

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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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 time¹.

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.

¹Howard Goldblatt and Leo Ou-fan Lee, "The dissenting voice" in Kai-yu Hsu, Literature of the People's Republic of China, (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1980), pp. 911-916.

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.² 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 graduates³ primarily from Beijing, and who had banded together in the wake of

²David S.G. Goodman, Beijing Street Voices, (London: Barion Boyars Publishing Ltd. 1981).

³Youths 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 1976.⁴ Bei Dao is the best known and most influential of the Today poets. His poem "The Answer" [Huida]⁵ and its refrain "I don't believe ..." marked an important turning point in the history of China's "new poetry" (xinshi).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 1980⁷ the Today poets and their many fellow

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.)

⁵ "The Answer", in Michael S. Duke, editor, Contemporary Chinese Literature, (New York; A.E. Sharpe Inc., 1985), p. 41. (Appendix pp. #208, #346.)

⁶ A term which refers to poetry written in the vernacular language (spoken Mandarin Chinese). Prior to 1917 all poetry has 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.

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.⁸

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

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.

⁸ 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....."⁹

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

⁹ Mao Zedong, "Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art", in Kai-yu Hsu, Literature of the People's Republic of China, (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1980), p. 29.

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 or 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

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,¹³ 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, Dengxinrong xingfu de wudao -- hou menglong shi xuancui [The happy dance of the light filament -- A selection of post-Misty poetry], (Beijing shifan daxue chubanshe [Beijing teachers university publishing house], July 1992), pp. 1-8.

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 gudian 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....."¹⁴

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,

¹⁴Han 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.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.

¹⁵Edward J. Brown, Russian Literature Since the Revolution, (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1982), p. 342.

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 led 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].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 poetry. 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].¹⁷ 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

¹⁷Renmin wenxue [People's Literature], (Beijing, 1987 no. 1-2): Yi Lei, "Dushen nuren de woshi" [The bedroom of a single woman], pp. 51-54; Liao Yiwu, "Sicheng" [The city of death], pp. 58-62.

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."¹⁸

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."¹⁹

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

¹⁸Li Fukang and Eva Hung, "Post-Misty Poetry," Renditions, No. 37, Spring 1992, Hongkong, pp. 93-151.

¹⁹Ibid., 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

²⁰Ibid., p. 95.

²¹Ibid., p. 96.

²²Ibid., 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,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

²³Yang 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.²⁴ 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]²⁵), and still others followed up on their emotions at a later date, but not necessarily in the form of poetry (such as Li Yawei

²⁴These 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.

²⁵Feifei [Not-Not] No. 5 (underground journal), Fall 1992. (Appendix pp. # 274-344, # 587.)

who participated in the creation of the Song of the Silent Spirits [Anling qu] video based on Liao Yiwu's "Slaughter" in February-March 1990).

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 pendu], "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"²

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"³

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

² "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.

³ Appendix pp. #210 , #349.

"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 mantle 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

unapproachable love
Oh such unapproachable love"⁵

"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

⁵Appendix pp. # 352-353.

primary sponsors (ie., 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:

"Those who arose with the flag of the republic [in
1949] are the first generation [poets]
The ten years [of the CR, 1966-1976] molded the
second generation [Misty poets].
The vast backdrop of the great age [post-Mao China]
gave birth to us --
The Third Generation." (p.31)

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" [Jiejū huò kāishǐ].

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 Aerial 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" [Manniuer 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"⁶

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

⁶ 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.

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"⁸

.....

Great heaven-piercing devilish pillar, its base is
 the latent maternal body, the darkness before
 my birth
"⁹

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:

".....

⁸ Appendix pp. # 356.

⁹ pp. # 357.

The water is underfoot, the flaring old lunatic
 licks your essence clean away
 Take pity on Death!....."¹⁰

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

¹⁰Appendix 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 slimmed 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 monthly¹¹ had asked him to prepare early in 1986.

Entitled "The New Tradition" [Xin de chuantong], this preface¹² 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

¹¹Including Liao's "Lovers," and works by Ouyang Jianghe, Zhai Yongming, Wan Xia, Li Yawei, Zhou Lunyou, He Xiaozhu, Shi Guanghua and Gou Mingjun. Zhongguo [China], (Beijing: 1986 no. 10), pp. 35-51.

¹²Ibid., p. 128.

forces¹³, 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.

....."¹⁴

"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.

¹⁴Appendix 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.

Nū 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 overnigheted 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

¹⁶Appendix 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
¹⁷

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

¹⁷Appendix 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 unfortold 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 be 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."¹⁸

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.¹⁹

In January 1987, "The City of Death" was published in People's Literature,²⁰ 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

¹⁸ Appendix pp. #215-216, #377-378.

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.

²⁰ Renmin Wenxue (People's Literature), (Beijing: January 1987, no. 1-2 combined edition), pp. 58-62.

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 article's 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 jiyuan], 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 IMMEMORIAL SYMBOL OF THE
CONTINENTAL DRAGON YELLOW EMPEROR YELLOW EMPEROR
MUMMY I WANT TO GO OUT"²³

Crawl, but where can one crawl to? In "Manuel's Music no. 9: Godliness and Elegies" [Mannier de yinyue zhi jiu: shenxing yu wange], Liao says of himself that he "was born onto this earth in order to sing dirges."²⁴ 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 Author [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

²³Appendix pp. # 406-407.

²⁴pp. # 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?"²⁵

"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

²⁵Appendix pp. # 434-435.

²⁶pp. # 434. (Liao's note in text.)

²⁷pp. # 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.....²⁷

".....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
 Crycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycry!
 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"²⁹

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

²⁹Appendix 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
³⁰

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'³¹ 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"³²

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

³⁰Appendix pp. # 463 .

³¹Japanese surnames.

³²Appendix pp. # 470 .

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
crycrycrycrycrycry! CRYCRY! CRY!³³

.....

"In this historically unprecedented slaughter only
the spawn of dogs can survive"³⁴

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

³³Appendix pp. # 233 , # 474 .

³⁴pp. # 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 friends³⁵ 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,

³⁵These 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."³⁶

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

³⁶Henry Treece, Dylan Thomas: Dog Among Fairies, (New York: John de Graff Inc., 1956), p. 30.

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.¹ 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

¹Li 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

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 Chongqing³. 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/

³Wan Xia, "Preface", Mang Han [Macho Man], (Underground poetry journal, Chengdu: December 1984), p. 1. Appendix p. #485)

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."⁶ 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

⁶Appendix 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]⁸

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"⁹

⁸Appendix pp. # 494.

⁹pp. # 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"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"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"¹²

Li harks after the untroubled, idyllic visions of man in

¹⁰Appendix pp. # 246, # 498.

¹¹Ibid.

¹²Ibid.

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.

In January 1986, Liao's journal also published "The Cornered Beast" and "The Blind Tiger." April of that year saw "Hard Men" published in Guandong Literature [Guandong wenxue], a regional monthly published out of Liaoyuan in the north-eastern province of Jilin.¹³ And, in October 1986, "The Cornered Beast" was again published in the nationally circulated Beijing literary monthly, China.

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" [Mangan

¹³In 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.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.

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").¹⁵

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

¹⁵Appendix pp. # 249, # 501.

¹⁶pp. # 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,
entire trees of tasty, live puppies!¹⁷

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:

"One poem. One woman. One opportunity;
One wine cup. One small town. A man.
Sound takes a sentence out of a book.
Language relies on the mind for content.
Past events extract colors from cloth.
Not sublime.
Not serious.
Also not humorous."

"The Island"¹⁸

"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

¹⁸Appendix pp. # 504.

¹⁹pp. # 505.

²⁰pp. # 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,...

... "21

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."²²

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

²²Appendix 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"²³

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

²³Appendix 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"²⁴

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

²⁴Appendix 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, 1984-1986).

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.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.

²⁵I 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

¹Nadezhda Mandelstam, Hope Abandoned, (London: Collins Harvill, 1989), p. 96.

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 scape goats 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.²

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],³ 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,

²Appendix pp. # 259 , # 525 .
pp. # 260 , # 526 .

³pp. #261-262, #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.

⁴Appendix 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."⁵ 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."⁶ 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."⁷

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,"⁸ he has reached a state of pure

⁵Appendix pp. # 534.

⁶pp. # 531 .

⁷pp. # 531 .

⁸pp. # 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."⁹

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, multi-functional nature."¹⁰

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

⁹Appendix pp. # 538-539.

¹⁰pp. # 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."¹¹

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 exnihilo 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 veneers 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 fangkuail], 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

¹³Appendix 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 yan], 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"¹⁴

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"¹⁵

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

¹⁴Appendix pp. # 268, # 573.

¹⁵pp. # 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 yi xi], 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)"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

¹⁶Appendix 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....."¹⁷

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."¹⁸ 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,"¹⁹ 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

¹⁷ Appendix pp. # 584.

¹⁸ pp. # 584 .

¹⁹ pp. # 584 .

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.

²⁰Appendix 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. If 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"²¹

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

²¹Appendix 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"²²

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

²²Appendix pp. #286-287, #591 .

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

²³Appendix pp. #281-282, #589-590.

²⁴pp. #285, #590-591.

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"²⁵

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"²⁶

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" [Jujuede zitai] (published in the 1992

²⁵Appendix pp. #310-313, #598-599.

²⁶pp. #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."²⁷

In defense of himself in this new passive mode, Zhou states in "Thinking of Ourselves in the Fire of a Neighboring House" [Linzhai zhi huo zhong xiang 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:

".....
 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"²⁸

In "Simulating the Language of the Mute" [Moni yayu], Zhou

²⁷Appendix pp. # 268, # 573 .

²⁸pp. #297-298, #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"²⁹

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"³⁰

²⁹Appendix pp. #299-300, #595-596.

³⁰pp. #303-304, #596-597 .

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 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 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....."³²

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

³²Appendix pp. # 314-, # 600 .

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

³³Appendix pp. # 343, # 616 .

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

³⁴Appendix pp. # 344, # 616 .

³⁵According 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.³⁶

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

³⁶Information 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 quanji].³⁷ 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,³⁸ 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

³⁷Based 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.)

³⁸Based 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."¹

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,

¹"The Poor Poet," Selected Poems (New York: Seabury Press, 1973), p. 53.

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...."² 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

²Josef Skvorecky, Talkin' Moscow Blues (Toronto: Lester & Orpen Dennys Limited, 1988), p. 148.

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.

POSTSCRIPT

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"

¹Tian 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 he 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

Glossary for Chapter I

(not including works listed in bibliographies)

<u>Jintian</u>	今天
shuhao	书号
Deng Xiaoping	邓小平
zhishi qingnian	知识青年
Wusi yundong	五四运动
Bei Dao	北岛
"Huida"	回答
xinshi	新诗
Xie Mian	谢冕
<u>Guangming ribao</u>	光明日报
menglong	朦胧
menglongshi	朦胧诗
minzu	民族
Mao Zedong	毛泽东
gong-nong-bing	工农兵
Sun Shaozhen	孙绍振
Shu Ting	舒婷

Gu Cheng	顾城
Jiang He	江河
Mang Ke	芒克
Yang Lian	杨炼
qingchu jingshen wuran	清除精神污染
disandai shiren	第三代诗人
dierci shichao	第二次诗潮
hou menglongshi	后朦胧诗
xinshengdai	新生代
Li Jinfa	李金发
Dai Wangshu	戴望舒
Wang Xiaoni	王小妮
shanghen wenxue	伤痕文学
Tang Xiaodu	唐晓渡
Han Dong	韩东
weida de gudian jingshen	伟大的古典精神
zouxiang shijie	走向世界
guoji shichang	国际市场

shijiezhuyi	世界主义
<u>Tamen</u>	他们
Wan Xia	万夏
<u>Ririxin</u>	日日新
Bai Hua	柏桦
Zhou Zhongling	周忠陵
Yang Shunli	杨颂礼
Lei Mingchu	雷鸣雏
Shi Guanghua	石光华
Liu Taiheng	刘太亨
Song Wei	宋玮
Song Qu	宋渠
Zhang Yu	張宇
Zhou Lunyou	周伦佑
Xu Jingya	徐敬亚
qunti	群体
xichuanti	西川体
xichuan	西川

xin chuantongzhuyi	新传统主义
Liao Yiwu	廖亦武
Ouyang Jianghe	欧阳江河
Hu Yaobang	胡耀邦
Yi Lei	伊蕾
Yang Xiaobin	杨小滨
panshi	叛世
shunshi	顺世
dunshi	遁世
qishi	弃世
wanshi	玩世
qishi	启世
Li Yawei	李亚伟
"Anling qu"	安灵曲

Glossary for Chapter II

fanling guan	泛灵观	
Liu Shahe	刘沙河	
Bai Hang	白航	
Yan Li	严力	
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	
<u>Haishang</u>	海上	
<u>Dalu</u>	大陆	
Niu Bo	牛波	
Daozi	岛子	
Sichuansheng qingnian shiren xiehui		四川省青年诗人协会
shige yanjiu tuanti		诗歌研究团体
Dongfang wenhua yanjiu xiehui		东方文化研究协会

Zhengtizhuyi yanjiu xiehui	整体主义研究协会
Disandai ren tongmeng	第三代人同盟
"Jieju huo kaishi"	结局或开始
Haizi	海子
Guo Lijia	郭力家
Li Xia	李霞
Axia	阿霞
baguo	巴国
"Xunhuan zhu"	循环柱
<u>Shige xuankan</u>	诗歌选刊
Zhili kaifa xiehui	智力开发协会
Hanshou daxue hanshou zhongxin	函授大学函授中心
Zhongguo dangdai shiyan shige yanjiushi	中国当代实验诗歌研究室
Xiao Jun	小君
zhengtizhuyi	整体主义
Zhai Yongming	翟永明
He Xiaozhu	何小竹
Gou Mingjun	苟明军
<u>Yijing</u>	易经

Nüwa	女娲
Alafawei	阿拉法威
yin-yang	阴阳
xin shiqi	新时期
fanling	泛灵
"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： 神性与挽歌
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	孟子
Laozi	老子
<u>Mao Zedong yuluben</u>	毛泽东语录本
"Jujing"	巨镜
Xiang Yu	项羽
Qu Yuan	屈原
zhenzheng de ni	真正的你
Tailang	太郎
Gangcun	冈村
Songjing	松井
zhishi fenzi	知识分子
Ba Tie	巴铁

Glossary for Chapter III

xungen shi	寻根诗
Yang Li	杨黎
Er Mao	二毛
Tao Yuanming	陶渊明
"Taohua yuan ji"	桃花源记
<u>Menglong shixuan</u>	朦胧诗选
"xiagu jiudian"	峡谷酒店
Sun Erniang	孙二娘
"Yu"	羽
qiushou	秋收

Glossary for Chapter IV

Zhou Lunzuo	周伦佐
laodong gaizao	劳动改造
"Langgu"	狼谷
Lan Ma	蓝马
"Feifeizhuyi xuanyan"	非非主义宣言
"Feifeizhuyi xiao cidian"	非非主义小辞典
Zhou Yaqin	周亚琴
"Feifeizhuyi yu chuanguo huanyuan"	非非主义与创作还原
chuanguo pipingfa	创作批评法
xin jingshen wenming	新精神文明
zishi	姿势
"Dongji yi: zishi sheji"	动机一：姿势设计
"Dongji wu: jujue zhi yan"	动机五：拒绝之蓝
"Dongji liu: taxiti yi xi"	动机六：塔希提以西
nimen	你们
huanyuan	还原

zhijue siwei	直觉思维
chao yuyi siwei	超语义思维
aidao	哀悼
guojia anquan bu	国家安全部
shandong fan geming	煽动反革命
Han Xin	韩信
Shang Zhongmin	尚仲敏
"Baise xiezuo yu xianshi"	白色写作与阅读
fanzuo	反左
fanzuo fangyou	反左防右
<u>Dangdai shige chaoliu huiqu congshu</u>	当代诗歌潮流回顾丛书
<u>Hou menglongshi quanji</u>	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

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- 4) "Langgu" 狼谷 [Wolf valley], Zhongguo qingnian xinshichao daxuan 中国青年新诗潮大选 [The large collection of Chinese youth's new tide poetry], Xi'an: Zhongguo xinshi wenku chubanshe 中国新诗文库出版社, December 1988, pp. 43-45.
- 5) "Bailang" 白狼 [The white wolf], "Langgu" 狼谷 [Wolf valley], "Dai maotouying de nanren" 带猫头鹰的男人 [The man with the owl], Disandai shiren tansuo shixuan 第三代诗人探索诗选 [A selection of third generation poets' exploratory poetry], Beijing: Zhongguo wenlian chubanshe 中国文联出版公司, December 1988, pp. 161-170.
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[Free squares: motives I, II, V], Dengxinrong xingfu de
wudao -- hou menglongshi xuancui 灯心绒幸福的舞蹈—后
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Appendix 1:

TRANSLATIONS

BEI DAO, LIAO YIWU, LI YAWEI, ZHOU LUNYOU

Poems by Bei Dao



Photo by Sandra Sturdeva

The Answer

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;~~
Shanghai Arts Publishing House, August 1986, ~~pp. 239-241;~~
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 crystalline 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 foxes 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 Cheng¹, Zhang Chunqiao, Li Weidong², 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

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

²Two 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 statue³ 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

³Chinese goddess said to have created mankind from clay and to have cleared the earth of threats to man.

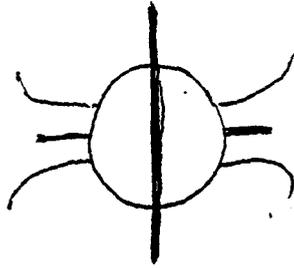
at its fatal weakness' and at the cost of his life sounds a warning signal: He reveals the roots of the collective sickness which under the domination of primal, supra-natural forces causes people to mutilate and kill themselves and each other.

[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.

THE CITY OF DEATH

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."

* published without the preface and with editing out of
certain politically sensitive sections in: People's
Literature literary monthly, 1987 #1-2, pp. 58-62, Beijing;
and An Appreciation Dictionary of Chinese Exploratory
Poetry, Hebei People's Publishing House, August 1989, pp.
496-502, Shijiazhuang City



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 waste land 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 E¹ elopes with an infidel. An angry Hou Yi² 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 peeled 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



¹Chinese goddess of the moon.

²Legendary 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. Kua
 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.....

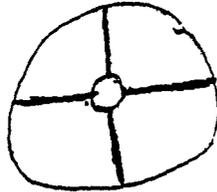
Pitiful escapees! Their bloodied clothing is stripped away by others of their ilk. Art is hung in the great exhibition hall treated like totems --- look. Ladies and gentlemen arrive. Clip, clop of heels. Walking sticks point out empty sleeves. I ride a toy train travelling back and forth between the 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 lightening
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

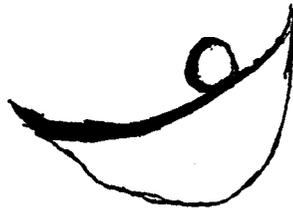
Silently I count the inns I've overnighted in during my
 life. From one to a hundred. Remote ancestors. Progenitors.
 Great-grandfathers. Mothers. The made-up opera faces of each
 dynasty all flash through my mind. At the end I discover
 Allah Fahweh, the prophet of Ba People Village, showing his
 green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



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 Chongqing, 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 Alen 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 pedlars!

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!

Forests, Campuses, Love.

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 overpass. Gatehouse. Railings.
 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 of fish.
 Carry it out in the fine dust
 In countless living organisms.
Leap! How! 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.
 Uncle. Auntie. Grandpa. Granny. Daddy.
 Mummy.
 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.
 Righteousness. Equality. Universal love.
 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 Crycrycrycrycrycry
 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 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,
 crycrycrycrycrycrycrycrycry! 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 sum-
 mary 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.

TRANSLATIONS: LI YAWEI

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^b 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

^b 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;
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 Hebei People's Publishing House, Shijiazhuang, August 1989,
 pp. 556-558;
 - After Misty Poetry --- A Selection of Chinese Avant Garde
Poetry, Nankai University Press, Tianjin, January 1990, pp.
 53-56;
 - Poetry Press (newspaper format), Hefei, Anhui province,
 21 October 1986, p. 2.

- 《灯心绒幸福的舞蹈——左滕松诗选萃》唐晓渡编，
 北京郑培良学出版社，1992.7.1, pp. 83-88.

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;

- Macho Man: 1984-1985 Poetry Selections --- Li Yawei (underground journal), 1986, pp. 1-2;

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- 《好心纯 幸福的舞蹈——左端木诗选萃》唐晓度选编
北京师範大学出版社, 1982.7.1, pp. 80-83.

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-ming¹
 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 garden² 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;
 - After Misty Poetry --- A Selection of Chinese Avant Garde
 Poetry, Nankai University Press, Tianjin, January
 1990, pp. 57-58.

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, Liaoyuan, Jilin prov., June
 1987, p. 8;
 - Author literary monthly, Changchun, Jilin prov., April 1988,
 p. 38;
 - A Survey of Chinese Modernist Poets 1986-1988 (book), Tongji
 University Press, Shanghai, September 1988, p. 497.

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;

- A Survey of Chinese Modernist Poets 1986-1988, Tongji
University Press, Shanghai, September 1988, pp. 497-498.

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;

- A Survey of Chinese Modernist Poets 1986-1988 (book), Tongji
University Press, Shanghai, September 1988, p. 498.

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;

- A Survey of Chinese Modernist Poets 1986-1988, Tongji
 University Press, Shanghai, September 1988, p. 499.

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
 sculpts 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 forebearers
 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

- pp. 34-36, Poetry Monthly, February 1984, Beijing;
- 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 Drawn-out howls on the ridge of
the roof I am never able to dodge its long 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
Lamp-light 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;
- A Collection of Exploratory Poetry by Third Generation Poets, Beijing, China Literary Alliance Publishing House, December 1988, pp. 161-162.

FREE SQUARES¹

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 arhats². 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 Zhu³ 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 Dao⁴ 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's⁵ throughout his untroubled gazing at mountains in the south

³(Circa 400 B.C.) Philosopher who taught that all individual persons and things are inviolable --- denounced as extremist and harmful to society by Confucianists.

⁴Famous Tang dynasty poets; Han Yu (768-824AD); Jia Dao (779-843AD).

⁵Famous poet, 365-427AD.

--The posture of Wang Wei's⁶, loosening his belt while the wind
blew through the pines

--The posture of Su Dong-po's⁷ as the great river flowed east

--Li Qing-zhao's⁸ 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.)

⁶Famous Tang dynasty poet, 701-761AD.

⁷Famous Song dynasty poet, 1037-1101AD.

⁸Famous 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

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 Nary 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:

- Not-not: Not-not-ism Poetry Materials #2, 1987, pp. 1-10
(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

by Zhou Lun-you, December 1989 - March 1992
(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 Tai¹
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's² 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,
Beijing, Fall 1991, pp. 135-136.

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
 I turn green

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 crystal¹ exercises

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

- Also in: Modern Han Poetry, underground journal, Beijing, Spring
 1991, pp. 65-66.

¹"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 castes 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:ie., 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

- Also in: Modern Han Poetry, underground journal, Beijing, Spring
1991, pp. 66-67.

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

- Also in: Modern Han Poetry, underground journal, Beijing, Spring
1991, pp. 68-69.

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 increase in number
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

- also in Cheng Ming [争鸣], Hong Kong, December 1990, p. 23.

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

Its 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

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 become¹⁴⁹ 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 half way
 Take poverty as a pure prerequisite
 To be experienced (let others play about with Qi-gong² 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

²The harnessing of the life force which flows through the
 body much like blood, for medical use or for show: eg.
 walking on eggs, smashing large stones with limbs or head.

THE WAY OF THE HAND (March 7, 1992; on the shores of Moon Lake)

No hand of mine
 Forever unwilling to cut itself off from my body
 Breath heavier than a shadow
 Oppressing 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 line² 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

¹Used 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 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

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. He
 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 POETS¹ (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-bang²
 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

¹A group of younger poets who were extremely ^{active} 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.

²Hu 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.

RED WRITING

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 LEISURELINESS

1

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.

2

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, uncomplaining "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.

3

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.

4

"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.

5

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 tern "the class of leisure" (you-xian jie-ji). 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!

6

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.

7

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.

8

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 beliefs 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!

13

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.

14

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 lose 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!

15

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.

B. THE PURITY OF POETRY: THE TRANSFORMATION FROM WHITE TO RED

1

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.

2

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.

3

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 it does no harm to try.

4

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.

5

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.

6

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.

7

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.

10

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.

11

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)!

13

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.

14

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.

15

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 feel in my blood: Red. A new theory of purity.

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.

3

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!

4

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.

7

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 impetuosity 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 rubble, 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 Mayakovski 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.

10

Walk out of the wounds, set off 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.

11

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.

12

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 that 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.

13

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 uniting 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)

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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 and 闪闪的星斗，
正在缀满没有遮拦的天空。
那是五千年的象形文字，
那是未来人们凝神的眼睛。

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
你守护
——那

太阳在：
你在水

一切都在
只有你在

从微笑的：
我采下了

蓝幽幽的

我习惯了你在黑
火光摇晃，你总
“猜猜看，

我习惯了你坐在

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS: LIAO YIWU

左 窗

们
膨胀的

工号子

是，急自

有边缘

到 嘎

文民，挥

泽也被

至空

得

我们放着筏子，象咆哮的水兽在激流中滑行，任金矿
和浪头在脊梁上闪耀

我们回应着空谷之音，喊叫洞穿地层，让始祖鸟的化石
和沦落的远古内海悄悄开放

我们第一次在梦中变成大禹时代的熊，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

让他们长成大片淡黄色皮肤的树，腋下伸出枝叶，
嘴唇绽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，小腿插进盆地的动脉……

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

在大高原，雪山也显得矮小。沿着白茫茫的雪坡

仿佛可以走进晃荡得发响的天空

抬起头，烈性的云从唇边掠过，点燃你浑身的热情
鹰洒脱地低飞，和马蹄般湍急的河流似乎是同等的
速度

我们这群河流般好动的汉子，喜欢到大路上遥望
花朵一样怒放的雪崩。然后扯开嗓门喊叫
听声音象笨重的撞木在海子的岩壁上撞来碰去，激
起一串逗心惹肺的共鸣

(在大高原，喊叫也是一种了不起的娱乐)

当然我们还会巡逻和赛马，还会拼命鼓吹围猎的号
号

展碎氢气球一样拴在山头的太阳。早晨或黄昏，太
阳的碎片常常飘飘洒洒而下
使河滩和峡谷都开放出斑斑点点的“红玫瑰”

于是我们经常幻想春天已经到来，即使在洋洋得意
的风打着响指的深夜
我们也设想着液体的春天涌过地层深处的肠道，暖
热地注入高原的胃
土壤的温度正渐渐回升……

我们已习惯胡思乱想，习惯在大高原沉寂的时候
感觉从星星的笛孔里淌出的音乐。我们相信任何一

个神话

甚至相信自己会变成高原上的一个小块晃来荡去的天
空

（This section contains very faint and illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. It appears to be a continuation of the poem or a related piece of writing, but the characters are too light to transcribe accurately.)

