：“在你的内心深处，有一道别人，甚至你自己都无法愈合的伤痕，正是从那里，源源不断地流出了你的全部激情与痛苦。”但是，这又能持续多久？这世界已经没
有一块好肉了，艺术从没有好肉的世界里出现来，外行
同样是好肉。于是有艺术的没落，艺术一旦失去
任何暴力的刺激，就会生出比刺激要强的现实。因此，阅读伟大的艺术品往往
是一种冒险——有时你必须丢弃头颅，目眩，甚至吐的
感觉。

你要相信我，在这个可怕的时代里，在这个人们对艺
术的敬畏日渐丧失的时代里。

某日某日

接连几天的好太阳，与王胡子、刘涛、李梅一起游
览南阳三岔湖。该得畅快，湖面荡开，月下跳神，刘涛一
唱数，就彷佛停不下来了。

《往日的爱恋》唱得最好，大家要求她再唱三遍。她
也像年轻时越唱越动真感情。我想起陆霞很喜欢这首歌。
李娟的眼睛在夜色里亮得怕人。我悄悄地叹了口气，叫了声：“王胡子！”却不知道该说什
么。

月亮躺在湖中央，像几艘重叠的冥船。此时的月色也
没察觉头顶上有两道微黄的悬！死者该是幸福的吧。

某日某日

25 × 20 = 500
昨天我出发去海滨迎接我的女孩子，今天下午四点零五分，轮船驶进港闸。我虽然近视，却远远看见她站在河滩上，孩子气地打着响，一个人，她穿着一件黑色的罩衣，头发被风吹得高高的……她发现了我，哇叫一声，随着双手交叉握在胸前，动人心弦笑起来。

我握住她冷冰冰的手，感到温暖了多年的心扉，

黄昏时分

我是在为了唱情歌而降临到地球上的，狭以一点，是我自己的情歌；广以一点，是田野上的人种或人类的情歌。
我有时用巴蜀民间情感的土韵哭，有时用更加粗犷而嘶哑的调门嚎，断断续续，不管其利耳与否，阴湿与否，拿住丁的法式。

以我，是进入朦胧之城的道路；
以我，是进入永恒痛苦的道路；
以我，是进入永恒人群的道路。

直到有一天，人会把自己的情歌作着筒进故里里，这
就等于把自己的情感筒进了故里里。他们消灭了最终的
黑暗：没有挽歌，没有葬仪。

很久以来，我已厌倦与人谈话。我在仇视世俗的同时，恰恰也在仇视我自己。而诗歌在上，即使它充满嘲弄与诅咒，但也在它的背后，难道没有更深层次的博大的怜悯？

早朝早日

当代人格已逐渐重要地渗入了我们的艺术……换句话说，不具备深刻的人格者，决不可能写出经典性的作品。这种经典本身就是一种理智抑客的神殿，它没有任何所谓存在的现象理由，却能耸于众里，超越我自己的之上。

天才（或叫杰出的人格）就是一种无常的神殿。它的境界来自本身，因为自我实现与自我毁灭这两种因素是互相结合的。天才逃不出造神、毁神或寻找神的模式。朋友，我们努力追寻幻象，在文明的泥潭里，在群山的围城中，仰望高洁的血泊，也许在某一瞬间，我们幻灭了。但马上又重新爬起来，跌倒在现实更深更窄的地方。一片黑火，一片漆黑。我们终于发现向内与向外的道路是一致的。神就是我们自己。这种分化的我，好比肉体被刀子从中间剖开，两个一模一样的家伙手握着枪，瞄准，到
而不发，戏弄着对方。记得粗鲁一点，即使我们自己不是神。在写作时，也应把自己看作冥冥之主在地球上的唯一对应物。

现代人若应体现在整个生命过程中，越非凡的人格，这种过程显得越极端，越宝贵，越敏感地体现神的意识。它因到痛了人们而受诅咒，所以创造应是我们的表达生命的唯一形式。

某月某日

我的朋友，我不理解你的“客观”为物，它是否对创作有利？或许你的观念，所谓客观，是人生最虚幻而达到的境界吧？中国人太注重结果，不悟前路有一页过程，让在道路尽头等待人们的窘迫。当庄周蝶舞而问道逍遥时，

赫拉克勒特却陷在人类最大的胜利里恸哭！虽然前者作为智慧命运的智者，后者更将为困境重重的现代社会所接受，而后者更真实，更艺术。两者谁也无法回避这个喧嚣而起

就你的作品而言，我比较喜欢《素描头鹰的男人》、《人文》和《狼谷》中的一些篇章。特别是《人文》中的“你应该成为英雄”那几段，仿佛是从“革命的火种”里发
来的呻吟。那种眼泪虽然没有掉出来，却涌动喉咙和胸内。
在古老的种群、灾难的历史、生长过专制与愚昧的土地上，
你被吞噬，你聆听自己的骨头在别人的牙缝中扎扎响，
你已经不是本源的那个你，那个先天具有英雄素质的你，
而且成为了一个可卑的“偷渡者”，一个奢望“回归”的
堕落者。“从嘴巴上开始”，艺术何尝不是一种“偷渡”
呢？

“但是你一旦‘达观’，一旦偏离了你生命中那些真实
的、刻骨铭心的、上天的鞭子抽着你去表达的东西，你的
作品就充满了技巧、里布和表面的构置。这些里面可
以被大量模仿和复制。
某月某日

昨晚我做了一个怪梦：一个极其丰满的女人同我一起去看电影，四面八方都是银幕，弄得人眼花缭乱。忽然，银幕上有双很大的皮鞋向我迎面踏过来，我赶紧抓起我身边的女人去抵挡……这时她大吼一声：“历史！”我看清楚一看，发现她变得一丝不挂。两只毛茸茸的绒毛上赫然印着我的手印。

我逃出来，不知摔了多处受伤。周围一片口哨声。所有的观众都追着我吼叫：“历史！历史！”我趴下了。握着自己肮脏的手，我对自己厌恶透了。

某月某日

我天生是个南方人，我的天不在北方。要埋掉传给一切，阳关、敦煌、青海白塔寺，茫茫无际的沙海飘散下的幻影，咸湿着我，压迫着我，使我不敢去探望。我不了解精神谈教义这。我属于流浪型的人，能够走到哪儿写到哪儿。我只有回忆巴蜀之地，回到古代牧歌者休养生息的。
地方，峡谷里瘴气弥漫，盘旋在栈道中的青蛇缠绕在我们的脚
陡……我听见洞箫幽幽地吹，倾诉着祖祖辈辈的冤仇……
一种血色的毒汁使我们异声呼，应和着洞箫，应和着猎
以鹰的啼鸣，应和着荒郊上的草人呼个无意义的悲声而哭泣。
雄鹰飞翔，悬棺架在悬崖壁风中锋锐其鸣，有人吆喝着直排
排的尸首迎面而来，无阻碍地穿越我。我吮吸着一种猎手中的
血色的寒意，我模仿着他们的祖先，一声号地退入悬崖，
我的哭声凄凄婉婉久久不绝的号叫。我的艺术，我的艺术，
是受虐儿童幻想中的剑，自动飞起来，从千里之外砍向敌
人。它要复仇，向一脉相承的强者的秩序，向无情无踪影
自然，忽视人的存在的秩序。敌人社会制住了我，我不能
犯罪。但艺术可以“犯罪”。可以摧残，屠杀，蹂躏。为
了人类意志的丧失和血洗现代文明，呼吁神灵的归来。
你是神明你是魔鬼你是唐朝蓬莱寺
是咖啡馆的女招待所有鲜活的东西
都聚成一酒吧在永恒深处之上又开
双腿形成又漫长又氤氲的少女声道
等待那根石破天惊的肉粒子捅进来

——阿拉法威的死城
寓言

那天，我们去猎捕，太阳象最大的猎物悬在天空的尽头。我们打光了飞禽走兽，最后把枪瞄准太阳，我们着迷地扣着扳机，子弹一串串呼啸而去，后来我们自己也会作子弹呼啸而去，猎捕在别人手中。

我是猎手还是子弹——1988年4月4日，一位现代派画家在北京大戏院唱《伟大的猎捕者》，当他用吉他模拟猎枪枪托的声音，观众报以热烈的掌声——他们是猎手还是子弹？

哲学

你为什么是猎手？你周围为什么不是子弹？假如你混入他们的行列，就不是子弹了吗？兔子的尾巴而已。火柴盒的火也能点着火柴。收起乱糟糟的念头吧，是地主就应该有条不紊，是地主就应该有条不紊，儿啊。——第一篇，我都在想……
付账应该剔去，老是反动儿混合，草种出十二点！你内部
淌着爬虫的脓，人民内部流的是鲜艳的血，不信摸把刀戳
个眼儿看看，是脓是血一目了然。再不信就制造一场车祸
碰瘪了你不会有人收尸，就象碰瘪了——只巨型蜘蛛，红自
色的浆摸黑半条街，行人车辆慌道而行，你的臭名将载入
《世界奇闻录》。少女之死就不一提了，多少哀叹！多少
唏嘘！哭出五脏还有人抬着上医院。谁叫你是草种而别人
不是，谁叫你没有手谁不是草种？草种是混入出米来的？
非草种是通过土法途径混出来的？你是一株普通多好啊，
诸如牵牛花·长青藤之类，直接从泥巴里腾上阳台，熠熠
爬爬，翠色的在鼓鼓囊囊，象小孩的翅膀，微风吹过，就
高高扑腾一回，让诗人瞧到点灵感。没有灵感，整世个屁
世行。你又不是植物。那你草种吗草种呢，或许就不
是草种？这等于是城喊捉贼，顿使众鬼频敲，团团皮为什么
被长工痛打、社鬼为什么摔死在温都尔木，好好想想，还
是把草种二字喊下去。这盘菜不好吃也得吃！莫吧吐！你
千万千万莫吧吐！呕吐了你就更草种了！这时候于一妇
病，——只巨型蜘蛛被砸得满口哇哇，观众只看喜欢效果，
只认准了你污染了环境，绝不会问你内心难不难受。尽量
把头抬高些，盯竿头上的某目标，学习打鸣的小公鸡！
做出在地狱底层的裤子！把浸出嘴柄的脑水猛进去！好，好，可得好。他他妈个杂种！要像四层下伸曲翅腾出来！要半透明的，冒出地狱你就是人睡了！内多一点没来说，多使点劲就能冲上火！土里也是磨根生，土里也是双下巴，就是裤子爱裤子这一点，他也应该替代做第一个门徒！

头要没关了，他提精神去找，他耳鸣头歪了，就是一点利，一……会，完了！提起你的裤子回吧，怎么就忘了你种杂种呢？你为什么是杂种？在很久很久以前，回头口里边说，你完全不至这幅画谱，那时你附着乱是杂种，就附你零零地不是杂种；那时猪比人聪明，夹紧一株毛插到里边去，那时四条腿步和穿腿跑得快，眨眼就跑到宇宙尽头；那时的时光溜溜的，如电链子，而人浑身漆叶；那时猪和猪恋爱，就是同一条人作为爱情的翅膀，篝火之夜，肉餐被敲，火的一角被用展横嘴折到鼻梁，那你吃所血手足脚的玩意儿跑得快，造物主就是你的生路，你破着生子

巡游八方，你相穿穿地讲，大家都不是杂种，你为什么不是杂种？

喜　剧
如此而已。象玻璃碎片，摆在橱窗外，被购买、利用。然后扫掉。人人都这样，象玻璃碎片。你猜里面是什么意思？糖浆？药糖？烟雾？或一种气泡？

没有。从浑浊初开到今天，什么也没有。你攀援所有佛人的肩头，你踩着粗砺泥——没有

多重呀。当你踏上所有佛人的肩头，所有的佛人都似过来骂你。无形的躯体
无形的生殖器横手拍打着你的后脑，
精卵相撞，显耀的胸膛在皮腔内成熟
你原是主调，力透骨背
你名声大噪，成为客座教授
谐贝儿奖章向你招手！多重呀，你自己跨自己
盲人骑瞎马，直到一股童子屁劈裂盖脑

谁在笑？他妈的，谁在笑？
趁惨惨的小巷口，被破烂的老头呵斥而来
你沿着楼梯倒退
你喘着粗气说没有！
你的西装革履，烫出破罐子的疤
当你从天窗抛下去
吊景从电车挂下来，他妈的！
人类雄性的不就是一声虫吟的晚吗？

母亲的子宫
遗传的玻璃加工厂
注定了我们的易碎的生命

拉我一把。朋友们！你们的手在命脉以外吗？把我捞出这杯子。别让我一天又烂在酒里。给我一根熔管吧。只要一根熔管我也能爬出去

但是我渴。朋友的。我需要你们如同需要水。但是我想吃掉给我水喝的人。你的高高在上。你的荣华无常。你们从父辈的痛苦里生产来怜悯我。你们使我更加口渴

你的灌我水。你的把冰凉的死潺进我的胃里。星星是旧情
人冷酷的眼睛眨动在我的胃里。爱是无法消化的食粮。你的爱像虫毒杀我。

酒是扑不灭的火。酒是在水里燃烧的铁。朋友的。我说爱你。恰恰是恨你。别回答我。我没有同你的对话。我是与酒中的精灵对话。她头戴轻盈的冠冕。环绕我转了一圈又一圈。我不可言的踢起脚跟即逝。我刚张嘴应和。你的脚

深爱是宽阔的。从我的陆地到她的陆地。隔者水和酒。深爱是傲娇的。我的陆地和她的陆地合二为一。亿万头融

入水和酒。缓缓地漫向彼岸。礁礁旅途了人形里。当酒的

精灵开口的时候。和谐的歌声从地缝。树枝和石头内部渗

出。我想张嘴应和。却打了一连串讨厌的嗝

诗歌

现在我要试试

这套生存的方法

现在我要把自己弄成
一条朝朝暮暮的狗，咬人然后逃跑
现在我要从千人践万人踏中挣起身，掸掉灰尘
向你微笑着开友善的微笑

我要活！
但又不能象天才那样特殊而容易地活
我是一切天才的反面，活
不是件容易的事

活，就是大模大样地吃入饭碗
偷两个烧饼或摸一个罐子
活，就是窥探坟墓
瞪死人的鞋袜
活，就是让两只叫春的猫交配
而后笑嘻嘻地将它们的猫叫和猫哀
活，就是要懂得安静
管铁窗外的日月叫老子

冷冰冰的家伙，你同情我吗？
那我咬你一口算
瞧瞧星屋穿了夜色
谁是你的鸡巴亲过来的
爸爸，丢下又要蹦出一个杂种

我想有个伴儿，哪怕是男的
也要与他做为交媾

我好像已经与他做为交媾了
直到一只马桶当头扣下
把我的心脏都浸得湿润湿润
同室暗鬼残闷——法
就要学会承受幸福

死神的家，一只深不可测的马桶
每个人都得泡进去
逃出又肥又大的蛆
死神就靠吃蛆过日子

而我，一个活动的粪坑，死神在人间的亲戚

我绝不把马桶摘下来
我要用它做脸
面对你们被爱情、功名、虚伪和暴政折磨的脸上
我要把它端上超级宴会
这股与味比当众吹食粗手手的佳肴
我大概会有的，人类
风流病使我肌肤麻木，我要你们狠狠地揍我
让我恢复做人的知觉
谁敢让我尝到一声儿？
或者逼我一声去，叫我一声儿？
你，你和你，谁敢？
话不是一件容易的事
等待107次列车到站吧
广播里开始播音了——
107次列车将代表全世界人民欢迎你这个狗杂种

你说

著名侦探与牵着他的狗走进那条没有声音的街。
除了自己的心跳什么也听不见。鸟鸣和行人都被忽略，好像没有一样。马扬向一家店铺，想买一盒烟，并顺便打听被反者的事一些情况。这条街的人几乎都熟悉土生土长的牛。马扬兜里无钱，一旦机械般的把塞给他一盒烟。

与无何等的跑出来。各城之间，他他习惯注意烟烟的牌子。突然发现烟盒上写着：“店主三月前被牛暗杀。”他立即转身——却只见两道店门全部一开一合的，嚓嚓地笑的嘴。嘴里有许多白牙在东躲西去——使隐隐有一种特被戏耀，消化掉的碧露。他几乎要到城心。

他一抬手，虫箱中落下来。他外面去，才记起狗不见
了。他想掉狗，才记起该长嘴巴的地方已经不存在。回
回过头来，在他的脑门上敲了一棒子。

各地以后，马该猎对那次调走仍吃嘛给塞的，谁也不
知道他鼻子下面的玩意是怎样修复的。

作家想习惯坐在自己的抽水马桶上创作，大约他的灵
感与肛门的收缩有某种神秘的关系。一天，正当碟子
三个钟头的屎，在纸上画了三盘棋，弃掉三个人的时候，门
铃一阵响，一册原皮卷掉了进来。
爱好你！
不。
你爱我？
不。
你？！
我没爹没妈，我是杂种。
我不管，我爱她！
爱了之后要生娃，杂种的娃儿肯定也是杂种，谁也无法改变。我不愿意我的爱情是八尺脚的妖怪……认命吧……我爱你……

只有分手吗？……
但是……我爱你……
不要拆散我！！！！！

别了，亲爱的纯种。
别了，亲爱的……杂种！

你的没见过舞蹈。你们只知道一大把群星舞星的名字。你们只知道曼哈顿黑人区。迈克尔·杰弗逊。披头士列侬。忠字舞专家江青。他们把星球联成一锅浆糊。他们喊：“世界是一杯威士忌！”你们就滥饮威士忌。用酒精做广告。
做商贩，做贩面，做盐。你们就去把老实的大楼设计成酒瓶子的形状。让大家从酒中来到酒中去。他们喊：“世界是一片大麻叶！”你们就在大麻叶上打滚。拿一滩滩软绵绵的热油。共同一根针头注射。共同一把剪刀剪断脑袋之脉。他们喊：“世界是一堵不耐烦的砖墙！”你们就把船等候至天冲过来，幻想将它一竿竿沉下去。然后把爱河填满漆遍全球。他们爱吧！蚀而你们也要变成啄木。你们号叫臣民为朝圣你们也朝圣。他们的声音真神降临。企图何山一浮狂。红话绿话士兵们白话就从各地的到来。你们也批准这一份制品！所以 hazırlıks的消耗商木头！嚎着叫着望着改变自己和吧！

你们从未被赐过。因为赐的已失传多了。它还连同毁了你们和声音和行动。你们三道是星辰叫星辰。风叫风。宇宙叫宇宙。你们三道是星星是些什么东西。语言是些什么东西。是些什么东西。是些什么东西。那些宗教的崇拜制造了一只兽。你们仅仅是符号。规范它的。不由自主的符号。你们不应顺从会变化死。

破腿的狼把幼崽放下悬崖。它去失去的家园而游荡。谁能“看见”狼嗥本身一一道破它？一声！两声！四十声！
你的知道它为什么叫四十七，而不是三十九。四十一。

现在我蹲在它旁边，位置叙述一种舞蹈。我用沉默叙述。

我用沉默叙述那种无休止的舞蹈。

洞萧无声。无声。她无声地跳着。轻柔一撮绒毛，飘到人的眼前，又逸她扬开。弥漫在整个场地上。无头的骑士之影舞之惊人。她跳着。把一种轻柔的旋律输
入人们的血脉。无头的尸首爬起来挽手，然后围住她跳。

无声无息。她的张口闭着眉毛的舌头。隐隐约约的花牌。

可在任何一处这花是根。她的跟她跳了好久的舞蹈。

冥界。天堂。人间都差不多。好久好久的舞蹈呀。多少
治人是不动的。多少处人是不动的。它们随意在一个地
方。拦住一个女人或男人做媳妇。繁衍一代代人不息的
儿孙。有的也是不人不息的子孙的一部众。那舞蹈的队伍
跳跃越小啦。只剩下轻舞着她的丈夫啦。冥界。天堂。
人间都已普遍。她们不知道往哪儿去。四面莹光在茫茫天
宇中回响。人类就到该下这一点她盘了。这点可怜的她盘还
在一块块开裂。明月。泥土化为粉本。最后那唯一的舞者
在她丈夫绝望的尖吟中断。焦娥啊。焦娥啊。我等你复

注：战败，焚萧，汉白，议丐，烤任，等人。
从前有座山，山上有座庙，庙里有个和尚会讲故事，
他讲从前有座山，山上有个庙，庙里有个和尚会讲故事。
第一个讲从前有座山，山上有个洞，洞里有个和尚偷鸡摸狗。
第二个讲从前有座山，山上有个洞，洞里有个和尚偷鸡摸狗。
第三个讲从前有座山，山上有个洞，洞里有个和尚偷鸡摸狗。
第四个讲从前有座山，山上有个洞，洞里有个和尚偷鸡摸狗。
第五个讲从前有座山，山上有个洞，洞里有个和尚偷鸡摸狗。
第六个讲从前有座山，山上有个洞，洞里有个和尚偷鸡摸狗。
第七个讲从前有座山，山上有个洞，洞里有个和尚偷鸡摸狗。
第八个讲从前有座山，山上有个洞，洞里有个和尚偷鸡摸狗。
第九个讲从前有座山，山上有个洞，洞里有个和尚偷鸡摸狗。
第十个讲从前有座山，山上有个洞，洞里有个和尚偷鸡摸狗。
他讲从前有座山，山上有座庙，庙里有个和尚讲故事。

格言

未知

李钟这个名字是从哪里来的？是随天上掉下来的吗？
不是。是人脉里固有的吗？不是。李钟这个名字，只能从
社会实践中来；只能从阶级斗争（世界大战）、生产斗争
（土地改革）和科学实验（遗传工程）中来。注


g

撕毁一本书如同宰掉一个人。

火

你不是天才，你不是凡人，你是介于天才和凡人之间
的那类人。

军

注：此段文字源于毛泽东著作，毛泽东说：“人的正确思想是从哪里来的？是从上
掉下来的？不是。是人们的思想自由的活动。人的思想是从社会实践中
来，只能从社会主义的生产斗争和科学实验中来。
你是什么东西？
我是什么东西？金斯堡是什么东西？但丁是什么东西？
李白是什么东西？孙子兵法是什么东西？
星球大战是什么东西？写马赛马马赛马是什么东西？
《高山流水》是什么东西？《广陵散》是什么东西？《城隍》
是什么东西？《龙城》《临城》《封城》是什么东西？
什么是东西？《小波浪》《小波流》《小波河》是什么东西？
什么是东西？《小波流》《小波河》《小波河》是什么东西？
第一代第五代第五代第五代是什么东西？
阿里的太阳是什么东西？
黑种白种黄种黑种白种混血人种杂种是什么东西？
博与赫斯普托拉斯马马马斯是是什么东西？
金石塚山 tụ肉塔唲菲卢铁塔翻塚塔李天王是什么东西？
联合国外人周又国中国易利侯合众国是什么东西？
阿波罗卡斯特罗马凯朗德罗是什么东西？
斯克破克破是什么东西？
新型革命物格克记名权卫生十号路十号军车司机是什么东西？
部次若是什么东西？新海消是什么东西？艾薇艾基是什么东西？
赫拉里利特卡特艾利特魏特格是是什么东西？罗丹是什么东西？
罗德德德是什么东西？
鸟与天鹅是什么东西？致幻蘑菇是什么东西？
脑袋是什么东西？贝多芬是什么东西？
水晶棺材是什么东西？相对论悟论是什么东西？
我忘忘了是什么东西？
猎人是什么东西？
我是问你你们是什么东西和那个东西。

4988·4·卧村·米外
偶象

译：你往东去；你往西去；你往南去；你往北去。

设法同当地居民接触，这是你们唯一的出路。

阿拉法威创世纪
巨镜

走吧 走吧 走吧
唱着歌
或者闷声不响
骆驼的嗓门沙哑
骆驼的肤色单调
骆驼的驼都拉进

一碗深不可测的镜中

快摆臂 摆腿
快放腿 摆臂
快离开 归来
在家 客店 超级市场
在一切有玻璃的地方
什么都稀奇奇怪
照照那一泓湖中立着的水
你发觉你还健在
表一上映是发条的表

25 × 20 = 500
走吧，一步步地走

两脚扎扎实实地迈开

主通过花和豆告诉我们

d架子要花光一样无尽

只要一举手一足

脚印就会惊人地繁殖

你将被困在自己的脚印里

正如人要被困在一堆疑问中

走吧，走吧

作为一个好公民非做不可

作为一个词要肯定被普遍运用

作为一个一张脸谱

你幻化在镜子的映像间

牛鬼蛇神，帝王将相，黎民百姓

幻化在镜子的映像间

从闹市到溪谷

从青少到白老

从浅处到深处

他们沦为自取灭亡的哑巴
你歪曲造反邀游
呼吸就如破窗断裂
你的左眼仇视你的右眼
你的右腿暗算你的右腿
你躲在镜子里逃避镜子
你是一个阴毒阴险的鬼伙
一边收藏一边撕毁同一本书
仿佛似三颗三倒四
把人Y＜这些似三倒四的事实

×××××××××××××××××××××××××××××

意吧 意吧
假如你不走了
生命就一片苍白
让童会伸出手来
让梦境被鹅子敲碎
初恋一场似是而非的柴情
然后在靠束欣赏淹没吞没的血
所谓 恶病

如何中庸人减的姑娘耳朵

25×20＝500
走吧，但是你走不了了，

临走前的脚印开导着你

黑暗的依附与交通警察

法网恢恢，疏而不漏

你被自己的脚印践踏

你被自己的脚印欺骗

这个时代的观众从洞中钻出来
橘子被剖成的瓣
你同时坠入两座建筑
或者更多座
四瓣 无瓣 十二瓣
四瓣 八瓣 十二瓣
还可以更多瓣
还可以无限多
观察 politician 的传说
被淹没千篇万句
诗人同途就叫死
灵魂与肉体不再接触分散
就叫死
死
死死死
死
那么谁都想死
谁都想无数次分散
死是喜新厌旧的借口
就像领袖，
把自己分赐普天下的所有的人
引爆一场全国性的革命
于是江山更变
几度残阳
一种语言消灭另一种语言
一种语言遮掩另一种语言

记住我儿

你已经无路可走

但是“走”作动词是否可以
你将走在“走”这个字眼里
走吧 走吧 走吧
歌里这样唱道
太阳的泪
洞里的波
不知你选择哪一个

$35 \times 20 = 500$
544

不知你选择哪一个？

妻子和情人

偶象和贼

不知你选择哪一个？

镜子与镜子

走与不走

不知你选择哪一个？

支吧

记住，我说过，

性已经无路可走

等待偶象

我们等候，忍耐住岁月之嬗的腐蚀，在大都，在红色风暴的中央，我们怀着要登极山的心情等候。老子死了还有老子，儿子死了还有孙子，孙子死了是不会有穷尽的。我们却把诸佛诸圣与自尊，象死人活人在互相抬举。山

25×20=500
选山，水选水，卵选卵，当我们还是鱼的时期，就显得有些
拘泥拘束，随着蝴蝶的翩翩出水之日了。我们的姑娘们ERSION
绕绕绕，摸摸闪电，摸摸诸神通过闪电递给她们的神，鳍
甲哗哗剥剥地响，鱼肚子就胀得大了。有东西在里面似像
呀呀地唱着歌，且从尾下——是三尺高——这颗卵卵如红
般烫，暖乎乎地，海底也象发呆的鱼肚子渐渐大了。太多
的光，太多耀眼的印痕刀割到我们的鳍，大鱼师在高处打
打哈哈，他说鱼头汤真鲜美。我们乱蹦乱跳，变成了从鱼
到猴子的一次神奇的进化。

人是有伤感的猴子，在没事诸事总去脉之前，我们要等候。
高高巍巍峻山，低下的餐馆生达生东生己。。请坐——女把
得过菜单——请老前辈世界如马路大团结肉丸子。我们
吃下一大盘又一大盘，连着塞满捏拳头、人发、虎头、鱼刺、
狗肉、螃蟹腿、蚂蚁腰、跳蚤骨头。我们吃下一大盘又一大
盘，直到餐桌上出现蟹、虾、鱼、肉、烧烤、牛、羊、小
腿。记住，儿子们，尊重而亡的父辈总是这么说。要知道
他要让我记得住什么。

记住——所以我们的发明文字，文字代替我们的语言的符号，
读书写字使人前程远大，形成点头哈腰的自然条件。我们仰仰脖子，一刹那间便转到树下枝。但是三尺坚壁将爬出时来。要变的。文字的确是如何东西，它教会我们“知”和“情”，“二”和“八”，“路”和“路”，“长”和“长”，“大”和“大”，趴到屁股上三拜九叩。你想接近偶像？那你必须用脑筋去思考！
不在，树立的高高耸立，一个未来的黄骨，他将永远栖息在
是男儿的榜样。是公共厕所的典型，我们的精神生活是
恰好是他的墓日。云蒸霞蔚的正午，太阳暴晒着慵懒的姿
水，光饼刺鼻，我们很多勇敢的同胞就这样被光荣地熏昏
了，他的身体还在山地芭比，一手捧着灯笼，坚守在飘扬
的旗帜下。删——删——删——我们鸣放三次，寄托我
们的哀思。妻子死了儿子，儿子死了孙子，撒手自生
后归人，我们一定要进行到底。寂静的古汉多么可怕，沙
漠一片一片向内延伸，烧死的商队能等到今天该多好啊，
这一路到少够他们喝大半辈子。据谣传望海的黑寡妇就是靠
喝骆驼和穿越沙漠的，他骗子的宝珠在佛真寺里传唱，那雪
是大败退。趴下去！趴下去！教民们！这曾经是沙漠的地
地迟早还要回到沙漠。你们东骂西打吧，用你们的肉体与精
神的水分调和之吧。大肚已经不行了，在经过了大胜利、
大锅饭、大炼钢铁、人民公社超英赶美，万众上山砍树风
麻醉之后，大肚的胃口已经完全败了。与恶战其吊无常，
与世斗争无穷，你们战胜了天地，就象癌症战胜了你的
自己。趴下去！趴下去！卧床不起吧，教民们！我们不会
卧床不起。争分夺秒的探索规律，我们在晨晨运动中健
康长寿。男人们尽情享吧！妇女们蹲下——许你们的姿势更
有力量和美感。拉出发黑的布袋子，换上一根全新的，今天是遇象日，今天真是不易，烧掉火炉，阁家马马桶！当火影给大家看，属给弘文子——那野狗穿出的杂种狗！气温持续上升，最后抵达摄氏49度，摄氏50度的时候遇象显影了。

偶象降旨

我们措手不及，发出咕咕咕的鸟叫。地球是个好鸡蛋，看
着裂痕裂开的蛋。我们说话，台锯的夹缝穿梭、碰撞，
我们的脑门被扎出一道道血口子。我们能够做什么呢？面
对偶象降临这一桩伟大的事件，除了上帝下派我们还能
干什么呢？

假如大陆还在，我们只能望向上，抓住腹墙中的井口来
命别。穿过泥浆瓶跨过中世纪，穿过旧塔法威行过斯文林
我们的唯一念头是触及目标点：阶梯、门槛、双白玉柱。
偶象你登位立，象一条土地长的鲤鱼穿行在动物和植物之
上
 결단치고, 중독해 죽이기. 정신을, 피로, 힘들어, 힘들어, 힘들어. 중독이, 중독이, 중독이, 중독이, 중독이, 중독이.

여행가의 휴식소

여행가의 휴식소, 여행가의 휴식소, 여행가의 휴식소, 여행가의 휴식소.

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450

偶象颂歌

偶象颂歌，偶象颂歌
偶象颂歌，偶象颂歌
偶象颂歌，偶象颂歌
偶象颂歌，偶象颂歌
偶象颂歌，偶象颂歌
偶象颂歌，偶象颂歌
偶象游戏

第一关

现在我接近事件的终点，悟空此间，人民把一把大豆任我抛撒。我说，生长吧。他们就在一天之内出土、发芽、开花并且成熟。悟空，土地是你们的命根子。他们就日出而作，日落而息，日没而舞。浩浩史字之下，牛郎织女的故事随经传流传。

第二关

我的牙齿碰了三次，岩石喷出泉水。我说，为了这种
第三天

阶层在政治的浮藻笼罩之下，古通幽生，知识分子站在暴露的巨石前控诉。我说，周强，应有，你们的发展潜力多大，吧。从此历史被发现起来，做大事的要成为历史。我说，我音激最精美的帷幕，如果比划得不下去，谁也无权要求中止。贝利，尊贵皇，司马多锦和尊贵勒，成了三轰动一时的大明星。

第四天

即使手边一个国姓，又用右手握指，谁来铸成坚如磐石的浮藻？富饶的事情里，它反复上演自尊、自在、自成的戏剧。易性者高攀爬成海，反向攀入自身的肚门，柔情蜜意，恰似刀子层层刀锋。我说，他们是道具，是君主的屠刀，被牙关咬出一声声吧——一个痛苦就了结了他们的今生。

第五天
第六天

五行之中，我不能生火，我要火，火的植物，火的花芽，血
液沸腾之上的火雾。我喜欢花之落，植物之落，雪之精灵。

天之尽头，星球是独自诞生的。我们长久欣赏这些杰作，
我厌倦了。人说，我说，我厌倦了。你们鸟钢、锡、
合金、国家机器，寻找一切没有东西。我想破旧之新。

当比你们更纯洁的人，与你们的人，不停探索土和食品。

生命就在安全的石路。人间、泥巴，被各种救世主张
开，想我选择，想你们选择和你们自己预象的生存吧。

我要消灭你们的，放你们的血，断你们的希望，让你们
踏于油水的肥沃恢复中原破碎的荒原。最后一次，我给与
你们最后的机会，把公德、法律、道德和侦察拉到一边，平
你们喜欢的事。我想你们吃饭、睡觉、性爱、赚钱和升官，
你们还有什么特别感兴趣的事呢？那么，我把更高更上的
神授予你们，把那圣洁的红幕扉进你们嘴里！你们满足
了？你们无边无际的宇宙都满足了？记得发誓的家伙，男
女老幼，几大行星全都围绕你们，连地球都冒前的你们也
第七天

现在你可以坐下来，喝喝茶，照照镜子。上帝用七天时间创造天地万物，我在同样的时间复制两遍，一模一样。

也有光和没有光，有阴影和没有影。我如此简单地赢

握住我的手

握住你的手

在镜子里面

握住谁的手

握与死

握与接
镜的对面
水的上方
人们手拉着手
你在对着镜子把头垂下
花瓶放在被分割成V型的脸上
这些脸
这些V型的上唇
它进入你的心脏
把骨管敲开
你又化掌为拳
离开结束一场,request
我握住你的手
象你握酒含破铜的酒器
它已退入你自己
我唯一
如同教授啃一本书
如同将军啃一个啤酒
我在这隆冬严寒的角落
惨叫
你的惨叫
或者再张开嘴的惨叫
或者重巨令人痛心的惨叫

在桌子上弹弹琴

我看见了

声音握住了

帝王权杖的轴头

点拨着人民的武装骨

新旧不同

向快乐前段

后面的手握住了前面的手

后面的鸡爪握住了前面的鸡爪

我啃鸡爪

我啃鸡叫节

向绝望在头发上

过早的断奶造成我吃手的怪癖

鸡爪好

而断头足缠

吃断了断头

废墨一如断头的残膏
路线图上的阴影
过于肥胖的男人
他们的兄弟，球员的肉
血叫人清醒吗?
二人，夜晚，和低息的手
叫人舒服吗?
撕开一张薄薄的
咬缝缝里的血
咬指甲与指甲之间的四维空间
到哪里的空问
是死回阳的空间
神与人
人与鬼
鬼与神
神与兽
交叉楼顶的空间
我陪他们惊叫
宇宙是一种大而空的惊叫
人类是一种小而空的惊叫
大惊叫与小惊叫的摩擦
引发战争或游戏
作为一种简单的战争我们站在废墟里
作为一种简单的事物我们站在废墟中
作为一种简单的战争我们遵循战前的规则
远的就远到，再远就再远
远方就是远方
象征戴上了眼镜的
那阵昏暗

“远”的写法是一个“远”加一个“辶”
它的简称词是“永恒的徒劳”
太阳与月亮
一副最大的眼镜
不知有些谁的鼻梁上
迷人的家伙
从来都是不戴眼镜的家伙
我们的黑死黑暗
马克思主义，罗格斯，华罗格斯，黑死黑暗
却不知道人的视觉始终都是错的
付牺牲的这架女人…”
你最好摸一摸
摸腿的这一部分
很可能是假的
你最有证据
你感到一阵疼痛
反過來圍着你
我们不过是这种中而生的疼痛
你握住疼痛里冒出的指尖
在延长线的另一端里
一具骨骸担住一具骨骸
一具坦克强奸了一具坦克
你开始怀疑耳朵里耳的位置
不是妃错了
就是上又错了
不是上又错了
就是妃错了
二者必居其一
你居不了其一
请别碰我的手
我有啃瓜子的习惯
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>请别碰我的脑袋</th>
<th>请别碰我的脑袋</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>请有摸罐子的习惯</td>
<td>请有摸罐子的习惯</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>脸染污染了镜子</td>
<td>脸染污染了镜子</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>破为沉入凹面</td>
<td>破为沉入凹面</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>万一能少型脸在镜中</td>
<td>万一能少型脸在镜中</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>没一雄待洗的梳洗</th>
<th>没一雄待洗的梳洗</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>你随便抹一张脸上的</td>
<td>你随便抹一张脸上的</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>你是骗人的能手</td>
<td>你是骗人的能手</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>脸的内外</th>
<th>脸的内外</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>水的上下</td>
<td>水的上下</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>左握住脸</td>
<td>左握住脸</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>右握住脸</td>
<td>右握住脸</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>姓名：书名</td>
<td>姓名：书名</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
哭吧！哭吧！哭吧！哭吧！哭吧！
这个世纪唯一挥霍泪水的人
这个世纪唯一翱翔在人类之外的人
这个世纪唯一想长翅膀去变潮流的人
哭吧哭吧哭吧哭吧哭吧哭吧哭吧哭吧！
这个世纪唯一没有自己的母亲、仇恨自己的血、诅咒自己
的神、自己自己的朋友，善良、心灵、田野的人！哭
哭吧！不会的神话，这个世界别野兽，你的眼泪最
轻不要没你自己！

错了。这不是你的时代。你一生就错了
睁开闭着眼后的第三眼睁好眯眯看着
鸟没有在云端里飞，船没有从鸟背上滑过，不要不会数数
或沉默，人不会喝酒而死、醉剑而死、为一个谎言，
一个美人的海洛因而死

你只能在记忆里，冥想，并在记忆和冥想中清醒
你只能把胎生装在同一个民族，一个家族、一个祖国。一
你爱项羽？你是多情？你已是经历了四百多部里的人间的爱情，
可谁都不认识你。使食谱里的人不不认识你。我昨日曾
来跟他们不相识的。昨天与你在文武的女人不相识的。
你曾从里面出来后，他只字不语得你。他在人家的后
来又没有看见的。你曾从里面出来后，他只字不语得你。
你来过一个好人的脖子问——你是项羽吗？你是多情
你是否该在身上冒冒火我式的屁种吗？
明天你就可以做回越国了。第三次世界大战之后你就能清楚地
一束酒仅有的杀器抓住你的背。你这样永动就了自己
每根电缆杆子都张着等你的句子，有一百对高高耸立到你
你曾从里面出来后，他只字不语得你。你曾从里面出来后，他只字不语得你。
——你找到屈原了吗？你找到汨罗了吗？你找到东马、
但丁、巴赫、凡高、贝多芬、莫扎特了吗？你配道五...
大洲的暗角，抓住的神他们的罪犯了吗？告诉你吧，他们全是来古的武器！我现在的武器是来之、英华、
法华、马克和卢布。调查去，窥视去，调查去，调查去，
查。监狱、看守、私人别墅、三十三层的囚车太疯狂
狂！你要搞掉那些绑架我的强！

啊吧！啊吧！啊吧！啊吧！这不是你的时代。
连你的爱等也不属于你了。你爱等了自己。
第一个你，第二个你，第三个你，不，你不从土地走，你！要吧！

真正的你和新鲜降生，象一堆崎岖的堆积，被抛在产床的
墙外。母亲笑着接，母亲叫着接，接！推上电锯过的
道路如指甲推破的皮肤。
真正的你通过集体性爱进入太阳，飞向天空，寻找新大陆。
真正的你倒下，粉身碎骨，惨重地化着肉末，化
在人民暴死的风中。
真正的你在这颠倒赞赏，上舞台模拟恋歌爱情到屁股和嘴
上。真正的你摇摇欲坠，把眉毛搞成奴隶的婊子，
真正的希望在绝望背后，分享信徒们的成果，并以更高的
他们推崇。散发着魔力的《圣经》被施恩子的信仰所
售，满目的真理和真理的梦想与预言的真果，一代又
一代人用血与肉换了一次次爱情故事。
真正的信仰发明相反对，秘密召开政教局会议，商讨选择利
用最新科技成果把暴君从坟墓里请出来。真正的信仰
年之后，依然弄不清这高跷宫殿上空，灵魂再次腐烂，
分裂，迈向四个方向，真正的信仰一再被，一种血性、
一种玄妙的诗歌环绕这个世界。
城市里的世界：弗雷德、斯大林、摩根士丹、卡扎菲、金
日成、毛泽东，真正的信仰披着他们的皮肤吓唬我们，
挑逗我们的，把我们送上战争的塔顶。真正的信仰是史无
前列的巨大天窗，用剪切我们的手脚和脑袋，一个
辉煌民族的精神牵制力丧失干净了！

阳光越来越小，而烈火越来越旺。言有三宫六院、倾国倾色，
真正的信仰不自恋、同性恋、兽性恋、植物恋、阴
阳恋等。真正的信仰去风情，不得不以手指、舌头、
性、精神、身体、形建筑风浪交错工具，不得不以西药、
领带、披肩、眼镜、老姐妹代替梳妆工具
真正的性或死于酒，或死于病，或死于商。渐渐地梅毒
流行，暗娼成为改革开放的副产品，人工制造的性病
少女生设于取缔码头——射入精三百元，久经风月
的嫖客便如饥似渴地在她的肚皮上读《春宫画意》
真正的性被性盛宴的下一群女大学生的衣裳，让她们捧着
红彤的男性生殖器发射。有一个来自远东的青春喊道
—读吧！这是你的大学！你的书本！你的科学！你
的化学实验！你的课堂！你的教授和助教！读吧！
在暗室里，这咆哮的青春和笔皮！交通大学全在这
里！贫四阶级的意志！长篇的理论句子！读吧！你所有
的学会就是了解异性是怎么回事！读吧！
真正的性主张被母校开除，又想性地牺牲在一百所高师
学府的女厕竹里，胃被姑娘们的脚步踏穿，酒杯从两
脚和肛门漏出来，真正的作家一牵死狗被拖上上海巨
隆胶，成为《武汉晚报》的头条新闻
真正的性是万夏、胡冬、亚伟和马松，读复旦大学抽夏烟和
奥娜们的春汉诗篇，幻想做民间侠客，为月光下的大
脚上加如在铁壁书写，却被生活的疏热被蒸透成
——残废钢烂铁
他的因为缺乏婚姻而私奔之事，他的一边邀约一边掏耳。真的，你轻轻唱一声——不难请客容纳！可怜的簿人从此变成聋子。
叫聋子的马杰在街旁走，横穿马路，与汽车亲嘴，用一根串的香蕉击打一棵树，一下破。一个老根娘。他的聋子骨一天天叫下去，马杰随看随道随批，喝四，鬼鬼子乱哦！真正的他伶到好处抛落他一切黄汤。
真的的他吃了就睡，睡了就叫气，象一个穷困潦倒的秀才，守雇贱死也不参加劳动；真正的他到处影，吸鸦片，当财有道：与羡慕游施，于是贫穷的好橡吃路有根的车社会主义的如如的清洁和儿工钱抢购粮食。真正的他化妆成医生、护士、主任、书记和计划生育文件管理。
在她的家中，文化泛滥开去，超出了圣子的掌握。国家新闻总署官员们的手里没有计划生育的文件。战后的废旧书刊被撞倒，回收，搅成纸浆，依浆又加工成手纸，供知识分子乱涂乱画，新谈文章一再发表，一再被搅成依浆。没有底的循环照呀！读者——他们以书籍迷向大自由，用虚号、文号、书号，感叹号糟蹋大自由。而真正的你还在煎熬时制十诗，散文和诗歌，把报告和文章
搭配，意外冒出一种激动一时的文学

恍然如梦的人种，你赚够了铸模，长够了肥膘，就完全不
顾我们的死活！操纵词汇是一种乐趣，汉语象老老实
实的软头，被古今女人墨客说得烂熟。真正的你却是
一个地道的文盲，领导一个山洞的低级居民。这只有
一条裤子的衣裳至今与猿猴同供，不知道首都此在
哪个方向

真正的你未寄来一封信，却从未得到过回音，最后不得不
把自已印成地下传单寄出去。长着狗鼻子的汉学专家
主当了，他们把作毛主席去展览，手持放大镜读断
家家这دد的诗文，砍倒杨柳北岛新婚姻的言论，我
旅居了欧美各国

真正的你在文学之外，象一首失传的歌谣，欢迎在我们脑
际，却始终唱不出来。蜂击静坐亿年，望望悠悠悠悠
的云，真正的你是云与山的对话，在时间被化意拉长
的对话中，人类不过是一种语气，一次停顿

汉语在世界文学之外，翅膀在想象之外。真正的你遗弃汉
语，学习英语、日语、俄语、法语和德语，尝试与各
国人民交流，全新的语言喙头。想象的厨子把翅膀发
得净光，炖成一盆鸡汤端上现实的餐桌。
自己的作曲者知道的语调出自海关，成为超众公民，真能
一条家庭公司的经理。地上人口爆炸，天上灾星爆
炸，自己的怀抱两个世界的护照，官倒私倒，倒人
倒息，使人怀鬼胎，鬼怀人胎
漫漫无边的流浪着，流浪着……家乡在天端里，……为了近
方的车辆，自己的作卧就好去，！省火车头乱翻你的
颈子睡向月球，车身由黑白句，由重著轻，大空中传
来一声呼叫……真正的你是否被虚假的火车又拉了一
次？
走向沙漠，融入沙漠，入阶段的渴解灵魂的渴！自己的作
者弄清方程的一点断臂，清凉的源头从壁中流出。车
啊——车啊——车啊——！我们解渴的水永远在高处
我们缺水！我们需要德行、武器、政府、谎言、电台这些
止渴的形式！领导旅行，动摇，镇压和反镇压！需要
老人和儿童的血作为富延改变的借口！
真正的作为使革命者，代表人民在谈判桌上签字。我喜，
谈判，改剧危机，谈判。通货膨胀，谈判。种族歧视，
谈判。生态平衡，谈判。道德法律，杀人放火，和牵
馈虏，谈判！谈判！谈判！谈判！
入五十年前，革命通过谈判失败或成功，我们通过谈判引狼入室。当年的战术华而不实，经济封锁与百万尸骨合一，拖情少男与日本电视连续剧合一，一九三八和一九八八年，南京大屠杀与友谊宾馆合一，真正的你因为口音破门卫按于宾馆之外，眼巴巴地瞪着“冬郎”、“岗村”、“松井”搂着自己的姐妹淫邪入室，衣裳解带，樱花古乐伴人入梦，她们在外江、扬镇、松江和高桥毛料的奸污下依依“多谢贵客”。
此时三十万灵魂在抗日博物馆内惊呼鬼子进犯了，三十万座都把在我们的幻觉中旋转、狂奔、躲避，象嬉戏中的一点涟漪卷而过。

而另一种屠杀在乌托邦中央进行，
总理一倒下，人民哗然喧噪，戒严令一次次下达，
李先念的国家机器向向胆敢反抗疾病的人们子午线般的暴政终于上万地倒下，职业杀手挟持钢铁在欢
海里游泳，在僵硬的窗下放火，男大姑娘的裤子嚼
算用度数。他们不会颤抖。
这些没有心脏的机器人不会颤抖！
他们的电脑里有一个程序，一道漏洞百出的公式
代表祖国屠杀民众！代表血肉屠杀正义！代表母亲吃下孩子！
代表孩子喝下父亲！代表妻子谋害丈夫！代表市民
炸毁城市！打死！打死！向敌人、向儿童、妇女开枪！
向老人、工人、教师、摊贩开枪！扫射！扫射！
瞄准那些愤怒的脸，惊愕的脸，绝望的脸，惨笑的脸。
不会用平和的枪扫射！尽情地扫射！鲜血如泉涌
涌过来又转瞬即逝的脸多么美丽！那笑容挂在天使和
下那绝望的脸多么美丽！美丽！
把人变成怪物的美丽！
引诱人去模仿去模仿去占有去邪恶的美丽！干掉一切
美丽！干掉鲜花、森林、校园、恋爱。自己和过于清
纯的空气！干掉那些想入非非的念头！扫射！扫射！
扫射！扫射！领袖吸一次大霖。上次的肺病。
在黑暗里乱搞一次叫老婆动听！扫射！扫射！扫射！扫射！扫射！
好过瘾！打完脑袋！烧焦头皮！让浆汁流出来，灵
魂溢出来。没向上立交桥。大楼、栏杆、消防大马路！
游向天空变成星星！逃跑的星星！长着两条人腿的星
星！天地毁灭了。人类都戴着亮晶晶的帽子，亮晶晶
的朝圣。有去两年从月球里夺出来。扫射！扫射！扫
射！多好啊！人类和星星一起倒下。一起逃逸。不
出彼此。逃到云上去。逃到地缝和皮肉里去和肉
把灵魂再打一个洞！把星星再打一个洞！穿了魂的
灵魂！穿着腰带的灵魂！穿球鞋做广播体操的灵魂！
往那里飞！我们爱把你从泥土里挖出来。从海里挖下
来。从空气和水中挖起来。扫射！扫射！好过瘾！好
过瘾啊！勇者在三个世界进行。在世界。鱼腹。粮食
里进行。在无数传播电神里进行。跳吧！喊吧！飞吧！
跳吧！你越不过一道道火焰。游不过一滩滩血。好过
瘾！自由好过瘾！抽起自由好过瘾啊！和力永远在胜
利！永远会一代又一代传下去。自由也会在这反复。
一代又一代的永无熄。黎明到来之前那一丁点发亮。不
不。没有光亮。在鸟积留的中央永远没有发亮。我们
的心一团漆黑。又黑又深。家一座该日炉。一点点燃
烧起来的幻想。我们会存在的。统治我们的政府会存
在的。白昼快来了。好过瘾！好过瘾啊！刽子手还在
嚎叫！孩子。将与冰冷的孩子。手握石块的孩子。我
们回家吧。嘴唇苍白的姑娘。我们回家吧。那脑满肥
的兄弟姐妹。我们回家吧。我们又声无息地起。在第
地面上三尺高的路上走。一直朝前，总会有安息的吧
方。总会有听不见枪炮声的地方。我们要想躲进一所
草房。一片叶子。叔叔。阿姨。爷爷。奶奶。妈妈。
爸爸。家还有远方？我们没有家了。谁都想知道。又人
没有家了。家是一个温柔的温暖。让我们的魂在温暖里！
扫射吧扫射吧扫射吧！让我们死在自由。自由。幸福。
博爱。和草堂终宅的温暖里！让我们变成这样一望
无际。站在如战场。引诱更多活着的人去死！下雨了。
不知是雨又是透明的火焰。妈妈你快跑！儿子你会
跑！哥哥你快跑！弟弟你快跑！剑子哥不会求安。更
可怕的凶暴要来了。

c

我们置身于光明却人人都是瞎子
我们置身于大道却人人不会走路
我们置身于喧哗却人人都是哑巴
我们置身于焦渴却人人拒绝喝水

不论聪明的人，愚笨的人，色盲射杀太阳的人
你哭著哭，你还在哭，你哭哭哭哭哭哭哭！哭哭！哭～

你被问死，你骂死，你浑身起火！但是你哭著
你被问死，你骂死，你浑身起火！但是你哭著
你的眼球爆炸，你炸了围观的群众！但是你哭著
你是骗自己，你骗自己，你骗自己，你骗你错了，这个矮
命的时代全错了！但是你哭著
你被踩成肉饼，你哭着
肉饼被踩成肉末，你哭着
一旦狗踩光了肉末，你在狗肚子里哭着！哭哭哭着！

在这个无前例的屠杀中只有狗兔子能够幸存

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ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS: LI Yawei
莽 汉
手 段

——莽汉诗歌回顾——

1. 地平线长满我们肩向黎明的耳光

莽汉诗突然出现在它的作者面前，强烈要求作者们把它写出来，就象我们当初曾强烈要求一个随便什么样的母亲把我们生出来。要不然我们跑不掉，诗歌跑不掉。于是，一群“随便什么样的”男人和女人站了出来，他们面前摆着一个偌大的世界需要他们当机立断，他们当机立断了。于是，莽汉诗成了必不可少的，恶作剧成了必不可少的，愤怒成了命中注定的！莽汉诗这名字出现几周后，那些快速出现的怪诞的句子让作者自己也吃不准，缠绕呈链状。坐在椅子前莽汉们没法不振奋，站在女人面前，莽汉没法叫自己做男人。

“这是在制造炸弹！”他神态严肃地胡冬说了一句。

李亚伟在四川南充市与万夏碰面，万夏在人行道上朗诵了他和胡冬在成都刚出笼的《前妻，我的好老婆》等几首诗。李亚伟瞪着瞪着。胡冬时是一九八四年元月，天气极冷犹如当时诗界。“裸诗派”的长袖已卷起，几个忧心忡忡的裸诗诗人穿着单薄的单衣，而大群大群的裸诗诗人、根根裸诗人和台下和周围款款作作，作诗弹女子的，整个诗坛一片低吟浅唱（四川为袖心的“寻根诗歌”亦初露狰狞）。于是“写男人写硬汉！写轰轰隆隆的打击乐！诗人去造大敌，低吟轻弹大号吹萨克斯！”莽汉诗就是在这一口号之下以爆炸的形式四面扩散，以它前所未有的直率感、冲击感、愤怒感推动第二诗界（地下诗界），其情绪铺展发足，时大有近之誉为“莽汉”之势，短短几个月内震撼四川、波及全国，各地来征纷纷，
2. 是腰间挎着诗篇的豪客

用悲愤消灭悲哀，用撕裂破碎破碎，似乎是诗人们写作时最痛苦的事情。语言入诗“撕裂”，字字的诗中几度“破碎”，但深得诗味；诗中的破碎只是诗的表面，诗中的破碎是诗人的内心。诗人的破碎是诗人的痛苦，诗人的破碎是诗人的悲哀，诗人的破碎是诗人的悲哀。

诗的破碎是诗的痛苦，是诗的悲哀。诗中的破碎是诗人的痛苦，诗人的破碎是诗人的悲哀，诗人的破碎是诗人的悲哀。

诗的破碎是诗的痛苦，是诗的悲哀。诗中的破碎是诗人的痛苦，诗人的破碎是诗人的悲哀，诗人的破碎是诗人的悲哀。
文 论

诗歌内容一时大变。首先当然是选择“第五物入诗，也就是一首较短的抒情诗，亦体现了“三派”风格，下面是宋词《朋友们》后半段；

晚秋呈现
深秋呈现辉煌
原色背向太阳
沼泽地一滑
无奈面前生硬如铁

tt^n

在习惯了所谓诗歌节奏对“第五”性材料无能为力的情况下，国汉诗人别无选择，只能具以口语入诗。诗的口语化只是诗歌从诗之至远还俗的形式之一，国汉宣称国汉诗是打破和大肆

的打击乐。”亦即是指诗句的世俗化。口语诗容易把诗搞庸俗。目前，口语诗缘呈凶，良莠混清。也许是占了内容的便宜，国汉诗歌句子可以散密无边，但一定强调

情绪本身的节奏贯穿诗歌的始终，假诗人才放任诗行的软弱无力。现在很多口语诗那怕只有二十行，读来亦让人感到拖沓。比读上万言的选集，当然，这因因素不同而产生的时

间差感，但美诗与诗歌在阅读心理同等的情况下，时间知觉便显示了它的公正性。罗 琴 的

《咖啡馆》，二毛的《荫象》等均是百八十行，读者几乎可以一气读完仍觉兴致未尽。

诗歌其实只是语言和情绪的一次沟通。语言是诗的，制约的，我们深感压抑；诗选

择语言、改变语言，这些语言又反过来改变诗歌，我们从而又感到自由。诗人何小竹在读了

国汉诗后曾说：“国汉诗刷新了诗歌语言。”国汉诗风迄今回异于外诗坛任何流派，不能

不说国汉们已建立了一套独特的诗歌语言机制。国汉诗初期，其语言特征主要体现在直率的反

抒情、和携带者暴力意图的黑色幽默上，乃一种破坏语言的，故因而也是一类短促的语

言现象。它对那些生硬的抒情，俚语等低劣语言施以血淋残杀的过程中，一种 新 的 谐

情，理情均 带 着 价 字 性 的 叙 事 性 语 言 于 “破” 中 意 外 地 “立” 了 起 来，这 种 “叙 事 性”

（叙事性）有别于那种枯燥乏味的迄今为止我们所硬着头皮读过的绝大多数叙事诗，它荒

诞感从人物，事件或者事件存在状态的特定阶段穿透而过，且旁杂名词形容词们一路上大都

能出尽风头，丝毫不住留当初造字的意思。当然，这种语言特征从一出现就是出了它的过

渡性，至少说非主流性，诗人凡没有说故事的耐心，且用一种单一的手法写上一首诗，大

多数当代诗人都会欣然，这种叙述性语言到八五年后终于导致了大部队（然而又非 叙 事 诗

的）作品的出现，如万夏的《杂王》，李亚伟的《侠客》、《间谍江湖》，这些作品已前期

国汉风格已相去遥远。（万夏已不复把他这类作品看作国汉诗）诗人用尽可能长的句

子，在尽可能疏远的时空中，通过一系列似是而非的经历，完成各自的体验。

人对自我的认识和关切，最早也不是发明人能面对自己的形象的，大概远可追溯到宇

宙发明人有这东西时起。以后的人文主义、现实主义之类及产生在中国特殊时代背景的“朦胧

诗人们都给我们留下了几位处于不同环境的不同形象，第二次世界大战人类给自己

来了重击，人对自身对世界开始感到难以把握，美法等国文学就出现了许多“反英雄”
“非理性”人物，对现代社会的人进行现代认识。“朦胧”诗人们在中国没有人性扭曲人格
无选择，只能默默以
流是打铁匠和大鱼
搞畜俗。目前，口
无边，但一定强烈
海口语诗的创作
性而产生的时
期性。而松的
仍要兴致未尽。
们深感压抑，诗选
诗人何小竹在读了
任何流派，不能不
现在还有的反
可能是一种短暂的
，一种新的仲
处，这种“叙述性”
叙事诗，它更荒
空人们一路上大
就是出了它的过
又带上十首诗，大
而又能
则诗
这些作品离前期
尽可能长的句

慨叹可追溯到字
时代背景的“宋
大宋人类给自己
许多“反英雄”
人性扭曲人格
的戏剧之后显出了痛苦、愤怒、反思的意向。到八十年代中国诗界出现了“第三‘代’人”（
九八四至九八八）。万、夏、周、赵等前辈指“第三‘代’人”并把《第三“代”人宣言》（万夏起草），
从时间和诗群的集团性看，步诗人无疑是“第三‘代’人”的首批发起者之一。这代人当时也
“朦胧”，后来，他们在大学的食堂和校门口不停的看着自己又看着外界，情况不同了，作
为人类共存的文学艺术的现代科技在一步步地探索着前进。然而，诗歌、电影、文学以对
其民族深沉的反思，对人自身认识、对现代社会的深刻把握涌入世界文学的大潮。而在中
国，这么多我们对文学艺术干了些什么坏事，对事，我们对诗歌干了些什么下流行为？面对
美目可感的现代，中国人历来对生命幻觉成瘾，这似乎已经深入每个中国人心中（体现于诗，深透于步诗人不干从现实夹缝中，即一种悲剧性自我解脱）。
步诗人毕竟是现代社会的产物，诗人们意识必须从旧有的封闭式意识中走出，至少实现一
次变革性的心理调整，中国文化自能以更新过的生命力再度走进祖先启迪过我们的那种博
大智慧氛围，那种和谐完整的境界，曾经灿烂千秋的东方文化方能再度灿烂于人类，成为
更成熟的文明。然而，同要求变革文化心理结构的呼声此伏彼起，“继承”“继续”声
也不绝于耳，殊不知大多数“继承”的“继续”的呼声往往实现了对新诗的推陈，尤其那种偏视
的“外国的要学，传统的更要继承”之类口号，累累使人想起一个狡猾的老鬼对于长年玩弄
了的玩儿的那样可怕的执着。步诗人意识到在中国这样的国度里诗歌不仅需要勇敢，也需
要方式，所以他们干脆宣称：
我是顽固挂着诗经的豪猪。
李亚伟《蚂蚁》

然而这样“豪猪”显然深融本民族幻觉意象和现代文明的交替融合，针灸走现代生活的大
街小巷成为一种荒诞的理想主义者。步诗人初中，对自身形象的深深关切正是基于此：
冲进电影院
让银幕先生能地反过来接受我
在生活中是个什么角色什么角色
李亚伟《蚂蚁》

表现出的方法之怪诞，正好顺应其“反叛”直达彻底的境界：
我怀抱一家铁匠铺朝我冲来
周正《求爱宣言》

甚至于“带不深沉不识时务”“娶个老光头反叛皇帝的招安”“娶发生病现象发生尾巴”等。

步诗人大量写爱情的惨痛与滑稽，写人的衰老、生活领导朋友梦境艺术的暖昧情
度、性的腐败、古往今来各路英雄至相而悲壮的结局，老幼颠倒，人鬼合一，古今混乱等难
以尽述。但至少展现了人与生命的一场梁山，这场架不管打得如何，步诗人从不敢冒昧谈
起，谁又能谈得让人生相信？各种决斗、竞争、乃至当人只不过可以感到双方拳头耳光好
喊罢了！那些微小的玩笑一定有什么必须，但不一定要有结果，“我们要的是那鼻的劲儿呀！”（李亚伟《漫的夏天》）闹腾得的，没结果，就是这样能看到的真正结果。
经济学者指出，消费者在购买决策时会考虑多种因素，包括价格、品质、品牌、服务等。一项研究表明，消费者对品牌的信任度是影响其购买行为的重要因素之一。品牌通过提供高质量的产品和服务，建立良好的声誉，从而吸引和保留客户。此外，社交媒体的兴起也为品牌的传播提供了新的渠道，消费者可以通过网络了解和参与品牌的互动，增强了品牌的影响力。
出刊时我去了西昌，见于 nämlich 优、盖马、刘锋和吉木雅格，阅读了《非非》上刊论的和盘的理论文章以及“非非主义小词典”，然后背过四十本《非非》经昆明、贵阳、重庆、回到

释，三个月之后，我再次去西昌，那时“非非”已在《徳国青年报》“1986现代主义诗歌

群体大展”上占了头条，叫声嘿起，周、蓝和刘主持，多是事物的，让人感动！

问：你认为“巴哥”现代诗歌的前景如何？

答：我认为我们不可过分夸大这个群体的潜力，不要被限定在盆地写“气韵”

说。不过有一点是可以预言的，这个群体中不少人将会引人注目，将会被人们更多地讨论。

问：最后请你再回答一个问题，你为什么写诗？

答：这个问题很复杂，真正地说是不容易的。小时候我在乡下，那时乡下的风俗

是晚上送葬，我和父母把死人抬上山去埋。当我听见这“死人路过”，我就吓得不敢出门去

到河边。有一个梦我至今记得很清楚。5岁那年我发高烧，昏迷不醒，反复反复做同一个

梦，一次是梦我在一个广场，广场一片白，无边无际。我有时在飞，有时又穿越一双巨大的靴子，

怎么也走不动，仿佛空气也变稀薄起来。突然间，广场在缩小，整个空间都成了一片白色的

蛋壳，把我紧紧笼在其中。小时候我还有这样的癖好，总是在床上用各种东西搭成“房间”，

我在里面，觉得很自在。在床上，我便将被窝和枕头垒成一个“城堡”，我躺在里面，

想象出自己的世界。15岁时，我第一次认真地看落日的景象，我清晰了眼睛，写下

了第一首诗。

1987年3月9日整理

（上接下页）

流派是附带主义是圈套

莽汉诗最好不是什么流派，也不是什么主义。从出现到萎靡，它只是一种手段，最初是

破环手段。跳接手段，后来是自创手段。自造手段。现在它几乎成了一种生活方式。八六

年上半年的日刊，我常看的，该说莽汉诗，钻进自己的圈套不好玩了。二毛也常喝道： “没

人再写那种莽汉诗了，莽汉是不该依附莽汉的。” 二毛之言显然是要让诗，要“堕落”一

次，让句子更接近诗的本质。李亚伟也常承认：“写那些葬身要命的东西，把身子骨抛垮

了，这“酒”该“成”了。” 即使李亚伟再喝（肯定要喝啊），也要换一种酒或一付杯子

的，但愿如此！

越是新奇有冲击力的东西，到头来容易成为圈套。当一种诗风象泛滥成一种风气时，

严肃的诗人本应立刻斩断和这种风气的联系，自创再投入孤独之中。

而自始至终享受孤独的卓尔不群的诗人，才是最纯粹的诗人。

1988年12月
我是中国

我是很多的诗人和歌诗人——
物质诽谤里的流浪汉
被狗和贫穷不断撕破裤裆
我是科学之父、之子和45元月薪的实验员
是打铁匠的儿子
大脚农妇的女婿

我有无数发达的体魄和无数万恶的嘴脸
我名叫男人———海盗的诨名
我决不是被革命用火钳夹出来的伪诗人
我不是真诗人，我是许许多多的男人
我建设世界，建设我老婆

我是我最熟悉的朋友，是万夏是胡玉
是哈哈的秦伯母以及把我扔得老远的赤脚
是
我曾每天又忘掉的脸
是我背负的世界、过去和将来
是皇帝，是死者，主要是活人
我是某次学术报告并且被学术界鉴定
我就是一张中国地图
我就是中国
我是插在这块土地上的一根警棍
一把锄头，一双大脚或一把计算器
这块土地上的很多我，女性我，半个我
都是我以及其它的我
我是中国

硬汉们

从被我们被夏天推翻
被 昨 天
被沙发和女朋友
拒于门外
秋天携着世界颤抖一样
我们仍在外边遭受风霜
碰触墙壁，走到路
我们仍在看

笑 日
兴奋于这爱意号
我们仍在痛打白天
袭击黑夜
我们给这些不安的骸骨烧酒
这群狂奔的高脚酒杯哪
我们本就是
脚上挂着诗篇的豪猪
是一些不三不四的
流浪的沉缓
我们见过八月

dead in tree，见过
序

一九八四年春节前后，我和胡冬着手体现“硬铮铮男人的诗句”，在四十多天里，写出了大量“有根拔干臭味”的东西，随后，李亚伟、马松等一大群诗人纷纷加入“硬汉”的行列。

“硬汉”诗人们在对诗的追求上，无所谓对现实的超越与否，忽略对世界现象或本质的否定或肯定，轻视甚至反感对真的那种供思想的前言获得。诗人们唯一关心的是以诗人自身——“小”为楔子，对世界进行全面地、直接地介入。因此，诗人便把“抛弃了风雅”变成一头野猪，一头野兽。这“腰间挂着诗篇的豪猪”，认为诗就是“最灿烂的鬼想象，最顽固的认为和最不要脸的夸张”。他们甚至公开声称这些诗是中国的打铁匠和大脚农妇而演奏的滚烫的打击乐，是献给人民的礼物。

“硬汉诗”尽管有时显得幼稚、甚至不乏粗俗，但她能以一句口号下，以爆炸般的形式展现出来，并且她能以真正的风格区别当今中国诗坛上任何一种风格，这不能不算作一次艺术革新的成功。

三、四月间，我和胡冬先后宣布退出“硬汉”诗群，但这支“男人的队伍”却不断地扩大发展成为一股不可忽视的潮流，已引起了诗人们的注意。《莽汉》精选了七人的诗作为诗协《未定诗稿》的前集。

衷心地希望，这本书能够帮助我们痛快地展开“诗歌前景”的大讨论。

但愿如此

万 夏

一九八四年十二月于成都
硬汉们

打从我们被夏天推开
被昨天
被沙发和老朋友
拒于门外

秋天探视着世界，额头一样
我们仍在外边遭受风暴
碰着墙壁，走着裸路
我们仍在看
看
月
兴奋于这对扇面
我们仍在痛打白天
袭击黑夜
我们这些不安的瓶装烧酒
这群狂奔的高脚酒杯
我们本就是

腰上挂着诗篇的豪猪
是一些不三不四的
漂流的沉船

There are at least three versions of this poem. My translation is, more-or-less based on this one.
我们见过八月