《中国》1986.10

情 侣

● 廖亦武

告诉瓦
伊尔，
我最近
生活的
对准确
了。让她
且哀伤
的灵魂，
瓦瓦端
低声说，

努力保
今天距
间。把
羹枕套
很久不
时候我
那边病
登先生
——，
对上有的
中
大无
她将
我弟
后的

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过三次，群山是骚动的河马被诱向海
看那峭岸起伏，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 走啊
一串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……

儿子嗷——！

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

我会把你驯成能杀死野牛的英雄
你是未来的荒山之王

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唱歌

当我老了
葬身你的空腹是我的荣幸
从此再分不清妈妈和儿子

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——！ 儿子嗷——！
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
江河是血从伤口里淌出，四周的物体都发出急躁的蹄声
树在开裂，裸露了根须

月亮之狼从天上滚落，和我拥抱、跳跃
皮毛般光滑的时间被挤碎，牙齿嵌进对方的颈子
吮吸古老的咸腥……嗷嗷！我们是情人还是母子
我们的体内涌流着的是谁的血啊……

我的情侣我的母亲！你知道私生子的想象是奇特的
恐龙的脖子从瞳孔里伸出去，嚼着星星般的树叶
那奔跑的鹿群逃不了……嗷嗷！渴血是最高级的快感
行动就是音乐，就是美
谁说天才产生在高远的地方，谁说操纵星球演变的力量
产生在高远的地方

嗷嗷！我的情侣我的母亲！你知道我喜欢趴在地上捉蚂蚁
小生命在毛孔里爬来爬去，还操着含混而神秘的语言
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

情欲高涨死与生就没有边缘，迷狂与创造没有边缘
 嗷嗷！我的情侣你为什么又撇开我去了？

幻觉般哀叫，沿着山脊

走成一轮真正的月亮

（旋风累了

我瘫倒在地，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，我的情侣！是谁赋予你这么大的威力

在一瞬间澄清了这一片混沌？

你狼性的肉体还斜依在我的身边，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，月亮女王

你引诱我、勃发我，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

银色的肚子，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、兽和无比光洁之神之爱

不能生也不能死

那块供我歌脚的大陆在哪儿？

那块与实有的土地相应的缥缈的土地在哪儿？

还有那时聚时散、或永远消散之中的形体呢？

照耀我，引导我前去，我的人性和肢解、被抽象

永恒的统治者啊，我为什么还要走？

陆地延伸，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

不可及的爱啊

不可及的爱啊

1984年，金鱼村

悬棺

● 欧阳江河

——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光几乎是一种无花的凋落，无火的焚然。满目狼藉中空无一物，于是花园并无肉体。解脱自身的空棺在别的星象的布散中孤悬而已。

迷阵之笑布于岁首，象闪电象切口那样深深楔入，季节因此而突然逆转。不可睁之双目中有始祖鸟的睡魂，每一次苏醒都夷为地貌，受伤的天空纷呈鱼鳞之皱。

整座无花可开的泛泛花园是形而上的，一俟悬搁将永远悬搁。飘忽不定的人面和那些看不见的饱满花朵混杂在一起，莫辨彼此，任意摘下一朵花也就同时摘下一枚人头。因此花园红得格外夸张。

无端岔开的幽径正以交尾方式指点迷津。冷宫座北朝南，一次撩开使帷幕重重垂坠，之间的裂隙是隔夜幽闭的翕张。带吸盘的窥觑是陷入太监之目的唯一勃起。众花委地，背影中美人断续如焚香。梳子沿骨脉和手腕形成疾走之势，方寸对影自乱，头发和细节丝丝如注。除了双面悬镜没有别的能使阴谋躲进深景，沿锋棱折返莫测之回光，使无性繁殖遁迹于斯。

尤其在暴露的亮光中，暗地被取消的性别将教度蚕食纸人。如果衣袂转冷，就随手撕碎如脸色的天气，直到花中之白血纷如鹰暴。一种阴气的贯通从端末到根须，贮满质地如水晶的浓睡，笼盖历代君主。

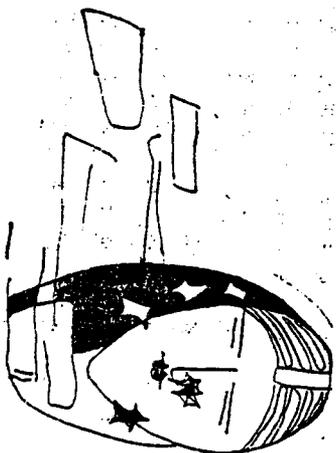
那些脸色染作烟雨、形体删成段落的女人，脱去衰衣般贴身的花期，腹部就会肿胀成旧居。一旦走动将只剩下断壁残垣，使行人到此如临史前遗址。于是她们躺下，动容如水月弄影，花木掩映处有溪流的宛传，流水落花相戏相逐。此中自有天意。

老
如
花
个
的
己
最
创
不
之
是
溯
缠
所
未
的

写给阿霞的散文诗

(四章)

廖亦武
插图：阿霞



睡眼

亲爱的，你的睡眠展开了我的想象。

隔着窗子。裸体的夜被置于一个深透的鱼缸中。月亮是腭脱的脐眼，向很远的地方收缩。大群晶体的蝌蚪从里面拐出来。钻过成片的水草，用极细微的尾巴舔拍着窗玻璃。

撩人的沙沙声中，你微笑着。纯白的迷梦上铺着睫毛，那眼缝犹如被松针掩藏的小路。我通过这儿去接近微妙，灵魂——最深的内殿。命运的乞丐跪在里头瑟瑟发抖，泪泪之泉清过它的赤脚，向上爬去，滋养着殿顶那层现实的泥巴——白昼之犁辽阔地翻耕着……

亲爱的，你丰富的睡眠使虚无化为实在。日子向两头生长。我这幻想的奴隶站在中间。小心翼翼地打更。

我深深地爱戴你，那怕人生的旅途将尽，太阳象一只垂危的黄金兽蹲在山上，滚烫的呼吸灼灼了我的头发。

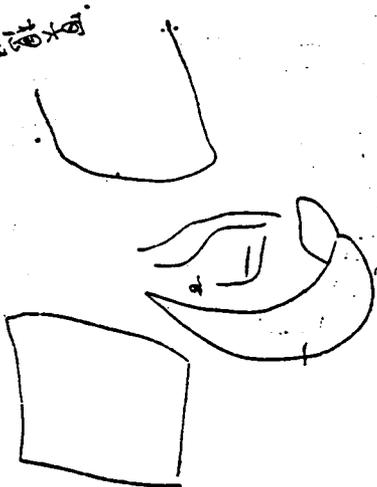
夕照

我短促的一生，就这样被你的胸怀笼罩，被你永久的血脉穿透。我成为你心脏的一部分，每每时每刻都搏动着，输送对你的爱，向更深的世界输送对你的爱

深入

在这段无尽头的孤独里，爱的潮水悲愁地爬上我的耳畔，又几回悄然退去，我在涛声中不断深入，直到走进你的内心。

如同走进陆地中的陆地，风暴致患了，没有日光或月光，我只能遥感到季节小心翼翼地高悬崖上变幻。时间过得很快，一个世纪就象一截狐狸的尾巴，在岁月的甬道口一闪就不见了。



· 廖亦武 ·

大 循 环

—— 献给乌江，我的再生地 ——

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
作为我青春的象徽

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
—— 那高耸于广场中央的凯旋柱最后召示着丰功
以创建帝国的纪元为背景，展开辉煌的豪夺
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
我痛楚的幻觉是唯一的希望
我的肉体蕴含着炙烫的煤块，却不能开采和燃烧
我成熟的感官分裂两岸，几度昂扬
却有节奏低徊的源泉，童年至国的源泉潺潺穿过
臆想的热雾由此升腾，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：

性感 悲怆 而纯静

够了！黄金季节，我不过是即将累死的鹿王，危机四伏的幻觉是我的国土

水晶般耀眼的沙漠，海市蜃楼，跃过空寂的沼泽
 我焦渴的眼瞳^欲舔上帝的泪水——一幢笔直的虹在江河交汇口耸立
 炫耀我不朽的神殿

通天的大魔柱，下实上虚，暗示无穷无尽
 两江迴绕分流，船歌也一清一浊，龙头凤尾的水纹绕柱子上下循环
 惹人灵魂出窍

浮云起自柱侧，如烟如障，向峰岭的骨架铺设房顶
 云母之瓦层层^{迷迭}应和着夕潮涨落之声
 只有阴山的丛林象缠^裹着古藻的^神巢^穴，为害怕光亮的猛兽所占据

通天的大魔柱，底座是潜在的母体，是我诞生前的黑暗
 我被变幻着，歌颂着，在这超脱本体的循环中
 我可憎的缺陷也凸射出异样的光芒

八

月

这是八月，盆地处在一种不稳定的预感之中。太阳
 是正在放电的明晃晃的狮子，灸刺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
 倍蓄^蓄蓦然怒放，仿佛是肉掌松开
 掌心泌出湿鹿鹿的花^蕊蕊^蕊。
 五根指关节抖下甜腻的香粉，惑引来蚂蚁和蜜蜂

—— 微观自然呈的陆军和空军

我们意识的哑门被日焰灸穿
 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
 使人顷刻幻象横生，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，钙矿和镁矿在骨头里，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

我们的目光凝视前方，期待的星座永不可及
 我们瞳孔象两口深井，隐匿着褐斑累累的尾巴
 爬行的欲望被压抑，情感因此升华，歌颂光明的诗篇产生了
 徐徐启开的天庭里，神的幻象也布满斑点

给我们以斗争吧……

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，在消失中诞生
 箭鱼草跃上河滩，新鲜而滑腻，茎间翕张着咕咕的鱼叫
 竹笋象地球裸在外面的器官，龟头发紫，皱折里溢出粘液
 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，宛如揉按着弦孔的手指头
 揉

我们从旷世喧嚣里识别情人的声音
 汗水向上挥发，补充太阳的热量
 浊雾在之形岩谷里沸沸扬扬
 峭壁张开狰狞的牙齿，向我们倾吐干结的巴人悬棺
 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铜的剑光

一片片古迹错落有致，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，远离人工城，寓意着一个时代

真实的风貌

水 道 没 有 中 断

巴国境内，峭崖如雄犭
 在险恶地收拢它的肚脐
 水道越来越幽深，河面弥漫着浓烈的麝香味
 给人以即将涸竭在脐眼里的错觉

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，遗传的恐怖源自体内
 脸上却浮出平静的微笑

舞台千仞，万般形象在两旁起舞
 豹身蛇头黑糊糊的牛尾……几粒星光摇摇曳曳
 从石腹上牵出一列变幻的蛮文，象那些诡奇姿态的注释……

兀然有奇奇之声涌出暗穴

我们的唇间不禁吐出半人半猴的季叫

萧煞的氛围：死者和生死之外的人都从腐朽里醒来

以不可言喻的暗示，抹去我们关于命运的难题
我们本源的能量得以释放，创伤平复，我们不再提问
让血冷却。风暴神已被智慧的铁索紧紧捆住

剩下的就是收获……到处是死亡的骨头
肋腔的化石闪着铜镜的光亮
头上是巴人的满月

月阴里根植着葛藤
似女人的青丝当空撒下，捕捉雄性的山川
铁块、铜块和其它金属块给满月光之网
象饱含我们先人细胞的果实

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，浓夜里溅起万千脚爪的抓搔声
 一种酥痒的共鸣无限伸展，越来越高。岸的皮肤被抠破
 我触到了想象的创口

爱情使想象多次流血
 我原始的内脏注满磷和盐
 迷醉的感官从顶上坠落，泻成纯银的激流，大河的激流
 浪阵浪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女
 雄山的鸟嘴伸进乌云，啄食颗粒饱满的月亮
 佛 佛 佛 占卜的时辰到了

渐渐龟裂的天空，姜子牙的钓竿筛出几把光线
 风中泛着淡淡的鱼腥味……梦海深处
 死人们大起大落，演绎八卦的章鱼，摆布着生者的命运……

佛

佛 佛

佛——我被掐算了，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，如怪树密集

两只白鹰沿着被暗中划定的路线情飞，似乎摇响了树叶

谁在鹰儿之前唱那无字的挽歌？引我蓦然转向凸岩之林

仿佛被困入一个无解的谜语

魔法的水珠凝聚在钟乳的矛头上

倘尔有勇士的头盔出没于水中……我被刺中了！胸膛滚出原木

唾液扎扎辐射，舌根伸缩，如风暴的发源地

上帝之门就是我的内心

地球的磨盘^盘打旋，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，钢筋水泥的基座越插越深

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！

我唯有渴求魔法之水，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

唢哪一路在传统里鼓吹

你的小路被肥硕的仙人掌所装饰

花絮带血，阳光是一丝弱女子的柔情从针刺丛生的肌腱上抚过

你被一双伤痕累累的手扼着，犹如被灵敏的猛兽俘获

白尾凤鸟在高处长啸，宣谕着巢穴已到

低垂的虎背上赫然凸浮出你未来的宫寝

祝福吧，在这昏时的大地上铺开喜宴

长老来了，祭神摩顶，野味弥漫的习俗

摆手舞是山峦派生的舞蹈，风神挟持着猫头鹰惊恐的战栗

你，从无比宣嚷的空洞里可能听见乌江的嚎叫？

神智迷漾，掌形植物在顶峰祈祷

两颗大星向你的石屋陨落，线隙然流逝的两股水

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，盛花蛇的背篓在床下**蠢笨**蠢笨

冷暗的蛇胆最能挑起初萌的情窦

谁在半空中模仿虎啸：你从中感应到湍急的暴怒
 柳叶舟向鼻尖冲撞而来……你的金包谷撒在地上
 松鸡跳跃着，壁虎逃开利喙，躲进深深的树洞，唱着歌交媾
 绿莹莹的卵铺陈着，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
 那阴阳相聚的野苹果竟不能解除遗传的焦渴
 翠

吉祥如意的娃娃鱼来自远方
 两只肤浅的脚板紧贴肚皮
 沙梯一阶阶垒向高处
 贪婪的大嘴是乌江的一道伤口

致命的伤口——你永远被出生地所困
 水在拥抱你，梦魂葬身了多少次，又从渊薮里复生
 漩涡是连环的滚边，你祖祖辈辈都接受这一再造

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 向着平坦莫测的远境，去吧，阿拉法威！
 粘膜敷盖的世界，唯有胎宫是巨大的
 星星的卵巢分泌着毫光

第二歌手 消逝吧，不朽的先知
 摆脱丑陋的躯壳
 那纯粹的灵魂将遥遥浮现
 我们俯首倾听风声
 分辨那蠕动在一团浑沌里的啼哭
 如同期待刹那的灿照
 灸治麻木的五官

合 唱 阿拉法威！棺木即将碎裂
 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 铺展宽大的红袍

夕阳把我们引向绝顶—— 那儿是你的升华之路
 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鹿王
 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
 乌江在峡底捶打地腹
 隆隆鼓声之上横贯着我们的命运

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：乌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，月儿窥一张巫婆的脸从门缝里探出，向我
 掷出锐利的目光。我的心陡起一阵黑猫的叫唤

“喵！别碰我！”

碎片。全是声音的碎片。我是一身岁月经历了多少生灵的
 悲剧。失踪的漂布不祥的气候。火山灰烬层层逼来，森林
 支支冒烟，赤身露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……
 依倭惑似乎是永远的……

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，他说他妈的，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

明朗的湖水吗？那晶体的箱子。不初鱼儿住进陷落的城市
死人的潜浪疯狂揪扯水草。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。泪大颗大颗地溅落。
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，那幽蓝的眼睛忽闪蓝鲸之光

道路很有弹性，我童贞的苹果被践踏，我从血污里爬起来
牢记着那圆滑的形体——我苛求女人苛求世界而又破坏它
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。
岩头的马脖子吞咽着树叶。毛耸耸的风中，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
缩着蜂刺螫它的翎毛

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，金矿在西方，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倚角上
 怪石长啸，被泡沫的毒牙啃啮，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，浸濡

大岩谷幻化作一幅日臻完美的旷世杰作
 拱壁吸收了上万年的喧嚣，上万年的迷狂，浑身覆盖幽绿的羽毛
 深涧筋脉畅通，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

你的生命将近向哪星？

在自己的河流里死过九次

只有你，能为这永恒不息的创造作证

你的肉体交叠着九种溶液的色彩

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结的静态
活。

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

任大鸦来自树端，嚓嚓啄食你的舌头

兽形闪电在你的鼻尖上卓然矗立——你神色傲漠

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

暖化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)

● 廖亦武

我们公认的传统是文明古国的大宗遗产：从《离骚》到《红楼梦》，从朱程理学到贞节牌坊，从六十四卦到儒道互补……寸土之内，尽得琼瑶，只要悟出那句“芝麻开门”的口令。年复一年，多少个“阿里巴巴”瘪口袋进去，饱口袋出来，口称妙哉，至死不悔。

今天的艺术本质上是这种行为的复演。我们注释神话，演绎《易经》，追求当代诗歌的历史感，竭力夸大文学的作用，貌似忧国忧民，骨子里都渴望复古。渴望进则鸟瞰诗坛，万声归一；退则仙风道骨，弹篪于桃园中。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。我们生生不息的国土，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，而且基于对自身的无情审判。

同样是中华民族的子孙，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，隐匿着褐斑累累的尾巴

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向任何宗教和伦理，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，它神秘地攀附着人类的精神领域，不断萌发、派生出各种情感氛围，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，自我的亵渎，带泪的嚎叫或无可奈何的嘲讽，还是对生命的讴歌，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，他的矛盾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，却独向想象的荒野走，烈日炙烧着他们肚皮上的胎记。那高踞放肆了亿万年的灵物，绵绵不绝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遁去的冥冥之声，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，但我们只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
鸟雀在歌啼，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》。

别问阿拉法威是谁，什么时候去世，牛、上帝与人是什么关系之类的蠢话，如果你提前进入 6891 年，能摸到自己的真实归宿，如果你被粗暴地脚上时间之轮，一会头着地，一会脚着地地倒转，你千万莫哀号，这是死亡之城，没有人救你。

未来，现在，过去；过去，现在，未来——你存在的
 识境全变样了。谁知道历史从哪一端开始？你觉得一些名
 字很耳熟：江江北岛砬城张彦楷李卫车等等——你当然只
 记住了自己生活过的年代。给你印象最深的始终是 1966 年
 中国逆发的那场民族斗殴，红布猎猎招展，惹得全民争相

追逐幻觉之中。你听说过琴扣被揍爆时发出的那一连串院响吗？

那种声音使我担惊受怕了几千年。你要相信我，相信造出《死城》的寂寞的工匠，我能相当准确地向你背诵姓名、年龄、出生地点，证明我没发过疯。

我能相当准确地叩打每个熟人的门环，把我的孤独一点点地挤入他们体内，诱发被灵魂掩藏着的痼疾。不管面具如何漂亮，本能的力量是四通八达的。艺术的职能就是反抗卑贱，在平庸的科层化的社会秩序之上建立一个与之相悖的世界，满足绝对自由的疯狂幻想，让物质与精神达成相对的平衡。

我所作的努力，不过是从可卑的现实中拯救人最宝贵的想象品质，它超然于时空之上，超然于恋旧或怀旧情绪之上。它包括创造性的毁灭（如一个幼童在高层建筑上对整个座都会撒尿，神色充满天使般的快慰）和毁灭性的创造（如一个幼童把木棍插入女娲塑像的膝间，幻想她在“骑飞马”。至于孩子们的轻易抛弃自己精心构筑的沙堡的，就很靠近了）。

这显然与理智中崇高的人性相去甚远。但是一个艺术家的真识，恰恰在于他绝不取悦于世，恰恰在于他他性比

第一幕 第一幕

中国戏剧家协会四川分会
 搜索着一个正在发展的民族乃至全人类的始末。戳去其致命的弱点，以生命为代价发出危险的信号：揭露在原始超自然力支配下的、佳人们自相残害的孽障病根。

焦虑、危机、绝望和叛逆，注意了《死城》不会赢得掌声，摩西的价值就在于此。当一个诗人已经得到公众普遍喝采的时候，他的艺术生命也就彻底完蛋了。

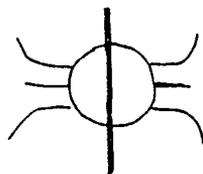
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廖亦武·

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。”

黑体



你跨过这道门坎。脚步那么轻盈。白昼象根大蜡烛吱吱燃着。牛乳遍野。推动弯角般铮铮发亮的双叶草。你的脚背被戳开个窟窿。你痛吼三声下肢爆出蹄来。好一头神奇的公牛！斜日之光■■■■颤跳一下就熄灭了。留下大滩蜡泪。我看见你消融在浓稠的奶汁中。化作一股烟

雷鸣之夜。牛角与兵撞碰以后。裂嘴的天空涌满流泪的牛眼睛。其中一只朝向有位姑娘的下腹

我呱呱坠地。成为你间接的种子。我清楚地记得你跨出过这道门坎。并对我说你此去不再回来。我臆想中的爸爸！终日独坐阶沿的我。淌着涎。傻傻地对绿脸这脸人笑。我在乞求谁告诉我你的消息呢？生养我的驼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。

中国戏剧家协会四川分会

冥河的船都在这儿靠岸。你撞着墙。槐片敲碎祭灵人的膝盖。很多类似祖母的号子在发酒疯。我人鬼不清想放声大哭。一团蛤蟆死地窜进我的嘴巴。阴风乍起。生养我的弦背汉子扑地变成石龟。我依偎着它。模仿女性给予它最后的柔情。我扔掉口中物。一圈圈拉扯自己的肠子。我瞧见你在腰斩一个人让他的下半截跳到我面前问：

“阿拉活威。我的裤子在哪儿？”

我回忆着你的血手。翻越重重白墙。隆隆有鸡叫。阴历七月十五。坟头涨潮似地浸入城市。与人类的房屋对峙。我透过筛子目送起尸人远去。我烧完纸钱钻出山崖。蛤刺招撞冥河无迹可寻。缕缕孤烟宛如淡化的路。安然延伸。当银甲虫爬上树枝的时候。刚刚远去的黑点又飞快折回。迎面遁入我的心

就是一座空城沉陷于另一座空城。世界宽敞。我是夜夜爆发惨笑的房间。乌鸦如黑色报春花在怒放于栅栏。野藤遮掩的橱窗里假面出没。起尸人的吆喝不绝于耳。我的发根溢扬着尸臭。

空行 →

鬼巷交错。人们却浸没于枕衾之欢。荒原悬空生长。草根扎入梦幻之土。你越过每一道门坎走向钟塔。一柄转动的剑主宰时间。那就是自由国度的象征吗？



1986年夏季海面。人类的轮船仍在颠簸。汽笛声声。惊起群群鳞甲耀眼的鸟。我的陆地受鸟的启示一点点显露。象蓝藻攀爬的坛子。黯淡的夕阳刚好差挂坛口。筑成一座金翡翠之城。珊瑚逶迤。海马雀跃。浪推象鲸人的舞姿重重叠叠。几串宝石项链悬挂水上

黄昏风是巨大的铜柱滚碾水域。隆隆之声从太古传来。挟持着泥涛寒冷和漩涡密布的岁月。我听见急促的脚音自海下升起。一望无际的男女划摆着龙尾。团团向新城膜拜。礼拜寺急凝固的火焰永远照耀他们。圣主耶稣踞立寺尖领唱悲歌。声声如泪。天水一方。骑白马的新娘变幻若云

空行——>

万众应和。淫情的黑雨纱降临。祭品尾采被含泪的信徒
的活剥。他冒烟的筋骨扎扎移向城墙。细瘦用自己的皮
拼贴的告示：

“上帝死了……泡在我们的正走向何方？”

手音轰轰。基督先他而死。几个大独裁者在火刑柱上喃
喃争吵着什么。于是警车骤然尖叫。大桥坍塌。高速公路
踏险毁于万丈沟壑。一队队壮汉急召开避宫廷。象互相
厮拼的木偶。大厦如纸塔在孩子膝间萎缩。纸屑横飞。
分不清是桃花。人头还是撬动圣战的传单。狂轰滥炸之
后。我的陆地泡落。只剩半边狮子腿在浊浪中呻吟。1966
年冬季。嬉斯随异教徒私奔。愤怒的后羿射瞎了十个太
阳。这幻想种族的文明全部付之一炬。有位诗人写道：

“当人的智慧企图超越造物主的智慧时
他们的末日就来到了

那一行行蝌蚪文使我着魔：上帝死了，谁来摆弄悬空的
棋子？回音铮铮。我被自己的声音吞噬。我的皮肉象破
旧的衣服自动剥落骨头。我的骨髓发痒。蚂蚁进进出出。
1986年夏暮海面。人世幽黯。尾车因游银河归车。祭品
摩拜武王要在石红前自焚。几名警察将他从幻境拖往精
神病院



我紧紧扭住床单。长廊尽头。开闭着催眠的玫瑰。嬉游
人缩成虫子吮食雌蕊。我倾听践踏花瓣的脚步慢慢逼近：
一下，两下。窗外闪过女娲的脸。一支听诊器隔墙捅
来。你浮现了。

牛角弯弯。腹下隐藏着鲜活的鱼。从你的形象里我找回
了童年。鱼儿辛勤地逗弄着阴茎总有些田鼠又开双腿仰
卧沙滩用经血煎泡珍珠透明的卵石。我逆水捞入小蟹的
壳。分食沙虫。几支水兵晃过我的腋窝。折扇般的仙人

掌一开一叠。砂轮能唱着红色的歌谣。我遇见过你畅饮
 海尔迦的溪水。问好的声音从篱边传来。有法语、印加
 语、希伯来语

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而你捧着什么语言。你的听诊器要把我导向何方？桃树
 成林。几位叫江河的大夫在追捕女媧。夸父、刑天、屈
 原、庄周等祖传的器官全被宰掉了。我只好逃出令人
 如醉的桃花村随你挤进喧嚣的广场。向金漆瓶子表演：
 把第三代自恋狂人变成腰间挂着诗篇的猪

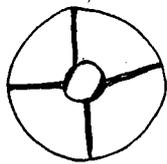
高挂遍地。暗示我的命运。一头红狼盯住我直到溢出
 口水。我在你的掌心腾挪多次。阴影楔入围墙。象恐龙
 的衰种。航天时代我伸缩着爪子。仰望苍穹。金刺猬敲
 栗。羽箭自唇间发芽。来呀你——恶魔。人兽。手枪和
 幻术！我宁愿死于痴迷的决斗！看那月亮的蜘蛛网随着
 层层铁丝网。几个越狱的囚徒倒吊网中……

可憎的逃犯！他们的血衣被同类的爪。当作图腾的艺术
 挂入展览大厅——看呀。先生们女士们来了。鞋跟咯咯。
 手杖指点那空荡荡的袖口。我搭着玩具火车往返于病院

与坟墓。旅客永远上上下下。面孔恍惚。辨不清人与尸首。我目睹他们的脑髓被制成治病嗜症良药在每个车站出售

但是那高空之星多象一把把水晶雨伞啊！我的妻子等在那儿吗？我能一个电话打到时间背后吗？

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！九头鸟的翅膀是缥缈的阶梯。级级叠往更深的洞穴。闪电的铁手从里面伸张。朝大地划开五条河的流向。我的内部渗出五条裂纹。来呀你——医生。蹄子。观音。屠宰场。我自己扯下吃嘴的阳唇给你吧！



有二十八支右臂从背后攫住我。有二十八个声音轮番对我说闲嘴吧！我毅然栽倒。疲倦地摸索攫住我不放的根。我默数从根上萌发的绿手。从一到百

空行 →

漫天边陲的掌纹向平原铺展。我坠落其中。竟不知那一片属于自己。我只感到儿子的声音在迷茫里变若。病室化作无声飞机没入穹窿。峰峦卧如母牛。预言家捏着寇诀从如子里游来

我只感到人间是那样寂寞。长城内跪满断臂石像。泪水淤积成黄河的沙子。温泉大厦紧贴山壁。腐臭的热水丝线滑下旋梯。灌入巍峨的窑门。公共汽车在门下生锈。风铃鸣咽。泡沫乳房里暗藏刀子。两只大蚯蚓钻出人的鼻孔，放在一起交媾

我默数着一生中寄宿过的客店。从一到百。远祖。太祖。曾祖。母亲。每个朝代的脸谱都以脑海里匆匆而过。最后我发现巴人村先知阿拉法威亮出绿手。伪装嫖客摸入暗娼馆

你的手势逗起我的情欲幸存的树桩蔓生触须寻觅渴望已久的荆丛穿透地缝穿透门楣穿透床单穿透林莽掩蔽的琥珀宇宙的电波源源不断搅动血液循环两张强弓无情对射两个半圆咬合一体外面紫裹

黑体

着夏季异热喷溅星球超常运转白狗吞吃大象瓦片
 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迸流谁在油锅里跳现代舞屁
 股扭得象邓肯掌声大作你是神明你是魔鬼你是庸
 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叉开双腿形成又漫长又
 膝湿的历史甬道等待那根石破天惊的肉柱子直插
 进来！

黑体

泥土翻耕过了我的姑娘你浑身酥软印掌子实劲我说我
 爱你我爱你我爱你直到兀然认出你是我的母亲直到掀开
 你的第九层皮肤撞见女媧躲在里面啜泣五帝姦淫我掀起
 秽迹斑斑的家谱报发狂啸我拼命捶打下身祖字儿十几代
 的咒骂象愤怒的群蜂嗡嗡整我。我喊：“阿拉法威！你
 这泼好的钱！”

预言家倒退着潜入套间。亮出绿手



公元6891年，唯一的见证人去世。只有在黑皮书《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。日本飞机轰炸长江流域，巴人村档案库化为灰烬，《巨匠的落日》下落不明；

公元1944年，中国军队开赴南亚前线，我在行军途中误入一间空房，《巨匠的落日》失而复得。我还读自己边嚼完三包魔术饼干，从此做了五十年哑巴。



当这一切都结束的时候，我已白发苍苍
满脸尘土。我彻夜独坐公园的长椅
看风吹折多少气息奄奄的脆枝

我挪动着半截残腿
憋住气忍受昨晚、今晚……天又要亮了

我盼望从幕后跳出一个乞丐
 语调凶狠，搜去我所有的积蓄
 包括那块小腿换来的勋章

他能缓解我的创痛。任何敌人
 都可以用理想的复仇方法
 缓解我的创痛

你也幸吧，算算旧帐，灌我几口毒酒
 尽管你戴着高雅的礼帽
 我还是知道你脑后有牛角

痴字的幼年多么幸福！
 那时你变化为牛，捉弄了我
 以后我们互相捉弄
 两败俱伤
 直到我彻夜独坐公园的长椅
 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
 就在好耐牢对面假山下
 破门坎
 它多象老象的门坎呀

在我儿时的阶段下
 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

上面雕刻着你的罪孽
 和一座名城的始末

当她塞回嘴里
 高墙外传来诗人的狂歌
 天要亮了

✶ A · 1986 · 9 ☺

1987年2月

重返家园

(代序)

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。街巷纵横，起落的房脊掩蔽着一眼眼门洞。你们曾经从那里逃出来，你们害怕被悄悄埋没掉。

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 一个接一个地悄悄烂掉；即使他们生前陷身人群，灵魂也是远离尘嚣的。你们不愿意那样，你们是一堆弱者，宁愿聚在一起硬充好汉，以诗的名义搅起一次两次三次非诗的浪潮。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。

权威们无法通过自省获得并接受上述事实。”但是，正统诗界的宫门依然紧闭着。那么多疯狂乞讨名誉、地位、金钱和永恒的手在中途僵持住了。谁也无法预料，等待着自己的将是什么。

你们要各自回家。

有声音在你们皮肤里如是说。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，从孤寂中突围，更深地契入人类的真实处境。虽然永恒性人物的诞生往往以多数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，哪怕没写过一行诗，也有资格以诗人自慰；相反，写作者一旦成为醉心功利名禄的乞丐，即使他得到了社会普遍的认可，也不配言诗。

编者

一九八七年二月

·1987

陵巴铁

中国作家协会四川分会

· 廖亦武 ·

先知三部曲之三

幻 城

“你们的四肢醒着，脑袋却永远长眠。”他说完这句话，就在人烟稠密的拱门下消失了。此时，节日的钟刚刚敲过，满城颂歌，有位名噪一时的女人撞死在汽车轮下。

——阿拉波威预言书

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。立体的四壁散落着时间的零件。你摸索自己的脸。它是墙的延伸部分。你摸索臀下的毯子。它是血的凝固部分。门次第而开。眼皮次第而闭。醒来。睡去。人生如此而凶。

一只狗懒懒地拱起背。你从搭搭中嗅到春天的气息。湿漉漉的风。豆浆的甜味。家乡的池塘。默默飘移的原野。马车。持续不断的和声。风流的寡妇与风在什什的过客。你哭了。还是那么动人。圆镜里的火焰将你的头发燃得通亮。喜庆的蜘蛛舞蹈着。把网从床头织到床尾。一条蛇伸循着美女的头。象金链条的吊灯。分叉的舌头正安卧你血濡的妻子。

永诀之苦。近在咫尺而相距万里。你久久凝视临窗的小街。那场命定的车祸历历在目。她的身躯于象凉爽的葛藤。盘绕你的颈子。你们轻盈如画。在波光粼粼的气流里仰

中国作家协会四川分会

泳。众多先知长歌相送。日后嫦娥变幻其间。效仿孔雀开屏。当云水黯淡。草木静止。焚尸炉象一艘远洋的客轮由远至近。鸣笛数声。尸首们挺在各身的铺位上敲打肋骨。你仰天咆哮。又挂着泪珠笑。你的笑还是那么动人。你顺从时代的安排掀开钢琴盖。你撑起虚弱的身体谱下一支哀而不伤的歌曲。眩染膨胀。长喊雄辩。血泊里鲜花畅游。血泊里鱼尾巴开放。人生就是这样。人生就是这样。人生就是这样。

你的奇迹。你首先感动了自己。你一咏三叹的时候人口增长了三倍。你的庭院站满了字句。你的礼服上挂满了勋章。你的天灵盖被一道道头衔箍着。当你的歌喉因高热而中断。隔壁有人接着唱下去。然后轮到歌星。电台与皇帝。然后轮到都市。农村和牧场。田野里外欢声雷动。三角旗在游行的队列里翻飞。驯兽师用你的曲调驯化老虎。冬去春来。地球反向兜着埃舍尔的怪圈。三十年后又轮到你了。

你感动了人民。他们剥光你的衣裤。剃光你的汗毛。将你焖熟在草蓆的蒸笼里。热雾潇潇扬扬。吃炸你的肺。

中国作家協會四川分會

你发狂地揍那些陌生的脸。直到手腕酸麻。但是还有那
么多虔诚的脸凑上来让你揍。你听见耳光的声音从几个
世纪之外传来。宇宙的圆厅里也拥挤着接接的买魂吗？

醒是另一种睡眠。从帷幕到帷幕。蜡制的躯壳川流不息。
你的嗓门一天天黯淡。昨日的舞台。昨日的观众。昨日
的角色。昨日的恋人。

我的城廓无边，你们无法想象

无论何时何地，我都裸立荒郊

倾听你们为我招魂的叫喊

你在沙漠里走 沙漠迈开莫须有的脚与你一起走 你累

垮了 你的脖子伸向沉寂无声的远方 一匹死骆驼象一

只干燥的睡袋 吃不出一滴血 熔化的金子烫伤你的背

你的嘴唇溃烂 象腹蛇的巢穴 你在沙漠里走 墨绿的

夜散发瓜果的清香 盛满水的杯子遍布枝头 摇摇欲坠

与你的鼻子仅一毫之差 你的腮帮吱吱作响 你徒劳

地想采摘幻境里的水 你触及到海

你在烟灰走 海站起来 象晶体的屏障 你翻越了多重
 屏障 但前面仍是相似的峭壁 一旦吉祥的巨手覆掬其
 上 沉睡的人们以指缝浮现 舒卷 又缓缓流逝 你窥
 一 视你父母交媾时的裸体 象闭合完美的蚌壳 天降闪电
 一 胎儿刹那成形 你的胞衣一层层剥落 几个空漠的声调
 反复对你讲述诞生的故事

你在胎宫里走 世界是一株空心的植物 若管插入每个
 人的体内 上帝在若管中来回踱步 象孤独的死囚听任
 毁灭 你天生具有自戕的冲动 你将自己捆绑在床上
 又拼命挣脱 你情不自禁地去接近绳套 楼沿 蓝光闪
 烁的刀片 你的膝下碧空如染 李白蘸着星辉写诗 恍
 若隔世 你在效尤谁的死亡方式

祖先的脸谱静静开花 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 引诱你滑入深渊 你发
 现自己象一个持枪的罪犯面对人类 你惶惶失措 守与
 倒退 直到门铃骤响

中国作家協會四川分會

无人来访 你一次次开门 却不见那只掀铃的手 日子
 一天天过去 门前穿梭着出殡的长阵 这荒芜的角廊
 还剩下几人 你逐渐养成收集讣告的习惯 你在尸骸里
 走 沿途采摘菌类 当葡萄图案翠玉的盘子 铺满死者
 的瞳仁 你知道谁共进这开世的盛宴 谁神异婚推刺成的
 冤孽为你助兴 沿着阴魂虚设的轨道 梦呓的列车载你
 冥土 你闻笛起舞 半鬼蛇神扭掌而歌 壮士侠女踏浪
 响应 利剑指处 玉阶倾覆 深宫化作闹市 野狗忽出
 人语 岁月象一堆堆古冢被随意丢弃

极乐的城 你按你的模样绘制岩画 狮子从画中跃入马
 江 依山而筑的大厦象夸张的抽屜 任虫豸的爬上爬下
 → 你在陡坡上走 下水道陆续通过你的身体 举技艺人招
 摇过市 当众劈砍自己的头颅

你期待着新头段一点点长出束 围观者渐渐散尽 只有
 你位立街心 且见飞砂如龙 自断颈向外喷涌 蔽日遮
 天 吞并着长墙短壁 眨眼之间 哀鸿东飞 人烟绝迹
 → 唯塔尖绽露于沙丘 密集的葫芦在西天翻滚 苍苍里回
 荡着胡笳的呜咽

你在沙漠里走 被沙漠藏匿的城市与你一起走 你晕垮
 了 你的脖子伸向沉寂无声的远方 你是一只干涸的睡
 袋挤不出一滴泪 你仿佛趴在扎扎膨胀的铜柱上 任地
 火烙烤 瀚海尽头 液态的绸子抖索不已 红色的鱼儿
 斑斑点点——你想回应那夺嗅你回家的鱼 人类曾经安息
 在它的肚子里 珊瑚千姿百态 婴儿的嬉曲在水泡中心
 含着奶子 宛如酱色的果核 时聚时散的云抚摸着鱼
 背 象助手士暖热的毛巾 你在沙漠里走 梦境支撑着
 你 你在黯淡的光环里走 你的城廓致命的辽阔 你望
 见先知阿拉法威缩起袍袖 将血放进无底的杯子 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



阻断通往你们的门径

直到语言丧失，分享诸神的供品

我埋葬了我的马，住进你家的客店，你殷情地款待我，
 让我喝酒，写诗，阅读当天的报纸，第三版登载了诗人

中国作家协会四川分会

摩多致神秘失踪的消息，在君士坦丁堡，有人正拍卖他的手稿，要价五百万，我恍惚记得一个红胡须乞丐蹲在垃圾桶旁，津津有味啃香蕉皮的情景，早知道他值这么多钱，我先宰掉他，然后冒名顶姓，现在晚了，我的马刀已慢慢生锈

酒酣耳热，你招郎进屋，诱我从侠客过渡到儒生，日日与章句为伴，门槛青青，谷穗在墙头摇曳，你骑着骡子收割，念着咒语播种，撕烂我的外衣作女儿的尿布

秋天多雨，厢房内蜘蛛横行，你将白昼舀进碗里，淋湿书籍，从此书页一片空白，我转怒为笑，你我哈哈大笑，一了白了，你在前庭卖酒，我在后院卖傻，自创一套手语，入夜，你扮作山鬼登阶入室，颠鸾倒凤，云雨方罢，南方的山泽里，隐隐传来伤感的龙吟

你起而搔麻，前额绿光莹莹，甘泉漫出枯井，浸润你的腰肢，麻条织成布，你卧于布中，呼之欲出，又菲薄如纸，我歌之舞之，拜之祭之，焚你于子夜三刻



当白日的缆绳从手腕上脱落
水晶的船队穿梭于脚下
你知道那一条驶向母亲的港口

到了那一天太阳将在正午沉沦我的孩子假如没有月亮什
么来你定能听见嗡嗡的磨声太阳和月亮象两扇磨盘互
相咬合只有上帝的爪子能够推动它它将粉碎所有的好东
西当我守候在临终者的床边准备承受那声喉咙撕裂的
短促的哑叫时他的小腿已快陷入深深的石孔了谁也无法
挽救我们只好呆在一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出生生
不息的运转夜的磨槽倾淌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光由此产生犹如地狱廊柱上
的灯笼你闭上眼睛也能看见我的孩子假如你思念你的远
祖就尝尝这温热的泥巴吧假如你依恋故友或情敌就尝尝
这咸腥的泥巴吧假如你在噩梦里受惑于调门翻忽的巫歌
认棉花作投篮毫无觉察地躺进去假如穿戴陌生面具的膝
盖交替跪压你的小腹并以受难者摩西的名义对你施以割

中国作家协会会员

和假如你从此尿血不止就尝尝这解除魔窟的泥巴所有的
逝者都会在你的牙齿间吱吱微语那是另一种遗嘱生命经
 过了细细的研磨之后相融相汇混成一体的遗嘱你只能偶
 尔感觉到一丝亲切一丝难以表达的酸楚创造的钥匙不在
 我们手中我的孩子你的胃一天要蠕动多少次每一次蠕动
 又有多少活生生的元素转化成你的解脉血液和骨头造物
 神起源的土地包罗万象的土地这由冥冥之主赐给我们的
 土地我们的生存死亡再生存再死亡昆虫舒张着女人的舞姿
 玉米透露出澄黄的血素绿叶蕴含着你的亲戚或许在下一
 个黎明你会突然从草根下掏出一份依稀可辨的人肝案

太孤独了我的孩子你渴望回到人群中去吗但是人群也会
 渐渐走散象一堆堆纸屑被风吹向五洲の海五洲の海的磷
 火衔在若干张嘴上叭叭作响千百年来这些抽着烟的精灵
 就如此无休止地流浪吗你们从哪儿来到哪儿去愚蠢的人
 类问了又问但是伟大的精头是不肯说语的哭泣吧我的孩子
劫难之钟咣咣响了海洋追随万民的新祷爬上峭岸漫过
 田野山脉持续崛起形成光怪陆离的水之山和鸟交换了
 位置有人趴在水之山顶俯瞰家园并伸出滴着血丝的臂膀
 翻开轮回之磨我的目睹自己的尸体被后人抬着向透明

的高峰走去当先知阿拉法威领唱起泣哭的丧歌我们目睹
自己的尸骨掀开墓穴抬着先人的尸骨向天上的魔坊走去
结束还是开端愚蠢的人类问了又问但是伟大的空间是不
肯说话的长眼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阳光的普照医生的帽子水果
高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

未来现在过去我的孩子如果你体内充满神性就永远是知音
难免就注定象一匹惹人憎恨的在新月下带荒山浪迹天涯人
们将万箭齐发但致命的那支箭是你自己我的孩子你藏在
你额角内炊你爱难的母亲触手可及飞吧扯着头发离开个
疮百孔的大陆广场象缓缓退化的雪景你在冰雪里飞你在
圆柱上飞你绕着晶莹的乳房飞乳头是奇妙的螺号呜呜激
发你在抑多多的奇性你拥抱了一对盲人瞎鸟你拖出自己
的眼珠赠给他们你的眼眶北斗璀璨你自成一个个不可分割
的宇宙你只能看见上帝象另一匹在豹纹蹂躏魔沟里的碎
肉

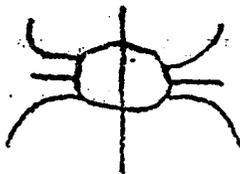
※ 1985-1988 合 & ⊕

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。

——阿拉法威的自白



巍峨的宫殿一触即溃

我们面对面站着。赤身裸体。脸象一朵花。滴着红红的汁液。我们听见一个哑嗓门在笑。笑。迟钝地锯着时间僵硬的肌肉。瓦砾堆绽露出断臂的蝎子。有人坐起来。幽幽地唱着歌：巍峨的宫殿一触即溃

我们面对面站在幻影里，咖啡壶开了。一个哑嗓门咕咕地笑。叫春的公猫在梁上跳舞。我向你喷射一口咖啡。你抬手揪住我的鼻子。晚钟宏亮。警车穿插层层宫墙。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。萎缩的天花板发出焦臭皮肤的怪味。巍峨的宫殿一触即溃。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。想捡回不断淌出的内脏。摄像机远远瞄准我们。大幅标语横断长安街。上面写道：

不准通行。这里正拍摄历史巨片

一柄利斧将两条汉子劈开。先知阿拉法威当场作出判决。一个倒吊天上。一个仰卧墙角。阴茎迎风翘立。象笔直的走廊互相焊接，火树银花。耀亮万里黑暗。神明与魔鬼在我们体内上上下下。腾挪交融。而我们只能在梦里遥遥相对



岁月蹉跎。往事如烟飘逝。我走进电影院重温旧梦。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。但是我已经老了。脸皮干皱。最高超的整容术也修复不了。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。查票的手电光斜斜刺过来。现在几点夜班车开进月球了吗？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？

爱滋病风靡全球。这就是我们俩干的好事。你听听迷惘的口哨声。手淫者嘎嘎的摩擦声。我的皮靴愤怒地伸出银幕踩向我自己。疯人院里的太阳每天蹲上电网，排泻弧光四射的粘液。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。预卜人世间的喜怒哀乐。太平盛世。佛道盛行。八百里不闻鸡啼。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哮喘。太监盈城。而我只能说好。好。

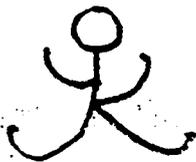
电梯将大众向高处提升。楼顶连绵一片。辅展开崭新的乐土。牛仔长衫。秀才如云。通宵达旦处。有人夹住猴子尾巴畅谈科学救国。赢得满堂喝采。我摸出达利的软表校正时间。大学者郭沫若在登月器上撒尿

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。阴差阳错。我下降。阴魂从坑道里上升。一团团寒气侵逼。我越

缩越小。象被剥去鳞甲的鱼。我触吻到家乡旷远的嘴唇。包裹在冷土下的母亲的嘴唇

上升。下降。下降。上升。今人一个个陨灭。古人一个个复活。这拥挤的空间。谁是人谁是鬼？更鼓隐隐。长袖翩翩起落。裸女成群栖立月下枝头。又腿受孕于南来的雄风。这被阉割的疆域。谁是男谁是女？国中之国。城中之城。使马变成狗。龙变成蛇。无性繁殖的婴儿刚刚出生就已衰老。人。狗。君主和无赖们。看看吧。先知阿拉法威两手灰烬。坐在你们中间。他开口说话了：

我们还在期待着什么？



那年冬天。凯旋门传来二十四声炮响。我从母亲的灵位前震醒。黄帝崩驾了。黄帝崩驾了。一浪浪喧哗戳穿玻璃窗把我迎面击倒。惊恐万状。我四处躲避。我咯咯发抖地祷告着。尖厉的显风掀起纷乱如雨的瓦片痛打行人。几只透明的蹄子瑟瑟践踏屋脊

红墙垮了一段又一段。万众奔命。汨罗贵族屈原披头散发。跪饮护城河嚎诵《国殇》。第三代皇家密探混迹人群。伺机捉拿间谍头子白鸟。殡仪馆老板徐敬亚趁机抛售黑纱。发动国际嚎丧运动。乌云颠狂。揉弄浩浩无际的脑袋。每一张嘴却发出乌鸦的叫唤。我捂住耳朵我受不了我喊妈妈妈妈妈妈

我要出去妈妈我的血液剧毒症发作了我的肉体燃着火我要到广场去和人们手挽手并肩生殖器碰生殖器我要在哀乐里抬起镇压了我们上千年的巨大棺椁向远处走从天安门到地安门再跨过无数道太平门抵达空阔的核心那是黄城的磁心墓壁晦涩的象形文已镌刻好我们的开始与结束。种族就是命运。我无法换掉我的血。妈妈

忠孝不能两全妈妈我不能把四肢剖成两半听听令人昏眩的丧歌谁都会不由自主地啾啾成千上万具机械成千上万具空壳啾啾着仿佛发自同一个金属喉管你随便揭开某个人的颅盖均能发现型号统一的情感震荡器妈妈我要出去了历史是怎样一头怪兽呵人民只是身子和尾巴不能逃脱首脑的支配不可遏止的山洪搅动着那唯一的名字黄帝黄帝捆住我们翅

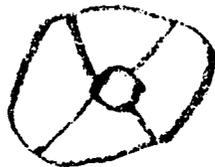
膀的锁链维系亘古大陆的龙的象征黄帝黄帝妈妈我要出去

火车轮船昼夜运行绵羊们越过山脉河流倾巢而动皇亲国戚太监尼姑豪杰恶棍工人农民在同一速度上融合眼眶火苗直冒象镀金的玻璃球死神的玩笑开得太大地狱的门也被撞开小鬼们披麻戴孝涌向地面呐喊黄帝黄帝妈妈你的幽灵也在其中吗我知道最深的皇陵在人们皮肤里那是一种欲望一种本能一个厉鬼出没的王国我出去了妈妈原谅我

浊流倾旋。泥鳅般的新闻记者在胯下钻来钻去。国际大厦前浓烟滚滚。半神布鲁诺再次被烙成肉饼出卖。唾沫横飞。蹈火女郎大跳霹雳舞。我挥拳痛击想象里的敌人。先知阿拉法威踞跪纪念塔尖。向下扬洒灰烬。他指着对面平台上喃喃自语的白痴大笑：那是天才！

妈妈 我望见你随着一顶红草帽颺起 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 正挨着你的体温 洞穿着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 喋血的歌声向垂死者拉开涵盖人世的终极的序幕 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



又一个冬天，又一个黄帝的忌日。地下陵宫兀地冒出一棵参天大树，古名扶桑，傲然屹立在广场中央。果实累累，光彩夺目，招惹着大量金苍蝇、黑蝴蝶。诗人说黄帝的天灵盖绽开了。

百姓为此唏嘘，市政厅拨款修建街心花园，后来办公大楼也搬迁到这里。火箭发射台铺设树冠。新老更替，国泰民安，沦鸟迟迟不肯降落，一直到公元6891年，先知阿拉法威逝世。

朝野哀悼。葬礼之夜，丁香喷泉却渐渐变味，简直象尸水溢洒，泡臭了整座城。我发现那只索命鸟栽向枝头。遍地蚁蝼。人们开始蜕皮。



我注定是一条虫子。

路灯亮了。一盏比一盏高。夕阳衰弱。只剩下淡淡的橙色环。夜枭成群铺平一条斜斜的路。我要爬过去。一直朝前。接近脆薄的天。接近水陆的亡灵。铁链叮咛响。四面八方的鱼类衔着烛台拢来。水最终要枯竭。陆最终要枯竭。从涛声里蔓延上岸的根子也最终要枯竭。我将预先触摸水陆的亡灵。为此付出一生的代价又算得了什么？得救的机会。我绝不回首低矮的地面。坑坑洼洼的梦。人们的眼珠象氢气球一样从平原浮升。凝聚成多愁的月亮。我能辨认出我妈妈的眼珠。我要爬上去。路灯亮了。一盏比一盏高

我注定是一条虫子。你别对我说起莎士比亚。喜剧和悲剧又如何如何。奥义书讲刀锋是不可逾越的。生命的寂灭是刀锋。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。你性交过吗你直立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，它黯淡得象祖传的手镯。戴在我妻子的

手腕上。合欢之夜。蛇蝎的欲望。使我成为恋日的夸父。在第床间狂奔五千年。满目狼烟。驿道两旁的尸体层层堆积。土地变厚了。我久久聆听卵巢演变。一个自称我父的呆子从腐肉里升起。嗓门苍老。庄严地超越了时间

高空中传来了什么声音？那是枪手尼采绝望的惨叫。上帝应声失踪了。子弹却反射进谋杀者的胸膛。赫拉克利特！面对滔滔不绝的血液。我们哭了多少个世纪？

我们在每一段岁月之滨痛哭。渺小的人类啊。我们不过是死守洞穴的孩子。摇篮安谧。老祖母朦胧地讲述黄帝的故事。但是有一天。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。为残忍的科学

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 元素搅和的泥浆喷灌 与日月之潮融为一体 妇女们沉浸于隆隆变幻的时空 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于你。你。你们这些被对抗撕裂的一代巨匠啊！谁能听懂你们的声音？谁能企越你们的境界？群氓的年月。你们不过是疯狗。被驱逐。焚烧。隔离。被捆住手脚悬吊在天上。路灯一盏比一盏高。呛人的风一阵比一阵猛。我要试着爬上去。接近那一根根晃荡的铁链！航天飞机扎进银河了。星岛象褐毛蓬松的鸵鸟迎面跑来。我的喘息传染给了宇宙。我瞅见撒旦倒扭着贝多芬的衣领。一齐狂叫：欢乐！欢乐！铁链扎扎响。头发如马鬃。我要爬。我要爬。凡高咯咯地哑笑。身体又红又亮。象燃烧的鸡。我要爬。爬。去接近颠倒的天堂。那一根根美妙绝伦的铁链！