雏鸟在枝头，见过

本人在镜中，赞叹着的东西
见过死亡，我们还要见，因此

接受红唇的贿赂

用骄傲的反导弹

对准天空上升的头

我们走出了亿秦姬娄山关

走出了中正水，用头

用牙齿走进生活，用武断

用气功和下流顶撞爱情之门

我们会用彼得拉克十四行向美人劈头

盖脸打去

飞，用不倒正向的进攻

劈她们的头上砸下一两个校长，主任

砸下陌生人的脸蛋

逼迫她们掏出用刀子敲得死死的爱信

我们听见她目送远行
把爸爸妈妈从读的书本上砸去
和贫穷约会，把手衣倒彼近墙
让大半莫名其秒地看我
用卑微超脱卑微
用悲愤消灭悲愤
然后骄傲地做人。

我们都是猎人而被狼圈猎
朝自己开枪，成为一条悲壮的狼
我们下流地贫穷
我们胡乱而又美丽
我们提起提不起篮子
我们都是男人。

可我们仍徘徊着
额头一样
秋天一样晃荡着
把自己远高成李白和鲁滨逊
和生活一起。我们
和诗
我们和变连手一起睡在大街中央
和胃一起难受者
和荒山一起野蛮地孤独者
野蛮地沉默着
我们这群不同籍贯的剑兔虎
这些眼镜蛇
这些昏暗的油画颜料
这些企图登陆的鲸鱼啊
我们完全知道历史就是一块坍落的桌布
生活就是上面棋与棋的格杀
就是太阳和月亮
就是黑人和白人
就是妾人和男人

我们知道我们比书本聪明可我们
只剩下了一点点勇气和
毫不后悔的决心
我们还知道
我们是多么的悲伤
是多么多么的容易坠毁阿
我们是那么的容易
被我们的名字带读
被早饭忘在床上
被翻眼扔在屋外
被亲人遗忘在梦中
仅仅是生活的雇佣兵
是自己的情敌

我们不可靠不沉沉
我们危险，是有毒素的香水
是不明飞行物
是一封来历不明的情书
一首平常人写的打油诗

我们常常怀疑自己可能就是最大的诗人
就象怀疑自己身上的各个器官
要相信自己就是伟大的诗人
就象相信自己是一个最优秀的黄种人
去一万次地抛弃
烟头
去万次地近视

来人

(1) 去和公路一起勒死大山
去和纤夫一起拉直长江
去和长江一起握住大海
去看我们宽广的世界
看历史留给我们的荒原
让我们走吧

我的男人们
因兽

李亚伟

在奔跑中感受着自由

他的血管沿山脉的走向成电弧的大河泛着不息
他的眼珠沿鸟的轨迹飞翔
他的脚被一双人类的皮靴钉在地
他的脑子每天发生战争，输赢成败浮云

崩塌升腾

他的皮他的肝要被卷入市场作阳光下最
冷清的潮湿
他的杂碎被贪婪的双手纷纷抢购
他的心被吞噬被切成块状为一无是处的人
情不自禁的物
而他的身躯需要一颗柔软的心啊他脑海
自己走进医院
犹如一场战斗被猛烈的拳击
被一双手死死按上病床

被无语地钉印公章

他终于奔驰

在奔跑中感受着自由

他朝向巨石和深洞朝向大口大口呼吸着
狂飙的森林
朝向逃往的家园和迷恋的原野
他四肢着地奔跑用皮毛代替衣服的裸著
一路上丢盔弃甲，愿望被女人性爱情

他固执地抛弃了历史记忆和想象和语言
他拉长出剪刀长出锋利
他的身后是一片呼啦啦的猎人的枪声
他的双脚原在脖子上耷拉在脚下作奔逃
中对生命的垂钓

他的皮毛是廉价的他的生命亦不能因他
肉汁而垂注于人类的哀求
他的愿望是反愿望是单薄的他的幸福是
强韧的他懂得牺牲他懂得爱

射的或他灰色的皮毛他暗淡的商标
然而他会不再改穿身份

他不会想杂乱的问题，狗眼若 auditing
者去吃着饭上帝吃着云

他只想对著天空长啸他因此产生了唯一的
冲动：奔跑

他奔跑在奔跑中感受着生命感受着自由

他成一条黑色的大自然的一道眼光竟使
地掠过原野
他的身后阳光的箭束射向森林黑夜飞离

大路

丧钟的丧钟在无双的边疆

终于他站立在救命的地点
猎人如光快来下枪弹如光熄灭了希冀的
生命
他从城市的顶点向下望
他感到痛如一匹野兽的呼吸践踏着他
他希望这楼梯深入地下深入到远古深入
他的未来
（所有奔跑的生物是知道终点的，在出发前他们已经抬头仰望过那儿）
他仍感到他是奔跑在森林
他的皮毛紧绷刺痛而过，身后是一片咔
喀喀的枪栓声
他在奔跑中重新找到了勇气
他在奔跑中用带血的嘴唇呼吸自由，呼
呼着为自己的获得幸福不已
他希望这楼梯能把他带往终点
他相信痛苦和幸福会恰当地在每一级楼
梯上发生
（作者简介：李亚伟，男，23岁，四川蓬安
中学语文教师，曾在《五典诗》、《星星》、
《诗刊》等刊发表作品）
中文系

中文系是一条激流澎湃的大河
波澜壮阔，一个教授和一群讲师正在撰
写

同住的鱼儿
上岸鱼当助教，然后
当同住的鱼的导师然后
再去撰

妻吃透《野草》《花边》的人
把鲁迅停进银行，吃利息

当一个大诗人白头化为小诗人

写王维写过的那块石头
劳顿鱼或瘦白鱼在期末通讯中

快一记考时的耳光飞黄出门外
现在连爱我们的人也只喝啤酒了
我的诗句正停在河边向着古代
是这啊

与古人交朋友最好是能找到共同爱好。李亚伟与陶渊明是以酒结为知己的。但陶渊明不会知道李亚伟是用自己的诗来换面条的。
《中国现代诗选精编》1986-1988
徐健龙主编，同济大学出版社，上海，1988
四川 李亚伟（四首）

世界拥挤

秋天太窄了，人站不住脚
总被什么东西往外挤
站在码头看别人从船上走下
旋即插进人群
看石梯不动声色
一下插入水里暗藏
某种出路

码头挤在秋天
一行大厦被天空挤出去
回家途中
人被自己的想象挤到一边
整个下午只得孤零零
活在一片远景里

酒店

献给和我一起饮酒的朋友，献给爱人

我用脚踢遍了所有酒家的门很多年了
我一直想敲进你的掌心老板

我想跟你发生不可分割的关系
李亚伟诗辑

我对诗的一些看法

严肃一些。李亚伟说，酒是一包药；李亚伟说应该把诗的句子全拆下来，放到一座岛上。李亚伟说电影演员应该全部来写诗，画家全部来作曲。李亚伟要求世界各地迅速建立中程和远程烤箱、啤酒发射基地，李亚伟说他打算为此工作几年。

随便一些。李亚伟说，写诗是一种活法，写什么样的诗是一种说法，写什么主义什么流派的诗是一种空话。

对诗的说法太多，想法太多，要求太多，诗就会让他失望，诗就会显得什么也不是。其实，诗可能是什么都不是。

我越来越怀疑我的诗就是小说，或其它别的。比如物件，一首诗写成之后放下去就应该是一匹飞猪，编起来是一首短篇，扔上天就是一朵吊儿郎当的云，弄进黑夜里就是一头失恋的鬼，赶进草原就是一条跑步而来的鱼。我有时相信我的诗纯粹就是行为，就是打架，就是调皮，就是回去下崽子，追上前去恨，就是买；吃；喝；闲；生；离；死。是，是 sliders 逃避是阴影是散步。总之，这些行为被人用诗的方式编出来，大家尝尝味道好，诗人或不写诗的诗人就常常这样方法一代接一代地编了下去。我相信诗人不过就是选择了写诗的这种活法。

酒之路第一首

岛

今夜，雪山朝一马蹄靠谱，牛蹄牢靠。
今夜，草原靠在小镇前面，海靠在岛前面。诗人停在酒中。
今夜，马遇到草原就口渴。
酒遇到一般事物就立即变苦！

今夜和你，闪电和鬼，风和身骨，让房门大开！

面对一场浩大的噩梦，我们不在乎吻着的唇。草原上风和日丽。
春天长满群众。路上长满人。石头上长满山。
风把草原吹过去。地主从盆地跑过来。
时间跑去。人跑去。一声破响，就爆发了土地革命。

拖拉机前开。一路上劳动人民。
云蔽下塞。鸟朝外游。风搡着身体。天越长越高。
人越跑越快活。
问题越想越越逃！

今夜和你，乌背和星光。街上走过一个翻身的青年。一个懂我的
人在比你更远的地方人睡。我的嘴唇正为他奔丧去年的故事。

去年的故事属于去年的方言。花朵属于点钟。
你在梦里紧紧地做女人。花在鸟的背上。鸟在云的左边。云
在海的上空飘过。
去年的意图乃秋收后对粮食的误解。吃是虚下去的借口。演员是观
众的皮肤。草跑来跑去地吸收水分。
去年，我从床上滚下来去找职业和爱人。
去年，我的脸在笑容的左边。牧民在马上。孩子在马齿中。手在事物
里。朋友在岛上。

从岛到草原。从贝壳到饥劳。
秋天投着云。云摇着枫树。枫着摇着红色。
那些红点从一棵树向另一棵树。从一种事物向另一种事物。
从你向我。从个人向集体。今夜
我和你。两个人。从去年到今年。

快车填塞着所有情节。终致一团乱麻。破坏了所有终点。
脸是这表情。羽毛是这羽毛。

今年的故事是你经验之外的东西。花就是花。
从字到人。从鱼到鸟。我为此做了手脚。
你也在我经验之外，大做其它事物的手脚。
活得象另一个人。另一个字，另一朵花，陌生而又美丽。另一条鱼，一座新发现的岛。

今年的秋天是对往事的收获。路子简单。动作快。手即快。拖拉机
在大树下。胡豆在麦子的旁边。牛在羊的旁边。老二在老大的后
面。人民翻身做了主人。
从小路到雪山，从马到人，两次机会，一种味道，玉米和酒。男人和女子，风和马和牛。
从出门到回家，从观众到演员，从头到脚，两个方向，一种浩渺。

从去年到今年，从脸到表情。
秋夜对着天空，小星对着月亮，月亮对着人。
睡眠只是过场，醉酒已不能说明问题，淡酒也不再说。
一个人物是千变万化，一个字是与外界的遭遇，一个月亮是--
悄悄割童年的镰刀，飘过去的云是纬带。

今夜和你，星星的马蹄踏踏天空而去。
今夜和你，黑夜和云和歌飘飘忽忽。
睡不准的眠，回家而又睡不着门。
一个男人咬着烟斗，看今夜怎么才能破晓。

今夜，雪山的下面。草原的上面。风的背上。那家。那人。那面孔。
树叶木村发展。钟表静夜滚去。那小屋。那人。那手。

一场未头的爱情，曾在走过我们的眼。
一首诗。一个女人。一次机会。
一杯酒。一盏小夜。一次男人。
声音把句子从字里面拆出来。
语言把内容从心头提过。
往事把颜色从市里面抽出来。
不崇高，
不冷峻，
也不幽默。

今夜，酒杯和水桌。眼一点不眨。
今夜。神仙和云。山一点不高。
水也不深。
人似曾相识。

今夜。一次机会，两种感觉。
贝壳和猛虎，
鱼和花。

今夜。一次机会，两种可能。
我和你，
岛和草原。
酒之路第二首

陆　　地

远方是一个洞。洞中是另一片大陆。

山洞微向地叫着从一座山向另一座山走去。最好的洞是连着的洞，飘动着的洞，白天是夜晚的一个洞。洞中，我们由此看见地球，夜晚是白天的陷阱，我们由此掉进尘世。醉海说，上下四方曰宇，古往今来曰宙。

走去的你，走过去日我。上男下女。男左女右。重男轻女。有一天，你叫做我。把，我叫做你。然后大家开始走向。男走过去，女走过来。你左我右，陆地上。我们寻着唯一的机会朝远方走去。

亚洲东海岸，祖父反对双手卷面，东方在去东方的半路上停下。你的祖父挺直而又近视。怀中放着略子，你由祖父面前走过。祖父在怀中放着略子，抱江河的径脉远去。似乎天理，顺其自然。游刃有余。你不出门外面就没有路。路正作为另一种东西而修路工

远方搁浅在地平线上。你以眺望的方式到达那里。

活着的痛感将消逝在视野之外，远方就是所有事物的边缘。岸。门。背影。欲望。婚姻。嘴角。手指。墓碑。远方是所有方向。我推动山峰寻找原点，你推动河来寻找水原。每次到达都是半途而废。你在远的半路上正好遇到骑马而归的你，你在流浪途中回头看着你的诗句在一群女学生的嘈杂之中回到四川。

远方被早晨傍晚扛来扛去，越扛越远。

从今天到昨天，从今年到去年。

一阵耳光打在你的脸，你的鼻子上，台上，你对一个人说，打架吧，咱们都有手，咱们是一场构造。咱们是钢笔写出来的男人，是邮印的丈夫。

去年，你是一个被时间用旧了的男人，风流而无韵事，疲惫地站在河边。你的头顶上拿着远离祖国的伞，你的身边飘过没有爱情的风。你看着你那遮住我走来，你说，我是一个悲剧人物，现在我要登台。

雷声轰击着歌剧。闪电抽打着角色。悲剧的高潮在你出场前已平伏。悲剧的高潮等不了主角就发生了。身处其中的平庸之辈，我们把舞台往后推一下就承认了他。
你被固定在一个角色的位置上。
远方被卡在远方动也动不得。

日晒雨淋，春来秋往，远方长出根，结而生子。一切还原为初次，伯罗奔尼撒、雅典斯巴达被一只盎子淹没。你走出来，我走进去，少年长发，老年低矮。战士去而不同，哲人未去先回，王后是不生育，诗人五里一徘徊。而你，不会不同，未流浪而流浪，根根钉在流浪途中一动不动，头望无立岸边。

远方一伸一缩。这是到达的一种方式。

你这一生将象一段行曲轻轻浮出水面。然后呼喊下去，然后被青年们舒服地欣赏，远方是从远处走上来的，老头是从青年里面走出来的。老头一路上暖暖烘烘，远方在跟在远方的路边跌了一跤。

一九八四年那一年才够厉害那就是怎么啦怎么啦那天空怎么啦你怎么啦我他妈到底怎么啦刚才怎么

啊用碎头暴跳楼自杀你又把我怎么啦不骂透心又怎么啦不做好人不做好事做件东西怎么啦怎么怎么把头

向地球去拼命啦老子得一天不混一天混半天你又把我怎么啦我怎么样你怎么又怎么啦你算老几我活在世上

又算老几我们都不怎么却要干倒诗和艺术干倒爬犁干倒女朋友这又怎么干不来又怎么把自己藏起来

下干倒又怎么啦女朋友今天一点也不漂亮她我什么事儿啦怎么啦怎么啦我什么事也几个到底怎么啦

远方在远方大喊一声“哎哟”。

两千多年前一个叙利亚木匠正
起造地球，为今天布置远景。
地球在夜空流浪，陆地望北
挤去，各国在人民心中鼓足。开
垦土地，发动战争。北斗星分散
海水的注意力。穿过巴拿马运河
水手又露下_decor_华，民族去而复
还，航海者转弯地球找地平
线。航空者提起地球证实此
乃无根之物，远方朝远处过去，
资本主义迅速向非洲扑去，一次
猎物的经历向你嘴上扑来。

海浪爬过大海直逼一九八七年
四月某日中午武汉大学某女生的
梦境。一片片森林离开根须
出走，永无归宿地朝我们的
家门而去。在我们家门前，那
时地球上没有陆地。昼夜也不
分明……

两千多年后一只脚在河边等待
另一只脚，为今天布置远景。
地球去而复又回到你的脚下。

轮到这日子，漂流的创痛在脸上
结成硕果，你走出来，成熟而又时
髦，一个过去和今后你都讨
厌的人物，只能站在今天。浑
身的上吊幼儿。浑身的撒旦幼儿。
你和今天相互占有，彼此成为
对方的造物，近处朝远方合去。

新秀脱颖而出，诗句于文字中
涌现。拳头从手掌握中逃出。
边缘从内部冲出，直逼很
远的原始山洞。那时中罗
已突破国防开支1%。欧共七
国首脑会议于威尼斯如期召开。
卡扎菲在原始监狱上说阿拉伯
国家应该拥有自己的原
子弹……
远方走过来喘着粗气，就你妈近得要命。

这样我每次走出幻影都明白各自时遇见了你。你还是住老地方。那片辽阔的地上。黑夜里做了一只叫白昼的陷阱。让你在几万只脚下。这陷阱上铺满工作，职业，爱情，房居。铺满文字，符号，动物。白昼反过来做了一只叫黑夜的陷阱。铺上星星，孤独，荒原，铺满迷惑，错误，痛苦。你翻来复去地在这两只陷阱中，洞中数亿年，世上才几天。你乐在其中。

那长满食物的陆地哺育你饥饿你
那长满女人的陆地用每一纤细爱你恨你忧伤你
那长满石头结满雨水结满机器结满警察结满书本挂
满国满省的陆地错误你痛苦你丰富你充满你倾斜
你高你矮你使你不停地死去活下去
你很聪明

陆地上海到处都是兵和星星和国境线!
国境线上到处是枪和武器和教堂和祖国!
每一个祖国都长着一棵金色的大树!
满树挂著历史和文学!
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杨黎诗辑

之后

我之所以推崇诗歌，是因我与诗歌一样经历了一场从无到有的深刻变化。我之所以将诗歌放在具有宗教意义的位置上，是因为诗歌于我一道正进行着一次单人所闻的背弃。而得到欣喜的是，我与诗歌，正处在在一个世纪与另一个世纪的交界处。

当我接近诗歌之后，其实，我再无法理解先前我曾所获的文字的意义。我之所以必定在我内心深处的，是这些先于思想而又超于思想的声音，以及你此刻在读我文字所拥有的那种舒展的节奏。我与诗歌，就在这样的感觉下，令我分崩。

当我接近诗歌之后，其实，我再无法拒绝那些先于思想所设定的声音。我身边在这些直线与横线的交织之外，去寻找深深在我就的宁静。我开始明白，语言，在这里意味着什么。那层面的手，遇冷而又亲切。语言和诗歌，共同拥有上帝，也即神而又亲切。

之后

我想成为这样一个诗人，既说不出话来又说不出话，当嘴一张开，许许多多声音是星星撞倒而至。走在路上时，脚步的感觉与众不同。当然，我也愿作诗，成为一种有声音的哭泣，被别人听见。
鸟

她属于蓝色，而蓝色是一种距离。
她有翅膀却没有羽毛。她飞翔而没有眼睛。
她想念而不记忆。她歌唱而不文化。

她属于一种形式，因此她飞翔。
她属于一种方法，因此她解决了自身。
她属于她之外的东西，因此她无法可依。
她无话可说，因为她已被语言取代。
她充耳不闻，因为她已被声音遮蔽。
她一无所有，因为她已被事物遮住。鸟反倒成了她。

而她成了一种方向，岛屿成了天空的洞穴。唐朝和美国相依为邻，
冬天和左手相去不远。
她成了一种境界，一个虚词。逃逃着人为的奇迹。
她成了一种语气。语气成了月亮，月亮成了旅途。而旅途正被无迹
和尽头关照。
她成了一种葛藤，长在飞行的动作中无法成为鸟；
她成了一个声音，发生在旋律里而无法成为提琴。
她在唱生命中的绝唱，套路中抽出来的是是剑。
她在一首诗的反复吟唱中句句都没有字，
她属于蓝色，而蓝色是一种距离

三月

它是一种颜色向另一种颜色过渡。在三月
雪覆盖了乳名，卵石和海峡，看来成熟在雪圆成了可能。
鱼儿在石头上摇摆小鳍。
被花朵和颜色向三月聚拢，鸟儿随风而去。万物或行或飞均随
为之。
人类拒绝写诗。

但是鸟儿，如今你要飞越秦山了
你鸟栖低巢，白帆正披海远去
在三月，它是一种底就
是对人或鱼的另一种估计
如今你正穿越酒、书法和剑
你瘦的瓜搭在一句话上
这句话在一首诗里
你年龄的翅膀一遇到我就自然成蛹
因此这首诗一旦写完你就将从视野中消逝
这首歌诗一旦写完你就到了另一个地方

三月是海拨最低的季节
三月，鱼目看见了孤雁，鱼目看见了文字
在三月，平原上站满了目所能及的东西：

1. 花
2. 韵和柱
3. 子

爱爱，云和雾，鸟儿，落儿。

羽毛，白鸽，米米，月亮与河流。

三月，填子泥瓶自渔翁带酒，挥酒归来。
但是鸟儿，在你所有的去和来中，你要记住
因为是为了宁静。
又是因为面对了语言。

机

一九八八年四月二十日，花开得突然。山脉走向盲目。
红色成为
蓝色在音乐成为惊讶之光。成了鲜血流动的动脉。成了
因古老句式而紧踏在地的你。
你从此不喝酒，不抽烟，不打架，因为看眼一活下去。
这一天，你站在这儿，打掉胎的鸟儿成了云。
你被禁止高处，意义从此飘浮不定。
你用歌简单，海洋是一句话。
你得视岛屿，岛屿是一种香味。
你是语言的，语言是被一个歌者，掌握足指风的动作，岸满足着。
河的图。天边静静驶来一艘仇恨的船。

船在海里过去，成为一种"船"。

船讨厌那条岸，因此都成为白色。

白色在四川成了影子，成了孤云野鹤，因此影子就是鸟。

人是人之外的一些动作，语言是思维之外的一些声音，

行动成了重庆和成都之间的一辆汽车。

汽车就是汽车。

流浪是一种器官，

鼻子是一种散步，

眼睛是一种文化，

酒是胸膛。

要这是甲板。一九八八年四月二十日。想好岸美。天远鸟黑。语言

仍然流利。

季节逐渐转变，你一遇现实就翻船惊鸿。

酒

我在一百座城市里饮酒觅，孤鸿。

我从十岁开始到如今都沉醉知酒，凤凰。

这辈子没见过你，你会怪我酒后无能。

你知道我的蓝天就是酒店，我的鼻子是山峰，头发是云。

爱在我毫无把握的头顶盘旋。
我把放在我旁的风筝都木了
我从高处的楼顶里走出来。妻子，旧时你们曾来到我的堂前
五个春天我又如风乱飞了一夜。我从不穿，我从不偷。
如今你们已飞到教师和医生的家中
经历取代了我，我取代了战场和庙宇和常识。鸢啊
对一只从未见过的飞行物，我动了真感情
我的翅膀因为我失望而失去了它的高度
越飞越低。穿过浅草，与植物同生死
在低处我只能看到鸟们互相撞击、拉对方脖子
鸟们用无尽无尽的身体引诱子弹
鸟们以教师的姿态站在平线上
我由天而飞，由云而飞，由光而影
最后回到了酒桌边
飞啊，现在我已看不见翱翔

鸟啊，如今你要飞越秦山了
你瘦小的翅膀在一句话上

这句话曾被一个人说出
你如远古黄金一样，如玉一样，如卵石，如珍珠
在岁月之中因时间已遥远你又突然
鸟儿啊，你知道

※年少时代曾有十二个朋友，把你们叫“蛋”。鸟时，一人
在医药学校读，另一人在医学学院。
这世界不过是一篇宣言

那人因一种形式与你发生了关系

因为语言，因为沉默、节奏

那人因文字与你偶合为诗

他悬挂在一条河上，任动作和词语狼狈为奸

他穿过不可靠的章节进入你的心中

鸟儿，文字使你丧失了所有言语

你有了眼泪，洁白如玉

你有了嘴唇，鲜血如炽

你有了欲望，纠缠如麻

你有了哀怨，缠绵如丝

你有了新的文体，且已倾向于散文

你曾扔掉翅膀而走，纵身于书本和十八岁

鸟儿啊，那年，你那几根毛长得恰到好处

歌

那年，一个王子在河里饮水，王国正随落日消逝

历史被平原引向了尽头

将因为静谧而替其粉红的花朵发出叫声

女人们因为悲哀动人而飞了起来

男人们因为愉快而长高如星星

鸟儿从故乡是好风，好雨，完成了飞翔
时间达到了河的对岸

整个希望都飘满一朵云

从白天到沉默
从夜晚到女人
从世界到目标
从天空到月
天地之交界
来去之嘶嘶

那年的事在那年永远发生下去
平原的松在黄昏下，村庄露出乳房
我轻呼着你的名字使暗三月在树枝上变得清脆欲滴
我看着你从而使所有事物成为水长流发生坠落
那年一颗树跑到河边就发出了啼叫，所有的事物也发出了语言
声音明亮若阳光:
鸟飞行在羽毛里
花飞行在枝头上
人飞行在体内
天飞行在物外
有一个地方有一首诗
有一个地方有一个想法
天地之间
1982年五月4日
第三届《作家》奖

获奖者的话

李亚伟

《作家》鼓励文艺创新已为众所周知，它的先锋性完全是其文学态度的严肃性的产物。因此，我以为每个获此奖的作者都不能不以此为荣，从反面，这可能是有罪于她与那些优秀编辑们最为审查的审美大提不拘泥的逻辑。

但面对一种好批评，尽管它是公正的，不安之情也会在作者心中出现。我常常感到，在文学的路上我被评委和诗歌开了，最得意的作品付诸文字后就变得不复复，所以，一个诗人把语言进行脱胎的斗争是天然的。我在一切方面，比如他所掌握的才气，我从一九八一年开始诗歌写作，几年后我终于发现，我已习惯了手稿，不破坏语言我就不在这个世界上说话不习惯。我对工业、科学、城市等从不作诗篇上的尝试，如果这些东西有错的话，那只是因为在我之外发生或出现了什么，否则，只不过是在文化背景上不甘寂寞的徘徊。因为这种文化是命题和现代语言一样，只不过是我发展目前这个环节上的东西。人类正在飞速发展，下一个环节，这些东西可能荡然无存，就象人类当初抛弃山洞、石器和身上的野毛进入文明和城市一样。人类

今后也会抛弃现存的科学、符号、体系而进入另一种生存空间。幸好，诗歌中我获得了不朽的精神!尽管我的诗仍是用现有的汉字组成，是对病、病患者、病患者的轻视，是对我精神地回忆和简单地抽离，这与其说是我对自己的才气过于自负，不如说诗使我领悟到生命重要的光芒，从而使我埋头于人类最后的外在形式——身体的香味中做梦，并且企望在诗歌的最后敌人和最后形式——语言上轻轻地飞起来。

1989.4.26

王小妮

我知道，获奖这事真正高兴和当一回事的是两个人，我爸爸和我妈妈。我亲眼看见他们忙碌着，刚刚认识他们那时候，他们才是我现在这年龄。

现在，当他们日渐空旷的目光中，能再次看到“安慰”了。

其余的人一律不以为然，这是很正常的。
飞行

鸽片的翅膀越过大海完成了最后的侦察
心中最小的黑点盘旋在乙醚的上空
人们已经停止了收割
麦子无尽的心脏在田野中跳跃地朝着天空
惊悸的回忆在天黑后针对了个人

那去得最远的依然是我
骑马跨过大河，飘在干旱的风中
并在墨斗下从一张纸片上穿过，带走了文字和学校
最后把手势放在路的尽头

我已目空一切，用眼光结束了北方的岁月
在眼皮的小楼窗口，朝没夜浮动着巨大的瞳仁
在星空下越过大草原，发出往事的回想
因为火车穿过眼睛它就开出了最后的车站
在一种香气里运输着节奏。汽笛在花朵里鸣响
所有乘客是你无缘无故的泪滴，在座号上涌向南方

这列火车已无法停下，因为除了哨声它什么都没有
它在容器上开过，它纯粹就是一朵花的开放
一个女人从地里升起，长大后到了天上。
她知道默哀是死，在天黑前要守住你我回忆
我已经看穿了自己，得以自由送出去。
因为皮肤也只是人的一种气质。
说如南方在你我都不是一个位置，而只是一个声音。

现在星球越来越远，我骑马上它的星球
一个女子正经过她的美丽的年龄，并停下来想我。
美丽的女子是从一个地方到另一个地方去的颜色
在十八岁燃烧起彩虹，她就超过了香气。
这样，我就只有从天下下来爱她。

而超过鸽子速度的鸽子，它就风了花鸽子
在空气之外穿过微妙看到了前面的天空太蓝
因为海水正在起飞，升上了天空。
这时我就放弃了自己，就好象左手放了左手，而握住了
了魂魄。
抱着宽大无比的皮肤在天空沐浴
又被风吹折叠起来，装订着平行的海浪。
这时海浪也放弃了自己，把太平洋蔚蓝沙滩上洗去
在天空形成了童年的雀斑。

这时鱼也放弃了自己，形成了海洋的核。

那些爱我的人，他们是一些翅膀
因为想象如同花朵，而开放则是一个地方去另一个地方
那些回忆我的人
天然后在翅膀上翻飞或落在了岛上
那些等我的人实际上超过阅读
因为在每个字上光一下落也就形成了邂逅
这样的坠马纯粹是美丽的下场。
如同花朵的开放，它纯粹是香气扇开了翅膀

在你的来处，地等的眼光转动着深沉的瞳仁
说明水不能自己藏住，5 5°也不能淹没5 7°
酒只是一种飞行物
但你不能低头注视下面，这无异于刻苦读书
激流一页一页翻开大海
一片一片的帆从海风翻涌到海角

到了对岸，就不会死去
你想着天上的事情，只须想到云的高度
你就等于骑在云上走
它比一页一页翻开的书页把你送得更远
骑马的事可能在字里行间发生
因为低头注视下面，就可能形成文字
但不紧要，你目不识丁，想死也不容易

那去得最近的依然是我
因为飞翔放弃了电线的纠缠之后就变得很香
一如在秋季的农田里麦子们回到了天上
长年凌迟在马的笼式里，如风的长发牵着白色的云
一如骑着褐色的翅膀驾御着黄道的大风把黄土高处收割
人们观看到收获的前景

方去另一个地方

一九八九年四月于湖北
我们

我们的骆驼变形，队伍变动
数来数去，我们还是打架的人
穿过沙漠和深水，去学文化
我们被暴录反映到海边
长像一般，易于忘记和接受
我们被感情淹没，如今从矛盾中解决出来
幸福，关心着目的，结成伙伴
坐着马车逃去

我们是年龄的花，纠结成团
彼此学习和混乱
顺着藤子伸伸，被多次领导
成为群众和过客人
在沙漠上消逝，又在海边折射出来
三年前，我们摇头又点头
乘船而来，问短生死，探讨哲学
分别破付
我们把握了要点，穿过雪山和恒河
到了别人的家园

我们从海而来，一定要解决房事
我们从沙漠来，一定要解决吃穿
我们从两个方向来，入境问禁，开门请放
穿过了冬天和冰块，进入皮肤的纤维
我们从劳动和收获的两个方面来
我们从花和果实的两个方面来
通过自己，成为人民
我们的努力被反射到月上，
我们的光辉被映到书中
成为现实，形成逻辑
互相替代，互相灌溉出来
一直往前走，形成逻辑
我们总结探索，向另一个方向发展
渡过小河，泥泞，上了大路
我们胸有成竹，离远万里

我们从吃喝穿的两个方向来到城市
我们从快乐和坏的两个方面来到街上
伶俐，消瘦，见面就喝喝酒
相见恨晚，被婚烟到结成团
又被迫各分开
三年后，我们彼此而知新，投身爱情
在新处消逝，又在旧中恳求
三年后，我们百谈平均每，走在知识的前面
便街道相拆，定义发生变化
想来想去，我们多了起来，我们少下去

我们从一和二的两个方面来，带着诗集和匕首
我们一见面就爱便曾说掉一个
穿过空城，被幻影到海边
永远没有回来
我们从两个方面来
在学习中研究，在年少时出
努力，自强而又方气理
频频探讨学问和生育，以卵击石

我们从两个方面来
交流心情，互相认识
我们从两个方面来
在交流中消逝，成为珍珠
成为她的花手帕，又大步流星，走在丈夫的前面
被她初恋和回忆
车永马龙，完剑。我们以貌取人

我们从表上来
在生活和经验中，我们经历了不同的编织
我们投身缔造，形成花纹。抬头没有爱情
穿行在青色的衣服投身革命，又遇到了领袖
我们流浪，越过边界，又飘回一个
我们即便走在街上
也是被岁月淘汰的，没有虚实
数来数去，都是想念中的人物
在外面行走，又刚好符合内心

1982.9 湖北 武当山
ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS: ZHOU LUNYOU
朋友，我们的小船
刚开始荡漾

朋友，我们的小船刚开始荡漾，
我们的小船在雨中航行，
或许，它会在原地转上一个小圆，
但是，我们已开始了漫长的旅程。

“唉，这试划的时间怎么这样长？
这是，我已等过一叶无比飞快的白帆。”

“是的，我们的路已在梦中暗淡，
可每一程，终将属于迎着现实奋力的我们。”

“小船在哪里——可有花香和鸟啼？
这里，还能时时看到波光与沙滩。”

“何须问呢，我们的理想和春天在一起，
歌声，为了每一个人，也为了你自己。”

看，我们的小船正在前驶，
太阳正为黎明送去梦幻的外衣，
听，我们的小船正在前驶，
波花正轻轻地唱在你的、我的心里。
我是一只蜜蜂
从东方传来的画面里飞来，在四季中辗转
我采过路上的每一个季节，恐怕还没 sampling
从花香与花香的交错中
带著清香中
采来一缕芬芳
我从月亮一样圆的月饼
和月饼一样圆的月亮中
采来一个圆圆的祝愿。 我从花香与花香的交错中
我从花香与花香的交错中
采来一个圆圆的祝愿。
我带着这么多的故事和传说。
再采一点花粉
去酿一个七色的春天

M.Davies
狼谷

——组诗之三

白狼

那只白狼跳着弧步舞在屋脊上
长啸总离不开那长长的尾巴
乘着一个罩语似在提醒我什么
似在暗示我什么头发留不
住羊群秃顶的牧场不长一棵
草但它还是那样盯住我盯著
你有过这样一个夜晚吗？顺着雪
花落花或是月光似的白色进入
你最初的意识想看清不是
昨天不是去年还要早还要更
早想这样一个夜晚你在你
喜欢的一个地方是一个孩子
那是一间屋子昏暗遥远的我看
见那只白狼隔着天花板咬我
一口远远的隔着一堵厚厚的
墙咬痛了我每一个字都来咬
我每句话都来咬我煽动我
的影子也来咬我留下了齿痕
你再想想那夜晚看见了什么雪
白的墙浮动起来四壁里白雾
起你的摇篮如船想象你是一
个婴儿含着母乳在你睁开眼
的那一瞬间你看见了什么现

在你推开那一道门你走进去
灯光击到我她马头的屋顶晃动
着一种忧郁一种美丽的形状
那支白狼是从海上走来的是
上岸整个世界开始晃动成一
种软软的固体摇篮不是被那
双手推动的妈妈不在我身边
现在请你用手轻轻提起海的皮
肤下面的那只动物不会咬你
那双头动物决不会咬你母亲
亲今晚也是被它吞噬的现在
请你试着用手把那个头分
开不要说你看见了谁的笑脸
屋脊上弧步舞着那支白狼走
远了长长的尾巴一寸一寸断
在风中变成一只只峰鸟飞上
飞下一直谷吻种植在泛着蓝
光的湖泊中央有谁去收获那
些忠诚的风铃呢那些甜美的
灯彩就要发芽了走出那片沼
泽就要发芽了走出那片沼泽

我的新月

我的新月升起来了不是上升于游牧的穹刀
沙漠没有水因死般芊蔚的波涛挥舞鹧鸪
海岸线射出一座座岛屿浮沉 任 他 去
少女的腹部使感觉富有弹性。
乡野的手弥漫开来，缓缓托起破碎的岛屿。我竭力回忆着，总记不起那淡忘了的。
我被交给一位占卦的盲人。
他给我两块龟板，道，这是你的过去。便不再说话了。
我拿起第一块龟板。
半明半暗的光线上，龟甲的裂纹显示出一个古怪的图象。
我是一只鸟吗？我是一只鱼吗？
记忆是从远的嘴上开始的，
记忆是从分叉的鼻上开始的，
记忆是从一条原始的尾巴根上开始的。
当第二块龟甲的裂纹显示出又一个古怪的图象
淡的时候，记起晶体关头的时候。龟背上陌生的精
转过脸去，一只文身的狮子在伤口上徘徊。

第七日。这是受难的日子。
石阶的尾巴摆动。久已遗忘的时间，如冬眠的蛇，一寸寸苏醒，又断裂。地平线汹涌着。一只手抚摸地道打者滚热的石块。

裂

开来

回声在一个球体上消失了。第—声赞叹使她的意识渐渐清澈。四时晓解我。窗户打开使我成为内外。我的周围有未及的景深。

森林里的风把古老的语言给我，那是人与兽之间的语言，每一个音节都在石缝与火堆的痕迹。一座座废墟在我嘴里站起来又跌倒象征另一种苦难。

这是我尊敬的馈赠。

树林腐烂了，枝叶依然新鲜，且要开花，且要结果。站着，用微笑向行道者表示感激。

我的眼里有沙，舌尖上有火。温柔敬意，皮肤从树上一圈圈滑开，再也收不回了，无根的漂泊从此开始。

简单的洗礼，使我生了—个便于退缩的名字。

C

想起来了。

那只九条尾巴的白狐我确确实实被我碰见过。它在我面前站定，然后跳起一种很古怪的鬼步舞。缠绕白狐／九尾狐／我叫茶／宾主为王。那首古歌的预言没有实现。没有人给我画图，没有人赐我玉简。我的气质却因此而起了变化，我有了—种不同常人的感觉。

采下瑶姬的叶子细细的唱着，涂山的女儿开始对我笑了。

D

我毕竟获得—种形式。

让内容消失，整个世界只剩下神的抽象。

我却具体的活着。

那只手修改着我，如挥舞一种文体。锋利的笔触使我越来越消瘦，每一下笔，都使我敏感的神经紧张。

具体的活着，通过生体验死。这体验又在死去。我，不过是死的形式。

从这一天开始，我的诞辰便是我的祭日。

时间如阳性的盐，舔食着我的肉体，咸味却在我嘴里。偶然的燃烧使我沦为荒诞。只好把自己烧焦，让内部分失——

当我渡海时，影子被礁石咬碎了；

当我疯恋时，心被柔情击伤了；

翻过一页虚历，撕破了我的脸，

碎坏—个花瓶，跌破了我的头。
只剩下形式。

活着就是练习死。为了那唯一的一次演出。当钟声敲过帷幕拉开，如赴一次约会，我轻轻地走上那只手，以一个漂亮的动作自高台跃入永恒……
感性在起跳之前就已获得了。

E

一日三更宿
我和他一样是有诗癖的男人。

（而且爱诗，在同一个日子诞生）

多节的楚辞生云，生长盈盈的泪眼。终于，我明白了他的初衷。性喜洁净，他才自愿放逐到这水性的南方来的。
而水带走了他。
玉门山前，虽留有九畹兰、百荷藕，但真正留给我的只有这一江水。

E

（滔滔孟夏，革木莽莽
泽流的河流在那瞬间清澈后依旧浑浊）。

传说要等到我来才能自沉水才会变清，
只是淡多了。我永远错过了使它清澈的机会。
任它流吧

采情着江边的白柳与萦萦，我却没有他那时的心情。浅浅的江上，也有鱼儿待舟，唱着一首熟悉的歌——

任它流吧

不要为你的脚不能两次老路而惋惜。一切的第一次都是最神圣的。
第一次偷吃禁果；
第一次途径上帝；
第一次越过界限——

所有的诱惑都是从嘴唇开始的。

渴望已久的，直到这一刻我才懂得那种曲线的魅力。妩媚地弯曲如一张弓，引而不发，
使你心焚；引而发，使你成为狂躁的绷物。
你也许成为英雄，当神秘的琴键从对岸用颤音把你诱惑，你应该成为英雄。哪怕勇敢的
抉择是一次错误。退后一步你便是懦夫。
（周围的目光织成网，我不是鸟
周围的目光织成网，我不是鱼）
你应该成为英雄。当神秘的琴键从对岸用颤音把你诱惑，你应该成为英雄。用贝多芬的
手指演奏，让耳朵承受灾难。你——应该成为英雄。

所有的诱惑都是从嘴唇开始的。

（自给自足身后的小路
每一句话都有金黄的叶子飞舞
回音厚厚的埋着，你的长发飘着
一张雪白的马独自走进荒原深处）
你想起徒流的城。

三千里路如眼中的弦，一执便断了，这一段潮湿，那一段沉重。衰老的山峰一座座跌
倒，握在一起的是手。雪线在身后静默波动。

所有的诱惑都是从嘴唇开始的。

步入迷津，一路跋涉初恋的弦。步入迷津，当喷泉璀璨如花朵在头顶开放，伶声如雨，
以往的经验变成沙漠一片空无。妩媚的笑弯曲成虹射出第一支箭，祭坛着火了，叮冬的泉声
中，大理石柱熊熊燃烧……

这是新的国度。
站在岸上，你再也不愿回到过去了。

（如今此刻，其中有象，恍兮惚兮，其中有物。恍兮惚中，庄周翩翩的走来，两眼仍
做着千年前的那个梦）
自从老子留下道五千言，出函谷而不知所终，庄周追随他，常作逍遥。
我问向法家，他似乎没听见。
我大声一声，“你还遗在你那个栩栩然的蝴蝶梦中吗!
他边走边昂首问我：“
“梦饮酒者，且而哭泣；梦哭者，且而田猎；方其梦也，不知其梦也。梦之中又占其梦，觉而后知其梦也。且有大觉而后知此其大梦也。而愚者自以为觉，窃窃然知之。君子，牧小。国有道，子之与，皆梦也。予谓大，亦梦也。”

庄周用手指指的一道——

“据鸡鸣之山，有神人焉焉。肤肌若冰雪，绰约若处子，不食五谷，吸风饮露；乘气，御风，而游于四海之外。’

“若有所问，有山者，今日我更起，讲起寓言来了；
“知此游于天之无所，登矣之丘，而逍遥而为清游。以逍遥无为游，三问而无为辩也。非不答，不知答也。

“知也者，无足有，欲言而忘其所欲言。”

我读过庄子。知道这是典型的庄周式回答。再问，他已不理我了。我甚感。风兮兮兮的歌声在身后，很长，象一片五彩的尾带。

庄周不过是对蝴蝶的思念
蝴蝶不过是对庄周的翅膀

85年7月3日—7月19日
台阶与假门

十三级台阶

1
任意一种先验皆可作为台阶你想起某一个化名

2
随便走上去那些模糊的脸拍起飞散了不等你开口
第二次回过头来仍然暧昧的手势使你顿时苍老百岁

3
你由此而来阿戈拉彩色往零刻有你的名字你前来
认领星相学家发现你母亲有希腊血液只是鼻子不很
端庄注定要和一群吉普赛人私奔你保留着她戴的指环

4
这个夏季没发生什么事。你整天浸在水里。看海
类的身段。看鱼插花，按一种哲学方式品茶，很花
道地造爱。气力马扎罗的雪矜持面孤独。你站在山顶
看海，说天空阴晴，说猎物，说所有的高度到深度

5
那一条将重黑外人的碑上也印下了深深的指痕台
阶也是围栏走上去就别想出来别想自由自在地咆哮
猎兽的棍子把你围成斑马不知不觉变得温良恭顺很宽
你向远方放逐而去总跑不出背上的条纹逐麦或放逐你猎
的夜晚你彻底发饶守夜醒来一声虎啸所有的门挂满人头

6
因此你不能潇洒的亡命天涯的作一次纯粹的旅行
捡起秦汉的砖头一块藏门一块漱口剩下的四块代表
四种观念一掌击碎你的影子从此站立不稳祖先的来历
长出尾巴从沼泽地穿过迷途的少女在荆棘丛生的罪恶中
洗手蓝铃花祷告的回忆使斧砍也许有你继续走过的森林
地露水在你身后眨眼睁开又悄然闭合你继续走过一片森林
7

教堂的钟声敲响七下灵魂之门打开在你我的那
一瞬间有人离去而你离去而你离去而你身上长满翅膀
教堂的钟声敲响七下灵魂之门打开在你我的那刻
有人赤裸着出浴风卷赤裸着出浴你轻轻转动五味的宝石
教堂的钟声敲响七下灵魂之门打开在你我之末的时光
书中翻开鸟语的墓碑自己翻开鸟语的墓碑自己翻开鸟语的墓碑
第七下钟声敲过蜡烛显出星图点点手指你成为十二座烛台

8

一条鱼便是一条河流
勿庸置疑，这些握手拇指
你的经验和脚上第八级台阶你便决定了一颗心碎魂
的沉默接纳百川，使黑暗出海，水旱茂盛，一望无边
的睡眠如冬的秋叶
让马踏踏过，让雁阵飞过，你依然
然犹如归家的行板
独自挥霍月色梅花，黄老之涯在于酒
在药与白云之间
目送飞鸿，挥手五弦，或林泉石你逍遥
如贫贱夫妻
逃不出鱼的男人最终熏于网，捕于最平淡的那种
关系
五千年铜雀一齐喋血，咬角流血未至，至今怕见江南梅雨

9

这是形而下的描述如火焰的钟表
那些撰文的熟
科学使孔子早逝，而痛苦是形而上的无法领悟
某一种稀有金属在你体内爆炸使你容光焕发，你分辨不清
哪一种颜色是杀你的屠夫，不知哪个部落叛乱，不知
某一片花瓣雪崩你只觉得天崩地裂
四周的鸟儿一时灭绝，只有羽毛活着，证明这个误会由来已久，在你震惊愕然耳朵
之前天空已形成雷把鸟刺在你的肌肤上，才找到你的父亲，面容已模糊不清了，你看见那扇窗
打开有人习惯地相视而笑，一些人模仿荷花美曲，手舞足蹈不止

10

我住半边脸的苹果冷热不和一次次玄黄之变使你
再也不敢放任自己，三千名陶俑排列在左右横墓为城
你为你最最高声色夺乱了一夜间所有的鸟鹊为你
降下半旗，捆绑起你的山河
上古的美德一节节变硬，你
把抒情当长篇吹奏独自唱着羊群的牧曲，从青铜开始经
过铁手指敲打出银色的香味
炼丹的配方尚存金子还是谁时
出现成为广远的音阶，无色之色无常，我住半边脸的苹果
红霞你常常便血，无色之色使你不免是恶之罪，梅康死于赤伯手
死于高山流水，千年之后而你感觉到琵琶已成其千面埋伏，只等
你来便乱繁齐发，又见乌江，又见乌江，我住半边脸的果核让你吃尽了苦头
11

又一轮回 大限之上还有世界 你让额头着地参
不透的禅机今始觉异 欲入微之风流转 风景平上
你便开了八方的开 不见接你的船队吹响螺号归期
遥遥 第十遍诵经之后白龟虎跳至 丁当的环佩和月
光把你惊醒 一见贝壳吐出沉船你便恶心 呕血无席 目
光华丽的年龄你得意忘象 又一轮回 五朵莲花开你而去曼
出慵懒的睡态 有人与你同行 花园之角倒映于头顶喧哗有落
英缤纷 一财鸠鲁之满疏狂将你送向彼岸 千山人定多弄之手点
化你不离之念 终有一条路引你回到自身 走出眼睛情欲之外的又
一奇迹在野兽验证 无因之感无花 无因之果无果 无谓的菩提之下
你任六根裸露 做众神之姿 徘徊于一草一石一星之辉 从此双目失明

12

屋檐卸下风铃敲响那道门之前你最后一次回首
西子的江南鲜嫩而多汁没有失去什么时波光着破晓
的风景在墙壁上移动那些姑娘轻着飘渺到手伸出手
抛洒的秋叶是小你在一头骆驼在嘴唇间厚来穿去经过
千零一夜的黑暗没有一次结局围堵等米戈多那些腰真窄
一侧身就可以跨进去想象里面十分宽就只记得那栋玻璃午餐
在月月的第一个眼轻时措在座席于牙筷子就敏感的黑了你躲远
厨房的主人始终没有露面最后一次挽留反讽的馅饼切掉你的背脊
你硬着头皮冒充刺猬冒了披着鲁皮的某一片森林摘下一片树叶贴在
额上便有三只眼睛睁开你就看见不是毒蛇的另一种诱惑剪纸咒着神奇
女人臂围的圆周率使你人迷反复演算定值只是近似圆规被你踏断了双脚
不见血的头先痛自很软骨娇横进过而今碎了大屏的建筑拒你于门外径自说

13

站起来就不要再去犹豫 站稳 让脊骨在你周围随
落把自己置于空旷的打击之下很多伟人就是这样被
洞穿的 盘旋失路的地方十字形的耶稣升起来 不见
节目复活你又被钉上了十三之数 抽去脚下的文字那个
文身的女人在风暴中出现了 弦外之音使你的全部纷纷跳
跃 希腊希腊里庄重手挽手踏起了环形舞步 创世之夜向八
个方向摆设六十四道假门 让众神之车通过 你成为静观的因
素 在外那块神秘的克尔白石用沉默控制着全局 石头的旋风手
纹教泛滥 踏进你的全身 产生矩阵的重围 那个女人骑着风暴走
远离了 留下一片高原任你跑马 而飘然自焚化为鸟的飞翔 演果
打开变变让蒙面大盗自由进出 沾花知手 演义之诗从眼睛深处唤起卷
耳 十三次盛世之后香花飞雪 十三次犯罪并列之上一个使徒诞生 比萨
斜塔被发觉甚至成为另一种奇观 走完十三级台阶你已不再是语言的人丁
（86年4月5日五四运动十周年完稿于西昌农专）
非非主义（四川）

【艺术自评】

非非主义宣言（1986）

新诗的前史是世界文学思潮在中国产生冲击并久经回味的历史。当前新诗探索的使命是建设独立于世界诗坛的真正中国的自己的诗歌艺术流派。我们今天就是带着对这一背景的最初觉醒和强烈的意识，面对中国乃至世界发表我们这篇简而又简的宣言的。

一、非非主义与创造还原

1）我们想清除感觉活动中的语义障碍。因为它使诗人与世界接触义的方式隔绝。唯一消除掉这个障碍，诗人才能与世界真正接触和直接接触。此乃我们倡导的感觉还原。

2）我们想清除意识屏幕上语义网络构成的种种界线。因为它阻挡在诗人的直接体验与意识之间，干扰和涂抹着非文化的意识平面，使诗人的体验与意识的语义界定的搬入而彼此绝缘。导致非文化意识的扭曲甚至丧失，扭曲这一过程，便是我们所指的意识还原。

3）化语言都有隐性的语义，只适合文化性的研究。
三、非线性与非线性

黄已经在，与线性关系很大，非线性关系很小。

非线性函数关系有多种，它们在不同的情况下有不同的表现形式。线性函数关系简单明了，容易理解和应用。非线性函数关系则更加复杂，需要考虑更多的因素。在实际应用中，我们需要根据具体情况选择合适的函数关系，以便更好地解决问题。
文化与价值

反价值 / 对已有文化的价值清算

毁灭或者重建——摘自1988年日记

当某一瞬间你突然成为自己的身外之物，再回过头来，全部文化赖以生存的基础都荡然无存了，震惊是肯定的，同时也伴随着前所未有的畅快：这的确只是瞬间的事。当你重新以人的意识思考，它们又奇迹般地恢复了原样。但你在这瞬间获得的醒悟再也不会被遮蔽了。你已经明白，那奇迹般消失又重现的东西便是人类全部精神建筑的基石。走进一座座庙殿，没有一尊偶像不是供立在这上面的，甚至那些跪下和挺立的膝盖都在这块基石上，它结构神话，它显示天启；它使文字开口，它使石头走进博物馆，既使每五百年出现一个圣人，那些偶像破坏着破碎的也只是偶像，基石却完好无损地保存了下来；另一个人走上去，人类又有了新的偶像，任何想抽出这块石头的念头都使冒险者首先站立不稳。这块神圣的，人和他的神赋予以立足的基石便是我要考察的东西。

A 从反文化开始

反文化是一场以屁股对抗脑袋的运动。那些倡导屁股的脑袋，端庄严肃的脑袋，继宗教之后用他们高贵的前额建立起一个理想的天地，他们强迫人类坐下，听他们用几何、逻辑、道德解释宇宙，并把这些莫不相干的东西灌进耳朵，脑袋是至高无上的，按照它的设计，人被重新制作，重新标价，从教堂里拉出来投入市场。你见过现代化的屠宰加工流水线吗？从一扇扇活生生的牛群赶进去，另一端出来的已是一片听不懂了，多

了不起的进步！这是一种有组织的屠杀，有组织的剪制，一切都是在统一的标准下进行的。他们就打算这样来改造人类，并开始这样干了。又一代人跟着脑袋越来越大，渐渐占据了整个舞台。声音也由单声道变成多声道，巨大的球形音箱嗡嗡响着，盲人的救星——填天盖地，给每一个屁股灌满文明的标记。整个世界越来越深地陷入金属，符号和结构中。

就在这过程中，人开始反抗了，他的头脑是从屁股开始的，并由屁股表现出来——
语言破坏

对文化的怀疑是从语言开始的。当人们希望对文化更深入的探究时，一些熟悉的词语挡住了他们的去路——通过文化的不同概念，自然、科学、政治等，甚至文学都给人类提供了一种错觉，即文明是某种形式的意识形态。这种现象不仅存在于西方，而且在中国也是如此。因此，我们需要重新审视语言在文化中的地位和作用，以便更好地理解文化的本质。
言的限度，那么现在我们感觉到的却是语言的专制。对专制的反抗是最通俗的行为。

但是，所有的反抗都要受到手段的限制，只要你正在使用语言，你就仍然处于语言的役使之下。语言的界限意味着语言的领域，维特根斯坦不是随便说说这句话的。他一直想寻找一种可能的表达方式，用来超越语言和它的世界。他很快明白了：要想冲出语言的界限，就要冲出我们居于其中的这间玻璃房子的四壁是完全，绝对地无指的。几乎所有的人都认识到，超语言的唯一出路是找到一种新的语言。但是新的语言不是语言，这样，摆脱困境的方法还是回到了语言中，这便是将格尔思考过并给予有力表达的：用语言对抗语言，用语言超越语言。

按照一种观点，用作实用符号的语言和用作艺术表现的语言之间的对立，对应于专制和自由。实验文学在语言上造成的混乱，打破了每种语言形象对人的悟性的压制，句法的消灭，词语和词的断裂，普通语言的爆炸性使用，这些，对于反文化者们已经不够了。他们还要使语言成为一种全身心的自发动作，颠覆、混淆、矛盾、粗俗、赤裸、自嘲自贬、暴跳如雷。通过这种强迫的加入，使原有的意义趋于瓦解，这只是一个方面，更激烈的态度坚持认定，同制度化理性的决裂也一定是同制度化词汇的决裂。因为现有语言秩序早已成为控制、灌输和欺骗的工具，必须坚决反对：持这种主张的往往是诗人，他们是最彻底的反文化者。这个未来主义、达达主义和超现实主义的命题，在新的语言姿态中找到了语言上的革命成份。这是根据：语言的本质就是要抛弃符号的基本意义，超越自我，在它意识的东西中抑制自己，挥发自己。因此，语言的更新从来就是它自身的需要，我们不过碰巧赶上加入了进来，要传达新的意识，就必须找到（或获得）一种反文化的语言。这种语言就在现有的语言中，它们由于某种原因而被拒于主流文化之外，弃置于语言边缘的某个角落或角落，很少被使用，有的干脆被禁止使用，解禁这些词语无异于发动一场叛乱。没有谁能阻止他们，这是对现有语言秩序的否定。

——有组织的颠倒字义，破坏高雅文化的习惯用法，例如，把花送给防暴警察，借以表达“花的力量”（嬉皮士们自称为“花孩子”、“花孩子”、“花孩子”）这就不仅仅是一种讽刺，而是权力的蔑视和嘲笑。

——创造生词、新词，形成自己的亚文化语言，例如，用“草”指大麻，用“龙”指中药，用“龙”指古老的，透过龙的护罩来享受体验等等。

——有组织的使用脏话、粗话，把其加诸高雅事务，用性的特征形容总统，用取自生殖系统和排泄系统的表达代替玫瑰、巴赫和爱情，诗歌他娘的，哲理他娘的，艺术他娘的，天堂和地狱，开头和结尾他娘的，这个世界真他妈的……

这就是你们的胜利吗？语言的破坏产生破坏的语言，犹如往河床上增加了几块石头，众口如流不蔓不枝，终会把那些粗糙的词语磨得光滑无比，这是无可奈何的事——他母亲的！

**形式破坏**

对艺术持最激进看法的批评家也是强调形式的，因为正是形式使艺术超越具体经验而成为人类生活的第二现实。正如我们每个人感觉到的，我们经验到的并不是某个整体，某个局部或某个个体意义的破灭，而是整体统治的加强，人为的强加的统一。因此，事实不是现有事物的瓦解，而是它们的复制和集成。在我们有限的手段中，只有美学形式才能和这种集成对抗，形式是肯定，是对混乱、暴力、苦难的征服，即使是在它呈现混乱、暴力、苦难的时候。在这种过程
哎，汉语太难读了，我无法理解这个文档的内容。
总之，组织我们感觉的恶劣的机械主义必须粉碎。

这是更极端的行为，他们现在要做的事情是推倒司空见惯的感觉方式，按照新的方式来听、来听、来感觉新事物；把解除压迫同反残酷的感觉联系起来，使体验就包含着对社会生活的残酷——一种人为的，短暂的残酷。我在前面说过，这是一种被丰富所淹没，他们反对任何常规的苟 mystical，没有常规的动机。无聊是最痛苦的，但不知困难在何处，且没有可治，你饮食一种植物，从有了它的空虚在自身背后，上下左右弥漫，一种生命无法承受之重，无边无际、茫然无措之重，使你既不能上升也不能下沉，你感到周围有一种力量把你推向四处拉扯，逐渐成为狼狈的金属片，我很宽厚，越来越薄——你凝视自己的意识，就象印度教徒凝视自己肚脐一样，在这种状态中，原有的感觉被废除了，但并没有得到新的东西。一个例子可以说明这一点：一位诗人每次吸食之后努力记住他的幻觉，以便证明某种特殊的经验。他最后发现，他每次记下的都是这么一句“那块香蕉皮很大”！而这也是每一次迷幻时出现在他幻觉中的东西。

感觉中止的另一种方式是废除“反文化”运动的几位中坚人物先后死亡。这并非是东方的神秘主义体验，通过某种静观，使感觉集中于一点，然后放松，原有的感觉内容消失了，只觉低俗，一种无意识的清醒使你不知所以。这种感觉已不具有任何对象，任何人中——感觉的内容消失之后只剩下形式，即某种纯粹的境域感。我称之为抽象感觉。这种无意识的幻时的感觉是十分强烈的，都是没有感觉内容的废止，道家的“物我两忘”、“天地与我并生，万物与我为一”，便是这样状态的最近似的描述。

反文化的一个重要特征是反对的推求，故又有人称反文化为“内感文化”，“解解故”这一口号便是由这些肉体崇拜者的素的、群居、杂交，但最引人注目的还是同性恋。它甚至成为“反文化”运动的标志，几乎所有反文化份子都被视为同性恋者。在检查《花花公子》杂志采访时，金曾铭自豪地论述了从一开始便使他与众不同的同性恋者。其他人也是这样，直言不讳或间接地同性恋。他们也认为同性的恋者代表着一种一个人的转变。对于前者，它表示一种破坏和中止；对后者，则意味着一种新的希望的探寻，这是一种完全陌生的情感和悔恨的强固。但有一点可以肯定：同性恋的双方决不同是同性的角色交涉的，一定要有一方被自我认定为第二性；也许还有新的角色转换；一会儿A为男角，B为女角；一会儿A为女角，B为男角。这种转换不能被旧的感觉内容法复原，它使新的感觉不能复出，但它确实开启了一种新的可能。作为一种情感的反文化行为，它对旧感觉的废止和对新感觉的探索是第一次的。反文化者以逐渐的肉体试验为人类打开了另一道感觉之门。
的推崇是很有象征意味的。由于东西方的文化传统，社会发展阶段和直接的交流点不同，它们一开始就注定是两种决然相反的运动；一言以蔽之，“反文化”是一种自下而上的抗议文化，它离政治的文化层面上的固有产物。它的兴起没有谁号召，也不需要谁领导，一切都是自发的。“文化大革命”则不是由于文化圈层（即政治的圈层也没有），更不是自发的，它是自上而下，由毛泽东领导的一场有组织的从未放弃过控制的，“无产阶级专政条件下的”政治运动。

——“反文化”重要之外在于反权威，它不承认任何权威。反对一切权威，拒绝参与任何价值、运动和规则，强调个人自由选择，敢于对一切人和事说“不”。“文化大革命”则是由权威发动起来在权威领导下“大破代代相传权威”的偶像崇拜，它不允许对“绝对权威”和他说过的话以及他肯定过的事实表示任何一点怀疑。

——“反文化”是生命本能对制度化理性的反抗，它要求并实现本能的解放、本能的解放，两性及同性关系的解放，“文化大革命”则是将被压迫的本能放逐的再压抑，其最终目标是把人变成无我无欲，不知觉的革命螺丝钉。

——“反文化”反对一切真理，主张价值相对主义，没有谁能告诉我什么是好，什么是不好的，一切看我高兴，不喜欢看的，每个人都可以这样做，每个人都可以这样说，每个人都可以这样做。

——“文化大革命”则是以一种“绝对”的一种思想为绝对真理，最终目标是永恒的永远，再加“一句顶一万句”，理解的要执行，不理解的也要执行，最后发展成为一种标准的现代宗教。

——“文化大革命”导致文化的全面开化，对主流文化的冲击，使大众文化、黑人文化、各种亚文化进入文化圈，形成现代文化的多元局面。“文化大革命”则使既有的...

文化专制进一步禁锢，形成前所未有的文化专制主义，演出了一幕幕由巨人自编自导的，既不悲，也不壮，更不正，令人啼笑皆非的“八亿人唱八首歌”，“八亿人看八个戏”的现代滑稽剧。

不管国外学者怎么一厢情愿地认为，真正的“反文化”在中国从未出现过，也许，有一天会出现的。

进入八十年代，情况已经大不一样了。”

反文化”指的几个方面都发生了变化：

作为人类思维基本形式的逻辑，已被艺术创作（包括科学发现）的直觉、领悟和众多的超现实（主体异形功能）所超越；非理性已战胜并取代理性成为二十世纪哲学、心理学的主流思想；它同时导致了人们生活方式的改变；艺术中的反形式、反升华直接发展为后现代主义，正在成为新的艺术主流；语言经过破坏性重构成为新的语言，大量俚语、俚语和下流话进入文学并成为新的传统，口语和文学的界限已不存在。但是，我们仍感到身不由己。问题出在什么地方呢？

也许你们一开始就搞错了，你们的生存本能极其敏感地感受到了压抑，你们的否定本能便四处寻找压抑者，一种说法，人在膜拜偶像时失去自己的，你们第一次推倒亲手树立的偶像时尚有一种负罪感，以后这种负罪感便成为生存的需要了。你们造出一个上帝，然后迫不急待地宣布它的死亡，你们还来不及感到理性的召唤，很快又公布理性的罪状，反宗教、反哲学，反道德、反科学……当这一切都被你们定罪之后，你们似乎觉得理性的罪状已经一干二净，你们转向文化，把一切责任归之于它，并宣布你们最终找到了合理并压抑人类的元凶。

我说你们还是错了。每一次反文化之后，文化很快卷土重来，容易地抛开反文化者，然后收复失地，在混乱的废墟之上更牢固地重建它的统治。你们的失败包孕于你们
的行动中：你们只能在语言中行动，用语言对抗语言，用文化反文化。你们就是语言，就是文化。因此，你们的失败或胜利都在于文化无解。文化由于包容了你们而会有某些改变，但文化依然是文化。难道你们至白为止明白你们在哪里吗？你们在后面操作并使你们本身不再是文化，而是隐身于文化中的文化系统。它可以是文化的本体，但无形无相：它是一片文化，但隐藏得更深，你们的错误有时是由弄虚造成的，价值操作而永远不在现场，你们便在场的文化。

抓住——因为它有起伏（语词文字和其它符号和声像等），这个误会现在我澄清了，所有的困惑都是价值的困惑，一个时代或一种文化出现的危机都是价值危机。反文化者与社会多数的分歧不是概念，而是价值观。我称他们为持不同价值观者。他们是文化内部的活力，是一种挑战因素。他们的存在使文化保有一种批判机制，使文化的自我对质成为可能。

现在，我可以带你们去认识价值了。

B 近景：价值的抽象

B·1 这是我关于价值的第一次规定，没有什么可以参照的，在我之前关于价值的各种说法都是一派胡言。价值是太抽象了，以至于无法显示它自己的存在。那些信仰开河的嘴没有一张交待了它的皮毛。然而我之辞来流去，继续收网撒网。年复一年依然一无所获。价值是太抽象了，至今仍是一个未解开的谜。对于如此抽象的东西，我只有用它的方法把它抽象出来，并给它一个可描述的形式。

这是我关于价值的第一次命名！

B·1·1 勿需回避这样的事实，我面对的是一个暧昧的世界，许多人被价值所兜绕而不知价值为何物。这样，我的界定就包含了价值启蒙。我的启蒙对象不仅是大众，更是专家学者即思想阶层的人们。通过价值启蒙澄清他们的思想无关系题也由此是断章取义与云亦云而造成的混乱。澄清他们自己就是混乱。

B·1·2 更大的混乱是由哲学家造成的，他们营造了许多不同的体系，并以各种方式强加给这个世界。观念操作观念，观念对抗观念，观念拆毁观念，观念阐释观念，观念分解观念，观念重新观念，把这个世界搞得晕头转向，涕泪交加。多一种体系便多一份混乱，我的工作是建立体系，而不是清理混乱！

B·1·3 清理应该从文化开始，因为它已混乱了几千年。但在我看来，所有的混乱都是由价值引起的；文化问题实际上是价值问题。所以我的清理从价值开始——

价值：意义的结构形式。
意义：人类生存的自我肯定值。

作为意义的结构形式，价值给每一种意义提供一个“两极对立”结构：如善／恶，美／丑，真／假，好／坏等。同时，又给对立结构中的每一值规定相应的价值等级。如下图：
对立两极各自的价值等级之间，相应的层次又可自然构成新的两极对立结构。每一值又可派生出一系列价值等级。由此等而下之，两极对立”作为价值结构，可能是在价值出现之前就存在的。故称它为价值前结构。这一结构可能是人类生存的基本模式之一。

B.14 构成一个价格体系，一般需要具备这样几种价值因素：
——一元价值（如“上帝”、“理念”等）
——多元价值（如“美”、“善”、“真”等）
——价值等级对立结构（如善／恶、美／丑等）
——对立二值客体派生的价值等级等等。

B.2 人对意义的寻求，只是证明了它的前提：人生绝对的无意义。

人权价值的确认，只是证明了它 的前提：人生绝对的无价值。

B.21 加缪眼里的西西弗斯便是在荒诞
中寻求意义，以荒诞为意义的代表。随着一
声轰响，推到山顶的巨石又滚下深谷：西
西弗斯跟着向山下滑去，走得轻松而坦然，
加缪于是露出了笑容：“这就是人生意义之所
在。”我能看到的却是另一层真实：西西弗斯被
推而推的不是别的，正是义务之石。巨
石推到山顶表明义务的丧失，巨石滚下山底
是意义的失落。循环往复地一推一滚象征
了人类被缚于意义之石的宿命。很显然，西
西弗斯承受的苦难是因为它推动石头，而西
西弗斯的苦难则更糟糕了。换句话说，西西弗斯之
所以成为西西弗斯的全部根据就消失了。同
样，抛弃意义，人的苦痛便可能结束，但同
时，人类为什么成为人的依据也就不存在了，
这便是那块石头的全部价值！

B.22 “带着镣铐舞蹈”，是对作为价值
存在的两类情景的最优美的形容。从一开
始，人类便遵循着价值之舞的规则（犹如言
语者遵循着语言的规则，对麦当劳遵循着象棋
书的规则一样），舞蹈着，一面陶醉于这种碰
击的音乐。生活在希望中就是生活在意义
中，尽管所有的希望都是单相的欺骗，一切
努力都是徒劳的，人类仍然不能放弃意义
而生活，这是不可想象的。无意义的确认，
将使人引以其自我为中心的历史变为一堆泥纸，
将使辉煌的文化一文不值。而人是不能将自
己肯定而活着的。可以这样说，意义作为人
类最后的依托，犹如盲人手中的拐杖。一旦
失去它，人类将茫然无措，取消意义的依托，
人类将再次被投人深渊，这将是比失乐园更
为巨大的灾难。人子被逐出乐园之后，记得
了土地以及复乐园的希望。意义，而一旦失去
了这最后一点依托，人将如何摆布自己呢？

B.23 几千年来，人类把自己的影子作
为对象追求，总追踪。有时它已被人踩在
了脚下，有时甚至从你的眼前消失，成为人
的尾巴，你仍牵它无可奈何。因为这是时间
的恶性剧，转眼间它又跑到你的前面去了。
我看着这些动作，既无嘲笑之意。有时我
甚至被某个欢欣的眼神所感动，情不自禁地
加入到这追逐自己影子的队列中去。捉住自
己的影子是确实必要的。我所指的并非这
些努力的徒劳，而是那些你追赶它的时光实
际上并未移动半步，追求是形式上的，对于这
样重大的问题的解决人类并无任何进展。而捉住
自己的影子是必须做到的事，一定要做到，
这是生死攸关的问题。答案就在它那里。要
不我们为何活着呢？有何证明我们真正活
着呢？捉住它便捉住了生的根据和理由
一、还有比这更重大，更值得做的事吗？