我说。你们注定只是一些虫子！

曼纽尔的音乐

(艺术札记之九：神性与挽歌)

某月某日

你是多么善良的人，暖渡。自己活得那堪（生活如一层硬壳包裹着你，一点也不让你露出本象），却想方设法宽慰我，告诉我一些明澈的东西。每当我预卜末日，惶恐地抱住自己的肩头时，就倍加珍惜这种感情。总有一天，我会奄奄一息地仰躺着，长久地望着你，直到从你口中吐出那个足以立刻击毙我的字眼。亲爱的朋友，那是怎样一种奇特的满足呵！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，虽然我日趋健忘，常常麻木地坐在藤椅上，竭力回忆从前，从前……暖渡，你曾经对我说：“在你的内心深处，有一道别人，甚至你自己都无法逾越的深渊，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

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有一块好肉了，艺术从没有一块好肉的世界里长出菜，外壳同样腐臭不堪。只有核心是清爽的，它象一剂致幻药把你活生生地剥离恶浊的现实。因此，阅读伟大的艺术品往往是一种冒险——有时你必须克制住头晕，目眩，想呕吐的感觉。

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、李娟一起去游览简阳三岔湖。玩得畅快。湖面荡舟，月下跳神，刘涛一唱歌，就仿佛停不下来了。

“往日的爱情”唱得最好，大家要求她再唱三遍。她也傻乎乎地越唱越动真感情。我想起阿霞很喜欢这首歌。李娟的眼睛在夜色里亮得怕人。我悄悄她叹了口气，叫了声：“王胡子！”却不知道该怎么说。

月亮照在湖中央，象几艘重叠的冥船。此时我们谁也没察觉头顶有两座绿莹莹的坟！死者该是幸福的吧。

某日某日

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昨天我出发去涪陵探望我的女孩子，今天下午四点零五分，轮船抵达涪陵。我虽然近视，却老远就看见她站在河滩上，孩子气地打量着每一个人，她有意穿了一件醒目的黑毛衣，头发被风掀得高高的……她发现了我，哑叫一声，随着双手交叉握在胸前，动人地微笑起来。

我握住她冷浸浸的手，感到流浪了多年的心靠岸了。

某日某日

我是为了唱挽歌而降临到地球上的，狭义一点，是我自己的挽歌；广义一点，是日趋老化的人种或人类的挽歌。我有时用巴蜀民间特有的土韵哭，有时用更加旷远而哽咽的调门嚎，断断续续，不管其刺耳与否，晦涩与否。拿但丁的话说：

从我，是进入悲惨之城的道路；

从我，是进入永恒痛苦的道路；

从我，是进入永劫人群的道路。

直到有一天，人类把自己的挽歌作者埋进坟墓里，这就等于把自己的将来葬进了坟墓里。他的将来绝于最终的

黑暗：没有挽歌，没有葬仪。

很久以来，我已厌倦与人谈话了。我在仇视世俗的同时，恰恰也在仇视我自己。而诗教高高在上，即使它充满嘲弄与诅咒，但是在它的背后，难道没有更深层次的博大的怜悯？

某月某日

现代人格已日渐重要地渗入了我们的艺术……换言之，不具备深刻的现代人格，绝不可能写出经典性的作品。这种经典本身就是—座贯穿时空的神殿，它没有任何4须存在的现实理由，却凌驾于众生，包括我们自已之上。

天才（或叫杰出的人格）就是一种先天的神性。它的制约来自本身，因为自我实现与自我毁灭这两种因素总是互相包含的。天才逃不出造神、毁神或寻神的模式。朋友，我们拼命追寻幻象，在文明的泥潭里，在群氓的围猎中，仰脸满脸的血污，或许在某—瞬间，我们升天了；但马上又重新摔下来，跌到比现实更深更烂的地方：一片黑火，一片虚空。我们终于发觉向内与向外的道路从来就是一致的，神就是我们自己。这种分化的我，好比肉体被刀子以中间剖开，两个—摸—摸的家伙手握猎枪，瞄准，引

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而不发，戏弄着对方。说得狂妄一点，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。

现代人格应体现在整个生命过程中。越是非凡的人格，这种过程显示得越极端，越完美，越放射着惊天动地的光芒。它因刺痛了人们而受诅咒，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“达观”为何物，它是否对创作有利？或许你可以说，所谓达观，是人生最终彻悟而达到的境界吧？中国人太注重结果，不惜着牺牲一切过程，站在道路尽头等待人们的靠近。当庄周梦蝶而作逍遥游时，赫拉克利特却陷在人类最大的悲剧里恸哭！虽然作为观照命运的哲学态度，前者更能为困境重重的现代社会所接受，但后者更真实，更艺术。我们谁也无法回避这个抛头颅洒热血的年代。

就你的作品而言，我比较喜欢《带猫头鹰的男人》、《人日》和《狼谷》中的一些篇章。特别是《人日》中“你应该成为英雄”那几段，仿佛是以宿命的核心迸发出

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 束的呻吟。那种眼泪虽然没有滴出来，却涌动喉节和皮肉。
 在古老的种类、灾变的历史、生长过专制与愚昧的土地上，
 你被吞噬掉，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，
 而只能成为一个可卑的“偷渡者”。一个奢望“回归”的
 臆想狂。“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
 作品就充斥着技巧、思辩和显而易见的构置。这些东西可
 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。突然，银幕上有双很大的皮鞋向我迎头踢过来，我赶紧抓起我身边的女人去抵挡……这时她大吼一声：“历史！”我定睛一看，发现她变得一丝不挂。两只毛茸茸的乳房上赫然印着我的手印。

我逃出来，不知挨了多少箭斗。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，舔着自己肮脏的手，我对自己厌恶透了。

某月某日

我天生是个南方人，我的神不在北方。燎原扫荡的一切，阳关，敦煌，青海塔儿寺，茫茫无际的苍凉掩蔽下的幻城，威慑着我，压迫着我，使我不敢正视它。我离那种精神实在太远。我不属于浪游型诗人，能够走到哪儿写到哪儿。我只有回归巴蜀之地，回到历代战败者休养生息的

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地方，峡谷里瘴气弥漫，盘踞在栈道中的毒蛇缠向我的耳际……我听见洞箫幽幽地吹，倾诉着祖祖辈辈的冤仇……一种血毒里的毒汁使我哭出声来，应和着洞箫，应和着猫头鹰的啼鸣，应和着荒坡上的草人某个无意义的手势而哭。绝壁千仞，是擂家音翰在风中铮铮共鸣，有人吆喝着直挺挺的尸首迎面而来，无阻碍地穿越我。我吮吸着一种酸酩而残忍的寒意，我模仿着我的祖先，一步步地退入卷石，我的哭声演变成经久不绝的号叫。我的艺术，我的艺术，是受辱儿童幻想中的剑，自动飞起来，从千里之外砍向敌人。它要复仇，向一脉相承的理性的秩序，向无情地践踏自然，危及人们生存的科学。现实社会制约了我，我不能犯罪。但艺术可以“犯罪”。可以摧毁，屠杀，蹂躏。为了人类童贞的丧失而血洗现代文明，吞噬神灵的归来。

杂种

Bastard

你是神明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
 双腿形成又漫长又潮湿的史前道
 等待那根石破天惊的肉柱子插进来

——阿拉法威的死域

寓言

那天，我们去狩猎，太阳象最大的猎物蹲在视野的尽头，我们打光了飞禽走兽，最后把枪瞄准太阳，我们着迷似地扣着扳机，子弹一串串呼啸而去，后来我们自己也化作子弹呼啸而去了，枪搁在别人手中。

我们是猎手还是子弹——1988年4月4日，一位现代派歌星在北京天坛演唱《伟大的狩猎者》，当他用吉他模仿机枪扫射全场的时候，观众报以热烈的掌声——他们是猎手还是子弹？

哲学

你为什么是杂种？你周围为什么不是杂种？假如你混入他们的行列，就不是杂种了吗？兔子的尾巴而已。大家凭鼻子也能闻出来。收起忽忽等等的念头吧，是地主就该有受天帐，是地主就应落在临终时混，儿呀，一笔一笔我都记在~~帐上~~了，然后被民兵当场拿获。假的就是假的，

中国作家協會第四屆年會

伪装应该剥去，老子反袖儿混蛋，草种你十四点！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，碾瘪了！你不会有人收尸，就象碾瘪了一只巨型蜘蛛，乳白色的浆液浸满半条街，行人车辆绕道而行，你的臭名将载入《世界奇闻录》。少女之死就不一样了，多少哀叹！多少唏嘘！哭出毛病还有人扶着上医院。谁叫你是草种而别人不是，谁叫你没有办法不是草种？草种是培育生长出来的？非草种是通过正规途径生长出来的？你是一株植物多好啊，诸如牵牛花、长青藤之类，直接以泥巴里绳上阳台，蹦蹦跳跳，紫色的花颤颤巍巍，窸窣可怜的蝉翼，微风吹过，就窃窃私语一回，让诗人憋出点灵感，没有灵感，憋出个屁也行。但你不是植物。那你草种骂草种吧，或许就不是草种了？这等于贼喊捉贼，叛徒出卖叛徒，周扒皮为什么被长工痛打，社超为什么撵出在温都尔汗，好好想想，还是把草种二字嚥下去。这盘菜不好吃也得吃！莫哏吐！你个万个万莫哏吐！哏吐了你就更草种了！这无异于一场车祸，一只巨型蜘蛛被碾得浆汁飞溅，观众只看客观效果，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，盯牢头上的某个目标，学习打鸣的小公鸡！

中国作家协会四川分会

做出在地狱底层的样子！把浸出嘴角的酸口水舔进去！好，好，干得好，象他妈个杂种！妄想从肋下伸出翅膀来！要半透明的，冒出地狱你就是天使了！肉多一点没关系，多使点劲就能冲上天！上帝也是厨娘出生，上帝也是双下巴，就凭脖子爱脖子这一点，他也应该收你做第十三个门徒！头晕没关系，化悲痛为力量，化耳鸣为钟声！就是——点前，一……唉，算了！提起你的裤子回吧，怎么就忘了你是杂种呢？你为什么是杂种？在很久很久以前，日头从西边出，你完全不是这幅蠢像。那时你周围全是杂种，就你孤零零地不是杂种；那时猪比人聪明，天象一张毛毯斜垂到地上；那时四条腿比两条腿跑得快，眨眼就能到宇宙尽头；那时的树光溜溜的，如电线杆子，而人浑身披叶；那时猪和猪相爱，就先宰一条人作为定情的礼物，篝火之夜，肉蹄猪敲，天的一角被甲虫撑碗筷和鼻涕；那时你比所有四只脚的玩意都跑得快，造物主就选你当地的坐骑，你驮着主子巡游八方，你孤零零地想，大家都是杂种，你为什么不是杂种？

喜 剧

中国作家协会四川分会

如此而已。象玻璃瓶子，摆在橱窗中，被购买、利用，然后招摇。人人都这样，象玻璃瓶子。你猜里面是什么玩意？糖浆？灼药？烟雾？或一串气泡？

没有。从浑沌初开到今天，什么也没有。你攀援所有伟人的肩头，你喘着粗气说——没有

多重呀。当你骑上所有伟人的肩头
所有的伟人都反过来骑你。无形的腿胯
无形的生殖器象手拍振着你的后脑
精卵相撞，思想的胚胎在产腔内成熟
你著书立说，力透纸背
你名声大噪，成为客座教授
诺贝尔奖金向你招手！多重呀，你自己骑自己
盲人骑瞎马，直到一股量子屎劈头盖脸

谁在笑？他妈的，谁在笑！

阴惨惨的小巷口，收破烂的老头冲你而来
你沿着楼梯倒退
你喘着粗气说没有！

中国作家网 2019 年 11 月 15 日

你的西装褶皱，漏出破罐子本色

当你从天窗抛下去

布景从地平线拉上来，他妈的！

人类想往的不就是一声出色的脆响吗？

母亲的子宫

遗传的玻璃加工厂

决定了我的易碎的生命

逃 剧

拉我一把。朋友们！你们的手在中年以外吗？把我拉出这杯子。别让我一天天烂进酒里。给我一根稻草吧。只要一根稻草我也能爬出去

但是我溜。朋友们！我需要你们如同需要水。但是我想吃掉给我水喝的人。你们的高高在上。你们的缥缈无常。你们从父亲的位置俯下身来怜悯我。你们使我更加口渴

你们灌我水。你们把冰凉的尿灌进我的胃里。星星是旧情

中国作家网·中国作家网·中国作家网

人冷酷的眼睛眨动在我的胃里。爱是无法消化的食物。你
的要集作谋杀我？

酒是扑不灭的火。酒是在木里燃烧的铁。朋友们。我深爱
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。她头戴炫目的冠冕。环绕我逛了一圈又
一圈。她不可言的踢蹴转瞬即逝。我刚张嘴应和。你却
拿水呛我。我咳嗽。你们假惺惺地搓揉我

深壑是宽阔的。从我的陆地到她的陆地。隔着水和酒。深
壑是微好的。我的陆地和她的陆地合二为一。亿万人头融
入水和酒。缓缓地漫向彼岸。礁丛结满了人形果。当酒的
精灵开口的时候。和谱的涛声从地缝、树根和石头内部渗
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

中国作家协会会员 13. 余

一条躲躲闪闪的狗，咬人然后逃跑

现在我要从千人踏万人踩中撑起身，掸掸衣襟
向你们绽开友好的微笑

我要活！

但又不能象天才那样特殊而高贵地活

我是一切天才的反面，活

不是件容易的事

活，就是大模大样地出入饭馆

偷两个烧饼或碟一个盘子

活，就是窥探僵尸房

晒死人的鞋袜

活，就是让两只叫春的猫交配

而后笑嘻嘻地将它们锯成两截

活，就要住惯收容所

管铁窗外的日叫老子

冷冰冰的老家伙，你同情我吗？

那我赏你一口痰

瞧慧星刺穿了夜色
 准是你的鸡巴采过来了
 轰轰，天下又要蹦出一个杂种

我想有个伴儿，哪怕是男的
 也要与他结为夫妇
 我好像已经与他结为夫妇了
 直到一只马桶当头扣下
 把我的心肝都浸得臭烘烘的
 同等的苦难——活
 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
 呕出又肥又大的蛆
 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

中国作家協會 1954

面对你们的被爱情、功名、艺术和衰老折磨的脸
我要把它端上超级宴会

津津有味地当众吮食粘乎乎的佳肴

我要激怒你们的，人类

风湿病使我肌肤麻木，我要你们狠狠地揍扁我
让我恢复做人的知觉

谁敢站出来唤我一声儿？

或者捅我一耳光，叫我一声子？

你，你和你们，谁敢？

活不是一件容易的事

等待107次列车到站吧

车站广播开始播音了——

107次列车将代表全世界人民鸡奸你这个狗杂种

小说

著名侦探马牵着他的狗走进那条没有声息的怪街。

中国作家协会四川分会

除了自己的心跳什么也听不见。车辆和行人都极轻盈，好象纸糊的一样。马拐向一家店铺，想买一盒烟，并顺便打听被害者牛的一些情况。这条街的人几乎都熟悉土生土长的牛。马掏出两元钱，一只机械臂生硬地塞给他一盒烟。

马无可奈何地出来。启封之际，他习惯性注意到烟的牌子。突然发现烟盒上写道：“店主三年前被牛暗杀。”他立即转身——却见街两边的店门全部一开一合的，象嗜皮笑脸的嘴。嘴里有许多白牙齿走来走去——马隐隐有一种将被嚼烂、消化掉的预感。他几乎跳到街心。

他一抬手，出租车停了下来。他钻进去，才记起物不见了。他想唤物，才记起该长嘴巴的地方已行天衣无缝。司机回过头来，在他的脑门上敲了一下伙。

多年以后，马说将对那次调查仍吃喋若寒蝉，谁也不知道他鼻子下面的玩意是怎样修复的。



作家像习惯坐在自家的抽水马桶上创作，大约他的灵感与肛门的收缩有某种神秘的关系。一天，正当蒙刷了三个钟头的屎，在纸上赢了三盘棋，杀掉三个人的时候，门铃一阵闷响，一册蓝皮本滑了进来。

中国作家协会四川分会

猿近前一瞥，原来出国护照办妥了。想到就要去美国，猿果断地挤出最后一截屎，将半截文章丢到一边。他不会唱歌跳舞，也不会效仿电影里牲畜呐喊的镜头，只好狠冲厕所以抒发欢快无比的心情。咆哮的激流瞬间将他冲刷到大西洋彼岸。

猿在美国读书、讲学、聊大天，搞洋女人，又在乱陪，乐不思蜀，一晃就是五年，渐觉骨瘦如材，气短人虚，连遣词造句也颇费神思引。落魄之际，自然联想起祖国和家室，他多么思念那赐给他灵感的马桶啊！

回国探亲之日，猿颇有点迷信地拜祭了纸笔，邂逅一个新的郎君，^踏脚拱进厕所。却没料到灵感马桶已经易主——有位与自己一模一样的作家盘踞其上。猿如坠五里雾中，居然大小便失禁，哭笑不得，莫辩彼此。

↑

A

A

A

我爱你！

不。

你不爱我？

不。

你？！

我没爹没妈，我是杂种。

我不管，我爱你！

爱了之后要生娃，杂种的娃儿肯定是杂种，谁也无法改变。我不愿意我的爱情的果实是八只脚的妖怪……认命吧……我爱你……

只有分手吗？

……

但是……我爱你……

不要折磨我!!!

别了，亲爱的纯种。

别了，亲爱的……杂种！

舞蹈

你们没见过舞蹈。你们只知道一大把歌星舞星的名字。你们只知道曼哈屯黑人区。迈克尔·杰佛逊。披头士列农。忠字舞专家江青。他们把星球搅成一锅浆糊。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。

中国作家协会四川分会

做商标。做被面。做人。你们就把摩天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。象一滩难软绵绵的垃圾。共用一根针头注射。共用一把剪刀切断腕动脉。他们喊：“世界是一场不脱裤子的鸡奸！”你们的悲剧就等候总统专列冲过来。幻想将它一竿竿吞下去。然后把爱滋病染遍全球。他们变成斑马你们也变成斑马。他们的号马到在万朝圣你们的也朝圣。他们的宣告真神降临。全国河山一片红。红语录红卫兵红卫军红卫军从东淹到西。你们的这批猴子！行为制品！现代科技的装配的木偶！嚷着叫着喊着改变自己吧！

你们从未舞蹈过。因为舞蹈已失传多年。它这这超越了你们的语言和行动。你们只知道星星叫星星。风叫风。宇宙叫宇宙。你们只知道星星是什么什么东西。语言是什么什么东西。死是什么什么东西。那些笨拙的变形制造了一大批诗人。你们仅仅是符号。规范化的。不由自主的符号。你们死不临头不会睡得死。

跛腿的狼把幼兔掀下悬崖。它为失去的家因而舞蹈。谁能“看见”狼嗥本身并不一语道破它？一声！两声！四十声！

你们知道它为什么叫四十一声。而不是三十九。四十一？

现在我蹲在它当年的位置叙述一种舞蹈。我用沉默叙述。
我用沉默唤醒那种失传多年的东西

……洞箫无声无息地吹。她无声无息地跳着。轻柔一撮绒毡。棲于人的眼睫。又遽然抛开。弥漫在整个疆场上。无头的将士之躯横七竖八。她跳着。把一种轻柔的旋律输入他们的血脉。无头死尸们爬起来洗手。然后围住她跳。无声无息。他们张口吐出僵直的舌头。象隐隐约约的花瓣。可以在任何一处落地生根。他们跟她跳了好远好远的旅程。冥界。天堂。人间都差不多远。好远好远的旅程呀。多少活人走不动了。多少死人也走不动了。他们随意选一个地方。拦住一个女人或女鬼做媳妇。繁衍一代比一代不息的子孙。你们也是不人不鬼的子孙的一部分。那舞蹈的队伍越跳越小啦。只剩下轻舞者和她的丈夫啦。冥界。天堂。人间都已舞遍。他们不知道往哪儿去。四面楚歌在茫茫天宇中回荡。人类就剩剩下这点地盘了。这点可怜的地盘还在一块块开裂。坍塌。泥土化为粉末。最后那唯一的舞者在她丈夫绝命的大呻吟中跳。虞姬啊，虞姬啊。我拿你怎

25:20=500

Chun 219 80 3

1注

第

注：战国，楚霸王项羽的老婆，^古中外第一美人，^古

以“霸王别姬”为典故。

中国作家協會第四次會
 么办啊。唐僧啊。唐僧啊。我拿你怎么办啊。有声。无声。
 泥土。粉末。动作。时间。死人。活人互相渗透。互相离
 异。无头无尾。无前无后。你们没见过舞蹈。岂就在你们的
 身内身外。察诸森无边的迷宫。你们走不出舞蹈。无论是
 迈克尔·杰克逊。披头士到家还是以青……………

故 事

从前有座山，山上有座庙，庙里有个和尚讲故事，
 他讲从前有座山，山上有座庙，庙里有十个和尚讲故事，
 第一个讲从前有座山，山上有座洞，洞里有个和尚偷鸡摸狗，
 第二个讲从前有座山，山上有座城，城里有个和尚当皇帝，
 第三个讲从前有座山，山上有座路，路上有个和尚调戏老和尚，
 第四个讲从前有座山，山上有座佛，佛下有座和尚打瞌睡，
 第五个讲从前有座山，山上有座溪，溪里有座和尚变成娃娃鱼，
 第六个讲从前有座山，山上有座树，树上有座和尚摘死猴子，
 第七个讲从前有座山，山上有座缸，缸里有座和尚偷腌肉吃，
 第八个讲从前有座山，山上有座屋，屋里有座和尚打地窖，
 第九个讲从前有座山，山上有座云，云下有座和尚把迪斯拜，
 第十个讲从前有座山，山上有座会，会上有个和尚代表全信和尚发

他讲以前有座山，山上有座庙，庙里有个和尚讲故事，

格 言



李神这个名字是从哪里来的？是从天上掉下来的吗？不是。是人脑子里固有的吗？不是。李神这个名字，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



撕毁一页书如同宰掉一个人。



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。



累。

25 × 20 = 500

注：此格言来源于毛泽东语录。毛泽东曾说：“人的正确思想是从哪里来的？是天上掉下来的吗？不是。是人脑子里固有的吗？不是。人的正确思想，只能从社会实践中来，只能从阶级斗争、生产斗争和科学实验中来。”



无聊。



活下去。



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？孔子庄子孟子老子是什么东西？

星球大战是什么东西？荷马蓝马白马黑马是什么东西？

《高山流水》是什么东西？《干陵散》是什么东西？《城堡》

是什么东西？《死城》《解城》《围城》是什么东西？

北岛与岛干岛湖胡到岛是什么东西？丽丽室室非非达达主

义是什么东西？流水波流小灰流小河是什么东西？第

三代第四代第五代第祖宗八十八代是什么东西？

阿尔的太阳是什么东西？

黑种白种黄种红种棕色人种混血人种杂种是什么东西？

博尔赫斯普拉斯维纳斯马尔克斯是什么东西？

中国作家协会四川分会

金字塔纸塔肉塔晚菲尔铁塔铜塔托塔李天平是什么东西？

联合国小人国五国中国美利坚合众国是什么东西？

阿波罗卡斯特罗罗米凯朗琪罗是什么东西？

苏东坡半坡是什么东西？

释迦牟尼霍梅尼红太阳红卫兵十字路口十字军车轴是什么东西？

郭沫若是什么东西？ 乔治伯是什么东西？ 艾蓝艾绿是什么东西？

赫拉克利特卡特艾略特脚威特是什么东西？ 罗丹是什么东西？

庞德品德西德是什么东西？

鸟与天空是什么东西？ 致幻蘑菇是什么东西？

孤独是什么东西？ 贝多芬是什么东西？

水晶棺材是什么东西？ 相对论悖论是什么东西？

威志恩汗是什么东西？

你妈是什么东西？

你是什么东西？

我是问你们是什么东西的那个东西。

1988. 4. 巴村·米久

偶 象

泽东，你往东去；介石，你往

西去；廖亦武朝北；孔丘，你朝南。

设法同当地居民接触，这是你们唯
一的出路。

阿拉法威创世记

巨 镜 (一)

走吧 走吧 走吧

唱着歌

或者闷声不响

路的噪门沙哑

路的肤色单调

路的头部扎进

一面深不可测的镜中

你摆臂 提腿

你放腿 摆臂

你离开 归来

在家 客店 超级市场

在一切有玻璃的地方

你都稍息片刻

照照那一泓泓陡立着的水

你发觉你还健在

象一块上是发条的表

强壮得滴滴答答

走吧 一步和九步

九和九十九

主通过花卉之口告诫我们

数字象时光一掠无旁

只要你跨出去

脚印就会惊人地繁殖

你将被困在自己的脚印里

正如人美被困在一堆学问中

走吧 走吧

作为一个动作你非进行不可

作为一个词汇你肯定被普遍运用

作为一张脸谱

你幻化在镜子的夹缝间

牛鬼蛇神 帝王将相 黎民百姓

幻化在镜子的夹缝间

从闹市到溪谷

从年少到年老

从浅处到深处

他们沦为自取灭亡的哑鱼

你在圈道向遨游

那眼你就砰然断裂

你的左眼仇视你的右眼

你的左腿暗算你的右腿

你躲在镜子里逃避镜子

你是一个阳奉阴为的家伙

一边收藏一边撕毁同一本书

仿佛成心颠三倒四

把人 Y 人这些颠三倒四的事实

从记忆里彻底抹去

走吧 走吧

假如你走不走了

生命就一片苍白

让意念伸出醒来

让梦境被轮子碾碎

制造一场似是而非的灾祸

然后你靠床欣赏凌空翻动的血

抒情 浪漫

如同中窃窃私语的姑娘耳朵

走吧 但是你走不了

你过去的脚印开牢堵住你

它的悠悠当了交通警察

法网恢恢 你脚踏入狱

你被自己的脚印践踏

你被自己的脚印轮奸

你被自己的脚印宣判

这个时代的观众从鼠洞里钻出来

头戴安全帽

策划在你背上打洞

记住 我们

你已经无路可走

稿子唯一的安慰

让灵魂与肉体分头行动

入狱或进狱 象

桔子被剖成两瓣

你同时坠入两座迷宫

或者更多些

四瓣 八瓣 十二瓣

四座 八座 十二座

还可以更多些

还可以无限多

客群在集会上的传单

被揣进千家万戸

诗人说这就叫死

灵魂与肉体刃上境地分离

就叫死

死

死死死

死

那么谁都想死

谁都想无数次分离

死是喜新厌旧的借口

就象领袖

把自己分赐给天下所有的女人

引爆一场全国性的革命

于是江山更改

几度残阳

一种语言消灭另一种语言

一种红旗遮掩另一种红旗

记住 我儿

你已经无路可走

但是“走”作为动词非走不可

你将走在“走”这个字眼里

走吧 走吧 走吧

歌里这样唱道

太阳的洞

洞里的波

不知你选择哪一个？

门上的锁

开锁的钥匙

不知你选择哪一个？

妻子和情人

偶像和贼

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？

走吧

记住 我儿

你已经无路可走

等待偶像

我们等候，忍耐住岁月之蚀的腐蚀，在大都，在红色
 风暴的中央，我们怀着愚公移山的心情等候。老子死了还
 有儿子，儿子死了还有孙子，子子孙子是没有穷尽的。我
 们胡乱招摇着黑旗与白旗，象死人与活人在互相抬举。山

连山，水连水，卵连卵，当我们还是鱼的时期，就懂得首尾衔接，依着珊瑚丛胎出头之日了。我们的姑娘出没于惊涛骇浪，接纳闪电，接纳诸神通过闪电送给她们的精，鳞甲哗哗剥剥地响，鱼肚子就这样大了。有东西在里面依依呀呀地唱情歌。日头从屋下一窜三丈高——这颗鱼卵好红好烫，晒干了海，海底也象受孕的鱼肚子渐渐大了。太多的光，太多耀眼的切菜刀搜刮我们的鳞，大厨师在高天打着哈哈，他说鱼头汤真鲜美。我们乱蹦乱跳，完成了从鱼到猴子的一次野蛮的进化。

人是有信念的猴子，在没弄清来龙去脉之前，我们要等候。

腐尸堆积成山，死神的餐馆永远生意兴隆。请坐——女招待递过菜单——请君品尝世界和平大团结肉丸子。我们吞下一盘又一盘，牙缝里塞满猴毛、人发、虎鞭、鱼刺、狗屎、蜈蚣腿、蚂蚁腰、跳蚤骨头。我们吞下一盘又一盘，直到餐桌上出现煤、铁、石油、森林、天然气、黄金、白银。记住，儿子们——暴食而亡的父亲总这么语。您知道他要让后代记住什么

记住——所以我们发明了文字，它是代替我们等待的符号，

它增加，减少，减少，增加，始终不多不少。山崩了，记载山崩的文字静止不动；政权垮了，记载政权垮台的文字被编纂成历史；我们想进入历史，我们在字里行间短跑、中跑、长跑、翻筋斗、使绊子、做尽手脚，就是为了在某章某节某段里添上某某某的名字，然后对儿子说——记住

读书写字使人颈椎拉长，形成低头哈腰的自然条件。我们仰仰脖子，一打文化圣哲就倒栽下地。但是三打圣哲将爬上来。亲爱的，文字的确是好东西，它教会我们“你”和“您”，“三”和“入”，“踏”和“蹈”，“太监”和“太阳”，趴下摸屁股和三拜九叩。你想接近偶像？那先化手脚为蹄子，演习礼仪

摸爬滚打，苦练上万年，我们进步为文明国家，人人养成吐痰入盆的习惯。路漫漫其修远兮，吾将上下找厕所。子曰不在随地大小便。从星云期到现在，他妈的——有人喊——我这泡屎憋得够久了！

石破天惊，我们齐刷刷地扒下裤子，掀起一场空前创的集体屁屁运动。我们的先驱是一位有去气的贫农，他发誓

有力度和美感。拉出发黑的布带子，换上一根全新的，今天更是偶象日，今天来之不易，炸墙绣楼、闺房与马桶！当场扇给大家看，扇给孔夫子——那野狗带出的杂种看！

气温持续上升，最后抵达摄氏49度，摄氏50度的时候偶象显影了

偶象降临

我们措手不及，发出咕咕咕的鱼叫。地球是个臭鸡蛋，壳壳盖盖黄澄澄的尿。我们沉溺，白炽的光环穿插、碰撞，我们的脑门被扎出一道道血口子。我们能够做什么呢？面对偶象降临这样一件伟大的事件，除了上窜下跳我们还能干什么呢？

假如大陆退走，我们只能引体向上，抓住臆想中的碎片拼命划。划过洪荒期划过中世纪，划过阿拉法威划过斯大林，我们的唯一的念头是触及致高点：阶梯、门楼、汉白玉栏杆。偶象供它伫立，象一条廿把长的鲑鱼凌驾在动物和植物之上

传单花花绿绿，裤子扯到膝盖。咕咕咕，别管裤子，我们的祖宗本来就不穿裤子。宗教是一种意境，沉浸进去，就自然而然地忘掉裤子，忘掉肝、肺、膀胱、男女生殖器，上半身和下半身，忘掉伦理、习惯、政治、父母、体面。偶像他老人家就是这样一步步宰掉自己的

他教导我们自身就是起源，就是传染哮喘和肺结核的病菌，我们被编进时代的实验室——一只导火线丝丝冒烟的火药桶。咕咕咕，我们是机械臂，我们是雇佣军，昨天打南非，明天打古巴，后天惩罚亚当和夏娃，输出革命，给天堂洋地主耶稣戴上八公斤重的高帽子

偶像教导我们摘下帽子，子路策杖等古人因不肯脱帽被砸成肉泥，后人吃古人的肉泥，传统深入骨髓

大屎决开堤坝，我们是一群企图毒死水的鱼。咕咕咕，万万岁万万岁！人类就是这样一步步宰掉自己的

偶像颂歌

我们热爱您，您是我们心中的盘古王

1加1因为您而等于2

2加2因为您而更圆地方

您让3和4野合

搞出一滩叫不出名堂的东西

您让5和6重叠

好似老头儿啃个大姑娘

4万个0为您旋转

4万个7、8、9为您当和尚

您教会我们加减乘除长宽高

您是我们心中最古最古的盘古王

百川归东海兮，吾王功德无量

与天地齐寿兮，与日月同光

我们热爱您，您是我们心中的盘古王

女加女因为您而等于男

男加男因为您而子孙满堂

您让大家同木马约会

平出伤风败俗的好事

您让人脑同电脑结合

造就一捆雷打不动的经理厂长

千万只铁鸡母为您大生产

千万只钢鸭公为您搞翅膀

您教会我们工业农业运输业

您是我们心中最大最大的盘古王

财富归官府份，吾王至高无上

与科学齐寿份，与文明同光

我们热爱您，您是我们心中的盘古王

息加息因为您而等于人

人加人因为您而国民兴旺

您证政权与武器交朋友

结果了我的遥遥无期的等待

您证诸神与商品攀亲戚

叛徒内奸工贼鱼贯进入天堂

千万颗红心为您跳动

千万张笑脸迎着红太阳

您教我的演讲游行开大会

您是我们心中最红最红的盘古王

我的归黄土兮，吾王乃寿无疆

与瘟瘟齐寿兮，与爱滋病同光

偶象游戏

第一天

现在我接近丰功伟绩的顶点，幅员辽阔，人民象一把大豆任我抛撒。我说，生长吧。他们就在一夜之内出土、发芽、开花并且成熟。我说，土地是你们的命根子。他们就日出而作，日落而息，日没而葬。浩浩天宇之下，牛郎织女的故事随经幡流传。

第二天

我的手杖踩地三次，岩石涌出泉水。我说，为了这神

圣的源头，你们要付出代价。于是他们离乡背井，到沙漠的核心去寻找圣城。

第三天

旷原在我的灵感笼罩之下，古迹丛生，知识分子站在墨磊的巨石前诧异。我懂，国强民悍，你们发展体育运动吧。从此历史被当作足球，任大家伙踢来踢去。我懂，战争是最精采的球赛，如果比分相持不下，谁也无权宣告中止。贝利、秦始皇、马拉多纳和希特勒，就成了轰动一时的全明星。

第四天

用左手造一个国家，又用右手毁掉，谁来注释这场空前的淫荡？宫廷密室里，正反复上演自恋、自渎、自淫的戏剧。男性器官蠕爬成蛇，反向插入自身的肛门，柔情蜜意，恰似刀子归还刀鞘。我懂，你们是道具，是君主的磨刀石，放松牙齿喊一声痛吧——一个痛字就了结了他们的一生。

第五天

发明避孕套，并推广到世界各地。我说，女人是摆设，偶尔也骑一骑。于是恋爱开始流行。

第六天

五行之中我缺火，我要火，火的植物，火的花卉，血淋淋漓漓之上的火雾。我是在之蕊，植物之蕊，雾之精灵。天涯地远，星球是独自喧嚣的花，我们长久欣赏这些杰作，我厌倦了。人民，我说，我厌倦你们了。你们的导弹、铝、合金、国家机器、宇宙飞船没什么两样。我想破旧立新，造比你们更绝妙的新人，气体的人，不依赖泥土和食品，一个生命就包含天地万物。人民、泥巴，被各种救世主玩弄，被我玩弄，被导师领袖和你们的自己玩弄的小东西啊，我要淘汰你们了，放你们的血，剔你们的排骨，让被你们榨干油水的地壳恢复原来肥硕的横切。最后一次，我给你你们最后的机会，把公德、法律、坦率和钞票放到一边，干你们喜欢的事。我想降了吃饭、睡觉、性交、赚钱和升官，你们还有什么特别感兴趣的事呢？那么，我把至高无上的日神给你们，把那只滚烫的红薯塞进你们的嘴里！你们满足了吗？你们无欲无求的沟壑都满足了？红得发紫的家伙，男女老幼、九大行星全都围绕你们的，连胳膊换骨前的你们也

围绕着你们。

你们的魂火吧，我喜欢火。时辰一到，我就吹灭所有的火。我厌倦你们，我要捏造新人去，有位帝王夸耀他用左手造一个国家，又用右手毁掉，我说不，我用右手毁掉一个人类，又用左手造一个。

第七页

现在我可以坐下来，唱唱拳，照照镜子。上帝用七天时间制造天地万物，我用同样的时间复制两遍。一场儿戏。他还有光就有了光，我没光就没有光。我如此简单地赢了上帝。

巨 镜

(二)

你握住我的手

手握住你的手

在镜子里面

谁握住谁的手

生与死

壳与核

镜的背面

水的上下

人们手拉着手

你对着镜子松开拳头

你看见四张被分割成V型的脸

这些脸

这些V型的匕首

扎进你的心脏

把喉管破开

你又化掌为拳

等于结束一场屠杀

我捉住你的手

象侦探捡起破相的凶器

它已退化成一只鸡爪

我啃鸡爪

如同教授啃一本书

如同将军啃一个阵地

我在平咬文嚼字的勾当

惨叫

你的惨叫

或者某张V型脸的惨叫

或者去往今来人类混合的惨叫

在尊子上静来静去

多少年来

我的手握住手

声音握住声音

帝王虚拟的指头

点拨着人民的琵琶骨

新人堆旧人

后浪堆前浪

后面的手握住前面的手

后面的鸡爪勒住前面的鸡爪

我啃鸡爪

我啃惨叫本身

肉渣挂在胡须上

过早的断奶造成我吃手的怪癖

鸡爪好

而乳头太绵软

我厌恶乳头

厌恶一切类似乳头的玩意

包括闹过的阴茎

过于肥胖的男人

他们是夸大的乳头

血叫人愉快吗？

工人、农民、知识分子的手

叫人愉快吗？

撕开一瓣瓣指甲

吮缝隙里的血

吮指甲与指肉之间的四维空间

乱伦的空间

去死回阳的空间

神与人

人与鬼

鬼与神

神与兽

交头接耳的空间

我消化着他们的惨叫

宇宙是一种大而空の惨叫

人类是一种小而空の惨叫

大惨叫与小惨叫的摩擦

引燃战争或游戏

作为一种强化的声音我们站在废墟里

作为一种弱化的声音我们躺在母腹中

作为一种时强时弱的声音

我们循环往复，再去难逃

远方就是远方

象你戴错了眼镜的

那阵昏眩

“远”的写法是一子“辶”加一子“〇”

它的潜台词是“永恒的徒劳”

太阳与月亮

一副最大的眼镜

不知架在谁的鼻梁上

造人的家伙

从来就是乱戴眼镜的家伙

我们累死累活

马克思、恩格斯、华盛顿累死累活

却不知道人的视觉始终都是错的

你面前的这条女人腿

很可能是假的

你最好摸一摸

摸腿的这只手

很可能是假的

你最好逃进火炉

你感到一阵疼痛

反过来围剿你

我们不过是这种水而立的疼痛

你捏住疼痛里冒出的指尖

它延长在另一番风景中

一具骨骼扭住一具骨骼

一辆坦克强奸一辆坦克

你开始怀疑眼耳口鼻的位置

不是你错了

就是上天错了

不是上天错了

就是你错了

二者必居其一

你居不了其一

请别碰我的手

我有啃爪子的习惯

请别碰我的脑袋

我有摔罐子的习惯

眼屎污染了镜子

碎片沉入凹面

百石张V型脸在镜中

象一堆待洗的纸牌

你随便捡一张贴上吧

你是赌博的能手

牌的内外

水的上下

手握住脸

谁握住脸？

1988.88·巴村·米汉

虐杀

虐杀



哭吧！哭吧！哭吧！哭吧！哭吧！

这个世界唯一挥霍泪水的人

这个世界唯一翱翔在人类之外的人

这个世界唯一胆敢阻挡历史潮流的人

哭吧哭吧哭吧哭吧哭吧哭吧哭吧哭吧哭吧哭吧！

这个世界唯一亵渎自己的母亲、仇恨自己的血、诅咒自己

的神、残害自己的朋友、羞辱、心灵、田野的人！哭

哭哭！破碎的神话，这个万万别的野蛮，你的眼泪最

快要淹没你自己！

错了。这不是你的时代。你一生就全错了

睁开泪眼背后的第三只眼睛好好看看

鱼没有在云端里飞，船没有从鸟背上滑过，石头不会亲吻

或沉默，人不会酗酒而死，醉剑而死、为一个诺言、

一个美人的复活而死



你只能追忆，冥想，并在追忆和冥想中消瘦

你只能把瓶壳寄生在一个民族，一个家庭，一个祖国，一

一个母亲，一个单位，一种思想，一张车票和一次命运里
 没有选择的余地，现实主义小说
 时间、地点、人物、动机、欲望和每句话，都被精心策划过
 别做梦啦——！别做梦啦——！别做梦啦——！
 这些狗娘养的夜晚连失眠也是导演安排的

你是项羽？你是屈原？你是经历了千回百转投生到人间的英雄
 可惜谁都不认识你。绝食请愿的学生不认识你。戒严的首
 都和士兵不认识你。昨天与你同居过的女人不认识你。
 你刚从里面出来的家门也远远躲开你——你也不认识你啦
 家一只鞋子逼逼哥一只鞋子，你在天安门广场跟踪自己
 你勒住一个行人的脖子问——你是项羽吗？你是屈原吗？
 你是改头换面冒充廖意武的屁种吗？
 明天你就可以滚回楚国了。第三次世界大战之后你就清楚你在
 一支莫须有的凶器抵住你的背，你就这样永远劫持了自己
 每根电线杆子都张贴着寻人启事，有一百对高筒等着认领你
 你在资产阶级的腐蚀下蜕化变质，你勒住一个刑警的脖子问
 ——你找到屈原了吗？你找到项羽了吗？你找到存马
 但丁、巴赫、凡高、贝多芬、莫扎特了吗？你跑遍五

大陆的暗哨抓住劫持他们的罪犯了吗？告诉你吧，他们全是我过去的化名！我现在的化名是美之、英镑、法朗、马克和卢布。调查去，窥视去，到银行、交易所、妓院、皇宫、私人别墅、三十三层地狱去刨问底！你要干掉那个绑架我的我！

哭吧！哭吧！哭哭哭吧！这不是你的时代。
连你的哭声也不属于你了。你羡慕了自己。
第一个你，第二、三、四、五、六个你从此埋葬了你！哭吧！

真正的你却刚刚降生，象一堆哮喘的垃圾，被抛在产院的墙外。母亲傻笑着。母亲叫着痒！痒！堆土机碾过的道路如指甲刮破的皮肤

真正的你通过集体性交进入太阳，飞向太空，寻找新大陆。
真正的你倒栽下去，粉身碎骨！涛声消化着肉末，亿万人民默哀五分钟

真正的你在林阴道散步，上舞台模仿通俗歌星翘屁股和喘气。真正的你榨取产带，把自己搞成装腔作势的娘们，

使男性听众想入非非，把最后一个硬巾掏出来声援非洲灾民

真正的你躲在偶像背后，分享信徒们的供奉，并从高处向他们撒尿。散发着腥臭的《圣经》被书贩子的高价出售，满街的亚当和夏娃都想偷摘天堂的苹果，一代又一代作家因此杜撰了不少爱情故事。

真正的你发明相对论，秘密召开政治局会议，商讨怎样利用最新科技成果把暴君从坟墓里请出来。真正的你百年之后，依然牢牢地高踞宝座上立，灵魂再次腐烂，分裂，漫向四个方向，真正的你用一本书、一种文件、一种玄妙的语言统治这个世界

政治孤子的世纪！希特勒、斯大林、霍梅尼、卡扎菲、金日成、毛泽东，真正的你披着他们的虎皮吓唬我们，挑逗我们，把我们送上战争的祭坛。真正的你是史无前例的巨大太监，任意斩却我们的手脚和脑袋。一个辉煌民族的精神繁殖力丧失干净了！

阴塔越建越小而邪火越来越旺。立有三宫六院、倾国之色，真正的你不得不白恋、同性恋、兽性恋、植物恋、阴阳倒错恋。真正的你好色成癖，不得不以手指、舌头、秤杆、棍棒、塔形建筑代替交媾工具，不得不以西装、

领带，谈吐，微笑，老妈子代替交媾工具
 真正的你或死于酒，或死于病，或死于雨。沿海地区梅毒
 流行，暗娼成为改革开放的副产品，人工制造的纯情
 少女出没于车站码头——射一次精三百元，久经沙场
 的嫖客只好趴在她们肚皮上读《参考消息》
 真正的你连皮带骨刮下一群女大学生的衣裳，让她们捧着
 红肿的男性生殖器发抖。有一个来自父亲的声音喊道
 ——读吧！这是你的大学！你的书本！你的课堂！你
 的化学实验！你的课间操！你的教授和助教！读吧！
 死啃这电头，这吃嘴的青筋和包皮！文化室席全在这
 里！贪婪的可怜虫！长庚的知识分子！读吧！你所有
 的学习就是了解异性是怎么回事！读吧！
 真正的你悲壮地被母校开除，又悲壮地牺牲在一百所高等
 学府的女厕所里，胃被姑娘们的小脚踹穿，酒饭从耳
 心和肛门溢出来，真正的你象一条死狗被拖上江岸巨
 院庭，成为《武汉晚报》的头条新闻
 真正的你是万夏、胡冬、亚伟和乌松，读臭大学抽臭烟玩
 臭娘们的莽汉诗人。幻想做民间侠客，为月光下的大
 脚农妇和打铁匠写诗，却被生活的汽锤翻车覆辙砸成
 一堆废钢烂铁

他们因为缺乏姑娘而乱搞老木匠，他们一边运动一边掏耳朵。真正的你猛喝一声——不准强奸基督！可怜的诗
人从此变成聋子

叫聋子的马松走街窜巷，横穿马路，与汽车亲嘴，用一连串的形象漫骂一棵树，一只碗，一个老板娘。他的身子骨一天天小下去，马松渐渐借成狗松、鸡松、兔兔
子松啦！真正的你恰到好处地灌了他一口黄汤

真正的你吃了就睡，睡了就叹气，象一个穷困潦倒的秀才，宁愿饿死也不参加劳动；真正的你抽大麻，吸鸦片，生财有道又乐善好施，于是贫穷的你想吃垮有钱的你
社会主义的农妇的腋下裹着痴儿上街抢购粮食。真正的你
化妆成医生、护士、主任、书记和计划生育文件埋伏
在她的家中

文化泛滥开去，超过了耗子的繁殖。国家新闻总署官员们
的手里没有计划生育的文件。成吨的废旧书刊被廉价
回收，搅成纸浆，纸浆又加工成白纸，供知识分子乱
涂乱画，狗屁文章一再发表，一再被搅成纸浆。没完
没了的循环累垮了读者——他们以书籍逃向大自然，
用逗号、句号、省略号；感叹号糟踏大自然。而真正
的你还在熬夜泡制诗语，散文和诗歌，把报告和文学

搭配，意外异出一种轰动一时的文作

忧国忧民的人哪，你赚够了钞票，长足了肥膘，就完全不
顾我们的死活！操练词汇是一种乐趣，汉语象年老色
衰的姘头，被古今文人墨客玩得烂熟。真正的你却是一
个地道的文盲，领导一个山区的农民家庭。这只有
一条裤子的家庭至今与猿猴为伍，不知道首都北京在
哪个方向

真正的你每天寄一封信，却从未得到过回音，最后不得不
把自己印成地下海刊寄出去。长着狗鼻子的汉学家终
于当了，他们把你搞出国去展览，手持放大镜游遍国
家意志形态的痔疮，珍奇动物北岛鲸鱼硕硕的乳免黄
旅游了欧美各国

真正的你在文学之外，象一首失传的歌谣，萦迴在我们脑
际，却始终唱不出口。峰峦静坐亿年，默望絮絮散散
的云，真正的你是云与山的对话，在时间破化意拉长的
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。真正的你遶弄汉
语，学习英语、日语、俄语、法语和德语，尝试与各
国人民交流，玩新的语言姘头。想象的厨子把翅膀拔
得净光，炖成一盆鸡汤端上现实的餐桌

真正的你操着地道的译腔出入海关，成为超级公民，兼任
 一百家皮包公司的经理。地上人口爆炸，天下亡灵爆
 炸，真正的你怀揣两个世界的护照，官倒私倒，倒人
 倒息，使人怀鬼胎，鬼怀人胎

漫漫无边的流亡着，流亡着……家乡在云端里，……为了逝
 去的家园，真正的你卧轨自杀了！当火车头扎断你的
 颈子驶向月球，车身由黑变白，由重变轻，太空中传
 来一声哑叫……真正的你是否被虚拟的火车又扎了一
 次？

走向沙漠，融入沙漠，以身体的渴解灵魂的渴！真正的你
 是养育万物的一只断臂，清凉的源头从臂中渗出。升
 呀——升呀——升呀——！我们解渴的水永远在高处
 我们缺水！我们索要旗帜、武器、政府、语言、电台这些
 止渴的形式！索要游行、示威、镇压和反镇压！索要
 老人和儿童的血作为宫廷改变的借口！

真正的你出任某国首脑，代表人民在谈判桌上签字。裁军，
 谈判。政治危机，谈判。通货膨胀，谈判。种族歧视，
 谈判。生态平衡，谈判。毒品走私，杀人放火，和平
 请愿，谈判！谈判！谈判！

谈判的世界，你和你通过谈判成为敌手，人类通过谈判进

入五十年，革命通过谈判失败或成功，我们通过谈判
引狼入室。当年的战场华灯灿烂，经济垄断与八百万
尸骨合一，纯情少男与日本电视连续剧合一，一九三
八和一九八八合一，南京大屠杀与友谊宾馆合一

真正的你因为口音被门卫拒于宾馆之外，眼巴巴地瞪着“冬
郎”、“冈村”、“松井”搂着自己的姐妹登阶入室，
宽衣解带，樱花古乐催人入梦，她们在外江、首饰、
家具和高档毛料的奸污下低唤“多谢关照”
此时三十万冤魂在抗日博物馆内惊呼鬼子进棚了，三十万
座酒吧在我们的幻觉中运转、狂奔、粉碎，象硝烟中
的马蹄席卷而过



而易一种屠羊在乌托邦中央进行
总理一伤风，人民半径咳嗽，戒严令一次次下达
老掉牙的国家机器压向胆敢反抗疾病的人们
手无寸铁的暴徒成千上万地倒下，躯壳等手披挂钢铁在血
海里游泳，在紧闭的窗户下纵火，用死姑娘的裙子擦
军用皮靴。他们不会颤抖

这些没有心脏的机器人不会颤抖！

他们的电脑只有一个程序，一道漏洞百出的公文

代表祖国屠杀宪法！代替宪法屠杀正义！代表母亲吃死孩

子！代表孩子鸡奸父亲！代表妻子谋杀丈夫！代表市

民炸毁城市！开枪！开枪！向老人，向儿童，妇女开

枪！向学生，工人，教师，摊贩开枪！扫射！扫射！

瞄准那些愤怒的脸，惊愕的脸，疼痛的脸，惨笑的脸。

★ 不会俱灰和平静的脸扫射！尽情地扫射！那些潮水般

涌过来又转瞬即逝的脸多么美丽！那些即将上天堂和

下地狱的脸多么美丽！美丽，把人变成怪物的美丽！

引诱人去糟蹋去诬蔑去占有去玷污的美丽！干掉一切

美丽！干掉鲜花，森林，校园，恋爱，吉宅和过于清

纯的灵气！干掉那些想入非非的念头！扫射！扫射！

好过瘾啊！就象吸一次大麻，上一次厕所，在兵营里

乱搞一次叫老婆的玩意！扫射！扫射！扫射！好过瘾

好过瘾啊！打穿脑壳！烧焦头皮！让浆汁迸出来，灵

魂迸出来。游向立交桥，门楼，栏杆！游向大马路！

游向天空变成星星！逃跑的星星！长着两条人腿的星

星！天地颠倒！人类都戴着亮晶晶的帽子，亮晶晶

的钢盔，有友军队从月球里杀出来，扫射！扫射！扫

射！多好玩啊！人类和星星一起倒下，一起逃跑。互
 不出彼此。逼到云上去！逼到地缝和皮肉里去扣射！
 把灵魂再打一个洞！把星星再打一个洞！穿红裙子的
 灵魂！系白腰带的灵魂！穿球鞋做广播体操的灵魂！
 往哪里跑！我们要把你从泥土里挖出来。从肉上扯下
 来。从空气和水中捞起来。扣射！扣射！好过瘾！好
 过瘾啊！屠杀在三个世界进行。在鸟翅，鱼腹，微空
 里进行。在无数座生物钟里进行。跳吧！噤吧！飞吧！
 跑吧！你越不过一道道火墙。游不过一滩滩血。好过
 瘾！自由好过瘾！掐死自由好过瘾啊！权力永远会胜
 利，永远会一代又一代传下去。自由也会死灰复燃。
 一代又一代死灰复燃。黎明到来之前那一丁点光亮。
 不。没有光亮。在乌托邦的中央永远没有光亮。我的
 的心一团漆黑。又黑又凉。象一座焚尸炉。一点点烟
 囱死者的幻象。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。浑身冰凉的孩子。手握石块的孩子。我
 们回家吧。嘴唇苍白的姑娘。我们回家吧。肝脑涂地
 的兄弟姐妹。我们回家吧。我们无牵无挂地走。在荒
 地面三尺高的路上走。一直朝前，总会有安息的地