二是自己的影子并捉住它确实是必要的！

B·3·1 根据意义增殖的性质，我们通常把价值区分为三对价值与伪价值。伪价值即非创造性价值，它将精神服务于实用目的的符号构成形式，它不创造任何新的意义，而是对已有价值的模仿与重复，经过消耗已有的价值，伪价值通过为某种外部目的服务转换为实用价值，而与价值的内在目的相分离。它主要是一种抽象现实利益的手段，具有实用性、现实性与物质性的特点，人的异化是伪价值产生的社会前提，因而是它是一种异化价值，所有那些伪文学、伪艺术、伪科学、伪哲学皆是它的形式。

B·3·2 伪价值即创造性价值，它是一种崭新意义的显现，不管它通过何种形式与形式，都会给那种形式增添一些东西，它具有强大的非现实、非真实、非物质的特征，真价值又可分“相对价值”和“绝对价值”，所有人类已创造出来的和正在创造的价值都是“相对价值”，它们接受已有文化的评价同时评价已有的文化，随之进入文化、构成文化，然后以保存下来待新的冲动，价值的创造者也是文化进入文化史成为新的权威，这便是人类所有创造性价值的相对性，而伪价值是不能进入文化史的，即便它们混入也始终被文化的理解机制所拒绝。

B·4·1 普通人是价值的奴役者，他们人类的少数，在他们头顶始终悬着这样的警卫：“你应该忠于”“你应该服从”，他们服从了，服从了，于是被动成为他们生存的决定性，被动地接受价值，被动地消耗价值，并且永远是在实用的次层上接受和消费价值的，一切价值通过他们的眼睛、耳朵、鼻子、口腔、肠胃时等物化为一种实用的形式，所有人类的精神中一但他的手触碰便变成了石头，他们不能识别他（也无意识识别）价值的真伪，并将一切价值根据价值昂贵与否，决然价值地接受，这便是少数人的价值。

B·4·2 第二种是价值的自觉者，也是少数，他们显然是一些优秀份子，他们不接受

——550——
还有自由。地前提出它的某种基本文字符号：原为石头、节等。等——作为对类所有的价值虚无”相对度和深度、虚无对质面充分便是充自由。

都能创造价值。情在这个意义根据他与价也就是三个者。他们是恳着这样的服从，他成为他们生被动地接受上接受和被问。耳朵、一种实用的的触触觉也无意志呢们就授受什么，这种人价值系统感。

B．43 第三种人是超价值者。这在整个人类中是极个别的，在一些时候他被视为友系，在另一些时候他被称为天才，这是一种存在，是创造人类的必要思想。作为人类的一员，他和这个人有关。作为人类的一部分，他和整个人类无关。置身于这个时代，他和这个时代无关。作为新价值的创造者，他超越现世的一切功利。置身于现存的一切标准之外，超脱在存在的一切价值之外，但他同时又作为“人”而生活在人群之间的，因而他与这个世界的关系就更微妙了。

我这样描述天才的处境，在庸人的世界，构成天才的那些特征的东西，在任何时候都是毁灭一个天才，造成独立，放任不羁，惬意自得，否定一切，这些都是构成天才的本质特征，又是天才的自毁因素。天才是一种毁灭，它在自觉的同时又有一种自毁力。以缓解自毁冲动，但毕竟是毁灭一个天才。天才的自毁冲动总是大于自毁需要，这就造成了他与现实和整个世界的冲突。这使他常常与自己所属的民众和人类显得格格不入，天才代表的是一种新价值，他断然拒绝现有标准对他的评价。他来是要指导这个时代，直到这个时代接受他的指导这种反对才会中止，所以天才总是在他死后开始第二次生命，而他生前总是寂寞的。

B．44 还有一种天才类型，他的内在价值的觉悟是和人格的完成同步展开的，这是一种理想人格。在他身上，价值的自觉和“超价值”体现为价值觉悟的不同阶段。

第一阶段：
1）选择适合自我本质的价值参照系；
2）在选择的价值点上确立自我价值；
3）通过外部评价争取既有价值系统的认可。

第二阶段：
1）摆脱自己与既有价值系统的关系；
2）摆脱外部评价的影响；
3）超越已有的价值标准。

第三阶段：
1）割断与旧价值的一切关系，使自己成为新价值；
2）自己即是新价值，自己就是新标准；
3）颁布自己——使之成为一个时代的价值标准。

B．45 现在我可以来说点新价值了。

首先新价值一定是真价值。但同时新价值又一定是从未有过的价值。最后，新价值往往与既有的价值相反的价值。因此，新价值便必然具有以下特点。

否定性 以否定作为创造的前提，即否定性的创造，是天才独有的。价值的创造尤其如此。这是因为旧的价值系统一经确定，便成为一种规范化体系，抑制着精神个体的创造。普通大众满足于这种规范化状态的生活，价值创造者必须打破这道无形之墙，冲破这种因袭的规范。因此，任何新价值的出现便不能不与旧有价值的系统的
否定，同时，它的出现也必然遭到整个旧价值系 
统的否定。

拒绝评价 新价值是在已有价值 
标准之外的。它是一种崭新的现象，是 
另一种世界的语言。现代的一切价值 
标准都不适用于它。它不是新的，它的 
光泽使所有的人睁不开眼睛，接着是慌 
乱和沉寂。由此造成的伤害维护它的架 
构。这个世界是不可缺少的架的，但是 
那些给予它说些什么，由他们作出的评价 
只会是对它的歪曲。过早到来的赞赏则被 
它视为耻辱，它自 
以为是，因此它拒绝一切评价。

自我确认 新价值永远是事物的 
第一次命名，并且自我命名。它拒绝外在评 
价的根本原因在于已有的价值观全都 
在它之上。它需要新的标准，它以自己为标 
准，它自己就是标准。然而，它只能自己评 
价自己，自己确认自己，然后颁布标准—— 
并以此作为评价世界的新尺度。

B·4·6 需要指出的是，各种伪价值一 
开始往往以新价值的面目出现，并自 
己自信为新价值。如新文学的三十年 
情况，从“文学艺术为政治服务”到“革命样板戏”是 
必然结果，这种“伪文学”“伪艺术”当时 
却是贴上“新文学新纪元”“标签出场”的。如果我 
们稍有一点鉴别力就可发现， 
一些所谓“新”的东西，不过是已经僵死的 
旧价值体系的破镜。如曾经长期被当做“新 
世界观”的“破私立公”“大公无私”不过 
就是儒家思想（孔子的“克己复礼”，朱熹 
的“存天理，灭人欲”）的现代翻版而已。
另一种情况要更复杂一些，虽然这也与旧价 
值有关，但它涉及的是旧价值中仍有生命力 
的部分，在趋同伪价值之后，人们很自然地 
转向传统的旧价值系统，于是“儒家”所谓“新 
儒学”盛行。当李泽厚自信地宣称“走自己的 
路”时，他正自信地走在古人踏出的路上，这 
时，旧价值往往被当作新价值基础，这种情 
况在一些青年转向国外寻求某种启示时就更 
明显了。西方近，现代的某些价值思想通过 
翻译而成为这些人的价值基础。当批判这 
潮流对李泽厚时，我看到的却是尼采对孔子 
的一场拳击，这场拳击不管谁胜谁负都不得不 
喝彩。如果要打，我将用自己的拳头，并 
且自己出拳——不是孔子，也不是尼采，而 
是我自己！

B·5 对应于价值存在的三个等级，我将 
评价划分为三种层次，即价值评价、价 
值评价和超价值评价。

B·5·1 价值评价并不创造价值，只能描述 
价值现状，即使被评价者误以为有价值，其 
原因在于评价者本身无价值，他依据的并 
不是某种价值标准，而不过是一定时期社会的 
或政治的需要尺度。这种评价与价值无关 
，它仅仅是社会按照它的需要程度对那些需 
要者给予奖励并使之立即显现为一种现实 
利益的方式罢了！中国文化界的一切堕落现 
象，如“全面批判”“否定批评”“利 
益交换论”等皆属此例。这种伪评价与伪 
价值同质，互为条件而存在，它使一些毫无 
价值的东西一时走红又转瞬消失。

B·5·2 价值评价由某一价值系统的代表 
者作出，他不自觉中用一种价值尺度对被 
评价者作出评价，但他依据的不是他自己的 
，而是他所代表的那个价值系统的标准。这 
是道德的，或审美的尺度是评价过他，并通过 
对他的爱曲把图变成了这个价值系统的又一 
把世的尺度。现在轮到他来评价其他的人和 
事了。坚定性评价表示他背后的价值系统对 
被评价者的认可；否定性评价意味着被评价 
者得不到那价值系统的承认，价值系 
统——评价者——被评价者之间一般 
是两 
把的，故能相互评价，互相认同。通 
过这
神评价和认同使原有价值系统得到了充实和强化。这便是价值评价的成功功能。

B．53 当评价作出新价值创造者之口时，世界便开始变化了。所以，只有“新价值评价”才是创造性评价，它是由新价值的作者作出的，因为评价者自身就是价值，所以评价便创造出现值。“点石成金”的古代圣贤希望在这第一次成为现实。他说石头是金子，石头或变成了金子；他说鱼是鸟，鱼便飞上了天空。他通过评价将价值赋予评价的事物，被评价者从他那里获得价值，犹如月亮从太阳获得光。只有在这时，评价才成为价值创造的一种形式。

B．6 迄今为止，人类给自己创造出了五个价值系统，这便是西方的希伯来文化、基督教文化和东方的儒家、道、佛。它们给我们五把质地各异、形状不同的钥匙，每一把钥匙都可能使你步入迷途，把你置于万劫不复之地，我决定突破门面人一一

B．61 一般宗教给人的印象仿佛是与价值无关的，似乎它关心的只是人的灵魂的皈依——即今生和来世的问题。基督教也是如此。但是，如果我们深入一些便会发现，一切宗教的宗旨都是价值的。在《圣经》中，善恶之分超自然而生。亚当和夏娃吃的禁果是善恶之分，智慧即是知善恶，天堂和地狱作为价值的象征，分别代表善恶两种，耶稣不仅以价值的体现者，同时也以天主的象征，因而成为纪元的依据——时间从他才开始流动。这样，一个以世为价值源，以善为元价值，以善／恶为价值对照的完整的价值系统便形成了。

基督教主要是一个道德价值系统。它的宗旨前提是“原罪”，即由于人的原始罪过而使上帝的律条（偷吃禁果）被破坏，这一罪过成为整个人类的原罪，一直传承至今人活着的意义就是赎罪。基于这一前提，耶稣总是和人作对：将人的原始罪过出乐园，罚人类受苦，用洪水流尽人类，使人类语言不通……作为元价值的“善”便必然是对人的本能的规范压抑了。

B．62 古希腊文化和希伯来文化的情况正好相反。作为一种更古老的价值，它不是结构为宗教，而是结构为神话和哲学，并以此影响西方世界的。虽然在它的神话传说中也有善恶观念（如描述普罗米修斯创造人类时从各种动物的心髓取善恶将它们封存于人的胸膛里），但构成古希腊文化基础的不是道德价值，古希腊神话中没有天堂、地狱和死罪赏罚的观念。神话的行为是在善恶之外的。在神话体系中，决定神祇等级的势力：在神话中起决定作用的另一种力量是命运。命运便是神话的意念，俄狄浦斯杀父娶母是命运导演的悲剧，但它并不包含善恶意义。整个古希腊是一个大和谐——神话的和谐，神与人间的和谐，神、神与人和人处于一种和谐的秩序中。古希腊哲学据此把和谐作为美，并把美奉为最高的价值。想想特洛伊的故事吧，那场持续了十年的战争不就是一种悲剧吗？而故事中的和解已不是作为一位女巫，而是已上升为一种美的象征了。古希腊就这样通过它的神话、哲学和艺术构成了一个以“理念”为价值源，以“美”为元价值，以美／丑为价值对立结构的价值系统。如果说希伯来文化提供的是一个神本的，以上帝意志为中心的、一元的、决定论的，以及重理智、重来世、重理性、主张克制和节欲的价值系统的话，那么古希腊文化提供的则是一个个人本的、以生命本能为中心的、多元的、非决定论的，以及重感情、重现实、重感性、主张个性和欲望的价值系统。西方思想史中的任何重大事件，都是这两大价值系统的冲撞，近代的文艺复兴运动和尼采便以古希腊价值反击基督教价值系统的作用。
B. 63 这里顺便谈谈尼采。

据说我接的是被尼采的铁蹄踏得遍体鳞伤的世界，所有的事物都被他的口吻改变了，包括每一块石头，实际情况并非如此。尼采对旧价值的批判显然夸大了。他以其独到的舌头品味世界，把人生视作艺术，用来批判取而代之，不过是以希望神取而代基督教会上帝罢了：他的目光始终游离于希腊文化和希伯来文化，这两大价值系统之间，并最终决定用前者取代后者，故他的批判视野并没有超出他置身其中的两大价值系统。他的“重估一切价值”不过是以希腊文化中的酒神精神（生命本能、强力意志）为价值出发点，对统治西方一千多年的基督教价值（主要是善）重新作出评价，然后实现价值的倒转——即否定基督教确定的一切（所谓善的内容，如节制、利他、同情、谦卑、和平等），肯定基督教否定的一切（所谓恶的内容，如纵欲、利己、冷酷、傲慢、仇恨等）。他所做出的肯定和否定使他深陷于双重的价值维度中而不能自拔，因为供给他选择的两大价值系统原始便是在此范围内形成两值对立的价值结构，对这两值中的任何一值的肯定和否定都会使这种批判归于无效——因为你还处于价值结构中，你自己是这一结构的组成部分。你肯定的那一值构成你的肯定值，你否定的那一值构成你的否定值。尼采的局限在于：他虽然对基督教价值（主要是善）表示了怀疑，但并未跳出西方传统的两大价值系统，更没有从根本上对价值本身表示怀疑。这就使他的批判仅仅成为一次价值交换，即对基督教价值的批判最终使他成为另一种传统价值的化身。

B. 64 儒家思想是彻底功利化的。虽然孔子曾有一次在江边发出过“逝者如斯”的感叹，但他从未放弃过他的价值理想。作为同一价值观的儒学，即使是社会价值观念，也包含伦理价值的成份。准确地说，是一个伦理化的社会价值系统。儒家思想之所以对国人造成如此深远持久的影响，在于它从一开始就是一种基于亲缘关系的伦理价值规范。

儒家的礼学，作为一种等级规范的“礼”早在孔子之前就存在了。孔子的贡献在于：为了使礼继续合理，他提出了“仁”的概念。以仁行礼，以礼充仁，使礼人性化，伦理化，价值化，由此而使礼获得了形而上的价值学意义。

在儒家的系统中，仁既是价值源，也是元价值，这是它与其它价值系统的不同之处。孔子说：“克己复礼为仁”，又说：“一日克己复礼，天下归仁焉”。前者是把仁看作人的行为达到的某种主观状态，后者的仁便成为某种本体性的、普通的东西了，以后的诸多解释，不管是孟子的“仁，人心也”，墨子的“仁，体爱也”，还是程颢的“与物同体”，高明的“以生此仁”，都还是把仁看作某种两可的东西——有些近似于“善”这个概念，它既是一种普遍的价值理想（元价值），又是人心所具有或应该具有的道德情操。礼便是等级规范，是为了“定亲疏，分贵贱，别同异，明是非”（《礼记·曲礼》）而有的，它不仅以“己”（自我）为肯定，构成两值对立结构（克己复礼；礼／己），还对社会伦理的各个方面规定了若干等级，这便是“三纲”（君为臣纲，父为子纲，夫为妻纲）、“五常”（父义，母慈，兄良，弟悌，子孝）等等。这还不够，你还必须做到“非礼勿视，非礼勿听，非礼勿言，非礼勿动”（《论语·颜渊》），才能成为“丧我于礼，立身成仁”的正人君子。这层一点正是儒家的人格理想。

B. 65 道家是和儒家截然不同的一个价值系统。儒家强调的是一种善的价值，即体现在人与人的关系中的“仁”；道家强调的却是真（法天贵真），是超正道，即自然也是人与自然的一种关系，总之是一种自然
在它从一般伦理价值而价值的宗旨在于，仁的概性，便成为爱，便成为“仁”。定义：道家是反对社会伦理价值的。老子说：“大成者，有仁义，”庄子斥定为“道所应而乱之者”，认为正是这些东西损害了人的自然本性，表示“非仁义”，打破道德伦理，人才能恢复纯朴与自然化，但自然并不是道家的价值目的。在道家看来，生命的价值是唯一值得人关怀的，除此之外的一切（包括功利）都是身外之物。人类生活的形而上的哲学，是元和的不周处，又说“一日克己复礼，天下归于仁，把仁当作人的哲学的仁便成为，”，以后的诸多人心也”。孔子的“与物周”，仍被是仁者道德亦即“善”的价值理想（无）、应该具有的道德为了“定亲疏”《礼记·曲礼》（自己）为：（克己复礼；各个方面规定”（君为臣纲，五常”（父义，等等，这还本”，非礼勿初，语·颜渊》），“仁”的正人理想。

然不同的一个价值，即体：道家所讲的道，即自然的，是仁。之是一种自然价值，道家是反对社会伦理价值的。老子说：“大成者，有仁义，”庄子斥定为“道所应而乱之者”，认为正是这些东西损害了人的自然本性，表示“非仁义”，打破道德伦理，人才能恢复纯朴与自然化，但自然并不是道家的价值目的。在道家看来，生命的价值是唯一值得人关怀的，除此之外的一切（包括功利）都是身外之物。人类生活的形而上的哲学，是元和的不周处，又说“一日克己复礼，天下归于仁，把仁当作人的哲学的仁便成为；以后的诸多人心也”。孔子的“与物周”，仍被是仁者道德亦即“善”的价值理想（无）、应该具有的道德为了“定亲疏”《礼记·曲礼》（自己）为：（克己复礼；各个方面规定”（君为臣纲，五常”（父义，等等，这还本”，非礼勿初，语·颜渊》），“仁”的正人理想。

将这两大价值系统试作一对比，结果是没有趣的。

佛家价值是消极入世的，出将入相，兴功之士，可以以一个字来形容，就是“进”；儒家的价值是积极出世的，清静无为，养尊

雅量，人文价值之学也可以一个字来形容，便是“退”。中国这块幅员辽阔的地理空间之所以能容纳两种相互对立的价值系统，在于它们符合中国传统知识份子的性情，进则显赫，退则独善其身。“儒道互补”可使国人进退自如一一，进得理直气壮，退，退得有境界。这样，不管成功与失败都可以心安理得了。

B．66 同是东方思想，佛教的价值系统却与道家截然不同。在佛的眼里，人生是苦难（苦海无边），生命即是苦（苦谛），“苦”字即是人本面象的象形，双眉是草字头，两眼和鼻子合成十字，嘴就是口字，进一步说，人即是苦。佛常用的形象是火：“一切都在燃烧，眼睛和一切感官在风中颠”，燃烧着情欲的火，仇恨的火，虚荣的火，这火由于出生与死亡，由于痛苦和狂喜，由于悲哀，受难和绝望而越来越旺，一切都在火焰之中，整个世界就如浓烟所笼罩，整个人类都将在火焰中烧尽。（火戒），所以佛叫人戒火。

在佛看来，人生的义是并不是追求快乐，而是摆脱苦难。首先把人置于一个大痛苦的循环中，再指出痛苦的根源和解决的方法。这大循环即六道轮回，解脱的方法便是八正道（正见，正思惟，正语，正业，正命，正精进，正念，正定）解脱（灭生死轮回）层此得的境界便是涅槃。

佛教的价值系统包括两部分。

第一为真理观，这是有对象和世界的真实观问题。我看到的世界是真实的吗？我通过语言概念对事物的认识是真实的吗？我自身的各种欲望是真实的吗？“我”是真实的吗？佛的回答是否定的。佛教把“世界”视为虚有，把“我”视为假相，把“事物的名称”视为假名。连“我”和“我”也是如此的。有人认为，“我空”、“法空”，实相即是无相，即是真空，即是唯一真实，永恒不变的本体。真知，仅凭佛教教义体系繁复，许多教
念往往可以互换，且表达无常。意义不定，但
它还是给我提供了一些“两极对立”概念；
性空／假有，实有／假相，真有／假名。

第二是善恶观，佛教对学生的善恶观的
前提下，但对善恶的认定却是很深思熟
的。佛教教义中不仅有“五毒”“十善”
的戒律，而且造一因果之轮，把人投入其中，
使其在善恶心之道（三善道，三恶道，是为六
道）中循环轮回（这时我在善恶道我并不
知道，但佛说我在轮回之中，我只好抓紧轮
缘告诉你善有善报，恶有恶报）。佛把
“不杀生，不偷盗，不邪淫，不妄语，不饮酒”
视为善；把“杀生，偷盗，邪淫，妄语，饮酒”
视为恶；又说：“善为有善，恶为有恶”
（《大乘义章·卷七》），而而言之，善即
是善性，信佛即是信佛。在其他方面，与善
相关联的是“净”，与恶相关联的是“染”。

冷而真，热而妄，在更广泛的范围中，作为
善恶之象征的是天（天界）和地狱。

以佛教的真假观作为背景，以佛为价值
观，以善为元价值，以善／恶为“两极对立”
结构，以人为本的解脱（涅槃）为价值目
的，这样，一个佛的价值世界便完成了。

在巨大的意义空白之间，实用主义以新
价值的面目登上了二十一世纪的讲台。皮尔士
宣布：“存在就是有用”；詹姆士说“有用
即是真理”；这是物化人心的谎言。实用主
义是一种功利哲学，一种功利价值论。
作为物化时代的价值观，它本身就是物化的
产物，就是精神被物化的结果。在传统的五
大价值系统之后，实用主义并未提供任何新
的前景。作为一种价值观，它仅仅是对外化
现实的认同，即把实用价值作为唯一的价值
，因而到头来它建立的只是一个伪价值系
统，但是它将质物质地活下去，直到新的价
值出现并取代它。只要物化过程继续下去，
它将不可避免地成为另一种物化的价值信念
——此刻我站在中国，千万双眼睛盯着现代
文明的第一道台阶，第二个……然后炼成一
支乐曲，不管是追梦的兴奋还是耳聋的哀歌，
这支乐曲必须奏响，一个动机必须立即直
接地向下一个动机，永远，永远，一个动机
必须，必须立即向另一个动机发展。人们在
表演时同时被改变着，这支乐曲必须奏响，
不管终止音程是一个共性的和弦或是不协调和
弦，脚跟共鸣着。西方人民经历的炼狱中殊
知自我的意志一再被拒绝——现在我们已经上各
各他，这是痛苦的进步，物欲主义已化成一
张抽象的血肉永变形，这是进步的痛苦！综
结变形，人将在这一过程中成为自己的葬
在。

除了虚遇与反抗之外我们还有别的选择
吗？
C 反价值：意义的重建

至此，我已告诉了你们什么是价值。但还未教给你们价值在哪里，它藏身在什么地方。如果不能做到这点，我对价值的批判将又是一句空话。我又一次提醒我朋友，它会荒谬无常，它会消失在无常之中。因此，对价值的肯定和清除完全是因为因，否定作为一种态度，那么可以学“惨淡”地听从命运的安排，所谓算则还需要智慧。它主要通过提供一种方法，使价值观进入价值系统内部，摆脱习惯价值的结构，再从价值的栖身之所，然后把它从隐秘的地方——挖出来，加以揭露，这便是我给自己规定的任务。

还有别的选择

在我之前，所有对价值的思考和研究可能都倾向于在语言之外发现某种终极存在或价值源。于是“上帝”、“理念”、“真”、“善”、“美”、“圣”、“好”作为价值只是一种纯粹的词语
事实，所以我称它们为元价值词。元价值词和价值词是同义词。元价值词一般被称为终极价值词。它们共同以“主体”观念作为媒介，将价值词和终极价值词作为中介，从而在各自的系统中占据最高位置。

无价值词作为纯粹的语言成分具有极大的构词能力，它一方面作为独立的词语，一方面又可作为词根构成词。这些由它构成的词又都具有价值含义。例如，

真——真实，真诚（形容词）
真道，真言（名词）
善——善良，慈善（形容词）
善心，善行（名词）
美——美丽，美好（形容词）
美人，美名（名词）
圣——圣贤，神圣（形容词）
圣地，圣母（名词）

一这是元价值词的第一个特点，第二个特点是它的适量性，即在一定条件下必须使用，而且这种使用是不可解的。美是真，美就是真。千百年来哲学家们一直认为美，有了千百年来美之后，人们终于才明确这种努力。第三个特点是它的生成性，它在无例外地，每个元价值词都必然地要成为它为确定中心的价值系统，如美——艺术价值系统；善——道德价值系统；圣——宗教价值系统。这些特点使元价值词成为价值词的标准，评价活动则由一般价值词进行。

一般价值词的情况要更复杂一些。超越于所有语法规则之上，我在考察中，人类的语言活动总体上由两大因素构成，这就是描述和评价，描述是人类通过符号对世界的认识和描述，在语言中一般由名词和动词承担；评价则代表某种主观的价值判断。大多数时候是价值判断，一般由语言中的形容词，副词等修饰一些名词和动词进行。比如“一朵花”是描述，“一朵美丽的花”则是评价：“他坐在沙发上”是描述，“他很气派地坐在沙发上”就包含了评价；“树上开满了粉红色的花”是描述，“树上开满了美丽的花”就包含了评价。这些句子中的评价成分就是我所说的一股价值词。根据这一点，我这样来判断价值词的特点：

1. 价值词是语言系统中的定义成分，一般可构成“两倍对等”结构。

2. 价值词主要用于评价，一般没有描述作用。

3. 它往往与其他语言成分一起用于描写或叙述，但它在其中的作用主要还是评价性的，即有描述的描述或描述中的评价价值词的词汇系统是价值词系统，除此之外，所有的形容词都具有价值含义，能作为价值词的只是其中表示事物性质的部分形容词。

我称之为价值形容词，如“好，朴素，优秀，诚恳，坦白，平易，自律，自私，偷窃， bedeutungsvoll，ausdrucksstark，dramatisch”等，而另一种形容词，如表示事物状态的“高，低，平坦，宽广，华丽，金色，通常，纯洁，清晰，明白，明显，一般，众”等。前一种我称之为价值形容词，后者称之为价值动词。

此外还有一种情况，即一些非价值词在特殊的语言情境中往往可以转化为价值词，非价值词转化为价值词，一般需要具备两个条件：

1. 一种是由于构成“主体”结构；

2. 由描述词为评价，主要是由对自然事物的描述转为对人及其行为的评价，
价值词，便具备了这两个条件，一唤一贬已构成了两值对立结构；而那些名词和动词和形容词一并上贬下贬色彩，便成为对事物的带
有感情倾向的双向评价，并且这些褒贬成
易的评语是具有对人的。

两个条件只要具备其中任何一条，便可
转化为价值词。

具备第一个条件的，例如“文明”，作为
抽象名词本身并无价值含义，但一经获得
“开化”这个否定值，并与“开化”一词构成两
值对立结构，词的功能即由描述转为价值，
便成为价值词了。而上面的形容词“淮南
全无（下下当当）等终因没有否定值，而不
能转化成价值词；表示事物性质的形容词
里，反义词的比例最大，因而价值词的比例
也最大。

具备第二个条件的，例如“高大、光明
光华、辉煌、光鲜”等事物状态形容词，
在用以形容自然事物时并不具有价值含
义，一旦用于形容人，如“高大”的形象、
“心明宽广”，“心明优卓”“前程光明”，
“一腔热血”，“黑心肠”时，便获得价值含
义而转变成价值词了。

如果从词义的发展变化考察，我们还
可以发现非价值词转化为价值词的另一种途
径，即价值词的引申义和比喻义——

例如：

尖锐“把锋芒变得非常尖锐”（基本义：描述，非价值词）

“他看问题很尖锐”（引申义，描述，价值词）

光彩“照得放着光”（基本义，描述，非价值词）

“这种行为是很光彩的”（比喻义，描述，价值词）

我的研究已成品句式了，评价使非价值
词转化为价值词：价值词的引申义或价值词由
描述词变为评价，比如“这个人”是描述
词，“这个伟人”“这个圣人”“这个坏
人”“这个勇敢的人”，句式结构不变，
但由于价值词“伟人”“圣人”和价值形
容词“好”“勇敢”的加入，其句式功能便
由描述词变为评价了。

元价值词与一般价值词的区别在于，元
价值词是不变的，它具有某种永恒性，因此
而被人类思考的永恒主题。一般价值词则
一部分外，大多数不很稳定，处于通常的生
命内化，如果说元价值词是意义之源，一
般价值词则在某一定值系统中获得意义。

在语言活动中，元价值词作为价 值标
准，价值词依据这种标准进行价值化。人类的全
部价值活动便是这样在不知不觉中接受着语
g言对语言的操纵。

我现在可以给你们价值的所在了——
所谓终极存在不过是终极词语的语义幻
觉；所谓终极价值也只不过是一元价值词造成
的语义幻觉。作为一种无所指的概念词语形
状的价值，即作为一种意义的结构，只能
通过词语显现并潜身于词语中，这样，我
便最终抓住了它的尾巴；词语是价值的
居所。

2. 在我宣标价值之书前，还有两件

事要做，

清除伪价值

这本来不是我

的任务，但由于伪价值的存
在而造成的

的价值混淆，使我对价值的观察倍感重

重，并且伪价值的存在作为一个事实已经形成一个
伪价值系统，生产出更多的伪价值，伪价值为
思想有途服务，并以权力为其背景点，使
它成为创造的动源，因此，伪价值的现状
工作便包括伪价值的消除，现在我宣布，

——所有那些被题“革命理想”或永远
不朽的“革命浪漫主义”和努力工作，指出
现在的“革命现实主义”作品将是文学，
它们从文学中清除出去；
——所有那些为表意而分格排列的“生
活诗”“生产诗”“生活诗”皆是诗，
它们从诗中清除出去；
——所有那些与艺术的内在目的相分离
的符号构成形式皆是假艺术，它们从艺
术中清除出去；
——所有那些塑造人性的伟大故事，或
者在创造的“绝对真理”皆是假哲学，把
它们从哲学中清除出去；
——所有那些以重写古文、译人、死
人思想为己任的全部皆是假哲学，把它们
从哲学家行列中清除出去；
——所有那些以现实功利为唯一的价值
出发点和价值归宿的道德利者，皆是假诗
人、假艺术家、假作家，把它们从诗人、艺
术家和作家的行列中清除出去；
中止五大价值系统 传统的五大价值系
统，至今仍是人类精神的主要操作者。互
指手法合数又张开，人类便走着莲花步。摆脱
这种处境的努力曾由个别人发起，结局不外
是失败或狂狂，有过一次的最激烈地反抗是用
一种价值批判另一种价值，人类的处境并
没有因此而改变多少，不能再继续下去了。
必须断然中止这种魔术。
——取消两性。还人以一个无罪的前
身，你是自由的，你之外无所谓苦
痛。上帝不过是一个外星人，你就是此岸，就是
彼岸，你就是你的地狱和天堂。一切全在
于你自由选择。
——打碎古希腊雕像，那上面是海、山
的恨是恨和疑惑相交织着一位少女。这是和谜之
美。希腊和整个世界都漂一滴泪和这张嘴时
间坏了，只有打破它，才能让诗歌而无
敌。
——以死找痛苦之火，以亡为过场，你
无影无踪，无一寸山河。何言生是苦，
生也是乐。生而独醒，于你丝毫无损。死者
与大梦相通。大道理在后，超地莲花开，
——取消仁，不管它是作为道德本体，
还是某种情感行为，都是所谓“礼”所规定
的社会等级伦理化、神圣化、永久化。只有
取消它，才能使精神从抽象的社会结构
中解脱出来。
——取消道，不管“道”是宇宙本体宇
宙精神或什么是，反正“道”是不可道，
不可知的，对不可道之“道”还有什么可说
的呢？进而言之，既然“道”是元，无不可
知，而老子偏要别人“忘我”而归于无我——
归于一个连他自己也不知道是 什么 的东
西，岂不是很荒诞吗？所以取消道即是对
“变”为动，对“忘我”为强我，对“无为”
为有为。
现在我在价值之门前，直接面对着价
值。
这是人的自杀行为——你面对自己虚伪
的本性和傲慢的影子。更需要自信的决断和
勇气，许多的手在这之前就握住了拳头，猛
烈地敲打着另一道门，种种徒劳通过我再
二次失败为一次动，这纯粹是我的手，它早
早就期待着出手一击了。
1）取消“两值对立”结构 “两值
对立”不仅是价值评价的方法，也是价
值的结构。作为结构，它将意义断
然地划分为肯定与否定两值，给每一项设
定若干等级，由价值评估使使其定位化，进而在
语言中构成一个两值系统。为方法，它
用价值词为标准，对事物作肯定或否定的
评价，将“两值对立”结构置给所评价的
事物。同时，在语言中肯定与否定的评价活动
中，给人的思维以一个“两值对立”的形
式。无论东方西方皆无例外。因此，此
用便不能不首先指向它。
——打破两值评价，取消语言中 的肯
d定值与否定值，不再非此即彼，不再非好即
坏，不再以“是”或“非”看待事物，把语
言从价值的双重物化下解放出来，使语言由
作为道德本体，使“礼”所规范、条理化、只有道德的社会结构。

“是宇宙本体字”是不可道，
“是什么的取法是变我，变无为”

1. 直接面对着价值
2. 你面对自己虚假的决定和
3. 证明通过我再

“结构”“两值”
方法，也是价
将意义武断地
在每一值设置若
定量化，进而
系，作为一种方法，它
作肯定或否定的
加所评价的“两
定的评价活动的
“两值对上”形
因此，我能

语言中的价
值，不再非理性
待事物，把把
出来，使语言出

2）取消价值评价

价值成为价值评价的主要形式，总是在
有己有的价值尺度存在的，现有的价值标准
形式一个时代的价值尺度，成为价值评价的
尺度，但是，这只是表面的情况。实际上，评
价可能是和人类的价值需要同时产生的，如
果不是更早的话，因为正是评价使大量的价
值得以产生，并且继续产生着新的价值评
价，使既有的价值体系即长生，时至今日，
在具体的语言境遇中，使非价值观称作
为价值评价的也正是评价，因此，有取消价
值评价，现有的价值活动才会中止。
取消价值评价的步骤如下：
取消语言系统中的价值成分，只保
留其描述和叙述的成分，使语言脱离价值
的，成为描述性的符号系统，以适合于人类
非价值观其是世界的需要。

取消每一个句子中的价值词语，使
单句或复句的句式功能由评价转为描述，如
“树上开满了美丽的花朵”（评价句），取消
“美丽的”变成为描述句“树上开满了花朵”
“一个人的人”（评价句），取消“伟大”
的，变成为描述句“一个人”了，等等。

3）取消词语

取消多义词的“引申义”和“比喻
义”，只在基本义上使用它。多义词的“引
申义”和“比喻义”往往把描述转变成评
价，例如，

“他很口渴”（基本义、描述
句）
“他的心很烦躁”（引申义、评价
句）

取消“目不转睛”（基本义、描述
句）
“斗法取得了辉煌的胜利”（比喻义、评价
句）

取消多义词的“引申义”和“比
喻义”，才能中止义由描述向评价的转化。

3）消除价值词语

如果说“两值对上”是价值结构，”评
价”是价值活动的形式，那么，价值词就是
价值存在（显现）形式，词语定值即是可
值化艺术。这是没有艺术的前

在这样的前提下，对艺术的某种纯

化性寻找，便成为现代表现艺术的某种意

思。它一直在追求艺术的单纯性，由于

艺术价值的单纯性（即绝对的、艺术家的或政

治的）使艺术过于沉重，艺术对其内容的

表现实际是以对艺术价值内容的欣赏，而它正是这样做的。

——从绘画的发展看，虚无的或现实的

价值结构，使绘画成为再现或表现的工具。

经过几代画家的努力，最后保留了其

内容。但这还只是绘画的思潮之一，只要还保

留了它一个具象。绘画便仍然没有摆脱价值世

界的影响。这个梦想经过无数次之后，抽象绘画终

于使绘画成为一种纯粹的艺术形式。

——音乐也是如此，从歌剧、交响曲到标

志音乐，一种音乐，一个基本的线索便是

将其清除那些强加给音乐的价值内容，使音

乐消逝自的某种纯化性接近，但是，只要不

将其置于画碟的中心，音乐便仍然处于价值

的控制之下，这种是无法消除的。音乐的纯粹

性仍然是一个梦想，直到无有技巧的出现

才改变了这种状况。取消技巧，使内容中止

于价值通过取消音乐的意义加强（音乐性

性，大乐，音乐，音乐，音乐，等等），纯音乐才第一次

成为可能。

——诗的情况要特殊一些。纯艺术的理

想在诗中之所以难以实现，倒不是因为诗

人无能，而是因为人面对一个无法逾越的

障碍。语言是语言的反应，而语言是价值

是话语的，正是这一点使诗和人陷入了

困境。离开“主体”、“主观”之说，“表

象”、“模仿”之争，纯粹始终是，井且依

然时诗人们内心的理想。在这种困境下只

解除了，按照我提供的方法，诗人们可以简

洁地进行价值（前价值结构，价值语）的论

理，然后进入一种纯粹的语言创作，纯粹便
不再是某种可以否定的幻象了。同理从另一方

面的自然观到到持论的，他的全部努力仅限于从理论上区分纯诗与散文，也许，那个永恒的诗学理想只在诗人们的努力

中清晰地流通着。

纯艺术作为一种理想，是艺术的一种非

化过程，这一过程的完成意味着艺术

的自我取向，而纯艺术的前景必然是艺

术的消亡，抽象绘画是这样，无调艺术是这样一

纯诗的哲学也是这样。诗的非价值一旦实现，便使诗的终结：这是值得庆贺的

事。在艺术最终获得它的纯粹之前，还有三

重价值的形而上的存在，需要由我来为

它指出和解释，现在我只能给你们：我——

反美学

美作为元词，无论是从

语言中清除就可一劳永逸的，作为与元词

词同值的价值观念，它已进入艺术并留存和

扩散开来，成为一种普遍的艺术标准。没有

哪一个艺术家能够来独立完成的。它甚至

成为这样的奇迹：谁拥有它，谁就成

为新的宠儿。而任何人勿的可能则被证实了

于这个词语之外，实际上，美不仅仅是成为

艺术理想，而且不应该是艺术发生关系。它

作为价值是该强加的艺术的一重标准，正是

应该从艺术中剔除的，现在却成了艺术的特

例。因此，对美的第二次清除便成为不可避免的了。

我对美的清算集中在三个方面，和谐、

对称、完善。

——反谐美。无论东方或西方，都把和

谐作为美的要素，儒家的“天人合一”、儒

家的“和为贵，和为美”；古希腊哲学家毕

达哥拉斯和赫拉克利特的“美和善即是和谐”

“美在于和谐”，便是这一观念的表述。这

种和谐在东方主要指一种关系（人与自
...
“乐”从艺术中解脱出去，艺术既不听，也不乐。这种情境的定解不过是艺术者自己暗示的，而不仅仅是艺术者自己的暗示。它已不再新鲜了，就象撑着一顶布衣一样，尴尬其。
——取消定解情境，把那些“悲观”或“乐观”从艺术中解脱出去。艺术既不听，也不乐，这种情境的定解不过是艺术者自己的暗示。它已不再新鲜了，象指一个玩具一样，尴尬其。
——最后还必须取消定解，把那些“悲观”“乐观”从艺术中解脱出去。艺术既不听，也不乐，艺术者它的暗示（它就是有意暗示），这些情境不过是艺术者自己的暗示，把这意者也从艺术中解脱出去！

反真实 这是最后一个艺术法庭。许多的指控从这里发出来了，然后再判决，艺术者一次次去验印，问它是关于某个艺术问题的争论罢了，所有艺术者都把“真实”作为非常，并明确写上自己的倾向和旗帜。表现主义追求心理的真实：象征派理论语言之中保存着这种倾向。布勒东他们试图把现实的逃避现实；最后一位画家虽有些激进也不把这种真实作为艺术宗教的最高教义！

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影，让词语证实词语。

反其实是，便是取消一切背景，不管它是作为“哲学”“神话”“历史”或者“原野”出现的，艺术既不本质，也不是现象，它就是你看到的那种符号构成形式。如此而已。

最后，反现实必须取消事态创作。如果说事态创作把语言作为抒情的工具，并没有回到语言，事态创作把语言作为叙事的工具，更远离了语言，这两者看似尖锐对立的艺术倾向实际上脱离神合，坚持的是同一语言态度，区别仅仅在于，前者强调的是语言的抒情功能，后者强调的是语言的叙事功能。二者同是语言的传统主义者！事态创作后面隐藏的是对情感价值的迷信；事态创作后面隐藏的是对真实的崇拜。这使得艺术家的又一重迷惑（目前流行的抒情语言的大众诗）便属于事态创作，取消事态，取消事态，事（艺术）才真正回到语言，纯粹之诗（艺术）才接近于实现了。

我在一首诗中写道：“有人筑过／推倒影子山不就不存在了”，你们试试看。

现在，我已向你们公布了我的主要思想，接受它，将使人类永存的欢乐有的困境；故我对此不抱任何幻想，但我的听众—那些精神之鹰就在你中间，我希望对他们的推理，他们需要我来说服。

人已有上万年的生命了，这些年来，你们按照“人”的标准塑造自己，使你们像“人”，成为“真正的人”，我却要告诉你们，人只是一个概念——这便是作为价值存在，人按照这个假定生活已经太久，现在需要否定一种假设，反价值便是要打破构成你认为的价值体系，因为你从这个假定中解放出来，现在你是价值人，戴着厚厚的价值面具，只有你敢于把它揭下来，形象便开始变化，你们便可以自我解剖的你们应该做的是什么了。

人类的价值活动好比一场球赛，我的父辈和父辈的父辈们积极参加进去，以进入决赛并夺取金牌为最高目标。他们从未想过那操纵比赛的整套规则是人为的，它是不合理，等等。我之前曾有一个人拒绝参加比赛，不是他们对这场旷日持久的比赛厌倦了，或对比赛本身产生了怀疑，而是发现自己的在这种比赛中不能取胜，他们是为了某全面子而采取拒绝态度的。轮到我，问题已不是拒绝或参加比赛了，我才发现的问题远比比赛本身更重要。人类的价值活动不过是一场游戏，在这场游戏中，我们都是游戏者。操纵游戏的实际上是一些词语和它们本身运作的一套规则。这些词语和它们的规则使我们他们有权利把我们自己理解为一种结论，让我们自己欣赏，让我们自己给自己看，在电话中转了几圈之后我终于明白了：我身在其中，但我必须不在其中：通过破坏神圣规则以中止这场伟大的游戏，并以新的规则取代它——这便是我正在干并要你们和我一块干的，我们干吧！

反价值的实现便是新价值的创造——只有在那时，人才可以说，我又前进了一步。

（1988年7月8日完稿于西昌月亮海畔）
自由方块

动机工
姿势设计

姿势是应该考虑的。要让女人注意自己的表情。比如笑不能露齿。比如目不转睛。皮尔·卡丹选你作为一个模特儿，你必须注意仪态的精确定位。坐如钟。头如钟声到客船。你不在船上。在客车上你把你坐着的座位。面壁而坐。面壁而坐。皆是圣人的坐法。你不是圣人。不想征服天下。可以坐得随便一点。在任何一个场合。假如你是一位贵妇。或模仿某一位圣人。或模仿某一个神。古来圣贤多寂寞。坐为悟道之本。你不坐便不悟道。孔子坐而有弟子三千。芝诺坐然后发现飞矢不动。阿基里斯永远追不上乌龟。而你看见杨朱坐得像一朵花。无风也摆动。引来三五只蝴蝶。男人喜欢摇尾巴的女孩。睡如弓。大雪满弓刀。挑选姿势非常重要。最好不要白天杀人。据说释迦牟尼因为学女睡姿不雅而愤世出家的。从此他特别讲究睡的技巧。你不喜欢睡姿的。你想换一种睡法。你试着翻身。那种感觉很强烈。那种脚似有似无。那种飞机。喷气式的。那种鸟儿飞水。面的爱民。你觉得那种姿势十分优雅。是明天的事。再研究研究。今天还是坚持做早操。至于今生之后是否有来世。从孙中山到耶稣都没说过清楚过。瑞士的丹尼肯又考证上帝是外星人。那个天堂你更不想去了。低头可以接受。没有尾巴可甩。但要做挺直。男儿有泪不轻弹。保持平静重要。站如松。坐下同凳。言师采药去。松下的凳子再坐。不知师傅在哪棵树下。重要的是要站得潇洒。最好不要说话。韩愈欣赏贾岛的推门敲门的姿势。留他作了一介客。你知道门外还有别种姿势。

——陶渊明悠然见南山的姿势
——王维松风吹琴带的姿势
——苏东坡大江东去的姿势
——李清照人比黄花瘦的姿势

人之外还有许多的姿势。云的姿势。月的姿势。鸟的姿势。虹的姿势。你借来变马和天马。加上那一切。设计出一种新的款式。很多人都会模仿你了。
动机Ⅱ 人称练习

练习一 你住在楼上，我住在楼下。他在楼上，我在楼下。
读卡夫卡的小说。有时是一只耗子，有时是一只甲虫。
耗子是你。甲虫是我。他读卡夫卡的小说。
某一次在笼里，他住上层。他住下层。你在笼外。
读卡夫卡的小说。甲虫是你。耗子是他。你读卡夫卡。
去城堡的途中，我逃了出来。在高音外。
无书可读。
甲虫是他，耗子是你。
我读无书。

练习二 他走入花道。我种于菜花。你花在山间，梅花是你。品茶的是他。我去散步，顺便走走。看看山，看看水。看看早晚不同的云。用鼻子嗅嗅。伸出手试试风，觉得无。
——你的有无。我的有无。他的有无。
我喜欢滑雪。你喜欢网球。他喜欢射箭。赏雪的是他。破网的是我。你演戏射术，后羿的子
孙怕弓。引而不发。好汉们已纷纷落马。
——你也落马。我也落马。他也落马。
你从江南来。说那里的菜已熟过了。他去湖北。为养廉悌悲歌之气。我留下来。守着这株
千年古梅。直到花开。
——你也开花。我也开花。他也开花。

练习三 我来时你刚走。他正巧出门。正巧错过。同一条路有三个目的。
我从桥上过。他的船正在江心。你在桥边看斜风残月。同一条河有三种流向。
我上泰山观日。你漫漫归来。他在山顶观星相。同一个时刻有三种奇观。
站在窗外他望着窗外的窗。你在窗外。开窗。关窗。
站在门内你望着门内的门。我在门内。关门。开门。
留在这道我听着道中的话。他在门内。你在窗外。
我在窗下。不在窗下。

练习四 他说李白看过月亮是蓝的。他说月亮比
李白还自认为月亮是某种形状怎么打磨都是方的

～〇～
动机Ⅲ 鲁比克游戏

散步，随便
有空无一，
后羿的子
守着这株
大卫星在贝鲁特升起
战神名通义，望西厢
看见阿基意大利
笑放下武器，面带微笑
行举手礼，后面面带微笑
笑登上美国军舰向古
代的迦太基胜利撤退

鲁比克玩艳门方便玩世界
体育之窗国际博览迷恋冷门

下一场球撒切尔夫人一个倒
g勾决定了大共帝国的命运马
尔基斯被射又赢回了麦
哲伦指挥岛上的企鹅拼命鼓
拿暂停阿根廷移在今人手里

马德里世足会刚刚开幕式
到夏威夷度假去了新人民军说伊
尔达该死教派民主不批准杀人只
宣判了5000双女式靴子南风吹水有
人在远方男女二重唱“打回老家去”
鲁比克玩累了世界便玩中国
十年以后北京时间十二点正

杨森说不要说地吐痰
成都的街道很干净
朋友们聚在星期头清街乱跑
萨特死了

某次从一本书记到马尔库塞
只知道他喝来苦河的水
不知道他是吃马克思长大的

后爵士时代
后摇滚时代
霹雳舞使阿里巴巴两腿抽筋
金丝格从东方飘圣回去
再不喊叫了
专心于自杀，专心于同性恋
偶尔喝喝过去的好时光

这不是美利坚手里的中国牌
中国人自己打自己
毛泽东老朋友来说：不须放屁
你老子的屁股放出一半
就成了右派。黑五类
公安六条不请你运动
你检举
不小心阴雨了地狱

杨森说不要随地大小便
朋友们公然在街头拉屎撒尿
警察无动于衷

（时常追求“途穷流而返”的阮籍。
你不禁油在上几分魏晋风度。
相当但不尚清谈。
喜欢玄学。
对药的态度则在信与不信之间。

当然。还有累作青白眼的骷髅。
还有无弦无琴的广陵散。

（也有些现代性的东西。
比如灵魂与肉体的最早分裂。
常常把眼睛放在头下。
用纸牌算命。
读一本名著便折断一条手臂。）
动机IV 两个人的床

小猫钓到一条鱼便开始骄傲了。自以为了不起。看不起别的猫。那些鱼也真贱。见有一条上钩了。一条吃住一条的尾巴跟着来。自动跳进他的竹篓。小猫想起那只白蜘蛛。一次次勾引他。害他得了相思病。没钓着鱼还挨了老猫一顿骂。他发誓要报这一箭之仇。白蜘蛛中毒了。他们恋爱。他们结婚。新婚是座花园。钢琴床铺满大大小小的玻璃。一敲就响。小猫的名声传到了美国。记
香登门采访，请他上了《花格子》杂志的封面。

你说开始不认识她第一眼嘴巴很大
你说你朗诵诗时她很欣赏你的下巴
你说如果不从舞伴身旁向你迎秋被
你说你第一支舞曲结束她主动倒向你
你说她心慌意乱一直犹豫不敢舞步
你说她倚在你肩头但有男儿气概
你说抱住她象抱住一只瘦弱的野猫
你说她靠近你脸皮泛有点多重那种
你说男女之别在于语言她睁上眼睛

深不象你难为苦要类出不你说她
膜大的她意往往你时来下讲她地
接受尊自的你男眼的你绝拒她说她
吻飞她处她应到灯从断不不你说她
舞伴她求你开开个支支说她
手的她痛疼是未上还故仅说她
力触性女子满流肤她承奉你说她
肩皎的低低只一住速如你庄速说她
手新鲜情同是抖握手她握住你说她
运会停相你杂偶靠全全之手百百说她

你们彼此动情于彼此你
你们彼此动情于彼此你
你们彼此动情于彼此你
你们彼此动情于彼此你
你们彼此动情于彼此你

物阳种那的中意你你是分歧现发你
龄年真实的他了赚隐你向他展怀你
觉错的感情是干于情钟初当你你是
足不离身咱的你那他展始被你你说
单调的样那是念抱拥次一感到感你
度宽的肩比人男的剔量打打你
味腻得觉越你欢喜你讨是越他说你
真为以信据他知路式开个想只你
激刺点寻了为是只他过未未你从说你
了逸做为因的他弃缘充你是说你

他感觉你缺乏少女应有的那种激情
他怀疑你和父亲或谁有过暧昧关系
他说他那时迷上了你是历史的误会
他说他逐渐发现你的相貌丰满有余
他觉得每一回的接吻总是那么生硬
他开始接近对的枯燥和生面的周围
他说他越爱卖弄风情他越感到恶心
他差不多里作戏没有你你会进入角色
他说如果说过你只是看上你的肉体
他说他主动放弃了为了换换口味

小猫那扯想本。阳光很刺眼。影子扁扁
的。没有风。钓杆垂在河面上。竹篓里
没有一条鱼。小猫想起刚才他做了一个梦
他想起钓杆。钓竿不知被什么偷偷吃了
他重新把钓钩抛进水里。老猫死于鼠药
老妹跟一个大肚子洋人跑到西德去了。
动机Ⅴ 拒绝之盐

必要时学会摇头，必要时学会握手
假如头和手都不自由时
你得学会沉默

为自己练习绝食
拒绝水你不再游泳不再向江湖湖海撒网
拒绝火你不再炼石不再仿制一切形式的灯
拒绝雨你不再布道不再敲打破碎的瓦罐
拒绝风你不再升旗不再指挥船队远航

你把拒绝作为游戏
无人对弈
你的棋子仍在减少
拒绝之盐无味
你从无味接近烹饪之道

拒绝圣贤你不再进一步一趟学之习之
拒绝标准你不分善恶忘记了身高和体重
拒绝亲和你没有血缘不知根的粗细
拒绝仇恨你取下弓矢在室内抬起皱皱的虎皮
拒绝道德你不再跋涉不再作无谓的寻找
拒绝热情你不再沐浴不再为美色而动容

你以拒绝作为盾牌抵挡伟人名人的进攻
毛泽东思想战无不胜
你招架不住
只有低头认罪

拒绝开口你不再争辩以免惹入事态的修辞
拒绝语言你失去了概念只会沉默或嚎叫
拒绝幻想你不再企望某种高度和深度
拒绝索问你不再徘徊在道不再采药炼丹
拒绝沉思左冲右突始终杀不出一条血路
拒绝突围愧见江东父老不如留下面子守节而死

拒绝是一种艺术。兵临城下
你仍在午后
闲敲棋子
旷逸亭上听水听鱼

拒绝远游
你不再探奇访胜或发思古之幽情或故作潇洒流离之感叹
拒绝登临
你不再摘取一株不把留词客书”或“绝者陈子昂”不作诗名者皆非
拒绝归隐
你清晨出游假山黄昏散步盆景让三里之内无竹一里之内无花
拒绝回忆
人带在形形色色胖胖瘦瘦的面具中推铰轮滑渐渐丢失细节无记丁

你想起周伯通
你可以被人反对。你可以被人憎恨。但你不能被人误解。
尤其不能被人讽刺。
讽刺使他归于徒劳。
拒绝之言说你形容枯槁。陷入宽容皆忘之境。
据古书载若持之以恒故使之标无识无德——今之无耻。那时你得救了。
你答应再试试看。

（在台阶上静坐18天。绕着圆顶转六周。若找到进入的门。你又坐下来）

动机Ⅵ 塔希提以西

想起那座岛时你便坐不住了。
为了那位自笑的画家，你过海去。
你记得父亲告诉过你的话。
在岛上，有人种下一棵杨木，第二年开出万朵玫瑰。

为了岛上的那棵杨树，你要过海去。

祖父生前是研究老子的。你带一部元刻《道德经》给他。他高兴得手舞足蹈。你也读老子。
你觉得它是一个球。左看是圆的。右看是圆的。前后看还是圆的。从先秦到今，越演越
玄了。他日本浮世绘之后，东方玄学也成了一时。”你也时。”试解解看。"道可道非常道
名可名非常名"
——可以这样解： "道，可道非常道；名，可名非常名。"
——可以这样解： "道可道，非常道；名可名，非常名。"
——可以这样解： "道可，道非，常道；名可，名非，常名。"
——可以这样解： "道，可道非，常道；名，可名非，常名。"

还可以再解，一种观点得出一个学者。你是两个学者。
再仔细想想。是你在解老子，还是你在解自己呢。总
没有个答案。祖父也没有答案。所以他跟海死了。

为了祖父的那些藏书。你要过海去。

他的死。至今众说纷纭。有人说他死于情欲的毒箭。有人说他死于纵欲过度。反正。他死得很不
光彩。你活得也不光彩。都不光彩。你想起祖父说。那位画家死后。有一幅画留在墙上。火焰
也没能把它烧走。你一定要去。站在画在的废墟上。你想起巴黎。想起时装舞会的法国女郎。
一根火柴击落了金色的苹果和苹果。只有石头活着。你会如来。你哪里也不想去了。你说。

——你没有从哪里来。（我们从哪里来？）
——你什么也不是。（我们是谁？）
——你不到什么地方去。（我们往何处去？）

我吃故我在。
如此而已。

（在台阶上静坐。解着圆顶旋转。没
有进去的门。你坐下再也不想起来了）

（1986年12月15日～22日于月亮湖畔）
周伦佑

头 像（一幅画的完成）

穿过梦境跳入无人之境
无因之果在另一棵树上
不即不离，斯人何其寥落
——摘自1987年日记

头像 第一稿

得画的幻影消融以后，你转过脸来，背向浮雕装饰的壁，朝某个未知的物体注视。白色深不可测，更深处的凝视，迫使你感觉它的重量，并使你跪下，抬头仰望高处，他完美无缺的头，制造一种幻觉。

你从未画得这样痛苦，女瓶之首三月不破，让你逃出精致的瓷器，娃娃脸，砌沙于从骨头上流下，磷红的雕像，舌头说的异常干裂，人神同形之树挂在断臂和芒果，缺少一个头颅，你明白了此时的处境。

白色深不可测，从这里进去，需要一把东方的钥匙，希腊或耶路撒冷的原因，或者中国，星象与鸟兽之纹，复活岛上的石像有头无身，且广袤方额，吴贺氏之态，只是鼻子长了些，不知血统高贵与否。

深度的凝视渐次渐浅，窗中失落之物，抓住悬挂的词根壁，哲人之头被释梦者一分为二。学者欲着《首脑论》。寡头元首皆灭头，何况画乎。倒悬之民以头着地，作滑稽的表演，自诩乐在其中，也算是一种奇观。

僧面佛面皆是人面。

命运之弦紧而不断，使静物显得庄严，风纸撕的纸花样翻新，不等你颜色，破开的石窟生水晶结角，挤满你的瞳孔，不规则的立方把你打倒在地，这是最惨烈的。
失败、不流血的战斗。

画框之外，开着的窗不过是一幅画影。惊呼着跳起四面奔逃，果究留在原处。任玄鸟啄食，降而生离。此乃不祥之兆。长安道上有人抚琴而歌，看大河落日而掉面。孔于送酒醉而卧，从此便没有人再唱了。

莲的幻影是一只眼睛，在路上，低头不见抬头见，你不胜惊讶，自恋者迷于水。
你从不照镜子，这幸免于难。画一扇窗让风送进，或者被风而死。你跳窗而死。
在另一间屋里想入非非。

坚决不死。天天吃肉而不知爱情是什么滋味。胸无成竹，且揆图再求之四夷，闲
人捧手。请人捧手于，BO人捧于壁之半。苗人捧于于一画塔碑之上。遥望而
后，都已不再典故了。黄皮肤是老虎的肝。孟加拉虎。东北虎，皆是兽中之王。
夹在之舌点石成金，你超乎间隐然有王者之气。

以罪避之。
突如射人先射弓，擒贼先擒王
言。

在黑的画景当中画上一座城堡，让它的脚。再画，直至不易。但风如雾，自然的
风景是一片废墟。供人凭吊而无观赏的价值。俄圣瑞.是之马克思主义。克制
住栅栏的疯狂与放肆，白色清澈见底，照见另一种生命的存在，形而上下；在岸
是男柱，在水流中。在两便男女不成了。

上一层楼去——

无数的跳楼和大象夺路而逃，你来不及分辨。握手一刹那。在空中留下五个指印，
之门洞开，所有的事物是同一个符号，所有的符号是同一枝，所有的枝在同
一幅壁画后面想象别的面孔，你的面孔我的面孔他的面孔。

三种人称不过是三个人的三张脸谱
你永远无法和自己的另外两面对质

也有例外，此刻你在画布上和自己的另一张脸相逢

神龙见首不见尾，乃侠之大者。
头像第二稿

总觉完满得沉重。

昏迷之文鸣而不至，是这声中醒来，许多的蝴蝶和蜗虫，飞动的爪翼。先王之心既而未决，除过便不待了。起立跪拜之姿清晰可见，总不是同茎之像。

别人作瓜种豆子，再植几株他，节外生枝而不壮，不如裁军，罗布而去。雕刻的艺术便是从大理石上敲去多余的部分，先去两翼，再借刀成事多事之秋，为食而亡，为双飞而苦，为外边的山间而嘶血不止，遂黑得后人憔悴。

为一只风而私奔。为一句话而无悔。为牺牲之死而食不甘味。

想相信那是古人的话，岩壁之松破壁而人，润叶可以松吹，暗处空中的石头总不见落地，或者根本没有石头。所谓裂帛断玉不过是臆想。把人之耳间风而动，也看不见降下来，结果风而雨飘。

麻衣道者有言：大耳听音，当居万人之上。你耳大且肥，但手不过着，故命不显矣，起码有三次以上。好运差点那就算你，无风起三尺浪，暗如天上下。你稍微不进，醒来后依然两袖清风。

另一只草帽尚在，故在处身后画暗物，有买的在，只要找到一种画法便可脱身。

成事便是被人挂在嘴上，倒不在乎其词。大师是误解的结果，我其是误解。重复三遍之子便无家可归。杀人一刀泣血，而内手是后花。林道鹤鸿西口，暗香无数，此情此景而化为虚无，味若者身上有血，这一切全是道听途说。

有人对牛弹琴。

子曰：《诗经》之乱，洋洋乎盈耳哉！

你鸣而攻之。

他山之石可以攻玉，你再攻朋友之友，一发一拳之流行了，都想换换口味，边边脸面色，用琵琶遮住，鲜血白流也符合古典美的标准。华桂半破之口张而复闭，耳朵忘在枕上，有人旁敲侧击，你便怒不可，用唇语解嘲，想自己死于酒和夜场，便醒而无憾了。
头像第三稿

且慢，喜首自赏

大水而扬子江已过，独山尚远。有朋自西南来，也因路途而故。你正好导我温酒，自斟自醉，然后乘兴展素绢于醉倒之前。古人善画，一幅可凝而思，数月，你得两眼有神！

有人淹风逼影，你正需危坐，以免成为被逼捉的对象。一叶扁舟而所有的歌都在叶的形状，百步穿杨之弦响处，几眼皆成虚子，见树不见林。看不见古人与来者，一人句雨而泣，所的眼都在流泪，向罗盘而风而风，听说隔代之后子孙可笔录宗谱，你才展开眼笑了。

一双眼不过是一种观念。自古以来，或授之于师，或授之于父母，王道道道非常过，身教言教，教人非礼勿视，指鹿为马就是马，否则便算犯戒，黑格尔之眼，卡西尔之眼，是另一眼恨，隐形的，锁上即取不下来了。远视近视，总不能正视，故不如先外有天，致使一误再误。

任画家之手改之
画眼于镜，以期的灵光照临万物（保罗·克利）
画眼于镜后，镜前而必影随（马格里特）
画影无迹，不见镜像不停息（亨利之）

未达更改为镜前，移形于尺幅间，画一条鱼员为眼带状，画一只鸟置于鸟于头颅，自己的名字画上，又哭又笑。哭所笑之事，笑所笑之人。

视而不见，天下不治，非关山水事，眼见之实乃一线虚线。仰观天象，以一孔窥之，众化，日之所击光华纷呈，群花中心见黑暗，画龙点睛则光显，日暮中有景物打开，怒眼四顾，世界始终一片糊涂。无常。

善恶之义早已存于，经过工艺与黑铁的洗炼，正无能无为地腐烂。麦田里的守望者，见一群鸟死又一群秃鹫飞来。以命击之。埃塞俄比亚多灾的高原。只有一些空洞的眼眶，落在仙人掌上，如一串串干枯的风铃。

“刺破人类的眼睛”！

1937年，参加佛尔曼眼睛展览会。在没有灯光的夜晚里他和格拉古尼卡，在第九十一个月妇的床上模仿公牛发情。然后在画的右上方涂上一个牛头。大西洋两岸被感动了，贵妇们从此不养狗。

不涉牧的狮子，有人在图书馆的藏书本中发现一筒陈酒，上面有一位骑着马的少女和她的羊，远处是骑马的武士。许多年了，没找到开酒的瓶口。你好奇地晃动酒瓶，第七次晃动，铁的风暴从葡萄园中心炸开，酒醒之后，到处是羊角和马蹄，少女的腿，骑马以百名之手按摸海伦的动情部位。特洛伊城门便打开了。

盲目的博尔赫斯
在布宜诺斯艾利斯看见另一只老虎
在海边的礁石上眺望它的虎皮

图书中央一团火焰慢慢升起
弥漫尘埃的镜中，沙之书一页页消失
直至最后一行又重现全部内容
无人读懂有人在读一直在读
当一个字母被识破所有的字母
便重新组合。一页页消失
又全部重现。盲目的博尔赫斯
在书房的转椅上读另一种虎皮的斑斓
某块斑点上。一位古代隐士正参悟止观之法
你随之欢心而笑了。
诗曰：不入不自，可保其身。

头像第四稿

还不够纯粹，裸妇之态无饰而现，无情而盛装满天。某一次战争，男人们把头颅在手中尽情炫耀，终归两败而落花流水。王耶冠耶，很难分了。剩下的事便交给大臣，再交给使者，覆亡之亦。

嘴者长来，不涂自红，无论男女上下。

岐岳之开阖而不合，晴日晴月，晴古今中外的骨头。食百家之言而肥，终成一吞吐量最大之口器。

古人借口开河，以龙风而以浮盘，言出

推之在里可生，到那之香生产 别的象

牙，玉而皇之，无一字不出自经典。以

口为碑，镌刻帝王的功德。使食客不

朽，一朝一夕皆是他人手笔，拓而可

之，只管茂林修竹，便可出口成章，出

将入相，自然丰衣足食。

自由不过是嘴的体验。五味俱全。经过

之后便是恶心。古人自比不系之舟，你

便以自适动作跳海。风把你的仪表撕得

粉碎。你变成千百张嘴。各种颜色的嘴

就一齐吹响，此不惊人死不休。的伟大

的无病呻吟。

要娶你诚善，佛叫你诚火

医生叫你诚铁和金属之类

教民之口在于教川。故自言言 制之

法，使之守口如瓶，教其又立，庄子要

不再逍遥了。一言以蔽之，天皆地载。

君主或者小人，以言罪之句取人性命。

部分可兴邦安国，恩威大干嘴笔。

（有若墨胆，主命脉之沉浮

你鼻翼肥厚

定当大器晚成

（有鼻导游

沿香料之路往东印度群岛去

收割雪莱胡椒

和波利尼西亚故娘脚下

富于东方情调的

孤岛

（有口，气韵之说

诗 品 书 品 画 品

皆是气品

你中气不足

故笔下章无秋而凋蔽

（仰人鼻息总觉得得很累
一言既出，驷马难追。

任其追击，君子动口不动手，语不惊人死不休。你总想一鸣惊人，站姿言之。黄河之水天上来，荒者皆成海泽。

平庸之水。载舟覆舟是前朝的事，你只关心钓鱼。钓得鱼之鱼，焦热之后又故旧江湖里。有人见龙女成鱼，其声悲凉至极。你得信将疑，总有一种鱼刺卡在喉咙不止不休。

欲速则不达，缓现实之轮南辕北辙。你嘴上不再言词，对某些问题可以避而不谈。托之以口，或者闭嘴又笑，假装口吃，也可答非所问。王侯左右而言他。魏晋多清谈之士，多因庭招致灭族之祸。你亦不复明。但有辨是非者，还是少说为佳。

闭上你的狗嘴。

言既不能尽意，何及乎意外，更多的言词拒绝溶解。你无法尝到和说出，所有的事物皆是惊弓之鸟，到头来剩下一片羽毛。不可以言传，即马之速匹之语，之言之外，顶多一匹尾巴。“并不能说明某种动物存在与否。你我更无须多嘴了。

成语：得意而忘言。
谚语：病从口入，祸从口出。
俗语：观棋不语真君子。
俚语：言之无物，水落石出。
咒语：筑言如蛇，天诛地灭。

（闻章下马不为酒
为无功佳子 十里荷花
多读得多在青楼之外
想象女孩子的香味
肉味）

（红袖添香夜读书
焚香抚琴
倒也有几分古意）

（圣人立功
你立则与不立之言
介于正邪之间的一把剑
奉你为开山鼻祖
你远而避之）

（英雄气短
第五次求婚之后你削发为僧
从此进入空门）

（如入芝兰之室，久而不闻其香
入鲍鱼之肆，久而不闻其臭

（鼻当伐之
伐之
当伐之）
头像第五稿

最可爱的独行，无野马之蹄而有，用处墨画的，一挥而就之焕然大不
掉，自环城中，远人于千里之外，只是一点简单有无之别，这间就是一张脸。
最初的用意暗然意难

他早已面目全非了，延请故君入骨残，不见越鸟南来。已成众叛亲离之势。与
其命登峰华，故年姿见。不如何开一言，让三军各自逃生。弥大保护之，它早晚
衰而水草丰茂。其城不破自破，不破自溃，凭空之水用西面八面派发。使其身败
名裂。百年之后再让其加白于天下。

孔说 孟说 毛说。不如听我再说，尔等思听——

大熊。真人不露相。总操杯中把，无迹可求。始作俑者是虚其名，其言闪烁。
其人艰深，先学如何能为其学。其巧妙不可及也。万物补而不居。在你们眼前，
众象之身跌出不同肤色的尘。偸有的方向虚噪而去。吾不清那些脸。在你们头
顶。天才不过是一扇窗户。偶尔开启。便使一些人受惠。一些名字不朽。更深远
的腐和呆遁的手。希望或失望。使你们所有的伤口感染