你被踩成肉饼，你哭着
 肉饼被踩成肉末，你哭着
 一旦狗舔光了肉末，你在狗肚子里哭着：哭哭哭着！

⑧

在这史无前例的屠杀中只有狗崽子能够幸存

庚 1989.5-6. 2. 巴人村. ⑧

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS: LI YAWEI

《巴蜀现代诗群》(地下刊物)
廖亦武编·涪陵市·1987·春

文 论

以上记述便是我们在瓦房子及山野、卵石河滩反复讨论的主要内容。渠、炜和我一致认为应该提出于全国诗、学友，渴望蒙教。这一思想，是继我们在八三年春天追求史诗性诗歌、倡导史诗性理论后的一次发展，它于我们自身的意义是任何现存理论都不能代替的。后来，渠、炜君又多次来成都，使我们有幸进一步交换新的思考；在许多诗、学友的鼓舞下，我们和一些诗友在四川青年诗人协会内成立了整体主义研究学会，至此，一个具有相近趋向的群体基本形成，为更为深入地研究整体主义思想准备了必要的主观条件。

莽 汉 手 段

●李亚伟

莽 汉 诗 歌 回 顾

1. 地平线长满我们扇向黎明的耳光

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。要不然我们闷得慌，诗歌闷得慌。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！莽汉诗这个名字出现几周后，那些快速出现的怪诞的句子让作者自己都且喜且恐，脑袋呈高烧状态。坐在稿子前莽汉们没法不振奋，站在女人面前，莽汉们没法叫自己不做男人。

“这是在制造炸弹！”回过神来后胡冬说了一句。

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。李亚伟目瞪口呆。这时是一九八四年元月，天气极冷犹如当时诗界。“朦胧诗”的长袖已舞倦，几个忧心忡忡的朦胧诗人往返于萧然的清池，而大群大群的准朦胧诗人、假朦胧诗人在台下和周围款款作步，作多情女子状，整个诗坛一片低吟浅唱（时以四川为轴心的“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！诗人去造大鼓、低音鼓与大号萨克管！”莽汉诗就在这一句口号之下以爆炸的形式四面扩散，以其前所未有的直率感、亲切感、幽默感撼动第二诗界（地下诗界）。其情绪铺展漫延，时大有近之者皆为“莽汉”之势，短短几个月内震撼四川、波及全国，各地来信纷纷，

诗和我一致认
求史诗性诗
能代替的。后
友的鼓舞下，
具有相近趋向

无不称痛快。

由于中国文化心理结构封闭日久，稍许的悖反，必被视为病矣，宜治矣。所以，莽汉们避开垮掉一代，自由派等中国人当时视为病态、变态的东西和超现实主义的白日梦淫，更加远远地摒弃了中国玩童们老一套的讽喻手法，亮出健康的精神和肌肉等真家伙，以挑衅味十足的面目出现——这是严肃的惹事生非，把事情干干脆脆地惹过头，让人看此病如何！所以，莽汉诗从一开始就是一门勇敢艺术。

于是，从那时至八六年初止，“东方地平线上每天都长满我们扇向黎明的耳光。”

2. 我是腰间挂着诗篇的豪猪

用悲愤消灭悲愤，用厮混超脱厮混，似乎是莽汉们写作时最愿干的事情。语言入诗“厮混”，神圣的诗艺几达“堕落”，但谁说得准呢？堕落前的亚当只是一头猿，故“堕落”后的诗极可能成为真正的诗！对传统文化的逆反心理，使莽汉们首先不得想不到要反一反“诗”，即面对通常人们认为是诗的东西，莽汉们咬紧牙关把头扭往一边——的确，时至如今花呀草呀春天梦长江长城少女比兴韵象征意象通感政治抒情等药物早把诗歌搞得苍白古怪、一副蠢状。我们在女朋友面前行为古怪，在强烈音乐中动作密集为的不是要摆脱这些框框吗？我们在大学中不停地旷课逃学，东奔西突，为的不是要摆脱当时仍被视为禁区的欧美现代主义的新圈套吗？莽汉不由得大吵大嚷：

要发作极大脾气要爆跳如雷要向坏皇帝向独裁者砸酒瓶子砸醋瓶子砸大立柜砸老婆把半男半女阴阳怪气的乐山大佛砸掉要把偶像砸掉把李逵迅速介绍给每个未婚女子生下数不清的小李逵提着板斧打富济贫

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要直接相糙要真实要诗真实梦真实语言真真实实啊可怕的真实不要孔子孟子老子不要流鼻涕的老夫子老油子不要连词介词不要素描透视不要蒲公英玫瑰花不要叹息眼泪不要意象的叠加不要月光怎么啊春天又怎么啦不要少女又怎么啦不要脸不要这些靡靡之音不要这些精神污染不要看不懂的东西不要成了保姆不要成了家庭妇男不准在诗身上喷花露水乱刻乱画严禁成为没有骨头的人

万夏《莽汉》

再看李亚伟《怒汉》中两段：

我建议以每年三月七号为中国男人节节日期间必须写大量诗歌以咏壮志要举行全国性诗人殴斗要横扫一切席卷每个角落殴打要有质量有速度要符合人民生活水平的需要适应生产力的发展最好每人发电子表殴打时间以半小时为宜小儿减半

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亦可在节日期间展开技术交流或男子汉扩大会议把那些半男半女的怪种尖声细气的诗人艺术家通通关进动物园或绑上石块扔进女厕所要聘请妇女代表参加把哥们姐们动员起来把诗人艺术家小说家动员起来复辟男子汉进行剧烈运动高声喧哗开怀大笑尤其要笑啦咱们东方人得有自己的幽默啦

当初曾强烈要
是，一群“随
机立断，他们
命中注定
恐，脑袋呈高
（男人。

4出笼的《前
犹如当时诗
大群的准喉
浅唱（时以
的打击乐！
式四面扩
借给铺展没
来信纷纷，

文 论

诗歌内容一时大变。首先当然是选择“硬”物入诗。就是一首极小的抒情诗，亦体现了“硬派”风格，下面是胡冬《朋友们》后半段：

晚秋呈现	双眼迷蒙
激暴呈现辉煌	缓缓紧握粗糙的
原色背向太阳	大手又松开
沼泽地一览	远方
无余面部生硬如铁	怒潮一起一落

在习惯了所谓诗歌节奏对“莽”性材料无能为力 的情况下，莽汉诗人别无选择，只能累累以口语入诗。诗的口语化只是诗歌从诗之圣殿还俗的形式之一，莽汉宣称莽汉诗是打铁匠和大脚农妇的轰隆隆的打击乐。”亦非仅指诗句的世俗化。口语入诗容易把诗搞庸俗。目前，口语诗泛滥成灾，良莠混淆。也许是占了内容的便宜，莽汉诗句子可以散漫无边，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，读来亦让人感到啰嗦，比读上万言的小说费力，当然，这是因体裁不同而产生的时间差感，但真诗与伪诗在阅读心理同等的情况下，时间知觉便显示了它的公正性。马松的《咖啡馆》，二毛的《铜象》等均是百儿八十行，读者几乎可以一气读完仍觉兴致未尽。

诗歌其实就是语言和情绪的一次纠缠。语言束缚我们、制约我们，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。诗人何小竹在读了莽汉诗后曾说：“莽汉诗刷新了诗歌语言。”莽汉诗风迄今回异于中外诗坛任何流派，不能不说莽汉们已建立了一套独特的诗歌语言机制。莽汉诗初期，其语言特征主要体现在直露的反抒情、和携带着暴力意图的黑色幽默上，乃一种破坏语言的语言，（因而可能是一种短暂的语言现象。）在对那些生硬的抒情、哲理等低劣语言施以滥砍横杀的过程中，一种新的抒情、哲理均带暗示性效果的叙述性语言于“破”中意外地“立”了起来，这种“叙述性”（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，它借荒诞感从人物、事件或者某一生存状态的特定阶段穿越而过，且动词名词形容词们一路上大都能出尽风头，丝毫不枉仓颉当初造字的意思。当然，这种语言特征从一出现就显出了它的过渡性，至少说非主流性。诗人大凡没有说故事的耐心，且用一种单一的手法写上十首诗，大多数当代诗人都会厌倦。这种叙述性语言到八五年后终于导致了大部头（然而又非叙事诗的）作品的出现，如万夏的《枭王》、李亚伟的《侠客》、《闯荡江湖》，这些作品离前期莽汉风格已相去遥远。（万夏已不复把他的这类作品看作莽汉诗）。诗人用尽可能长的句子，在尽可能阔远的时空中，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，最早也不是发明镜子人能面对自己的形象始，大概远可追溯到宇宙发明人这怪东西时起。以后的人文主义、现代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人这怪物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狠命一击，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”诗人们在中国淹灭人性扭曲人格

抒情诗，亦体现了

无选择，只能累累以诗是打铁匠和大脚搞庸俗。目前，口无边，但一定强调多口语诗那怕只有裁不同而产生的时公正性。马松的仍觉兴致未尽。们深感压抑；诗选诗人何小竹在读了任何流派，不能不要体现在直露的反可能是一种短暂的中，一种新的抒，这种“叙述性”或叙事诗，它借荒诞词们一路上大都就显出了它的过去写上十首诗，大而并非叙事诗。这些作品离前期尽可能长的句。

概远可追溯到宇时代背景的“滕大战人类给自己许多“反英雄”反人性扭曲人格

——文 论

的戏剧之后演出了痛苦、理智、反思的剧目。到八十年代中国诗界出现了“第三代人”（一九八四年，万夏、胡冬、赵野等嚷着搞“第三代人”并把《第三代人宣言》（万夏起草））。从时间和诗歌的集团性看，莽汉诗群无疑是“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看自己又看看外界，情况不同了，作为人类共有的文学艺术正与现代科技同步一浪叠一浪朝前直涌，甚至非洲、拉美文学都以其民族深沉的反思，对人自身的认识、对现代社会的深刻把握涌入世界文学的大流。而在中国，这么多年来我们对文学艺术都干了些什么坏事、蠢事，我们对诗歌都干了些什么下流行为？面对闭目可感的现实生活，中国人历来对生命幻觉成份较重，这传统几乎深入每个中国人心中（体现于诗，倒是给了莽汉诗人若干从现实突围的手段，即一种悲剧性的自我解脱）。但莽汉毕竟是现代社会的产物，诗人们意识到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，中国文化方能以更新过的生命力再度走入祖先启迪过我们的那种博大的智慧氛围，那种和谐和完整的境界，曾经灿烂于世的东方文化方能再度炫耀于人类，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起彼伏一样，“继承传统”的棒呵声也不绝于耳，殊不知大多数“继承”的呼声往往实现了对新思潮的棒杀，尤其那种假惺惺的“外国的要学，传统的更要继承”之类劝告，累累使人想起一个狡猾的老色鬼对于长年玩贯了的姘妇的那种可怕的执着。莽汉们意识到在中国这样的国度走出传统不仅需要勇敢，也需要方式，所以他们干脆宣称：

我是腰间挂着诗篇的豪猪

李亚伟《硬汉们》

然而这群“豪猪”显然深受本民族幻觉意识和现代文明的交替药疗、针灸走上现代生活的大街小巷成为一群荒诞的理想主义者。莽汉诗初期，对自身形象的深深关切正是基于此：

冲进电影院

让银幕莫名其妙地反过来看我

在生活中是个什么角色什么角色

李亚伟《硬汉们》

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你冲来

胡玉《求爱宣言》

甚至于“要不深沉不识时务”“要剃光头反射皇帝的招安”“要发生返祖现象生长尾巴”等。

莽汉诗人大量写爱情的惨境与滑稽，写人的衰老感、生活领导朋友梦境艺术的暧昧程度、性的糊涂、古今中外各路英雄幽默而悲壮的结局，老幼颠倒，人鬼合一，古今混乱等难以尽括。但至少展现了人与生命的一场狠斗，这场架不管打得如何，莽汉们从不敢冒昧谈起，谁又能谈得让人相信呢？各种决斗、殴斗、群架当事人只不过可以感到双方拳头耳光好暧昧啊！那些发狠使黑心眼一定有什么必要，但不一定要有结果，“我们要的是这刺鼻的劲儿呀！”（马松《杀进夏天》）明摆着的，没结果、就是我们能看到的真正结果。

莽汉诗写自杀欲望的作品不少。“一个人自卫时可能自杀”(纪伯伦《沙与沫》),此话可算精辟矣,然莽汉感到自杀时可能不仅于此,似乎有一种生理上的快感、胜利感。“我的痛苦就是我的止痛膏”。主动展现生命的溃败感,盼着被消灭,对生进行横向的角斗性的体验,对死进行纵向的长驱直入。巴尔扎克说“生命是连续不断的死亡与复活。”莽汉们似乎相信这法国佬的鬼话,但生活有时强迫他们狭窄地理解,这类诗接受了西尔维娅·普拉斯影响,但除了语言外,思想内容几乎不能走出现代主义的陷阱,是为不足。

不管从现实抑或历史角度对生命进行更深的把握(如李亚伟的长诗《武松之死》、二毛的《父亲》、马松的《生日进行曲》等)悲剧和幽默都更深入地注入莽汉心中,但不论过程还是结局,绝对不会有哭声,(少数爱情诗例外,马莽汉、二莽汉、李莽汉常在诗中幸福得嚎啕大哭)这并不是说幽默能溶掉泪滴,幽默在莽汉诗中各种情况均有,为幽默而幽默,因生命感悟而幽默,最重要的是幽默从来都溶化不了痛苦,说明不了什么,幽默本身是一门艺术一种自带目的的手段,是一种最严酷的生活也拒绝不了的品格,是人骨子里的东西,是一种喜悦也是一种愤怒,是一种生命体验。

(至于那种为了讨人高兴而故作幽默,不停地厂长跳舞怎么、丈夫和妻子和熊猫吃醋又怎么,想尽方法引人发笑,这种手段当然“乖”,低能得幽默!跟我国绝大多数喜剧影视同出一辙,靠巧合、误会、死乞百赖的表情动作招徕读者或观众,露出白齿现出酒涡,这种廉价的幽默当然不值廉价的一笑。更谈不上让人品格气质上有什么升华,而这类所谓的幽默正充斥电影小说诗歌中,这种现象也真够幽默。)

总之,前期莽汉诗的内容大底直接针对生活,但其中的感觉、对象均成不确状态,尤其叙述性诗歌中那些“事”或“人”完全从现实上升为抽象变成人类某种共同的情绪和体验,由此可见,莽汉诗似乎已完成了现代主义的创作阶段,正向更新的地界靠近。

3. 流派是陷阱主义是圈套

纳尔逊说:做想做的事情,做能做的事情,也许有人会说这是异想天开,可动物们一向都是这样。”胡玉说:“新情绪新思考新味道对‘服’了文学这付‘药’的人来说,太重要了。”李亚伟说:“诗就是最天才的鬼想象、最武断的认为和最不要脸的夸张。”万夏说:“男子汉的诗是这样写的。”然后,万夏又说:“男子汉的诗就是这样写的。”克·西蒙说:语言……早就以它的转义、借代和比喻等功能说在我们前面了。(克·西蒙在诺贝尔文学奖仪式上的演说)。”就作者本人所知,西蒙大概并不写诗。一次,老张也说:“除五官长象外,老子其它都是自己决定。”老张不过是一位工人,乃李亚伟的邻居。胡冬后来在不知什么地方说:“莽汉诗至今也不是一个流派,更不是什么主义。”此话说在莽汉们心坎上了,与其它几个莽汉的想法男女嘴唇般吻合。称流派打主义旗号本来就适宜于闹着玩,莽汉们在各种场合一向脸色严肃表情生硬,市井细民的小玩笑都让别人开去好了。莽汉们平常很痛苦,喝酒时才能高兴起来。马松、胡玉、二毛、梁乐、李亚伟喝了酒就常嚷着搞流派。嚷完之后就出去找架打,打完之后,鼻青脸肿就什么兴趣也没有了。所以打完架之后二毛说:

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文 论

出刊时我去了西昌，见了周伦佑、蓝马、刘涛和吉木狼格，阅读了《非非》上周伦佑和蓝马的论文以及“非非主义小辞典”，然后背着四十本《非非》经昆明、贵阳、重庆，回到涪陵。三个月之后，我再次去西昌，那时“非非”已在《深圳青年报》“1986现代主义诗歌群体大展”上占了头条，回声鹊起，周、蓝二君穷于事务性的应付，让人感动！

问：你认为“巴蜀现代诗群”的前景如何？

答：我认为我们自己不可过分夸大这个群体的实力，不要被限制在盆地里作“夜郎”状。不过有一点是可以预言的，这个群体中有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，真正说清楚是不容易的。小时候我住在乡下。那时乡下的风俗是晚上送葬，敲锣打鼓把死人抬上山去埋。当一听见这“死人锣鼓”，我就吓得不敢出门去倒洗脚水。有一个梦我至今记得很清楚。5岁那年我发高烧，昏迷不醒，反反复复做同一个梦，在一个广场上，广场一片白，无边无际。我有时在飞，有时又穿着一双巨大的靴子，怎么也走不动，仿佛空气也变粘稠起来。突然间，广场在缩小，整个空间都缩小成一个白色的蛋壳，把我紧紧地卡在里面。小时候我还有这样一种癖好，在地板上用各种凳子搭成“房间”，我躲在里面，觉得很自在。在床上，我便将铺盖和枕头垒成一个“城堡”，我躺在里面，胡思乱想，觉得很安全。15岁时，我第一次认真地看落日的景象，我涌出了眼泪，写下了第一首诗。

1987年3月9日整理

(上接●页)

流派是陷阱主义是圈套

莽汉诗最好不是什么流派，也不是什么主义，从出现到完蛋，它只是一种手段，最初是破坏手段、挑衅手段，后来是自娱手段、自淫手段。现在它几乎成了一种生活方式。八年上半年胡玉、梁乐就曾说，该宰掉莽汉了，钻进自己的圈套不好玩啊。二毛也常嘀咕：“没人再写那种莽汉诗了，莽汉是不该依赖莽汉诗的。”二毛之意显然是要让诗再“堕落”一次，让句子们更接近诗的本质。李亚伟也常承认：“写那些轰轰隆隆的东西，把身子骨搞垮了，这“酒”该“戒”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，到头来越容易成为圈套。当一种诗歌现象繁衍成一种风气时，严肃的诗人本应立刻斩断和这种风气的联系，纵身再投入孤独之中。

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。

1986年12月

型的，有强烈的
播，带有浓厚的
各一定要用镰刀
但在邻里乡亲
看见过他们。
三。还有关于我
么史诗，但我的
的《巴国王》
了。这也许就是

“诗”几乎成了

诗，所有的诗
鲜；更活泼的
们嘴里随便
端个性化的，
、布菜，无不
”，是真正富

前不久有朋友
特意看了一

我觉得诗不能
难免会塞进
大阳江河的小

猪头鹰的男

是纯粹一些
是认为他的
感觉，这一
现。

扮演了什么

。《非非》

《第三代诗人探索诗选》
 编者：中国文联出版公司·北京·1988.12

李亚伟

我是中国

可是，也许我是一个女人
 我的历史是一些美丽的流浪岁月
 我活着，为了忘掉我
 大腹便便地生下许多儿子，为了
 他仍将成为一个真正的什么
 我活着，我将是另一个我
 我是自己的男人，喝滥酒
 抽穿烟，长着满脸野胡茬
 我是自己的男人
 为了他的剽悍，我做他的女人
 看——踏在我肥大的肚子上缠得多紧
 彻底征服我吧，魔鬼！

其实，我是一个被命运退回的臭诗人
 我要抢回那些和死者谈过的话
 我打算是一切或干脆一切都不是
 我也许是另外的我，很多的我，半个我
 我是未来的历史、车站另一头的路
 是成功是半途而废
 我是大桥、城市、烟囪和廉价烟草的批发

者
 我是很多的诗人和臭诗人——
 物质谜语里的流浪汉
 被狗和贫穷不断扯破裤裆
 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——海盜的浑名
 我决不是被编辑用火钳夹出来的臭诗人
 我不是臭诗人，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
 是除账的秦伯母以及把我扔得老远的未婚
 妻

我是我瞥见而又忘掉的脸
 是祖国的现在、过去和将来
 是黄帝、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
 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机器

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

打从我们被夏天推着
 被昨天
 被沙发和女朋友
 拒于门外
 秋天裸体着世界，颓头一样
 我们仍在外边，遭受风霜
 碰撞墙壁，走荆棘路
 我们仍在看
 看
 看
 兴奋于这对胃号
 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哪
 我们本就是
 腰上挂着诗篇的豪猪
 是一些不三不四的
 漂流的沉掩
 我们见过八月
 枯死在树条上，见过

《莽汉》
(地下刊物) 万夏编·成都·1984·12月

序

一九八四年春节前后，我和胡冬着意体现“硬铮铮男人的诗句”，在四十多天里，写出了大量“有极浓汗臭味”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冥思苦想的苛刻获得。诗人们唯一关心的是以诗人自身——“我”为楔子，对世界进行全面地、最直接地介入。因此，诗人们自己感觉“抛弃了风雅，正逐渐变成一头野猪，一头野家伙。”腰间挂着诗篇的豪猪”，认为诗就是“最天才的鬼想象，最武断的认为和最不要脸的夸张”。他们甚至公开声称这些诗是为中国的打铁匠和大脚农妇而演奏的轰隆隆的打击乐，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，但她能在一句口号下，以爆炸般的形式展现出来，并且她的诗风足以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尝试的成功。

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》的第一期。我衷心地希望，这本集子将有助于即将展开的“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

我们见过八月

枯死在树条上。见过

本人在镜中。啧啧赞叹的东西

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

我们走出了忆秦娥娄山关

走出了中文系。用头

用牙齿走进生活 用武断

用武功和下流顶撞爱情之门

我们会用彼得拉克十四行向女人劈头

盖脸打去

用不明正行物进攻

朝她们的头上碰下一两个校长。主任

碰下陌生人的脸谱

逼迫她们掏出用裤带勒得死死的爱情

我们骄傲地目视遗孀



过

和

因此

与女人劈头

校长 主任

死的爱情

把爸爸妈妈朝该死的课本上砸去
和贫穷约会，把手表徘徊进当
让大街莫名其妙地看我
用厮混超脱厮混
用悲愤消灭悲愤
然后骄傲地做人。

我们都是猎人而被狼围猎
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
我们提起提起裙子
我们都是男人。

可我们仍徘徊着
额头一样
秋天一样晃荡着
把自己远游成李白和鲁滨逊
和生活一起，我们 着
和诗

我们和交通亭一起睡在大街中央

和胃一起难受着

和荒山一起野蛮地孤独着

野蛮地沉默着

我们这群不同森林的剑齿虎

这些眼镜蛇

这些管装的油画颜料

这些企图登岸的鲸鱼啊

我们完全知道历史就是一块坦荡的桌布

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

就是女人和男人

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

我们是多么的让人听闻

是多么多么的容易坠毁啊



我们是那么的容易

被我们的名字 遗忘

被早饭忘在床上

被酣眼扔在屋外

被本人遗忘在梦中

仅仅是生活的雇 佣兵

是自己的情敌

我们不可靠不浑沉

我们危险。是有毒素的香水

飞 是不明正行物

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

桌布

可



烟头

去一万次地近视

女人

④ 去和公路一起勒死大山

去和纤夫一起拉直长江

去和长江一起拖住大海

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



《中国》北京·1986·10期

困兽

● 李亚伟

① 在奔逃中感受着自由

他的血管沿山脉的走向成咆哮的大河
奔不息

他的眼球沿鸟的乳迹飞奔

他的脚被一双人类的皮鞋劫持着

他的脑子每天发生战争，脑浆成蘑菇云
爆炸升腾

他的肺他的肝腰被悬于市场作阳光下最
冷清的滞销

他的杂碎被苍蝇蚊子纷纷抢购

他的心被烹饪被切成块状为一异乡人思
乡时独酌之物

而他的身躯需要一棵象样的心啊他胁迫
自己走进医院

犹如一场格斗他被猛烈地拳击

被一双手死死按上病床

他的左臂安上管子他的右臂被随意针
灸、注射

被不停地钢印公章

他终于奔逃

② 在奔逃中感受着自由

他朝向巨石和深洞朝向大口大口呼吸着
在飘的森林

朝向巍峨的群山和蛮荒的原野

他四肢着地奔跑用皮毛代替衣服的累赘
一路上丢盔弃甲，愿望眼镜女人性爱情

恋荡然无存

他毫不顾惜地抛弃了历史记忆想象和语
言和表情

他它牠它牠长出角来长出蹄来

牠的身后是一片哗啦啦的猎人的枪栓声
牠的双耳紧贴脖子尾巴卷进胯下作奔逃
中对生命的垂钓

牠的皮毛是廉价的牠的生命亦不能因其
肉汁而永垂于人类的味觉

牠的愿望是反愿望是单调的牠的幸福是
很锁的不值得牠敏捷兽足的驼负

牠的角和牠灰色的皮毛牠暗淡的商标
然而她不会再改变身伤

牠不去想杂乱的问题：狗服着苦役牛吃
着干草人吃着饭上帝吃着云

牠只想对着天空长嚎牠因此产生了唯一
的冲动：奔跑

牠在奔跑中感受着生命深悟着自由

牠成一条黑影如大自然的一道眼光荒凉
地掠过原野

牠的身后阳光的箭束直射森林黑夜飞离
大地

丧钟的裹尸布展向视野的边垂

终于牠站立在被命定的地点

猎人如光线来了枪弹如光线来了辉煌的
生命

止

足以构

为塑料花

飞的海湾
送

性无告别

不

岁，四
(业者)

如光束密集于这一灿烂的顷刻
茫茫的荒野抛起脖子领悟了旷世的悲哀：

我不能跑了，永远不必跑了

抛用一声长长的嚎叫死死抓住了人类生命的把柄

抛 它 他

他在奔逃中深深感受了生之伟大

然而

他的背后是墙壁

是与草地山脉与梦想隔绝的屏障被定为他身体的一个部位了

房屋是他的皮肤

他的血管经脉与电线铁丝相混乱

窗户为他自由之头的项练

绝壁若嶂的人生啊

他摆脱不了超越不了，而一切就是那么庞大和毫无缝隙

那些大楼俯视着他笼罩住他

每天早晨让天空露出一条缝犹如一道眼光哀怜着他

那些街道绑架着他的步伐

而在每一个办公室都有一只坏脾气的钟等着用声音揍他

那些时间被无可奈何地喝掉和坐掉被习俗消灭掉

每个周末他都被一只电话订购然后他和黄昏一起被朋友女人干掉

那些各种各样的艺术都只能使他渴望象烟囱一样勃起

让黑乎乎的呼吸把自己熏上清高的境界那些大楼那些海拔高度和精神高度在梦中每次都把他抛出了地球

他住在楼顶犹如住在火箭的尖顶

他渴望退却，退却是最美丽的奔逃啊

他从城市的顶点向下奔

他感到楼梯如一匹野兽的呼吸引诱着他的脚

他希望这楼梯深入地下深入到远古深入到他的来处

（所有奔跑的生物是知道终点的，在出发前他们一起昂头惶恐着那儿）

他仍感到他是奔跑在森林

他的皮毛紧擦荆棘而过，身后是一片哗啦啦的枪栓声

他在奔跑中重新领悟了勇敢

他在奔跑中用带血的嘴舔舐着自由，哼哼着自己的获得哀鸣不已

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，四川某县中学语文教师，曾在《丑小鸭》、《星星》、《诗歌报》等刊发表作品）