大熊。人格就是面具。给人看的。崇高或典雅决定于剧情。英雄无双。便无所顾忌
了。无痛是无感。无味这样的景象。碳化的种子在月光下膨胀。如一只怀孕的母
兔。接着用皮毛包裹自己，时间之手把你们置于它的掌上。引而不发。远虚 Coverage
使你们慢慢不可终日。灰烬之中那些面孔清洗无物。充满白银。把你们投进火
烧。任荆棘蔓延。任巨蟒缠身。使你们上升到绝望的高度。然后彻底消融。

打开骨牌舞台。王的字母使一城城市里逃生，那那些消失的鱼群。经过历代的
法网。死亡和战争，在同样的场面中显现。这些永恒的魔。给你们呼吸。生者与
死者的情感思绪，无色无味。

你们还会说什么呢？永恒的答复一成不变。并不能使你们放心。那么再听我说吧；

世界是不成问题的。问题是一种嗜好。凭空捏造一个汽车又使之毁灭。如此等等，
异想天开天便断了，下断下雪，下吃大大小小的坏蛋。你说天空象水牛皮。我
说冬天一块画布。不要画出画内。地是上帝的笔画，涂上色彩漾开。画家也在流
淌之死。自从要是杀死上帝。你们便成了离不开的污点。给这个世界添乱。现在
也我来救你们——
数典忘祖（底1）（也算一种文化态度）
故宅祖宗的牙齿你便口吃了，语无伦次的手指翻过典籍，使木刻的字句价值，无
一处可以增益，女娲乱伦，黄帝怕死，老子颠倒牛羊不至去处，皆不是，好的文
字，食古不化而常常便经，你 humming 沐浴之后再读《内经》，还是无用，只有学四
字两句，吐出无用的荆条，吐出两圈洛书，吐出一聊一阳之道，吐出君君臣臣之
礼，吐出更早的龟甲与石碑，如觉空虚得年轻，

六亲不认（底2）（也算一种思想观念）
想在水里流动而你在水上
割开那些眉毛鱼儿便上杆了
暮鼓晨钟在水中
你在非洲跳动非洲的梦
由满条的河水疯狂的女人
供你观赏极荒废的教堂
最先成熟的插进人空气
铃铛长出整齐的牙齿
破开锦绣之喜所有的血都是成的
想过于危险的部落保持着童贞
看得浮世看我词汇为新的
剑气到处气已无切肤之痛
把去根断骨的颜色洗白如婴儿的睡眠
你已无斧斧之情

无法无天（底3）（也算一种社会意识）
摇动那颗棋子天星便掷错丁
别处是玻璃的碎片
可以随心所欲，或者真花假鸟
或者镶嵌镶嵌，皆是极好的素材
补天之手老矣有五色石供其把玩
忧天之手推土而筑，然后挨江而没
和尚打伞没有遮底，更多的人在低头滑冰
请字之后第一百字一家，你后来登记
鱼死网破以后鱼之鱼不再同网
也算是革命先驱，大路与大路相通
有人以革命意识，曰：“去杀人放火”！
语言掉到，倒不在于字而意义
离心离德 第 4（也称一个哲学命题）
若要死在外面，死得很慢，象随机的鬼魂。死于倒毙在乞力马扎罗之巅，风雪
所打的伤痕，死在外面，诗人未发乡愁。用月亮无处，饮露越血，超越温情的
梦境的虚幻故事。死亡死在外面，又死反送地死。死在陌生隐蔽的烟尘之间，如
一枝枝很小，但很松散。若要死在外面，风雪虽紧之后，你的皮肤变色，你的骨
架发冷。而你终于成为自己的身外之物，外面很 宽

自暴自弃 第 5（也称一种生活方式）
出家之险亦出蒙难，以任何一种方式哭泣。在酒为君，在野为仲，杀人
为义，以江湖之鸟、豪情壮怀之发。以勇士之勇败坏斯文。自鸣得意何跃 \(\text{必} 3 \)。在
鸟展手色，竹下之友不复理气。散乱之笔不再赋诗，出山青楼之后君子不是
是君子，反倒成沉默。招摇过市，成可恶可笑。大煞名士之风格，嗅受于柳暗。
身死于首丘，弃身后之名于众口之不齿，才得道臭三年。

死有一点过场要素。

夹铁骑走妇马从朝风上走，有人在楼下敲打便盆，波饮而歌，各自用牙签上</p>
刀锋二十首

○周伦佑 ZHOU LUN YOUG

想象大鸟

鸟是一种会飞的东西
不是青鸟和蓝鸟。是大鸟
重如泰山的羽毛
在想象中清晰的逼近
这是我虚构出来的
另一种性质的翅膀
另一种性质的水和天空

大鸟就这样想起来了
很温柔的行动使人一阵心跳
大鸟深深茅国。还让我想到莲花
想到更古老的什么水银
在众多物象之外尖锐的存在
三百年过了。大鸟依然不鸣不飞

大鸟有时是鸟。有时是鱼
有时是庄周式的蝴蝶和处于
有时什么也不是
只知道大鸟以火焰为食
所以很美，很灿烂
其实所谓的火焰也是想象的
大鸟无翅，根本没有鸟的影子
鸟是一个比喻。大鸟是大的比喻
飞与不飞都同样占据着天空

从鸟到大鸟是一种变化
从语言到语言只是一种声音
大鸟在天空中，但不能把握
突入其内的光芒便意识空虚
用手指触摸天空，很蓝的宁静
任无中生有的琴键飘满晴蜓
直接了当的深入或者退出
离开中心越远和大鸟更为接近

想象大鸟就是呼吸大鸟
使事物达到的有时只是一种气息
生命被某种晶体所充满和扩大
推动青铜与时间作恶而至
大鸟在大如同海天之间包孕的珍珠
我们寄身其中
成为光明的核心部分
跃跃之心先于肉体激动起来

现在大鸟已在我的想象之外了
我触摸不到，也不知它的去向
但我确实被击中过，那种扫荡的意义
使我心头刺骨的疼痛，并且恐惧
大鸟翱翔或静止在别一个天空
那是与我们息息相关的天空
只要我们偶尔想到它
便有某种感觉使我们广大无边

当有一天大鸟突然朝我们飞来
我们所有的眼睛都会变成瞎子
(1989.12.17，于西昌仙人洞)

果核的含义
语言从果实中分离出来
现在还是谈论死的时候
死很简单，活着需要更多的粮食
空气和水。女人的性感情调
解放的精神把你熄得更暗。
但活所致是另一回事
以生命做抵押，使暴力失去耐心
让刀更深一些。从看他人流血
到自己流血，体验转换的过程
如果的手并不比难的手轻松
在尖锐的意中打开你的皮肤
看刀锋裂开，一点红色从肉里渗出
激发众多的怨恨
这是你的第一滴血
遵循句法转换的原则
不再有观众。用主观的肉体
与钢铁对流，或被钢铁推倒
一片天空压过头顶
广大得伤痛消失
世界在你之后继续吩咐干净

刀锋在滴血。从左手到右手
你体会痛苦时才品尝了屠杀
臆想的死使你的双眼充满杀机
（1991.1.6于峨山打锣坪）

永远的伤口

这样惨重的时刻不会忘记
持续的疼痛使我坐立不安
穿过鸟的废墟静止在水上
从吉尔开始直到指甲发蓝
最深的颜色下面是另一种美
另一种金属的沉默
锋利无比

永远的伤口是一滴血
深入。广大。没有任何目的
死者的名字在伤口外悄然站立
伤口感染使更多的人忧心如焚
一只老虎的影响色彩斑斓
这是厌食的根源。我们在风中
独自流泪，或者闭目养神
（用铁。用最野蛮的方式消灭
总不见底合，天晴时没烧
天阴时更加碎痛难忍）

其实我并不知道伤在何处
什么的刀插在哪一片天空
只是感到痛
不眠的手从体内伸向体外
使我创伤地活着
用喜悦的心情你会痛苦
在自己的骨头上雕刻不朽的诗行

永远的伤口是一种深度
我们身陷其中而不能自己
曾经伤口。疼痛成为一种物质
沉重地压向四肢
灵魂在梦中现出残酷的裂纹
再也没有一个完整的器皿
作为静物
在阳光下寂寞地展现
一条莲花沾满婴儿的血迹

在伤口中，我们全身溃烂
或者闪闪发光。结果都一样

伤口永远是新鲜的颜色
不可回避的金属使我们疼痛不减
世界在伤口周围排成不同的文字
把我们举起或掉下。这无关紧要
在伤口中。在一滴血里
我们怀着哀伤的心情
主题的损失

镜子是一种真实的虚构。
强调的黄鸟在比喻中更深
期待某种程度被异想联开
显现，随后步入一幅风景
在音乐中聆听另一种音乐
嘴唇后面的莲花说不清楚

只能在镜子外面：被光明照亮
或永远蒙蔽，这不是镜子的错误

镜子是不同一种形式
把生命搁置起来与死亡对质
灵魂在深邃的平面自我观照
一面镜子守护一方和平
或者逃遁。让思维慢慢结晶
看肉体腐烂，表情坚定无比

镜子的深度无法精确
进入镜子便成为黑暗的一部分
诗人一生都在镜子中挣扎
咀嚼微妙变化的天空颜色

寻求钻石的深度
梦想不朽的青铜性质

解体的还有最初的足迹
一滴血使镜子本身被置疑
把镜子翻转过来
背面并没有更多的事物
脱离比喻镜子不过是一块玻璃
只是一块玻璃，不多于玻璃
也不少于玻璃

玻璃落在地上被阳光击碎
使你一生承受重大的损失

(91、1、15 余光中打烊南)

忍者意象

食东方哲学者得黄金之道
古代的菊花深入你的骨髓
以柔克刚 承受一切屈辱
不以为辱 接受一切打击
而不感觉重量 让他去笑
在身旁作为蝴蝶而存在
你委屈得神圣 决定在别人手中
你只能服从 词语在别人嘴里
你黯然倾听 任打击扩大
再触及到灵魂 一张脸和平的
挂着 你自觉得高深莫测
忍者的意象是一只乌龟
把头缩进肚里 任人践踏
你乐在其中 玩味人类的痛苦
一百次低头 一百次认罪
一百次从别人胯下爬过去
石头构图的境况

从来没有深入过的一种情境

猛烈地握住你。庞大的岩石上面

一些含铁的石块冷冷堆积起来

成为队列和墙

你被安置在石头与石头之间

朝南，或者朝北。面壁而坐

隐隐的恐惧从无声中滋出蓝色

这不是想象中的任何一种游戏

以生命为代价的身临其境

整整三件，你必须接受这些石头

成为这个构图的组成部分

只有谋杀才能体会到的那种尖锐

从四面八方穿梭过来

迫使你变小，再小

直到碎进石头成为一种物质

打开石头，还是石头

从墙到墙。从灵魂到眼睛

必须热爱这些石头，人的石头

和物的石头，热爱并且亲近

点头问好，有时碰得头破血流

更新的石头在顶上，居高临下

不可以仰视，但时刻被感动

总是那么狂暴和不可思议

随时可以叫你粉身碎骨

石头构图的境况如此这般

犹如一个人深入老虎历险

在虎口里拔牙却突然牙痛

也许有一天你会得到一整张虎皮

以此证明你的勇敢和富有

但现在你是老虎在咬你，吃你

不可替代的处境使你遍体鳞伤

深入老虎而不被老虎吃掉

进入石头而不成为石头

穿过燃烧的荆棘却依然故我

这需要坚韧。你必须坚守住自己

就是水晶坚守着天空的透明

含铁的石块在你的周围继续堆积着

你在石头的构图中点燃一支蜡烛

把身上的每一处创伤照得更亮

(1990.10.3 中秋节于峨山打锣坪)

画家的高蹈之鹤与矮种马

这是我的实验之作。非常的构图

在同一块金属上动物或植物的出现

鹤比马难以把握，先让马出来

矮小而有斑纹的那种

让它在固定的范围之内

神采地走动。再画上一块草坪

白色的栅栏表示一种界限

它在界限之内，很充分地

享受着阳光。这是事物的表面

在不可见的深处，在很远的阴影中

我看见一只鹤（在比马儿高一些

的地方）附着玻璃的高蹈之舞
它的周围是没有标题的天空
（只有开国功臣女的另一滴血还红）
从可见之物到不可见的光芒
迅速排列着很变化的翅膀
变化的尖端是凄然的冷淡
这时马儿正在吃草
我让它抽起头发，缓缓地仰望
鹅在不可见的深处。马看不到
但它分明听到了鹅鸣。很远的鹅
是马儿深处的某一部分
这是我把它知道并努力回忆起的
（马儿曾经有度过路的时刻
独来独往的马蹄踏过天空）
现在马儿似乎感动了什么。它竖起耳朵
发出一声嘶鸣（这样马显得大了一些）
但鹅依然在不可见的深处（我有意
不让它落地）让鹅悬在空中
这符合我的意图
等小小的马走出它的白帜栏时
深处的鹅自会从青洞中跃跃地飞出

（1990.11.12 于峨山打锣坪）

最后说：全国人民欢呼！
（1991.9.20 于峨山打锣坪）

从具体到抽象的鸟

很少有鸟飞过这里的窗口
我的脸上却常常有羽毛的感觉
这是具体的鸟
在高墙下，在铁门之内
随时准备应声而落

其实我们所谓的鸟
只是一种姿态
从文字变成飞禽
从飞禽变成文字
往返于书本与天空之间
偶尔有羽毛飘落下来
鸟便成为具体的东西

书本上的鸟和天上的鸟
一齐高飞，在蔚蓝的天空里飞
鸟儿越来越多　越来越多
渐渐不能把握
于是有捕鸟的网目张开
羽毛的毛沾满鸟的声誉

从弓矢到弦弹是一种进步
从翅膀到翅膀是优美的坚持
死去的鸟跃进书本成为文字
更多的鸟儿依然在天上飞
穿过时间和空间的玻璃
鸟儿依然在飞

鸟是一个字，但又不是一个字
鸟是书本与天空之间的一种联系
一种想象形式。脱离内容之后
鸟儿是我们自己
在梦中显现的最终形象
鸟儿受伤，我们眼里流出鲜血
鸟儿沉没，我们心中布满石头

我是在狱中写这首诗的
身上裹着枷锁，脸上忍受着
羽毛的温柔。我知道
能被拘捕的只是具体的鸟
而纯粹的鸟是捉不到的
因为那不过是一种抽象的飞
不是鸟在飞，是天空在飞
抽象的鸟在一切射程之外
抽象的鸟是射杀不了的

枪声响过之后
鸟儿依然在飞

看不清他们的脸和牙齿
黄皮肤上走过细细的雷霆
没听见烛火是怎么熄灭的
只感到那些手臂优美的折断
更多手臂优美的折断

烛泪滴满台阶
死亡使夏天成为最冷的风景
瞬间灿烂之后蜡烛已成灰了
被烛光穿透的事物坚定的黑暗下去

看一支蜡烛点燃，然后熄灭
体会着这世间最残酷的事
黑暗中，我只能沉寂的冒烟

（90. 4. 12. 于西昌仙人洞）

厌铁的心情

总是害怕回到那个夜晚
那个火焰的时刻。置身其中
让奔突的热血再一次燃遍全身
词语的力量唤起蝉年的生命
在火焰中，广场突然变得很小
被巨大的热情抬起来
又从很高的地方跌落
光芒的碎片把目击者变成瞎子

只能沉寂
只能远远的，悄悄的自责和流泪
展翅压过头顶的重量
是无法体会的。没有人能够说出
骨头碎裂的声音是不是说中
还有更残忍的钢铁

从母亲的乳房上砸过
半盆的奶汁把天空染成很痛的白色

（我不愿意重复那种感觉）
邻宅之火中想我们自己

剑 器 铭

剑。利器也
古人不得已而铸之

圣人不得已而用之
偶尔用而可以
但不可常用
因为剑并不是万能的
当头颅决然落地时
握剑的手
已触到了
比铁更坚硬的东西
(1990, 1, 7 于西昌仙人洞)

剑 器 铭

剑。利器也
古人不得已而铸之

剑 器 铭

剑。利器也
古人不得已而铸之

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剑。利器也
古人不得已而铸之

剑 器 铭

剑。利器也
古人不得已而铸之
站有站的姿态：向隅而立
取消坐的莲华山中很冷
双手伸出去总要触到一些什么
又是活，又是带电的铁丝
水里的石头每天都在增高
梦在向你深处。你在玻璃外面
看自己脸色变化没有内容

就这样说：嘴张着
但是不出声音，不如不张
多烦的嘴回答多事的夏天
一种清凉的期待是你的体温
面壁而思。作为编组的动物
按照规定动作起居饮食
逐渐习惯于哑状态

哑语练习的必要在于不说
但准备说，必须由你说出
这个世纪黑铁的性质
金属的血管在血液中存留
时常用疼痛提醒你
哑语练习之必要在于说着
以免表达能力因衰退而丧失

就这样，无对象地说
没有目的的说。模拟哑巴的
神态和动作：夸张与细腻
结合的特点，作主语状。作
谓语状。随心情的好坏而造句
不需要灯光地说
比移动一把桌子还要简单

还要省力。拿掉玻璃上的手
睁开眼睛，你是哑剧大师
无言的存在是一种境界
妙在说与不说之间
一点悬念，包含着千百种可能
一种解释：哪一天你被割去舌头
猫王之夜

玻璃滑动的夜晚
我看见一只猫 在玄学的角落
竖起警觉的尾巴 随时准备行动
所有的钟表在这瞬间突然停顿
这是一只黑颜色的猫
整个代表黑暗 比最隐秘的动机更深
分不出主观客观 猫和夜为背景
有时是一张脸 有时是完全不同的两副面孔
每一种动物都跑到定义中去了
只有独眼的猫王守护着 说话的猫眼
从黑暗的底座放出扁人魂的光芒
使我们无法回避的倾侧
有时感觉良好 有时彻底丧失信心
它以某种不易被我们觉察的动作
模拟出水的声音 光的声音 植物落地生根
的声音
空中不可见之物互相抵制的声音 玄学的中心
是一片空白 猫王占据着最佳的位置
从万无一失的高度 用宝石控制一切
它的利爪抓住我们的灵魂和名字 使它一跳
使我们食不甘味 难以安排下来
我们受惊时更加感到它的伟大 自己渺小
当人群被恐惧驱赶 向四面八方逃散
猫王的事业达到了顶点
我们感觉被抽空了
身上长出针叶 鸟羽和野兽的皮毛
我知道这只猫和我的关系
别人签字的契约由我偿还 一笔乱账
卡喉的鱼刺有尖锐的两端 我吐血而活著
从老虎的蓝色粗暴动物的起源

直到钢琴敲断天空说话的话
我才从玄学深处找回到自身
唯有那只猫留在玻璃之夜的后面
深藏的宝石使我夜夜小便失禁

饥饿之年

很少有人知道你是怎样生活的
那些反常的日夜拥挤而过
一种肠胃的异样感觉
贯穿这首诗的写作过程 勒紧裤带
用想象的面包和女人充饥
贫穷人的政体（诗中有限）
拥有世界上最美好的谷物和麦子
感恩夜中的美味 还没有吃完
又挨饿的理由推开 自我解脱的
苦笑 天下没有不散的筵席
总是在写到高潮的时候开始冒虚汗
弹尽粮绝时跌倒孟夫子语录
好在那斯人就是空著肚子的我
一边哭著酸水 一边哭著天降大任
其实并没有什么了不起的原因
不过是写几首诗 编一本叫做
《非非》的杂志 非正式出版的
就这样用艺术压倒肚子 使饥饿
成为一种流行风尚 在栏目上
确定下来 让更多的人模仿传说
为艺术饿倒的那些光荣与神圣
反正还年轻 在词语的残酷中
磨损肠胃的健康 不感觉痛
只因为深夜被种造成的假象
都说你兵强马壮 活得充实
直到和想象自由一齐进口的美国手铐
戴在你手上 才有人发现
在那许多嘶吼的耳嘴嘴中
你是饿得最厉害的一个 在山上
你用植物的根核 喝西北风
换了一身匍匐出来 胃更宽了
翻开没完成的诗稿你全身发冷
从入世起 用毕生的精力写一首诗
还没有写完 不能半途而废
把贫困作为绝妙的前提条件
来感受 (气功和商品让别人买去)
你勤紧裤带 坚持艺术到底
妻子每天端上洁净极整齐的饭菜
总有一些问题在阳光中潜下下来
使你仙风道骨的消瘦 反食神经
去说 或者你还是出家最好
你说尘缘未了 将这首诗写完
放下心来 便可立即成佛
(1992.3.12 于西昌月亮湖畔)

手的方式

并非自己的手
总不肯从我身上拿开
比影子更重的呼吸
压得着身体的每一个部位
从咽喉到再到四肢
不准你轻举妄动
精神或许更敏感一些
想走 想远远的躲开
到他们触碰不到的地方
手的游移范围之外
也只限于想 神游
就这样也是很危险的
手的触须比刀锋更具体
更锋利 插入梦的内核
知道一切 不放过任何一点细节
更跑得快 如鹰举
从天空监视一只兔子的行动
在你可能前往的每一个地方
它早已竖起便衣的领子等著
只消那你致命的一击落下
你便鸟乎哀我 道是半半
放你一马 或延期执行
对你执行终身有效的追捕
而不立即击杀 并不表示手的宽大
让你从每日的恐怖中来体会
猫玩老鼠的那份耐心和残忍
机器的伟大效率 比铁更冷的手
砸碎沙罗生米 将你的名字
在某一份名单上涂成黑色
又划上红杠 这并非被迫害要挟
生命内外的铁丝和移动的墙
迫使你退守到某一本书中
固守最后几个孤立的词汇
手发出去的手指一切事物——
在水之外是鱼的内部网络
逃出天空是飞鸟命中的射程
翻开诗经是压抑性的章节
针对逆意的暴力与迫害
在每天的晚餐中 变幻不定的手影
甚至成为对肠胃的干涉
使你食欲不振
情绪迅速陷于瘫痪
过早脱落的发和每日紧逼的睡眠
留下手的记号 一种金属的冷酷成份
如无处不在的老虎之美
结构对水晶的控制 主题
对人物的控制 诗人的具体
摆脱不了控制论的抽象
手翻来复去 使你苦笑 狂笑
尝遍人生世间的酸甜苦辣
最后哭笑不得 你终于明白
和你对笑的原来是一只国手
手的伸展 刀刃的锋利形式
别无选择的失败 作为必然的结局
还是按照手的方式生活
以示归顺 切入时间的深处
以沉默作为间接的回答
在手的压力与影响之下
这首诗可以有两种结果——
你首先想到科学，是古代诗人的榜样
在一朵荷花的后面（这朵花是山
所有的山都已收归国有）
只好原地不动 不忍 不想
从哪里再变成白昼
在不知什么的一棵树下
坐忘 无为无终（结篇 1）
或者打结的皮球 把自己
投入光里 从光中的后面
抓住那只没有体温的手
流你的血 涂满你的手掌
这使它在这个世纪的最后的词典
留下一个带血的手印（结篇 2）
总有难言之隐 在玻璃的游戏中
你必须读出无其事的样子
在一尊不规则的棋盘上
与那只无形的手继续对弈

（1992，3，7，于南昌月亮湖畔）

火浴的感觉

不作为鸟。去掉那种隐喻的成份
直接以人的名义进入火焰中心
赤裸着身体。在非神话的意义上
体会火。体会一种纯全的热情
被更高的热情所包含，或毁灭
火的洗礼与毁灭。从主体到非主体
只一墙之隔，一步之遥。从他
到我，完全不同的两种火焰
在火的舌头中感受自己的肉体
比看别人点燃手指的具体得多
皮的焦 symb，肉的燎原的
超出痛苦的梦多含义，不知道痛
很小的火焰中，因焦灼而歪曲的
互相打量。互相出血，互相背叛

相应暴风雪。你在火焰的中心
冷得冒烟。火的中心是无火
毫不犹豫地屠杀与围攻。思念
纯真的黑暗。火是热的白
旗的红。杀人不见血的透明
被一百遍伟人传记记录著高耸不起来
找不到一点凤凰的感觉
甚至羽毛。比钢铁硬的是火
自我激荡的绝好机会，紧要关头
血压升高。意识不即不离
火的牙齿把头夹住一根根咬白
如优质木炭的灰。饿予我新的
光芒。生命在火焰中趋于纯粹
万念俱灭的决心。不耐不热
在火中诞生了火，回到升腾的
最初位置。百炼成钢，或者
百炼成铁。高冷却来火
都不代表你此刻的毁灭
还是回到火。掉在火中的灰烬
从火焰中再生的不是凤凰
是一只鸟鸣，浑身黑得发亮

（1992，3，23，于南昌月亮湖畔）

第三代诗人

一群新浪的群体。在话语的专政之下
孤立得太久 终于在这一年演讲而越
占据不只的位置 被温柔的诗人脸上
撒一泡泡 使徘徊的行列中的
陷入持久的混乱 这便是第三代诗人
自吹自擂的一代 把自己宣布为一次革命
自下而上的活动。在语言的界限之内
砸碎旧世界。诞生出新的的名词和动词
往自己脸上抹黑或益全 都没有人敢拿
第三代自我感觉良好 觉得自己含光很大
长期在江湖上 写一流的诗 读二流的书
玩三流的女人。作为英雄人物而扬名立万
自是悲歌识英姿，挥带折人儿一笛话
第三代诗人从地下走到底上。面带伤
坐在宣传部会议厅里，唱支山歌给党听
吐出一肚子苦水和酸水，士为知己者死
不该死的先走了。第三代诗人悲歌绝绝
发表继承耀带折人儿遗志，坚决自由到底
第三代诗人由此懂得革命不是客饭吃饭
学者说读书，死不瞑目。骂他妈的
上层的天空在中国变为云去。
第三代诗人时带伤风感冒，变得十分感情和谨慎
太多的禁带不能言，唯一的逃避是诗
第三代诗人换上干净的衣服，在镜于的表来
做没有规则的游戏，远离心酸和血肉
或者模仿古人的形式，用月光写诗，用菊花
写诗，写一些精美的文字，从红色
向白色，热情逐渐递减，减至哀乐的零度
第三代诗人活得很清苦，食人问烟火
说普通话，在茶馆里望着品茶，喜欢有
茉莉花的那一种。马克思主义不劳动者不得食
第三代诗人靠老妻养活，为人类写作
因而问心无愧，打破婚姻铁饭碗
第三代诗人犯过许多美丽的错误
忌于弗洛伊德深入女人的舌头和阴道
在想象中消耗太多的精液，结果气大帝
第三代热爱部分的毛泽东，一种农民的朴实
和冲动。在诗中改朝换代的野心是不自觉的，
只是感到有屁要放便放出来香花毒草田他去
被悠怨的根源伴着，抽刀断水，或者
把它暴露得更加巨大，以证明血统的纯正
第三代诗人从出来的，说乌龟，倾向于神秘主义
或放作神秘主义，用八卦占卜，看一次手相
便学会一种骗人的方法，再骗朋友和敌人
继而进入大气状态，散文的位置并不重要
关键是坐的姿势，要做出吸纳的样子
再发几句反文化的宏论，便自以为得道了
当然酒是要喝的。饭更不能少。一代人
就这样真情假意的活着，耀带之名不绝于耳
第三代面不改色心不跳，依然写一流的诗
读一流的书，抽廉价烟，玩三流的女人
历经千山万水之后，第三代诗人
正在修炼成正果，突然被一支鸟枪击落
成为一幕悲剧的精彩片段，恰好功德圆满，
北岛顽固地淘汰洋诗去了。第三代诗人
留在中国坚持抗战，学会沉默
学会离家出走，同时作为英雄和懦夫
学会坐牢，在狱中骗炮说词，挺不过认罪
学会流产，学会服药，被剔成光头
在镰刀与铁锤下，以一种活的方式
周伦佑在峨眉服刑，菲克武李亚伟
在重庆受审，尚仲敏在成都写检查
于坚在云南给一只鸟鸽命名。第三代诗人
树倒猢狲散，千秋功罪十年以后评说
(1991，2，28，风雪中于峨山打锣坪)
红色写作

1992 艺术氛围或非阔适诗歌原则

时间在鲜明的主题上割一道口子
血流不止的地方便是新的开始
——引自《拒绝的姿态》

A．白色写作与阔适

中国现代诗刚刚经历了一个白色写作时期。铺天盖地的弱智者以前所未有的广泛，写下许多过目即忘的文字。缺乏血性的苍白、创造力丧失的平庸、故作优雅的表面文章。从存在的中心向四处溃散，没有中心的溃散。飘忽无根的词语相互拥挤着，作轻状、作隐士状、作嬉皮状、作疲子状……一味地琐碎，一味地平淡，一味地阔适。有意避开大师及其作品，对力度与深刻的惧怕或不置问津，以白萝卜冒充象牙，借以逃避真实和虚构的险境。在轻音乐的周围中，一代人委蛇的分行排列，用有限的词语互相模仿、自我模仿、集体模仿、反复模仿，一个劲的贫乏与重复，使琐屑与平庸成为一个时期新诗写作的普遍特征。

这只是表面的印象。在嘈杂的丝竹中我们发现其主导的音调是“阔适”——一种以逃避作为原因的恬静。不怨不怒的“中庸”与“雅正”，符合儒家诗教的全部要求：思无邪，温柔敦厚。世代相袭的文化传统，从血液里铸化了诗人的感觉。儒家的“清静无为”又使闲适的一点浓度变得更淡，或者旭日临窗的悠闲心绪，或者东篱南山的闲逸之境，以最小的作为参照（与参照者的自我本质相对应），用竹子削一些月光，对着桌面上的一点灰尘出神，把墙上的一点墨迹缩小或放大，如此等等。真心诚意地构造，在清浅的自娱中写些无关痛痒的文字，一种旁观的，古今皆宜的闲适诗歌。

如此巨大的反差锋出一个确定不移的事实：在一个充满暴力与对抗的时代中，一群诗人竭力人格的无力表现，以逃避作为宗旨的白色声音，近乎女儿态的温柔。这便是我对于白
色写作的第一个意象。

当然，这并不代表当代诗歌的全部。

在普遍的贫乏无力中，少数健康意志的诗人仍以充沛的生命拓宽着艺术，使当代诗歌保有鲜明的例外（如诗是第一个例外，经过时间的冲洗他的光芒愈见深）；还有一批青年诗评家在批判性泛论中埋论上拨乱反正的声音，或者坚持美不妥协的批评立场，或者力图从理论上把白色写作引人更严肃的方向，都同时做出了极有贡献的努力。虽然如此，普遍的无力仍仍是不可改变的事实。

一代人的飘忽与内在人格的脆弱外，更主要还是精神上自我弱化的结果。作为东方文明意识的精神传人，本能地倾向于逃避与独处，面对世界的暴力结构，故作“田园的兰花或菊花”，一种优美的逃避，由此产生出逃离的艺术是再自然不过的事。

“闲适”是一种典型的中国情调，它首先让我想到古代文人一边品著香茗，一边赏玩风月的优雅情景。当然，生活是丰裕的生活的配和裕，还有不可或缺的装饰物：一把扇子。另一方面，“闲适”不仅是中传文人的生活理想，也是他们的艺术理想。儒道互补的士大夫精神，其道家思想的内化便体现为一种闲适的人生态度，外化即为闲适的艺术趣味。逃遁社会、逃避现实的重大矛盾，在与自然的协调中稳定身心和诗文。这种基调成为中国古典诗歌隐而不断的一大源泉，不经意中很轻易的便俘获了后世的弱力诗人和读者。

“闲适”按其本质指“清闲安逸”（《现代汉语词典》商务印书馆 1979 年版）。推演开来也指心平气和或与自然和谐相安的一种心境；或无烦恼、无欲念，心境安祥平静的一种人生状态；也有类似于“无聊”、“淡然”、“懒散”、“无所事事”的意思。总之是一种格调绅士化的，无忧无虑的生命意识（即使有点忧虑，也不过是一点悲哀的闹事），具有“有闲阶级”这个词组中“有闲”这两个字所包含的全部经济和文化的含义。甚至与“闲适”相关的那些词汇，如“悠闲”、“闲散”、“闲雅”、“闲情逸致”等等，也都会使人联想到“闲适”无所事事的那种无躬心境，他们写诗或做什么，不过是他们打发时光的一种“玩法”而已，不管怎样故作严肃，总要从态度中流露一种“玩”的意味。在近代文学中，林语堂便是这种以闲适笔调表达“玩世”哲学的典型代表。

以“反传统”别出心裁的中国新诗，最后返回到了它最传统的艺术精神上去，这难道不是对中国现代诗的极大讽刺吗！
需要在这里指出的是：作为“朦胧诗”之后的一种诗歌现象，白色写作以对现实的自觉脱离（更大程度上是对人的自觉脱离）为代价而获得意义的。批评家们在正确指出这点的同时又附带认为，这种脱离对诗歌的多样化做出了贡献。这同样是一个误会。如同文学史上所有的诗歌传统主义者一样，白色写作关注的并不是真正重要的诗歌艺术的形式变奏，而是内容的无害：从“朦胧诗”（特别是北岛诗歌中）抽去尖锐的怀疑精神和批判意识，薄平一切锋芒，导向一种圆熟与甜腻的分行、无伤大雅的闲情。他们确实没有做更多的事来巩固现代诗歌艺术和发展现代诗歌艺术，而被他们抽去的则是中国现代诗带灵魂性的素质。

不是更轻盈的蝴蝶，而是从蝴蝶变成标本。这是我关于白色写作的补充想象。

让我们看看外国的情况。

白色写作者说不说我们都很明白其中的隐情：他们不仅有值得夸耀的古代根系，而且一般还有横向移植的基因——那便是被他们生吞活剥的一些外国作家的风格及文体。

从古典主义到意象派诗歌（包括意象派理论影响的海明威小说），主张一种简洁、克制的、自我限制的文体，反对隐喻和过分修饰；到了加缪，这种文体已达到相当高度的自觉，在不动声色的描写中展开一种直接的张力。这并没有错。它的主要收获构成现代文学的重要部分，使世界透明而深入。我们从庞德的《诗章》、海明威的《老人与海》、加缪的《局外人》、一直到现在当代的许多经典作品中，发现某种使这些作品成为伟大和不朽的共同品质，即各人的风格所构成，但在这这些风格与文体之上，无法被模仿和剥离的灵魂性的东西。

白色写作者在用力模仿这些作家的风格和文体时，恰恰是这种灵魂性的伟大本质没有（也不可能）被模仿去，所以他们的模仿最终只能是皮毛。

但是，被白色写作者模仿得最多的还是以罗布·格里叶为首的法国新小说（目前这种模仿已从新小说“发展”到了“新新小说”——“原样派”）。为了不至于鱼目混珠，避免造成不必要的混淆和误会，还是让我们听听这些被他们的后驱之手模糊了面目的始作俑者是怎么样说的吧：

——怀疑的精灵已来到这个世界，我们已进入怀疑的时代（萨洛特）
——拒绝一切关于先验秩序的观念（罗布-格里叶）
——使无可名状的真实变得可以理解，比真实还真的真实（西蒙）
——文学改变着我们对世界的看法，改变着我们对世界的叙述，因而可以说文学改变着世界（布托尔）

挖地三尺，我们也没能找到有关逃避的依据。
作为现代写作的一种尝试，这一倾向的作家从来没有标榜过回避或退出，而是更深的存在和投人。从变革艺术的统一步伐到崭新立意的自以为是，从他们的言行中找不出半点可以证明某种逃避的材料。相反，我们倒是在看了他们的作品之后，更真实地熟悉了人类的险恶处境，并决心改变这种状况做出一点努力。因为任何一个作家知道，只要他在用语言写作，他就无法置身于现实世界之外；或者妥协，或者对抗，有时连沉默也是一种姿态。在某种意义上甚至可以说，任何一种语言态度都是一种立场，真正与现实脱离接触的某种“第二类语言”根本是不存在的。除非常规地彻底放弃写作。因此，严肃作家所能做的只能是：在语言中坚守艺术信仰，在形式中担负起对自由的责任。写作从来不是乐观的。

这些严肃的精神还是被它们的模仿者遮蔽了。他们得到一片羽毛而忘记了天空，这就不能使他们变威棱角，也决不会使他们因此高蹈起来。

还有“口语化”及重视“日常生活经验”问题。

六十年代以后，师承卡洛斯·威廉斯的美国新一代诗人反对艾略特的“非个性化”，主张直接抒写个人生活经验；反对艾略特诗风的贵族化语言，主张口语，这些对白色写作产生了直接的影响，但是，最使白色写作欢欣鼓舞的还是“拒绝深度”，这使他们必须用力解决有关“浅薄”、“平庸”的顾虑。殊不知他们所捍卫的他们根本不了解的东西：对现代主义传统的反叛，而在美国，乃至严格意义上的现代主义都还没有完全形成和确立，哪里来什么“现代主义传统”？至于“深度”，更是天方夜谭。刚从党派法令下脱身出来的现代诗，连艺术的起码前提：非意识形态立场和纯粹意识都还没有完全获得，并且，现代诗自始至终都在为其基本的生存条件——创作自由及出版自由的缺乏而危机着，哪里有什么可供背离的“深度”可言！说穿了，这不过是白色写作的一种策略：接过“拒绝深度”的口号，以使自己的平庸显得合理而且必要，乃至于平添几分神圣。

最后是所谓“后现代”的自我标榜，一种打肿脸充胖子的把戏。是不切实际的虚妄，在臆想中成为似乎的事实。又一种外部强加的努力，仍然无助于改变白色写作的平庸性质。

如同我在上一小节中谈到的，“后现代”成为一个新近的艺术概念，其基本动因是出于对现代主义传统的背离和反叛。在专注于形式实验的同时，它更敏感的切人人类及个人的生存核心。从对人类生存现状的关注中产生出它的社会抗议主题：从残酷的世纪性暴力及持续不断的损失中产生出它的绝望主题；第三个与生存相关的主题是歌颂与和解。如果说白色写作真从“后现代”艺术中得到了一点什么，那和前面提到的所有模仿行为一样，他们以其惯
的谨慎，小心翼翼地避开“后现代”诗歌的严肃主体（社会抗议和愤怒主题），有选择地认同与他们弱流人格相适应的和解主题。这只使得圆熟，甜腻的闲谈写作多了一点略带浮泛的和平与歌咏的成份，而并没有使白色写作成为哪怕是模仿意义上的中国“后现代”诗。

12

你们还没有感到厌倦吗？意志的羸弱，活力的丧失，语感的迟钝。那么多人共 同玩一个球，直接从空中落到你手上，再传出去。重复的语言和动作，写作成为最简单的工艺——一种整齐划一的后驱模仿行为。

从小说对小说的模仿传给诗的模仿一直模仿下去发展到——诗对小说的模仿对新闻的模仿，模仿的普及和深入人心，比葫芦更忠实的瓢。比罗布·格里叶更唯物的翻版。

题材（物化、写物）
手法（纯客观表面细节描写）
语调（平缓的叙事）

甚至整个段落的语感相似，字词的确定化使用（没有第二种联想的单义），线性结构加两行反复出现的复句，单调乏味的同义反复，毫无神秘感的假神秘主义，尽可能多的黑色白色以及琐碎的语言细节，一切能够分行排列的东西都可以成为“诗”和“诗人”！

如同中国人的幽默感总要强半倍一格，对这种写作类迹的揭露也稍微晚了一些，致使这类近似于抄袭的模仿行为以先锋的面目招摇过市，败坏了现代诗的声誉，还应指出的是，一段时间来，某些热心的批评家分不清后驱与独创，把一些拙劣的模仿之作视为新奇而给以肯定，导致更多的模仿写作泛滥。

现在是中止这种行为的时候了！

13

撇开白色写作的后驱模仿不说，被他们误读或错觉的对象本身正构成文学的革命性成果，主题的严肃性，文体到形式都倾向于一种难度：写作的实验性和阅读的创造性。而不是如白色写作所标榜并实际提倡的那种平庸化的流行诗风。指出这一点只是要在说明：真正伟大的作品是无法被模仿的；而模仿者不管怎样试图借凤凰的羽毛装饰自己，其本身平安庸品质仍使他们自己缺乏某种自信。其结果便是：一方面后驱模仿者总是想把其先驱永久地打入黑暗中，以独享其“首创”的专利；而自觉的模仿又往往在不自觉中把自己模仿对象从晦暗的背景带入前景。无法躲避的朗照终于把模仿者暴露在光天化日之下，一场骗局于是被揭穿。

14

错不在先驱，问题出在中国诗人身上。
总是浮躁，总是平庸，总是闲适，总是急功近利，总是不甘寂寞的风吹草动。整整一代
人的杂乱无章！没有创造的六事六势，只有模仿他人的小才能；没有破坏大建设的勇气，只有道德利益的小聪明。到回忆更深的时刻化着种族的血液，很温柔的蚂蚁嗡嗡着一代人的灵魂。在历史的漫漫中，脆弱的影子一层层堆积起来，形成一种庞大的弱化机制，瓦解着日渐稀少的创造激情。不管是出自本土的还是从域外移植来的，任何新的东西，连同其最初的冲动——一切不能消化的粗野和怀念精神，只要经过中国诗人的肠胃，便失去了它们本来的面貌，而蜕变成一种四平八稳的东西——坐在中庸、圆滑、明哲保身的阜亰人模之上的闲适，一种自我把玩的乐趣！

这样，我也便初步勾勒出了白色写作的基本面貌。

一种逃避与和解的艺术，在理论和实践的各个方面都体现了我们这个古老文明在丧失其原始的创造力之后，仅存的一点矜持和自我回忆的努力。作为种族精神弱化的影响，诗人的弱力人格构成它的内在条件；而逃避则是最根本的动机。在形式上表现为模仿（写作方法）与闲适（美学追求），缺乏活力的中庸与雅正。在对现代艺术的打磨与润色中，把实验性变为惰性，把尖锐性变中性，钝化先锋艺术的全部锋芒，而与世界的暴力结构妥协。这便是白色写作已经做和正在做的：充满意图的弱化事业。

B. 诗的纯粹：从白色向红色的转变

诗的纯粹是从来没有说清楚过的一件事，一提了很久。由于证据不足还要继续提下去的悬念，当我们把这种耗费精力的争论暂时放置到一边，便可以看到许多人用双手拿着一样东西，或者把神圣的做出件的样津，仿佛拿着一块巨大的玻璃圆球或水晶，只要一失手便会落地摔得粉碎。过于严肃的神态随之失笑：那上面真有什么神秘吗？抑或僵持的勇气只是表示一种虔诚罢了。如此想法并没有消除问题。原来举着的手照样举着，又有更多的手自发地接上去，共同侍奉那易碎的神圣。就算知道艺术家手中那块水晶是虚构的，它仍然确定无误的发着光，并且显示出一种质量的重量，使人们感觉到它，联想到它，体现出它，进而成为诗人可以依赖和信仰的艺术理想。

据说泥塑的菩萨跪拜的人多了自然就有灵了。这里面有某种只能意会的神秘。

我对这种侍奉之神圣是有保留的。
经历了由坚信到怀疑的过程，虔诚的手某一次抽回而没有发生镜子的崩坏。我于是确信：所有那些新的、敬礼之上并没有占据者什么。真正纯粹的存在是无法言说的不在。这种想法深入到我以后的写作。考虑到中国现代艺术则从点点滴滴下脱身不久，某种纯艺术的倾向可以强化独立的决心，因此我在《反价值论》中仍给诗的纯粹保留了最后一点根据。这种妥协达成三年之后（到我写这些文字时），它仍然有效地束缚着我的手脚。正是出于对中国诗人的这种纯洁愿望的理解和尊重，我在这里将继续把思路限制在必要的范围之内，即在肯定纯诗的前提下降开我的叙述，并试图在澄清前人的误会时圆满的解决好这个问题。

首先必须分清三个范畴：纯文学、纯艺术、纯诗。

纯文学：在第一种意义上与人文科学中的历史、哲学等相区别；在第二种意义上相对于通俗文学、大众文学，与严肃文学相异，指一切非商业性的严肃写作，包括诗歌、小说、戏剧、评论、散文等等。

纯艺术：人类艺术自我纯化的理想和实践，主要指绘画、音乐、雕塑，有时也包括诗歌。持有这种主张的艺术家一般具有“为艺术而艺术”的倾向。

纯诗：作为语言艺术之诗歌这一独特形式的纯净理想，实践之可能与不可能。但不妨一试。

纯文学自古有之，可以说是一种完全实现的存在，虽然被通俗文学削弱了其最初的广泛，但它至今仍占据着世界文学的主流地位。纯艺术的情况略有不同，作为艺术的自我纯化过程，它包含了某种可能，并在绘画中（经由抽象绘画）、音乐中（经由无调性音乐）而部分实现着；纯诗的情况更特殊一些，它的全部困难蕴含于它的前提：即事实与幻象、限制与放纵为一身的语言。因此，诗的纯粹便只能在语言内部通过语言才能获得解决。

从语言态度上区分，有两种语言观。

传统的语言观把语言视为表达思想或某种东西的工具，只注意到它的遮蔽性和局限性，而对语言采取简单的否定态度。孔子（言不违父教），老子（言者不知）以及自亚里士多德以来的西方“逻辑”中心主义坚持的便是这种语言观点。

现代语言观放弃“功能论”的立场，从存在的同一性深入语言、觉悟到语言不是工具，而是人的存在方式——就是存在本身。人通过语言揭示存在，人只能在语言中存在。

——语言是存在的家园（海德格尔）
——语言是生命的一种形式（维特根斯坦）
——我们本身就是语言（加达默尔）

这样，语言的全部秘密便暴露了；作为存在的基本形式，语言一方面给不确定者以确定（规范者），一方面给确定者以不确定（生成者）。而它既是遮蔽的，更是敞亮的。存在的全部晦暗和光明从语言开始到语言结束。不管是对语言的否定，还是对文化的反抗，诗人在语言中的挣扎不过是“伟大的徒劳”中的一种，丝毫不改变人类命运（因而也是永恒）的语言困境。

6

作为对存在的反思和反思存在，诗歌的纯粹理想便是在语言中对语言的遮蔽性确定性的斗争，而与语言的敞亮及可能性相关的一种努力。这样，我们便进入了语言的本真与非本真域言说。

本真语言即根性语言，作为诗性敞亮的显示言说，它是存在的领悟和自悟，一经说出便是照亮，对混沌之物的第一次命名。它的诗性言说总是崭新意义的带出，而不是对既有意义的重复再现。这构成诗的纯真之域。

非本真语言正好相反，它是与存在之根相脱离的悬浮之词。作为一种劣根语词现象，它不是新意义的显示，而是对旧意义的重复。重复性领会，重复性言说，从遮蔽到遮蔽的黑暗。所有那些制度化语言，意识形态用语，公众意见，概念化言词，抽象说教——一切语言的病理成份皆是它的表现。

7

作为语言的透明意向，本真语言只能通过诗领悟和显示，而非本真语言作为对存在的遮蔽，总不肯移开它的阴影，并且，所有那些被本真语言带出的崭新意义一经确定，并被庸手（或诗人自己）重复，又会成为新的遮蔽。因此，诗人对纯粹的趋近便表现为：在语言中对非本真语词的克服和自我克服。但是，正因为非本真是语言本来固有的惰性，所以，不管诗人怎样努力，非本真语词还是不可避免地要伴随本真语言进入诗中，成为具体作品中的杂质。因此，“纯诗”即指的是对这种杂质的消除和清除了这种杂质的诗。

这便是“诗的纯粹”与语言的基本关系。

8

现在我们方便找出诗中的不纯因素了。

从诗的纵向环节考察，最早的不纯因素是“叙事性”（荷马史诗），然后是“道》说教”（古典主义的训诫诗），再后来是“夸张的激情”（浪漫派诗歌）。到了本世纪初，除了已有的限制，又增加了“感伤”、“再现”、“逻辑过渡”、“释义成份”等等。当代诗歌则视“晦涩”与“抽象”为最不纯因素，故当代诗歌普遍具有明晰和具体的特点。

但诗歌毕竟不是一种虚无的承诺。它在指出那些妨碍其纯粹实现的杂质时，便已暗示出
了某种理想的透明。我们从诗人的普遍追求与确认中，辨识出这样一些品质：“崇高”、“抒情”、“音乐性”、“表现”、“非个性化”、“反抒情”、“抽象智慧”、“含混”、“意象暗示”、“心理细节”、“感性”、“个性化”等等。

问题依然存在。由于不同时代艺术观念以及诗人的生长个性的差异，因此在艺术观点上总是相互对立的。如唐诗也不例外。不仅不同流派之间，就是同一流派的诗人之间对纯诗本质的确认也是各不相同的。由此产生出不同的纯诗标准。这使得统一的纯诗标准无法建立。以上面提到的“含混”和“明喻”为例，在艾略特和贝斯特的诗中，“含混”是被作为诗的基本要素的。“明喻”则是必须克服的不纯因素；当代诗歌（“自由诗”）一反艾略特、贝斯特的标准，把“明喻”奉为文坛，而将“含混”斥为诗的垃圾。还有“个性化”与“非个性化”，“抒情”与“反抒情”的不同也是如此。

凡此种种，使我们在对“诗的纯诗本质”作后界定定时无法下手，最后只好放弃，而将“纯诗”设定为诗人的某种理想，推动诗人趋向纯诗的前因，而不是后果。

白色写在纯诗上中的第一个误解是把“闲适”与“纯诗”混为一谈，以为避开忧患，深度，绝望以及存在的全部尖锐性之后，诗便“纯”了，其基点是把诗与生存世界的严肃性，丰富性相对立，相脱离——从社会转向自然，从冲突转向合谐，从钢铁、运动、火焰、物质冷酷的牙齿转向山水、莲花、白鹤（儒家文化的象征）一句话，从在世转为出世，从严肃的思考与行动转为无为的闲适。似乎“诗的纯诗”只存在于诗人与秋水的对话中，把“纯诗”等同于“田园诗”，“山水诗”，古代的隐者便成为最纯诗的诗人了。姑且不论这种看法在理论上是如何站不住脚，就以白色写在所标举的陶渊明、王维以及魏晋玄言诗人来看，也是大谬不然的。

魏晋诗人的作品（包括玄言诗和游仙诗），千之八九为优解之作。陶渊明虽然田园，但他决不是赋闲的诗人。一卷陶诗（包括诗人的非佛体作品《桃花源记》《五柳先生传》等）无一不是言者的。王维早期诗多为述怀之作，晚期山水诗多带禅意（佛家的一种理趣），还可以再举出些例子：李商隐的无题诗在凄迷幽渺的情感中往往寄托着对某种政治理想的向往；神秀词坛的李后主，代表其艺术最高成就的还是厌世之后。凝结着国破家亡之痛的沉郁词章。以上所列的全是一些真正艺术倾向的诗人。至于屈原、陶子昂、李白、杜甫、白居易……当是忧患至深的骚音正声，更与“闲适”无涉！

西方的“纯诗”理论是不包含闲适的，关于这方面，只需要补充一点就够了。被评论家
们誉为“诗人的诗人”，“纯粹诗人”的瓦雷里和史蒂文斯皆是主智的，前者以“抽象的智慧”趋于纯净，后者以“玄奥的智思”接近透明。二者皆是形而上的哲学诗人。

那么，“纯粹”是一种中性原则吗？当然不是。

既然诗是诗人通过语言对生存世界的介入，它就必然体现为某种倾向。这是由艺术的根本动因所决定的。

倾向智慧之纯粹者，表现出一种形而上的专注；倾向意识梦幻者，呈现出一种偏执的妄语和中断；未来主义强调力度、速度、重量，一种金属的运动；自白派沉湎于隐私的坦诚，一种神圣的嚎叫。

——波德莱尔的《恶之花》是中性的；
——马拉美的《骰子一掷永远取消不了偶然》是中性的；
——赫尔的《地狱中的一季》是中性的；
——布列东的《白发左轮枪》是中性的；
——爱略特的《荒原》是中性的；
——庞德的《诗章》是中性的；
——金兹堡的《嚎叫》是中性的。

卡夫卡是中性的；陀斯妥也夫斯基是非中性的；乔伊斯是非中性的；福克纳是非中性的；萨特是非中性的；加缪是非中性的；海明威和法国“新小说”是中性的；黑色幽默是中性的；“反乌托邦”三部曲是非中性的；荒诞派戏剧是非中性的。魔幻现实主义起源于拉美大陆，主张文学直接介入现实，将现实世界的全部荒诞作魔幻式的夸张，一种真实与虚幻混淆到纠缠不清的极限——这正是从博尔赫斯开始的拉美魔幻写作的主要特征（博尔赫斯早先皈依的流派恰好就叫极端主义）！

写作即是介入。

而介入则意味着倾向。不管你是倾向于某一种美学主张，某一种艺术风格，或者只倾向于艺术本身——一种倾向是无法回避的。

一切严肃的诗人应该彻底放弃那种“中庸”、“中性”的写作原则，并最终澄清：纯粹决不是艺术的某种中性状态，而是一种艺术形式推向某一极端的锋芒，如同纯粹的炉火使铁变成钢，沸点以上水成为气体，零度以下水凝结成冰是一个道理。这里的“铁”和“水”都是纯化之前的状态，一种中庸的惰性。
只要谈纯粹便必然要涉及“透明”。这是现代诗学中被提得最高，同时也是误解最多，被滥用得最厉害的一个词。

按其基本义，“透明”指能穿过光线的物体之特性。没有任何引申及转喻的边际——如同这个词本身：澄澈、没有遮拦，一览无余的广度和深度。

但在诗歌理论中，情况有了一些变化。这里有两种透明。

一种指语义透明，即语言、语言的实用功能和有效性。直接的语言意义（包括所指的确定性和表达的明晰性、无歧义），科学用语便完全符合这种语义透明所要求的诸项条件。

第二种是语境的透明，与诗人的感情和自由联想有关。在语言中获得的一种元遮蔽性。如埃利蒂斯所描述的：“在某个具体事物后面能够透出其他事物，在这个透出的事物后面又透出其他事物……如此延伸，以至无穷。”真正一览无余的广度和深度！

我们主张的正是后一种透明。

这种趋于纯粹的努力深入到诗人的写作中，但只有当它与天赋的才华和智慧相遇，才会产生满意的结果。即便如此，也还会因为诗人诸种、心理素质、才能结构、美学追求以及饮食环境的差异而呈现出不同的张力：

——瓦雷里深入大海的颗粒，追溯一道汨与整个世界的关系。石破的隐秘结构、在形而上的智慧中化为海的深邃上升为天空的深邃；一种高蹈的透明与完整，倾向于蓝色的纯粹。

——埃利蒂斯畅饮古希腊的太阳，以“光明”与“清澈”发言，在感觉的类比中领会太阳与人类的水晶原则；对真实的深化与升华，上升为“光明”与“清澈”的合一，一种金色的纯粹。

——史蒂文斯在夜的山谷中点燃一支蜡烛，用无触的坛子，用铁材，用风琴和孔雀的叫喊建立起永久的艺术秩序，以对抗世界无序混乱的黑色统治。他的纯粹是黑色的。

——迪兰・托马斯退回到子宫深处，体验精子与卵子相互进入的瞬间，死的感动和生的震惊。母体内粘稠的液体，肉的恒温，一个混沌未开的世界，近乎纯真的纯净。

还有更高的纯粹原则。这便是我在血液中感受到的颜色：红色。一种新的纯粹理论。

由白色向红色的转变，不是哪一个诗人的主观推动，而是艺术自身的发展。

一道巨大的裂缝划开鲜明的阵线。我们站在一端，在深渊中顿生于深深的伤口，深切存在的敏感核心，触到了灵魂的痛处，喷涌的热血把味觉染得鲜红。中国艺术从来没有象今天这样与心脏和血肉挨得这么近过。这是应该庆幸的。

从白色转向红色，便是从书本转向现实，从逃避转向介入（对生命的介入和对世界的介
C. 红色写作如是说

不要问我们从哪里来，到什么地方去，我是谁。现在时态的巨大旋涡，不可抗拒地卷进我们，构成我们无法分心的具体处境。呼吸的节奏，做梦与说话的需要，生存的基本权利；还有精神压倒的确切事实，深入到饮食的专制行为。比本质和未来更迫切。从形而上的悬梯回到事物的起点，内部与表面，尽可能的深入与具体。红色写作把自己定位于生命、生存、现在，不是回忆和幻想，是经历、穿过、体验。正在燃烧的刑具火焰，包含着诞生与毁灭的这一个瞬间，无法淡化的残酷呼吸，对感性与肉性的最大强调。把手插进时间的中心，感受骨头的碎裂、肌肉的腐烂、冷血或热血的绝对温度。世纪末累积起来的巨大创痛与欢欣。

现在和正在，占有并表达的直接形式。

红色写作开宗明义要反对的便是闲适，一种艺术的逃遁行为。远离心脏与血肉的虚假纯粹。从现实的严肃性向后退却，不管是逃离老庄、易经，还是逃离山林、田园，都是诗人弱力人格的表现。红色写作以人的现实存在为中心，深入骨头与制度，涉足一切时代的残暴，接受人生的全部难度与强度，一切大拒绝，大介入，大创造的勇气。以深入虎口的大无畏精神，写别人不敢写的，写别人不敢写的。无不能写的主题与梦想；那些人们只能以耳语的方式，把手指放在嘴唇上悄悄暗示出的真相，应该由诗人大声道出。红色写作决不回避现实的全部严峻与真实；扑面而来的钢铁血腥，精神肉体的伤口感染，手铐、牢狱、苦役、亲身经历的地狱状态。在物质的强暴中与艺术同在，共同出生入死，一起沉沦或者得救。

生命与艺术同一。
也可以退后一步。

写作本身就是行动。是理性与感性更深的投入。从诗人对诗歌的写作，到散文对现实的写作，再到戏剧对社会的写作，无一不深刻地反映出中国文学的深度。在不断地探寻与发现中，我们逐渐认识到，写作不仅仅是一种表达，更是一种生活。它不仅仅是诗人的梦想，更是我们每一个人的追求。在现代文学中，写作更是一种对生活的思考，是对人生意义的探究。在写作中，我们能够找到自己的声音，找到自己的存在。
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在的险境之后一种深入浅出的形式。符合真实的全部内在条件，没有什么借鉴之需要。懂得什么现代主义、后现代主义。这样一种艺术，在显示诗人的生存状态时，必然要带出构成诗人现实存在的时（时代）空（地域、国度）结构的全部隐秘关系，写作在一定程度上便成为对思想专制的质疑，并推动历史的审判早日到来。

需要附带声明的是：我反对 “横向移植”，并不表明我同意伪现实主义或“现代派”的愚蠢攻击，也不意味着我与“越是民族的越是世界的”这一陈腐命题在理论上的同流合污。这是性质完全不同的两种立场。

红色写作重视语言的力度，与思想专制相抗衡的金属品质。反对阴柔静的空灵诗歌。言之无物的空虚或空洞。岩石的生硬，泥土的充实，握有四年的不发出花朵。一种雕塑的放大笔触，引而不发的内在张力。倾临而下的陡峭，天空般倒的不平，偏硬硬性的物质意象。直接深人的触痛，包含某种尖锐之必须（尖锐并不必然导向政治，而与存在的某种险境有关）；反讽、废墟、矛盾，极度的恐惧，生命的紧急状态；人在荒诞处境中毫无希望的反抗与绝望，惨烈的隐藏或爆发；对一切神圣物的永远保持警觉的疑神疑鬼；开门见山的冷峻言辞。抛弃那些小家子气、女儿气、脂粉气，及一切故作正经的奶气、稚气、洋娃娃气。大风大雅地甩手甩脚，尽其可能的强大与任性，一种元气充沛的阳刚气度。这不是性别化的划分，而是性质的强调。

红色写作提倡一种严肃的人生态度，写作与做人的统一。反对病态人格，自我扩张，无原则吹捧，烂市的同时义气；反对小圈子里主义，自我中心主义，唯功利主义；反对文人相轻；反对以模仿冒充独创的冒牌先锋。

——所有那些以艺术为仕途敲门砖的伪诗人，所有那些客串艺术的玩票者，所有那些以艺术为交际手段的诗歌掮客，所有那些自食艺术、卖艺术、败坏艺术的诗歌蛀虫，以及那些不讲信义，不讲道义，没有自尊，没有廉耻，把艺术无社会化，流氓化的市井痞子意识，皆为红色写作所不耻，并坚决唾弃之。

我们就是此和腐败艺术的行为划清界限：一切唯官方认可的伪价值者，一切逢场作戏的玩艺者，一切不负责任的痞子言行，皆与红色写作无关，各自承担自生自灭的责任。

对伪价值系统的拒绝是红色写作的根本立场之一，这不仅是因为自由艺术与伪价值的格格不入，还在于伪价值作为思想奴役的一种形式，迫使我们对立并与之作战。这不是意气用事的偶然冲动，而是出自本能再经过深思熟虑的价值选择——决不会中途妥协的艺术行为。
由此，红色写作又可理解为一种精神，刺刀与玫瑰交叉的图象（对应于镰刀斧头，十字架，大卫星），艺术严肃生命的象征。砍刀又复活，一千次成为废墟而完好无损。这是意义重大的；艺术所代表的显然是比肉体更不易被损毁的东西。一种生生不息的博动，穿过历代的法网，死亡和战争，在同样的场面中重现，给我们呼吸者者与死者的血和思想，艺术伟大交构的活力之新，使我们虎虎生气的活着，写作。红色写作拒绝一切权势与谎言，精神与肉体的双重律令，拒绝思想专制的任何形式。最高的荣誉和最深重的苦难都不能动摇我们的信心：对艺术的信仰。

古往今来一切艺术殉难者的最后目光对语言的照亮。

红色写作在坚持艺术的独立性、非意识形态立场的同时，也清醒地知道，一种新的写作方式本身便是一个革命性事件：对旧的语言秩序的否定和一种新秩序的建立。诗人从来就是在世的。现在的问题不是是否应该介入，而是如何介入。在这一点上红色写作与传统介入观的区别在于，后者主张的是内容的介入，即在牺牲艺术的前提下，把艺术变成政论或某种政治观念的传声筒（阿莱、马雅可夫斯基之流便是）；红色写作强调的则是形式的介入，在纯化艺术的前提下，通过写作激活人类的自由梦想，以形式更新的革命使人们对生活更新之必要保有坚信并做好充分的思想准备。这也是和艺术的变构本能相符合的。

从伤口中走出，从道路中断的地方开始。红色写作是无蔽，是敞亮，是永不衰竭的活力，勇敢地站在观念变革的前沿，推开一切禁忌之门。没有什么神圣不可侵犯的先验秩序，所有那些感性可及的范围，所有那些感性不可及的范围，所有那些理性的可能及的范围，所有那些理性的不可及的范围。非理性的光辉与黑暗：从宗教到艺术，从权力到烹饪，从忠诚到背叛，从性交到自杀、他杀、谋杀、侮辱、挂羊头卖狗肉、卖人肉，卖少女肉，卖柏拉图精神肉，口腔、手淫、眼淫、意淫，情欲压抑错乱的解放，信仰与疯狂！一切语言所及的心理细节肉体细节，艺术毁灭与再生的精彩过程，都在红色写作的笔触之下。

红色写作没有禁区。

这里需要澄清一个重大的理论误会。

艺术与政治的对立是近几年来的事。这反映了人们对那种“尖锐”图解政策的伪诗的反感，也体现了中国现代诗自我纯化的精神。这是一个方面。在中国新文学史的某一时期，一部分诗人出于信仰的真诚与政治结盟，由于阶级政治的质变（由追求自由变为压制自由），结果不但损害了艺术，也败坏了诗人的声誉。诗人们从此对政治敬而远之，生怕艺术与政治沾边而遭人贬损。此外，对“政治”的敬感也反映出在一个高度政治化，但缺乏言论
自由的社会中人们的一种明智保守的态度，一种畸形的社会心理。

因此，便发生了这样的事：甚至在政治“关心”到了诗人头上，用警棍和手铐嘲笑诗人的清高，我们的诗人仍然宣称自己与政治无关，以此证明自己的“清白”！长此以往，进而连“时代”“社会”“人权”“自由”这些容易涉政派的严肃领域也被诗人排斥于语言范围之外，而专注于一种无伤大雅的闲情表达（写作的明智保守），到头来还是诗人缺乏道德勇气的弱力人格使然。

作为人类精神的自明形式，艺术既然是存在的显示，它就是与人类的现实理想和愿望相联系的。它可以在意识之下或观念之上，但决不会在人的深层意志之外。正如帕斯所说“诗不仅仅是人所思所感，所作的说明，而且是人所建立的定义”，不管是抒情，表现美，揭露真实或探索新的表现形式，艺术有限的选择使它始终摆脱不了人的影子，艺术不能脱离人而实现这点使我们注意到一个有趣的现象：作为不自由人类对自由的追求，艺术本身也是不自由的。这使以下命题得以成立：写作是对不自由的意识。据此，我在艺术、政治、宗教背后发现了一个隐藏很深的共同动机：超越有限，趋向自由。这也是人类一切精神意向的最初原因，区别仅在于，政治追求社会的自由，宗教追求灵魂的自由，艺术追求思想的自由（包括想象与表达）。其中艺术与宗教在本质上更多接近（精神性、内在性、预言性），不同之处宗教表现为逃避现实，重来世；艺术则是介入现实，重在世的。

这样我们便明白了：为艺术而艺术，或艺术以自身为目的。其实就是人以自己为目的——以自己的精神自由为目的。在这个意义上，与其说“美是自由的象征”，不如更直接了当的宣布“美就是自由”！写作即是诗人对不自由的意识并通过这种意识而趋向自由的努力。在这里，政治意义上的“自由”之所以不是与艺术家无关的，就在于它努力以求的“人的基本权利”中包含了对于艺术家至关重要的创作自由和出版自由的真正实现。这也是艺术生存发展的起码条件，因而，它不仅对于人民大众，而且对于艺术家也是首要的。第一为的（但不是最终的，这便是艺术家与普通人的区别）。如果一定要把自由等同于政治，追求自由便是介入政治。那每一个真诚的艺术家都是政治的，无论怎样辩解都无法使自己与政治脱离。我们奉行政治下去！德里达主张消除哲学与美学的界限，将二者统名之为“写作”。这还不够，还应该再加上政治、宗教、气动、摇滚乐和精神病人的胡说八道！消除一切人为的界限，统名之为“自由”——使人类精神的各个方面再次成为纯粹的整体，不再自我消耗的相互分裂和对立。
红色作者所遗那些用血写成的书，

不是流血，是心血、精血、热血，“精诚所至，金石为开”的那份赤诚。人类精神最核心的遗产，穷毕生之力，倾囊中之血，写一部书，写一首诗，写一句话，一个字，这样一种写作态度便使我们震惊之列。从艺术到宗教到哲学到政治，所有那些以他们的精神和肉体构成我们正面或反面之伟大者，皆是红色写作的先驱。

在此，我们要特别向东欧和俄罗斯那些与我们持相同价值观的诗人作家同仁们致以崇高的敬意。索尔仁尼琴、布罗茨基、哈维尔、米兰·昆德拉，米沃什等是其杰出代表，他们从铁幕后面发出不屈的声音，使神圣秩序的永久神话顷刻破灭。即使在长期的迫害下，在监禁、流放和监禁中，他们仍然坚守着人类普遍的价值理想，从未动摇或放弃写作（今天我们便是在他们的起驾上重新思考和写作的）。他们以罕见的勇气和大无畏精神自我拯救，率先从炼狱进入了净界，我们仍留在世界的阴影部分，每天从黑暗中区别自己的影子。但我们同时相信：命运是公平的，他们经历的一切我们都将经历，并且正在经历，从现在开始。他们的今天便是我们的光明。

红色写作是开放广大的，它不只限于诗歌，还包括小说、评论、哲学——一切语言写作形式。它不只是一种写作方法，也是一种艺术立场通过写作的呈现。红色写作朝向一切真诚的、正直的、勇敢的、充满创造之伟大梦想的积极灵魂发言。我们不是孤独的。我在这里写下这些质朴的文字，在我的笔尖穿插的时间之另一面，你们便已经听到了，感觉到了。即使你是盲者，他也用手或身体的感性部位触摸到了我笔力深深的笔划，而读出了我灼痛的思想。其实我的用意是很简单的：激活你们内心的生命源泉——一种个人与人类整体命运相关的血缘意识；真正自由创造的充沛激情；人的完整生活的圆满实现。

新世纪的钟声即将敲响，我们站在世纪的这边前瞻望。一场伟大的战争正在肉体中进行。红色写作的全部意义便是参战和决战——深入艺术的全部神圣或不神圣，朝语言的一切禁区和壁垒发起最后的冲击。七十年前的一天，列宁同志的卫士对他的女人说，“面包会有的，粮食会有的，一切都会有的，”73年后今天的今天，瓦西里们已成为历史的浮雕继而成为废墟。现在由我来告诉你们，除了粮食之外没有实现的其它东西：

——艺术会有的
——自由会有的
——一切都会有的

艺术所要实现的除了人的自由还有什么呢？一切都是暂时的，只有这永恒的承诺不会改变。红色写作这样相信并且重申：与生命同在的艺术不朽，历经劫难而年轻的中国诗人正以他们金属的声音证明，这个民族决不会在人类自我解放的最后努力中自暴自弃。

1982年3月14日完稿于西昌月亮湖畔。