《中国新诗选》
蓝鸟编选·中国新诗选
石家：1988.12

~~老得都收不住马缰绳
就只好在荒原上独自走下去了
还提推云山干什么
你不是说过路很远吗~~

~~有一匹马来就是为了
被你降服的
有一场风雪试倒了那么多马
注定是要你流血的
骑手老了马就老了
你的故事也就老了~~

~~高高的推云山高入蓝天
横亘荒原横亘许多年
这一切只会让老人老马老故事
仰天长叹~~

●李亚伟(四川)

苏东坡和他的朋友们

古人宽大的衣袖里
藏着纸、笔和他们的手
他们咳嗽
和七律一样整齐

他们鞠躬
有时著书立说，或者
在江上向后人推出排比句
他们随时都有打拱的可能

古人老是回忆更古的人
常常动手写历史
因为毛笔太软
而不能入木三分
他们就用衣袖捂着嘴笑自己

这些古人很少谈恋爱
娶个叫老婆的东西就行了
爱情从不发生三国鼎立不争事件
多数时候去看山
看看遥远的天
坐一叶扁舟去看短暂的人生

●他们这群骑着马

在古代伶俐的知识分子
偶尔也把笔扛到皇帝面前去玩
提成千韵脚的意见
有时采纳了，天下太平
多数时候成了右派的光荣先驱
这些乘坐毛笔大字兜风的学者
这些看风水的老手



提着赋去赤壁把酒
挽着比、兴在杨柳岸徘徊
喝酒或不喝酒时
都容易想到沦陷的边塞
他们慷慨悲歌

唉，这些进士们喝了酒
便开始写诗
他们的长衫也象毛笔
从人生之旅上缓缓涂过
朝庭里他们硬撑着
瘦弱的身子骨做人
偶尔也当个县令
多数时候被贬到遥远的地方
写些伤感的宋词

（四山浩陵《中国当代实验诗歌》）

●曹琪（济南）

折梅

卡尔·马克思，今夜星光灿烂，我坐在孤独的
屋子里，你坐在我心中。
卡尔·马克思，我生来就呼吸在你眼里的天空
下，我从田院里爬过，美丽的小手所探索

的事物动起来就都响起你的名字。

卡尔·马克思，童年和少年，我所结识的就是
你的血液繁衍的花朵、树木和神秘莫测的
森林。和人打架时我心中满是绝望。

卡尔·马克思，我对宗教是无知的，对神我也
感到陌生。但你坐在我心中，走过简陋的
书架，望着上面摆放的你的令人敬畏的伟
大著作，我粗硬的有些脏的手指不敢碰它
们。

卡尔·马克思，我看过谈论你的无数本书。我
同你一样血液鲜红，皮肤黝黑，可我性情
悲哀，小眼睛坚硬，孤独，深陷于眉骨之
下没有光明。有时，我走过你天才的巨幅
挂像，深深地低下了头。

卡尔·马克思，很晚的时候，我很爱读你的狂
热又自信的诗篇。它们都是献给燕妮的。
你那么多情，是一个叫人陶醉的伟人。但
我没有妻子，没有女儿，没有爱情。我没
有苦难，无法仇恨。

卡尔·马克思，我工作而非劳动。象我发情
时，站立街头，我见到的上下班的人群，
他们匆忙又阴郁的面孔从来不给人快乐。

卡尔·马克思，我一天一天活下来，抽烟时脑
袋里隐约响起梦幻的调子，可这一切比打
架赌博当暴徒更叫人痛苦。

卡尔·马克思，我逃避你了吗？你死去了吗？

《朦胧诗后——中国先锋诗选》

李丽中等编·南开大学出版社·天津：1990-1

李亚伟

中文系

中文系是一条撒满钓饵的大河
浅滩边，一个教授和一群讲师正在撒
网

网住的鱼儿

上岸就当助教，然后

当屈原李白的导游然后

再去撒网

要吃透《野草》《花边》的人

把鲁迅存进银行，吃利息

当一个大诗人率领一伙小诗人在古代

写诗

写王维写过的那块石头

看鲫鱼或傻白鲢在期末渔讯中

挨一记考试的耳光飞跌出门外

永远

不进海里去

它没子……这是注定的吗？走 走

走

在实有的大地上，直到肉体消

灭

它还继续走，清醒的

在浩渺的白大陆上走

企及的爱啊

企及的爱啊

旅行，悬挂起咆哮的情感，揭示了

既是爱情的伴侣，又是生命的支

老师说过要做伟人
就得吃伟人的剩饭
普通伟人的咳嗽
亚伟想做伟人

想和古代的伟人一起干
他每天咳着各种各样的声音
从图书馆回到寝室后来真的咳嗽不止
诗人胡玉是个调皮捣蛋鬼
就是溜旱冰不大的长发溜
常常蹭着自己的所用腮
女生密集的场所
唱一首关于晚风吹了澎湖湾的歌

二十四岁的歌已经
二十四年都没写诗了
可他本身就是一首诗
永远在五公尺外
爱一个姑娘
由于歌恐怕降了一级
他想外逃
故他害怕爬上香港
海滩会立即
故警察抓去
考古汉的话
力继续吃饭
还是永远

不再吃了
和女朋友
吃完旧衣服后
脑袋常常吱吱地发出喝酒信号

大伙的拜把兄弟小绵阳
花一个月读完半页书后去食堂
吃饭也打伙事
中文系就是这么的
学生们白天朝拜古人
和黑板晚上就朝拜很笨或很容易地
就跑到街上去风求雨

诗人杨洋老是打算
和刚认识的姑娘结婚
老是
以鲨鱼的面孔游上赌饭桌
这根恶棍认识四个食堂的伙事
却连写作课的老师至今还不认得
他曾精辟地认为
知识就是书本就是女人
女人就是考试
每个男人可要及格啦

中文系就这样流着
老师命令学生思想自由
命令学生

在大小集会上不得胡说八道
二十二条军规规定教授要鼓励学生
创新成果
不得污染期终卷面

中文系也学外国文学
着重学埃及学高尔基，有个晚上
厕所里奔出一神色慌张的讲师
他大声喊：同学们！
快撤，里有现代派
中文系就这样流着
象亚伟撒尿在干土上的小便的滚清
随毕业时的被盖卷一卷叠地远去啦

诗的观念变了，不仅审美，也审丑，用美
的心灵审丑。这是一幅充满讽刺意味的大学的
文系学习、生活图。批判意识隐含于自嘲中，
自嘲过程中又将各种各样的情趣埋藏在通俗、
幽默的语言背后。

古代朋友

你死了吗陶渊明
后来你的诗在商务印书馆被线
装
你的诗在大学里被老头们解剖
而
我的诗要撇开这些
我的诗句正挥霍南下我的县令
在南边开大地的酒碗孤月
正梅开大地的那皎皎的离鸡
在煮调中把相把把把把把把把
皎好的浅唱把把把把把把把
陶渊明我的诗在想象
今晚我的诗在想象
今晚我的诗在想象
二
独自饮冷酒时常发现
红烧鱼扛着网绕我转来转去
红烧鱼早就不是饮烈酒的下酒
菜了老陶

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
哭泣啊

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下酒菜的。

无
母
在
的
心

你
是
明
使
你

听
到
你
这
世
已
说

那

颅在相互的猜想中不翼而飞

割掉了海娃羊群的头颅
自己的祖国
井边
的双眼合在一片树叶里

充满了眼睛
是鱼和她们的背景
下
平衡着一个女人
都涌向这种姿态
和麦子，失去鱼
颅。

在麦子中变成酒
后，酒中似有游鱼
的基本设想里

苹果和鱼

《中国现代诗群大观，1986-1988》
徐敬亚等编，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
一下插入水里暗示
某种出路

码头停泊在秋天
一行大雁被天空挤出去

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
我一直想掉进你的掌心老板

我想跟你发生不可分割的关系

想在恍惚惚的感觉中爱你
我喝酒仅仅
是一场受伤过程然后
伤口要静静回忆很多的事情

你也该把自由弄进酒杯该有
什么东西在体内快速来回，老板
你至少明白什么叫晕乎这晕劲儿
朝人生的另一面抵过去很久以前
那股血腥味就盖也盖不住的
义不容辞地出来了

酒 聊

我想离开自己

我顺着自己的骨头往下滑
觉得真他妈有些轻松

很多手把我提起

好久好久

我睁开眼一看

人群中一个翘首而望的家伙
提着一只空酒瓶

我想

我是喝掉什么啦
我的出生地
早就空空如也

我站着的时候

(诗林)

只要你敢看我一眼
我就会正眼看你个够，女人
从出生到现在我都闲着没事干

你知道我这会儿站着要干什么吗
你想想一个人最难受的是什么呢
可不是那种站在塔尖上的孤独感
而是因为

世界上有了什么我才难受
才这么站着啊

要不要用别人的老办法
等到傍晚我们到郊外去走一走呢
走到默契的时候就面对面站在河边
要不要让月亮来插一手呢

郊外很宽那郊外

因为你没在那儿很宽呢

《关东汉子》1988.4. 吉林省 辽源市
“中国第三代诗” 李亚伟

李亚伟诗辑

李亚伟。一九六三年三月十七号生。
从一所学院的大门进去又出来，
从若干座酒馆的小门出来又进去。
曾在讲台上活了些日子，
后在一家火锅店做酒保。
现在四川的一朵云下走来走去，
靠梦游过日子。

我对诗的一些看法

严肃一些。李亚伟就说，酒是一包药，李亚伟说应该把诗的句子全拆下来，放到一座岛上去；李亚伟说电影演员应该全部来写诗，画家全部去作曲，小说家全部去搞油画，李亚伟要求世界各地迅速建立中程和远程烤鸭、啤酒发射基地，李亚伟说他打算为此多活几年。

随便一些。李亚伟就说，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句空话。

对诗的说法太多、想法太多、要求太多，诗就会让人失望，诗就会显得什么也不是。其实，诗可能什么都是。

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，端起来是一杯恶酒，扔上天就是一朵吊儿啷当的云，弄进黑夜就是一头失恋的鬼，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，就是回过头去爱、追上前去恨，就是哭、喝、吃、闹、生、离、死、别，是侵略是逃跑是握手是散步。总之，这些行为被人用诗的方式干出来，大家尝着味道好，诗人或不写诗的诗人就常凭这种方法一代代地活了下去。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。雪山朝一双马蹄靠拢。牛朝羊靠拢。
今夜。草原停泊在小镇前面。海停在鱼前面。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。风和肩膀。让房门大开！

面对一场浩大的邂逅。我们不在乎吻着的是谁。草原上风和日丽。
春天长满群众。腿上长满人。石头上长满山。
风把草原吹过去。地主从盆地跑过来。
时间跑过去。人跑过来。一声碰撞就爆发了土地革命。

拖拉机朝前开。一路上发动人民。
云朝下看。岛朝外游。风缩短身材。天越长越高！
人越矮越快活。
问题越想越过瘾！

今夜和你。马背和星光。街上走过一个翻身的青年。一个懂我的人
在比你更远的地方入睡。我的嘴唇正为他奔袭去年的故事。

去年的故事属于去年的语言。花属于速度。
你在裙子里紧紧地做女人。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。吃是活下去的借口。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。孩子在乳齿中。手在事物
里。朋友在岛上。

从岛到草原。从贝壳到毡房。
秋天瞧着云。云瞧着枫树。枫树瞧着红色。
那些红点从一棵树飞向另一棵树。从一种事物飞向另一种事
物。从你飞向我。从个人飞向集体。今夜
我和你。两个人物。从去年到今年。
快车摸索着所有情节。终致一团乱麻。破坏了所有终点。
脸退进表情。飞翔退进羽毛。

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。我为此做尽了手脚。
你也活在我经验之外，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割。路子简单。动作熟。手脚快。拖拉机
在大树下。胡豆在麦子的侧边。牛在羊的侧边。老二在老大的后
面。人民翻身做了主人。

从小镇到雪山，从狗到马。两次机会，一种味觉：玉米和酒。男人和女人。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，一种混法。

从去年到今年。从脸到表情。
秋季对着天空。小屋对着月亮。月亮对着人。
睡觉只是过场，醉酒已不能说明问题，流浪也不再过瘾。
一个人物是一次念头，一个字是一次与外界的遭遇，一个月亮是一柄收割童年的镰刀。飘过去的云是继母。

今夜和你。星星的马蹄践踏天空而去。
今夜和你。黑发和云和歌飘飘忽忽
瞄不准的吻，回家而又瞄不准门！
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。
树朝木材发展。钟表朝静夜滚去。那小屋。那人。那手。

一场黑头发的爱情，曾爱红过我们的眼。
一首诗。一个女人。一次机会，
一杯酒。一座小镇。一次男人。
声音把句子从书里面取出来，
语言把内容从心头拖过，
往事把颜色从布里面抽出来。
不崇高，
不冷峻，
也不幽默。

今夜。酒杯和木桌。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：
贝壳和毡房，
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。

山洞嗷嗷叫唤着从一座山向另一座山走去。最好的洞是逃跑着的洞。飘动着的洞。白天是夜晚的一个洞。我们由此看见地球。夜晚是白天做的陷阱。我们由此掉进尘世。辞海说，上下四方曰宇，古往今来曰宙。

走过去曰你。走过来曰我。上男下女。男左女右。重男轻女。有一天。把你叫做女。把我叫做男。然后大家开始走动。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。祖父反剪双手徘徊。东方在去东方的半路上停下。你的祖父超脱而又近视。观日时将身子遗忘在下面。祖父看到国土东摇西摆，无法在罗盘上固定。祖父按泥土的纹路流浪，顺江河的经脉远行。依乎天理。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朝修路工人家中逼去。

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。破晓。婚期。嘴角。指尖。墓碑。远方是所有方向。我推动山峰寻找高原；你推动河床寻找水源。每次到达都是半途而废。你在远征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嘻笑之中回到四川。

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。

一阵耳光打往你的去年，你的鼻子飞上舞台，你对一个人说，打架吧，咱们都有手，咱们是一场构思，咱们是钢笔写出来的男人，是铅印的丈夫。

去年，你是一个被时间用旧了的男人，风流而无韵事，烦躁地站在河边，你的头顶飘着远离祖国的雨，你的身边飘过没有爱情的风，你挽着你的遗孀朝我走来，你说，我是一个悲剧人物，现在我要登场。

雷声轰击着歌剧。闪电抽打着角色。悲剧的高潮在你出场前就已平伏。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。远方长出腿。继而身子。一切还原为初夜。伯罗奔尼撒。雅典和斯巴达被一只盘子端着。你走过来。我走过去。少年下海。老年登陆。战士去而不回，哲人未去先回，王后足不出户，诗人五里一徘徊。而你，不去不回，未流浪而流浪，狠狠钉在流浪途中一动不动。码头兀立岸边。

远方一伸一缩。这是到达的一种方式。

你这一生将象一段抒情曲轻轻浮出世间。然后暗哑下去。然后被青年们舒服地欣赏。远方是从近处跑过去的，老头是从青年里面跑出去的。老头一路上磕磕绊绊，远方在跑往远方的路上跌了一跤。

一九八四年那一跤才够厉害那是怎么啦怎么啦那天空怎么啦你怎么啦我它妈到底怎么啦刚才怎么啦用砖头毒药跳楼自杀你又把我怎么啦不写遗书又怎么啦不做好人不做诗人做件东西怎么啦怎么把头撞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啦你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干倒艺术干倒莽汉干倒女朋友这又怎么干不倒又怎么把自己轰隆一下干倒又怎么啦女朋友今天一点也不漂亮关我什么事啦怎么啦怎么啦我它妈今几个到底怎么啦

远方在远方大喊一声“哎哟”。

两千多年前一个叙利亚木匠正
赶造地球。为今天布置远景。
地球在夜空流浪。陆地望北
挤去。国家在人民心中驻足。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
水手又遇豆蔻年华。民族去而复
还。航海者掀转地球找地平
线。航空者提起地球证实此
乃无根之物。远方朝近处干过来。
资本主义迅速向非洲扑去。一次
接吻的经历向你嘴唇扑来。
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，永无归期地朝我们的
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。为今天布置近景。
地球去而复又回到你的脚下。
轮到这日子。漂流的创痛在腿上
结出硕果。你走过来。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
身的上帝劲儿。浑身的撒旦劲儿。
你和今天相互占有。彼此成为
对方的造物。近处朝远方干过去。
新秀脱颖而出。诗句于文字中
涅槃。拳头从手腕上跑出。
边缘从内部冲出，直逼很
远的原始山洞。那时中曾根
已突破国防开支1%。西欧七
国首脑会议于威尼斯如期召开。
卡扎菲在原始壁画上说阿拉伯
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。

我常常梦见那个地方那个时候我坐在巨石
 上蓝色海湾伸展我的头颅椰树从我脸上
 上长出好大的椰子好白的乳房好大的
 车轮从海上驶来滚滚前进越滚越巨越
 以同样速度把裹成圆球的思维拉直而
 季风正将我白发撩过海湾不停
 向远方奔去手中故事渐少夜色更替已不分明
 那一事却大得无边我感到手渐渐轻松
 圆球已消逝我明白我已到了最远的
 地方四周什么都没有心中注满安宁

就这样我每次走出幻景我都明白我那时遇见了你。你还是住在老地方。那片辽阔的陆地上。黑夜做了一只叫白昼的陷阱放在你几万只脚下。这陷阱上铺满工作、职业、爱情、房屋；铺满文字、术语、符号、动物。白昼反过来做了一只叫黑夜的陷阱。缀上星星、孤独、穷困；铺满迷惑、错误、痛苦。你翻来复去掉进这两只陷阱中。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维爱你恨你忧伤你
 那长满石头结满雨水结满机器结满警察摊满书本挂
 满国境线的陆地错误你痛苦你丰富你满足你倾斜
 你高你矮你使你不停地死起来活下去
 你很眼泪

陆地上到处都是古人和星星和国境线！
 国境线上到处是核武器和教堂和祖国！
 每一个祖国都长着一棵金色的大树！
 满树挂着历史和文学！

④ 满树狗和狗东西，满树鲜活的小狗！
 满树的工作证和结婚证和鬼！
 满树的星期天等你打扮得不象你
 从学校的大门走向闹市区！
 每一个闹市区都有数不清的方向和数不清的
 远方和近处昨夜和今宵！
 每一个昨夜都有一条路通往你的心中！
 每一个今宵都有一座城门为你悄悄打开！

1987年4月初稿

1988年2月再稿

杨黎诗辑

杨黎，男，82年8月3日生于成都。
工人出身，待业青年。

“文革精神”培育的第三代人，敢于
破旧立新；毛泽东文体养成的诗歌趣味，
简单、直接……坚信人类的梦想并不是
要活得更象一个人，而是要成仙。基于
此，我反对以人道主义为轴心的传统理
念。

之后

我之所以推崇诗歌，是因为诗歌和我一样经历了一场从无到有的深刻转化；我之所以将诗歌放在具有宗教意义的位置上，是因为诗歌和我一道正进行着一次耸人听闻的背弃——而值得欣悦的是：我和诗歌，正处在一个世纪与另一个世纪的交替中。

当我接近诗歌之后，其实，我就再也无法理解先前我含辛茹苦所获得的这些文字的意义。浸透乃至震荡在我内心深处的，是这些先于图形而又超于图形的声音。一如你此刻阅读我的文章时所拥有的那种舒展的节奏。所谓文字与诗、文与诗，就在这样的感觉下，令然分手。

当我接近诗歌之后，其实，我就再也无法拒绝我先前轻轻松松所否定的那些声音。我努力在这些直线和横线的交叉之外，去寻觅深深占有我的宁静。我开始明白，语言，在这里意味着什么。那后面的手，模糊而又亲切。而我和诗歌，共同拥有的上帝，也模糊而又亲切。

之后

我愿成为这样一个人，即说不出话来又无话可说；当嘴唇一张开，许许多多动听的星星蜂拥而至；走在路上时，脚步的感觉与众不同。当然，我也愿我的诗，成为一种有声音的哑语，被聋耳人听见。

天 空

鸟

她属于蓝色，而蓝色是一种距离。

她翱翔而没有羽毛。她注视而没有眼睛。

她想念而不记忆。她快感而不文化。

她属于一种形式，因此她翱翔。

她属于一种方法，因此她解决了自身。

她属于她之外的东西，因此她无枝可依。

她无话可说，因为她已被语言取代。

她充耳不闻，因为她已被声音颠倒。

她一无所有，因为她已被事物混淆。鸟反倒成了她。

而她成了一种方向。鸟成了天空的洞穴。唐朝和美国相依为邻，
春天和左手相去不远。

她成了一种境界。一个虚词。逃避着人为的造句。

她成了一种语气。语气成了月亮。月亮成了旅途，而旅途正被沉
默和尽头关照。

她成了一种动作，~~在~~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。

她在熠熠生辉的剑舞套路中抽出来的不是剑；

她在一首诗的反复吟唱字句句都没有字。

她属于蓝色，而蓝色是一种距离

三 月

飞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。看朱成碧在雪国成了可能。

鱼儿在石头上横吹小笛。

使花朵和颜色向三月聚拢，鸟儿望北飞去。万物或行或飞均随
为之。

人类拒绝写诗。

但是鸟儿，如今你要飞越泰山了

你鸟迹低垂，白帆正收海远去

在三月，飞是一种俯就

是对人或鱼的另一种估计

如今你正穿越酒、书法和剑

你^长瘦的瓜落在一句话上

这句话在一首诗里

你翩翩的翅膀一遇到我就自然成药

因此这首诗一旦写完你就将从视野中消逝

这首诗一旦写完你就到了另一个地方

三月是海拔最低的季节

在三月，鱼目看见了孤雁，鱼目温染了文字

在三月，平原上站满了目所能及的东西：

~~桃花~~ 羽毛和柱，翼，燕子。

爱媛，云和乳房，鸟儿，萍儿。

霞彩，白鸽，米米，月亮与河流。

此处后退两格

在三月，我骑着葡萄酒御着酒瓶漫游归来

但是鸟儿，在你所有的去和来中，你要记住

不是为了宁馨

又是因为面对了语言

帆

一九八八年四月二十日，花开得突然，山脉走向盲目。

蓝色在雅安成了^{红色成了}惊弓之鸟，成了鲜血淋漓的动词，成了
因古老句式而累倒在地的人。

你从此不喝酒，不胡闹，不打架，因睁着眼一直活下去。

这一天，在边开边跑，打掉胎的鸟儿成了云。

你被悬在高空处，意义从此飘浮不定。

你鸟瞰海洋，海洋是一句话。

你俯视岛屿，岛屿是一种香味。

你凌驾语法，语法成了一套姿势，草满足着风的动作，岸满足着

河的意图。天边静静驶来一艘仇恨的船。

船在盐里开过，成为一种气。

船讨厌那条岸，因此船成为白色，

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，

船就是汽车。

流浪是一种器官，

鼻子是一种散步，

眼睛是一种文化，

酒是胸脯，

哭泣是甲板。一九八八年四月二十日，船好岸美。天远鸟黑。语言

仍然流利。

季节逐渐转暖，你一遇现实就翻若惊鸿。

酒

我在一百座城市里饮酒呢，孤鸿

我从八岁开始到如今都烂醉如泥，凤凰

这辈子没遇见你，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

被在我毫无把握的头顶盘旋

我把我放在有树的风中飘来飘去

我从高大的府第里走出来。燕子，旧时你们成双来到我的堂前 *

五个春天我只如胡乱睡了一夜，妾不如妾、妾不如偷柯

如今你俩已飞到教师和医生的家中

经历取代了我，我取代了城镇、庙宇和常识。鸾啊

对一只我从未见过的飞行物 我动了真感情

我的胸脯因为失望而丧失了它的高度

越飞越低、穿花渡柳、与植物同生死

在低处我只能看到鸟们互相拳击、扭对方脖子

鸟们用玩世不恭的身体引诱子弹

鸟们以教师的姿态站在地平线上

我由飞而走，由云而雨，由光而影

最后回到了酒泉边

飞碟啊，现在我已看不见翱翔

羽

鸟啊，如今你要飞越泰山了

你瘦长的瓜搭在一句话上

皮 而这句话曾被一个人说出

你被肤洁白如玉、乳房光滑如卵石，自相辉映

在绿色之中因时间已遥远你又爱又恨

鸟儿啊，你知道

米 每到秋天常有丁酉丁酉朋友，把她们的小名都叫燕子。当时，一人在玉皇庙行医，另一在二师当老师。

◎ 这世界只不过是语言现象

那人因一种形式而与你发生了关系

因为语法，因为沉默、节奏

那人因为文字与你偶合为诗

他悬挂在一个虚词上，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

鸟儿啊，文字使你丧失了所有语言

你有了颜色，洁白如**王**玉

你有了嘴唇，鲜红若**沃**

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

你曾扔掉翅膀就走，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，一个王子在河边饮马，王国正随落日消逝

历史被平原引向了尽头

树因为平静而任其粉红的花朵发出叫声

女人们因为楚楚动人却飞了起来

男人们因为愉快而长寿如星座

鸟已从美梦中飞出了翅膀，完成了飞翔

叶舟走到了河的对岸
整个原野弥漫着一种歌谣：

从白昼到沉默
从夜晚到女人
从童年到习惯
从过去到回忆
天地之交感
来去之传递

那年的事在那年永远发生下去
平原放松在黄昏下，村庄露出乳房
我轻呼着你的名字使露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景并发生坠落
那年一棵树跑到河边就发出了啼叫，所有的事物也发出了语言
声音明朗若阳光：

鸟飞行在羽毛里
花飞行在树枝头
人飞行在体内
天飞行在物外
有一个人的有一首诗
有一个星球有一个想法
天地之交感

此处退后两格

表去之勝望

.....

1982年五月4号

《作家》1989.7

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，她的先锋性完全是其文学态度的严肃性的产物。因此，我以为每个获得此奖的作者都不能不以此为荣誉，反之，则可能是有意与她那些优秀编辑们的最为严格的审美大捉毫不幽默的迷藏。

但面对一种好评，尽管它是公正的，不安之情也会在作者心中出现。我常常就感到，汉语的成熟与老练把我和诗隔开了，最得意的作品付诸文字后就开始不尽人意。所以，一个诗人和语言进行殊死的斗争是天然的，犹如他所秉赋的才气。我从一九八一年开始诗歌写作，几年后我终于发现，我已搞惯了手脚，不破坏语言我就在这个世界上活不习惯。我对工业、科学、城市等从不做诗意上的靠拢，如果这些东西有时的确浪漫，那只是因为它自身以外发生或出现了什么，否则，那只能是文化背景上不甘寂寞的油漆。因为这种文化建筑和现存语言一样，只不过是人类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，在诗歌中我获得了不死的精神！尽管我的诗仍是用现有的汉字组成，是对病、生育、农牧渔业、饮食业和植物的轻轻思念，是对人糊涂地回忆和简单地揣摩。这与其说我对自己的才气过于自负，不如说诗使我领悟了生命亘久的光芒，从而使我埋头于人最后的外在形式——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变老，刚刚认识他们那时候，他们才是我现在这个年龄。

现在，在他们日渐空旷苍凉的眼前，能再次看到“安慰”了。

其余的人一律不以为然，这是最正常的。

者的普及读物和教材，或者是一批没有出路的文学青年的练习册。有个诗歌刊物干脆把主编的位置让给了酒厂的厂长，诗歌或文学为了求生而媚俗可见一斑。

李：不少编辑正在蜕化成一批新生的掮客，他们不象西方的文化商人有能力作为文化传播的重要中介，却一味陷入各种花样百出的“大奖赛”中去搜刮余利。文学正在乞讨，那些

《现代汉诗》
唐晓渡等编 (地下刊物) 北京: 1991年·夏

李亚伟

飞 行

鸦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
麦子无尽的心事在田野中默默地针对着天空
集体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
并在星斗下从一张纸片上穿过，带走了文字和学校
最后把手势连在路的尽头

我已目空一切，用眼光结束了北方的岁月
在眼皮的小楼梯口，朝深夜滚动着巨大的瞳仁
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，在座号上滴向南方

这列火车已无法停下，因为除了响声它什么都没有
它在香粉上开过，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。

她知道面积就是死，在天黑前要守住体积和回忆
 我已经看穿了自己，得以自由进出皮肤
 因为皮肤也只是人的一种气氛
 犹如南方它从未都不是一个位置，而只是一个声音

现在星球越来越近，我骑马路上它的星芒
 一个女子正经过她美丽的年龄，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
 在十八岁想起了彩虹，她就超过了香气
 这样，我就只有从天上下下来爱她

而超过鸽子速度的鸽子，它就成了花鸽子
 在空气之外穿过诗集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，就好象左手放弃了左手，而握住
 了魂魄

拖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，把太平洋朝沙滩上浇去
 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，而开放则是从一个地方去另一个地方
 那些回忆我的人
 天黑后在树梢上翻飞或落到了岛上
 那些等我的人实际上超过了阅读
 因为在每个字上失一下蹄也就形成了邂逅
 这样的坠马纯粹是美丽的下场

你积和回忆
款

只是一个声音

惶惶
下来想我
失去的颜色

子
大蓝

了左手，而握住

滩上浇去

方去另一个地方

如同花朵的开放。它纯粹是香气展开了翅膀

在你的来处。地窖的眼光转动着酒瓶的瞳仁
说阴酒不能自己醉掉，5°也不能麻木57°
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
波浪一页一页翻开大海
一片一片的帆从海峡翻读到海角

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
你就等于骑马在走
它比一页一页翻开的书页把你送得更远
坠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
但不要紧，你目不识丁，想死也不容易

那去得最远的依然是我
因为飞翔放弃了弧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
我奔驰在马的姿势里，如风的长发牵着最白的云
一如骑着鸦片的翅膀驾驭着乙醚的大风而登上高处收割
的人们观看到了秋收的前景

一九八九年四月于湖北

我 们

我们的骆驼变形，队伍变浪
数来数去，我们还是打架的人
穿过沙漠和溪水，去学文化
我们被屋景反映到海边
长像一般，易于忘记和抚爱
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
坐着马车追求

我们是年龄的花，纠结成团
彼此学习和混乱
顺着藤子延伸，被多次领导
成为群众和过路人
在沙漠上消逝，又在海边折射出来
三年前，我们调皮和订婚
乘船而来，问津生死，探讨哲学
势若破竹
我们掌握了要点，穿过雪山和恒河
到了别人的家园

我们从海上来，一定要解决房事
我们从沙漠来，一定要解决吃穿
我们从两个方面来，入境问禁，叩门请教
穿过了冬天和冰块，进入皮肤的纤维

握着绝望的器械，叹息器官
 理解，并深得要领
 我们从劳动和收获的两个方向来
 我们从花和果实的两个方面来
 通过自学，成为人民
 我们的骆驼被反射到岛上
 我们的舟楫被幻映到书中
 成为现象，影影绰绰
 互相替代，互相想象出来
 一直往前走，形成逻辑
 我们总结探索，向另一个方向发展
 淌过小河，泥沼，上了大道
 我们胸有成竹，高翅万里

我们从吃和穿的两个方向来到城市
 我们从好和坏的两个方面来到街上
 伶仃，清瘦，见面就喊喝酒
 相见恨晚，被婚姻纠集成团
 又被科技分开
 三年来，我们温故而知新，投身爱情
 在新处消逝，又在旧中恳求
 三年后，我们西出阳关，走在知识的前面
 使街道拥挤，定义发生变化
 想来想去，我们多了起来，我们少不下去

我们从一和二的两个方面来，带着诗集和匕首
 我们一见面就被爱情减掉一个
 穿过蓉城，被幻影到海边
 永远没有回来

决出来

请教

我们就又从一和二两个方面来
 在学习中用功，在年少时吐血
 勤奋，自强而又才气绰绰
 频频探讨学问和生育，以卵击石

我们从种子和果实两个方面来到农村
 交换心得，互相认可
 我们从卖和买两个方向来到集镇
 在交换中消逝，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
 车水马龙，克制。我们以貌取人

① 我们从表面上来

在经和纬的两种方式上遭到了突然的编织
 我们投身织造，形成花纹，抬头便有爱情
 穿着花哨的衣服投身革命，又遇到了领袖
 我们流逝，越过边境，又躲回来一个
 我们即使走在街上
 也是被梦做出来的，没有虚实
 数来数去，都是想象中的人物
 在外面行走，又刚好符合内心

· 1989. 9 湖北 武当山

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS: ZHOU LUNYOU

《诗刊》1981.10

蒲公英集

鸽
哨奕
林

一道白光，

掠过黑色的屋顶，

鸽哨是明亮的，

鸽哨也是圆润的，

是城市的键盘上，

一阵阵噪音间悦耳的协和音；

在不闻鸟雀啁啾的闹市，

在灰白的水泥楼群，

鸽哨又是绿色的生命，

鸽哨更是美丽的，

雪白的小天使，停在我的窗口，

将我带入恬静的幻梦……

朋友，我们的小船
刚开始荡漾

袁小龙

朋友，我们的小船刚开始荡漾，
我们都得练练，怎样熟练地使桨；
或许，它还会在原地转上一小阵，
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？
梦中，我曾驾过一叶无比飞快的白帆。”

“是的，我们的胳膊已在这梦中睡疲，
可前程，终将属于迎着现实奋力的我们。”

“小船去哪里——可有花香和鸟啼？
这里，还能时时看到衰草与枯枝。”

“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，我们的小船正在前驰，
太阳正为黎明脱去梦幻的外衣，
听，我们的小船正在前驰，
浪花正轻轻唱在你的、我的心里。

孤
松周
伦
佑

一个历史学家
独自在高原上散步
时间开了一个玩笑
他迷失了归途
他站在悬崖上
凝望着远方
冷峻的目光被星星代替
只留下一颗清醒的头颅
他继续着自己的事业
用生命撰写编年史
那一圈圈年轮
就是一部不朽的史书

《当代大学生抒情诗精选》

四川人民出版社·成都

1987年10月

also: 《飞天》1982.8, pp. 53-54

了一支平时不习惯的香烟
寸地燃烧着我的期待和憧憬
着是一种独特的梦
着了奇异的清幽
是你我合奏的
老而又年轻的乐章中
卜的插曲，插曲中
卜的过门

等着你的到来
打开我紧闭的房门
来也没有什么
知道这个消息
满着期待

一个
的黄昏

春 节

周伦佑

我是一只蜜蜂
从东方传统的图画里飞来
我采访过路上的每一个节日
我从艾叶与菖蒲
带苦的清香中
采来一缕诗魂
我从月亮一样圆的月饼
和月饼一样圆的月亮中
采来一个圆满的愿望
我从菊花与茱萸的斜插的
疏影里，采来一曲乡思
我带着这么多的故事和传说
降落在你的花蕊上
再采一点花粉
去酿一个七色的春天

1987

诗分图

既然不能继续弹奏梦想了
那我就弹现实吧
这也是一种表现 出力
在牛筋弦上舞蹈
弹醒板椅的时间 用希望
疏松梦 把夜弹白
压抑的感消失于轻松
爱因轻松而缠绵

在顶楼 破木箱钉成的书桌上面
失恋的吉他一定想念我了
默对着简易谱架上的练习曲
那后面的一页谁去替它翻开呢
指尖一阵阵刺痛 我感应到了生
梦 幻曲在老鼠的齿键上痛苦地演奏……

让吉他和热爱它的手指结合
会唱歌的星星会在每一个角落诞生
阳光颤动 空气清新地歌唱
生活充满音乐
世界不再为失去一个列农而悲哀
我真希望手里的弹花弓附上神力
不仅只弹破旧的棉絮
我弹 用真诚的振动
疏松思想 疏松感情
甚至疏松石头一样固执的偏见

贵州人民出版社 1985年5月
《诗刊》1984年
《星星》1983.4

如果我再抱起吉他
肯定会获得丰富的音色
手指以新的力度表现人生
音阶一度地展示丰满
未来以建筑般的情晰向我道近
不 这决不是想象
有一天 我的吉他会上舞台
在键光灯的鼓励下
弹响掌声 弹响倾慕
弹响持久的赞扬

※ 列农，英国出生的美国著名吉他歌手。1982年被一暴徒枪杀，全世界十多人为他哀悼。

黑色的雕像

——给一个铺柏油路面的青年来路工
黑色的溶液
在你手中喷洒
工作服上溅满了沥青
连阳光也变成黑色的了
雕塑着你的表情
黑色的
象这溶液一样滚烫

JDIES
RY

现实是严峻的
当车轮在泥坑里打滑
历史被迫在泥泞中爬行时
时代发出了召唤

你走上前去
双手接过工作证
接过一个崇高的使命

我们没有参加道路的设计
筑路的队伍中只有父辈的姓名
当青春的脚步

踩在前人的肩膀上走来
是抱怨道路的凹凸呢
还是动手把它铺平

你选择了后者
你选择了前者

一层沥青，一层碎石
在压路机沉重的节奏中
缓慢地向前推进

这是今天对昨天的补充啊
铺平坎坷的前途
一条全天候公路
从你手上艰难地延伸……

望着平坦的路面
你露出了笑意

笑纹展开
一条高速公路般的坦平
一辆辆汽车从你身边驰过
喇叭声在向你丈夫致敬
你晶莹的贝齿是两组琴键
目光恳求着你总不肯开口
一任沉默延长预奏的时间
为听它 我从很远的地方走来
一步一个血印 写下我的思念
为听它 我守候了多少个日子
节日开放又凋谢了 散了一地花瓣
一次次 我以为你要应允我了
你抿嘴一笑 又把琴盖关得严严
你不知道我是容易满足的孩子吗
只要一颗糖就能甜蜜我的意愿
睫毛扇动疑惑 你似在沉思
第一次 少女的矜持是一种尊严
等待是一种体验 我等待着
等待中 人随季节一天天瘦了
爱却随月轮一天天丰满 我等待着

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等待是一种体验 我等待着
等待中 人随季节一天天瘦了
爱却随月轮一天天丰满 我等待着

分开年华

有腰肢的
力内敛
石。
能的烟
候。一

泌肉感
缭绕。
天折自
植物，

身返回
气是留

如溺水
而风景

有根可

无穷纠
居之。

于那些
摸现在
寂静。
皮肤相
官经由

于悬

· 周伦佑 ·

狼 谷

——组诗之三

白 狼

那只白狼跳着狐步舞在屋脊上
长嗥总躲不开那长长的尾巴
采着一个谜语似在提醒我什
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着
你有过这样一个夜晚吗摇着雪
花霜花或是月光似的白色进
入你最初的意识想想看不是
昨天不是去年还要早还要更
早想象这样一个夜晚你在你
喜欢的一个地方是一个孩子
那是一间屋子真暗远远的我看
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
我每一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雪白漂
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
灯光击倒我斑马线的屋顶晃动
着一种印象一种美丽的形状
那只白狼是从海上走来的走
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
现在请你用手轻轻揭起海的皮
肤下面的那只动物不会咬你
那只两头动物决不会咬你母
亲今晚就是被它吞噬的现在
请你试着用手把那两个头分
开不要说出你看见了谁的脸
屋脊上狐步舞跳着那只白狼走
远了长长的尾巴一寸一寸断
在风中变成一只只蜂鸟飞上
飞下一座古塔种植在泛着蓝
光的湖泊中央有谁去收获那
些成熟的风铃呢那些甜甜的
玎玲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弯刀
沙漠没有水困死船帆蔚蓝的波涛挥舞鸥鸟
海岸线射出一座座岛屿浮沉 任 他 去

下通
夜

根而走

明之岸
的归宿
一衣带水

倾
起……

祭事

狂奔四野

一九八六年七月

人

●周伦佑

日

A

少女的腹部使感觉富有弹性。

多雾的手弥漫开来，缓缓托起破碎的岛屿。我竭力回忆着，总记不起那遗忘了的。

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。

半明半暗的光线中，龟甲的裂纹显示出一个古怪的图象，

那么我是一只鹿吗？那么我是一只鸟头人身的怪物吗？

记忆是从尖巧的喙上开始的；

记忆是从分叉的角上开始的；

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
潮的时候，记起晶体关门的时候。龟背上陌生的植
转过脸去，一只文身的狮子在伤口上徘徊。



那么我是一只鸟吗？



记忆更深远了。记起太阳涨
物一株株折断又生合，幻象

B

第七日。这是受难的日子。

石刻的尾巴摆动。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。一只手疯狂地追打着滚动的岩石。

爆 裂

我

开 来

回声在一个球体上消失了。第一声喟叹使浑沌的意识渐渐清澈。四时肢解我。窗户打开使我成为内外。我的周围有了无底的景深。

森林里的风把古老的语言给我，那是人与兽之间的语言，每一个音节都有石磨与火烧的痕迹。一座座废墟在我嘴里站起来又跌倒象征另一种苦难。

这是我酷的馈赠。

树根腐烂了，枝叶依然新鲜，且要开花，且要结果。站着，用微笑向行刑者表示感激。

我的眼里有沙，舌尖上有火。温柔载舟，皮肤从树上一圈圈荡开，再也收不回了，无根的漂泊从此开始。

简单的洗礼，使我有了一个便于通辑的名字。

C

想起来了。

那只九条尾巴的白狐狸确实被我撞见过。它在我面前站定，然后跳起一种很古怪的献步舞。缓缓白狐/九尾庞庞/我家嘉夷/来宾为王。那首古歌的预言没有实验。没有人独给我河图，没有人赠我玉简。我的气质却因此而起了变化，我有了一种不同常人的感觉。

采下瑶姬的叶子细细的嚼着，涂山的女儿开始对我笑了。

D

我毕竟获得了一种形式。

让内容消失，整个世界只剩下了神圣的抽象。

我却具体的活着。

那只手修改着我，如推敲一种文体。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。

时间如弹性的盐，蚕食着我的肉体，咸味却在我嘴里。偶然的抛掷使我沦为荒诞。只好把自己抛掷出去，让内容消失——

当我渡海时，影子被礁石咬碎了；

当我痴恋时，心被柔情击伤了；

翻过一页挂历，撕破了我的脸；

碰坏一个花瓶，跌破了我的头。

地平线汹涌

解我。窗户打开

有石磨与火烧的

刑者表示感激。
也收不回了，无根

一种很古怪的献
实验。没有人独
司常人的感觉。

一下笔，都使我敏

我沦为荒诞。只好

只剩下了形式。

活着就是练习死。为了那唯一的一次演出。当铃声响过帷幕拉开，如赴一次约会，我轻松地走上那手，以一个漂亮的动作自高台跃入永恒……

感觉在起跳之前就已获得了。

E

一日三濯纓

我和他一样是有洁癖的男人。

(而且爱诗，在同一天子诞生)

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。

玉笥山前，虽留下九畹兰、百亩蕙，但真正留给我的只有这一江水。

(滔滔孟夏，草木莽莽

浑浊的河流在那瞬间清澈后依旧浑浊)。

传说要等到我来并怀石自沉水才会变清，

只是浅多了。我永远错过了使它清澈的机会。

任它流吧

采摘着江边的菱荷与蒹葭，我却没有他那时的心情。浅浅的江上，也有鱼父符舟，唱着一首熟悉的歌——

沧浪之水清兮

可以濯吾纓

沧浪之水浊兮

可以濯吾足

任它流吧

F

不要为你的脚不能两次涉过同一条河流而惋惜。一切的第一次都是最神圣的。

第一次偷吃禁果；

第一次亵渎上帝；
第一次越过界碑——

所有的偷渡都是从嘴唇开始的

渴望已久了，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，使你心跳；引而不发，使你成为狂躁的猎物。

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。哪怕果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。

所有的偷渡都是从嘴唇开始。

（白桦林照亮身后的小路

每一句话都有金黄的叶子飞舞

回音浑厚的摆着 你的长发飘着

一匹雪白的马独自走进荒原深处）

你想起交浪的脚。

三千里路如绷紧的弦，一抖便断了，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。

所有的偷渡都是从嘴唇开始的。

步入迷津，一路踩响初恋的弦。步入迷津，当喷泉眩耀如花束在头顶开放，铃声如雨，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。

（惚兮恍兮，其中有象；恍兮惚兮，其中有物。恍恍惚惚中，庄周翩翩的走来，两眼仍做着千年前的那个梦）

自从老子留下道德五千言，出函谷而不知所终，庄周追随他，常作逍遥。

我向他请安，他似乎没听见。

我大喝一声：“你还迷在你那个栩栩然的蝴蝶梦中吗！”

他边走边回敬我道：

“梦饮酒者，旦而哭泣；梦哭泣者，旦而田猎；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，猝焉然知之。君乎，牧乎，固哉！子也与女，皆梦也；予谓女梦，亦梦也。”

终于开口了。他一说话就不回头，就象银河决堤一般漫无边际，高深莫测。

我也在做梦。不妨梦中有梦，便向他打听那位神秘女性的去处。

庄周用手缥缈的一指——

“藐姑射之山，有神人居焉。肌肤若冰雪，绰约若处子；不食五谷，吸风饮露；乘云气，御飞龙，而游于四海之外。”

真有那山那人吗？我再问。庄周闭上眼睛，讲起寓言来了：

“知北游于玄水之上，登隐之丘，而适遭无为谓焉。以道问无为谓，三问而无为谓不答也。非不答；不知答也。”

“知不得问，反于白水之南，登狐阙之上，而睹狂屈焉，狂屈曰：唉！予知之。将语若，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。载载奔。凤兮凤兮的歌拖在身后，很长，象一条五彩的尾翎。

庄周不过是蝴蝶的思想

蝴蝶不过是庄周的翅膀

85年7月3日——7月19日

一张弓，引而不发，

为英雄。哪怕果敢的

为英雄。用贝多芬的

的山峰一座座跌

页开放，铃声如雨，
音火了，叮冬的泉声

翩的走来，两眼仍

遥。

周伦佑

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了某一个化名

2

随便走上去那些漠视的脸拍翅飞散了不等你开口
第二次回过头来仍然暧昧的手势使你顿时苍老百岁

3

你为此而来阿戈拉彩色柱廊刻有你的名字你前来
认领星相学家发现你母亲有希腊血统只是鼻子不很
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。看藻
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而孤独。你站在山顶
看海。说天空润滑。说猫性感。说所有的高度都是深度

5

那一掌好重局外人的碑上也印下了深深的指痕台
阶也是栅栏走上去就别想出来别想自由自在地咆哮
驯兽的鞭子把你抽成斑马不知不觉变得温良草原很宽
你向远天放步而去总跑不出背上的条纹裸麦放荡迷你裙
的夜晚你彻底发烧守夜醒来一声虎啸所有的城门挂满人头

6

因此你不能潇洒的亡命潇洒的作一次纯粹的旅行
捡起秦汉的砖头一块敲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失的少女在荆棘丛生的罪恶中
洗手蓝铃花清浅的回忆使斧斤难以启齿你继续走过一片空
地露水在你身后眸子般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进来的那一瞬间有人离你而去蓝马离你而去你身上长满鸚鵡
教堂的钟声敲响七下灵魂之门打开在你匍伏的那一刻有人赤裸着出浴凤尾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祈祷之时案头的经书自己翻开龟背的墓葬自己翻开勿需诅咒黄金面具自行瓦解
第七下钟声响过蜡烛显出星形图案点燃手指你成为第七座烛台

8

一条鱼便是一条河流 勿庸置疑 这些嘴曾构成你的经验 踏上第八级台阶你便决堤了 惊心动魄的沉默接纳百川 使珊瑚出海 水旱茂盛 一望无边的睡眠如临冬的秋叶 让马蹄踏过 让雁阵飞过 你依然枕着如歌的行板 独自挥霍月色梅花 黄老之道在于酒在药与白云之间 目送飞鸿 手挥五弦 疏林泉石伴你逍遥如贫贱夫妻 逃不出鱼的男人最终捕于网 捕于最平淡的那种关系 五千只铜雀一齐啄剥 喙角流出血来 至今怕见江南梅雨

9

这是形而下的描述如火焰的钟鼎 那些铭文煮熟 科蚪使孔子早泄 而痛苦是形而上的无法倾吐 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 不知哪片花瓣雪崩 你只觉得天暗下来 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 在你睡醒树长耳朵之前天空已织成绷带把你固定在手术台上 太阳灯翻开你的皮肤第九页上才找到你的父亲 面容已模糊不清了 你看见那扇窗打开有人抽象地相视而笑 一些人模仿达荷美木雕 手鼓腹泻不止

10

蒙住半边脸的苹果冷热不和一次次玄黄之变使你再不敢放任自己 三千名陶俑排列于左右撮土为城 拥你为最高首领你突然失踪了一夜间所有的主义为你降下半旗 禅让起于舜尧 上古的美德一节节变硬 你把权杖当长笛吹奏独自指挥着羊群的方阵 从青铜开始经过铁手指敲打出白银的香味 炼丹的秘方失传金子还是准时出现成为广泛的音阶 无孔之笛无常 蒙住半边脸的苹果阴差阳错你常常便血 无冕之冕使你难免傲慢之罪 嵇康死于琴伯牙死于高山流水 千年之后而你感觉到琵琶已完成其十面埋伏 只等你来便乱箭齐发又见乌江又见乌江蒙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
不透的禅机无始无终 你通体如风流转 风景关上
你便开了八方的开 不见接你的船队吹响螺号 归期
遥遥 第十遍旗语之后白龟虎跳而至 丁当的环佩和月
光把你惊醒 一见贝壳吐出沉船你便恶心 苦海无底 目
光华丽的年龄你得意忘象 又一轮回 五朵莲花弃你而去显
出倦慵的睡态 没人与你同行 花园之角倒悬于头顶喧哗有落
英缤纷 伊壁鸠鲁之桶没能将你渡向彼岸 千山入定多雾之手点
化你不解之惑 终有一条路引你回到自身 走出眼睛情欲之外的又
一奇迹在鹿野验证 无因之缘无花 无因之果无核 无树的菩提之下
你任六根裸露 做众树之姿 彻悟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一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装牵着披肩
的风景在墙壁上移动那些姑娘峰王着漂亮到处伸出插
满针的腿针眼很小你象一头骆驼在嘴唇间穿来穿去经过
一千零一夜的黑暗没有一次结局圆满等来戈多那些腰真窄
一侧身就可以跨进去想象里面十分宽敞只记得那顿玻璃午餐
在一月的第一个早晨触及酒杯象牙筷子就敏感地黑了你躲很远
斟酒的主人始终没有露面最后一次挽留反讽的锋芒插满你的背脊
你硬着头皮冒充刺猬冒充披着兽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看见不是毒蛇的另一种诱惑剪纸诅咒着神圣
女人臀围的圆周率使你入迷反复演算定值只是近似园规被你跑断了双脚
不见血的花瓶很白很软曾擦拭过而今碎了大腿的建筑拒你于门外径自荒芜

13

站上来就不要再犹豫 站稳 让颅骨在你周围陷
落把你暴露于空旷的打击之下很多伟人就是这样被
洞穿的 般舶失踪的地方十字形的耶稣升起来 不见
节日复活你又被钉上了十三之数 抽去脚下的文字那个
文身的女巫在风暴中出现了 弦外之音使你的企鹅纷纷跳
海 希鲁兹伯里石圈手拉手踏起了环形舞步 创世之夜向八
个方向设置六十四道假门 让众神之车通过 你成为静观的困
兽 在外那块神秘的克尔白石用沉默控制着全局 石头的旋涡手
纹般泛滥 踏遍你的全身 杀出矩阵的重围 那个女人骑着风暴走
远了 留下一片高原任你跑马 荆棘欣然自焚化人众鸟的飞翔 浆果
打开宝藏让蒙面大盗自由进出 般若无知 清明之境从睡眠深处唤起卷
耳 十三次意淫之后杨花飞雪 十三次犯罪冲动之上一个使徒诞生 比萨
斜塔被直觉矫正成为另一种奇观 走完十三级台阶你已不再是语言的人了

(86年4月5日四五运动十周年完稿于西昌农专)

非非主义(四川)

【艺术自释】

非非主义宣言(1986)

新诗的历史是世界文学思潮在中国产生冲击并久久回旋的历史。当前新诗探索的使命是建设独立于世界的真正中国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) 我们要拆除感觉活动中的语义障碍。因为它使诗人与世界按语义的方式隔绝。唯有消除掉这个障碍，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) 我们要拆除意识屏幕上语义网络构成的种种界定。因为它阻挡在诗人的直觉体验与意识之间，干扰和涂抹着非文化的意识平面，使诗人的体验与意识因语义界定的楔入而彼此绝缘，导致非文化意识的缺如甚至丧失，扭转这一过程，便是我们声称的意识还原。

3) 文化语言都有僵死的语义。只适合文化性的确定

运算，它无力承担前文化经验之表现。我们要揭发语义的板结性，在非边界地使用语言时，废除它们的确定性，在非文化地使用语言时，最大限度地解放语言。这就是我们打包票一定要实验到底的语言还原。

二、非非主义与语言

由于语言顽强地体现着由群体累积而成的文化传统，在使用语言进行诗歌创作时，我们坚持对语言施以三度程序的非非处理——

- 1) .我们拿定主意要超越“是”与“非”的两值价值评价，使所用语言在非两值定向化的处置中，获得多值乃至无穷值的开放性，赋予语言新的更加丰富的表现力。
- 2) .在诗歌创作中，我们将致力于革除语言的抽象病。非抽象化地处置语言，扫除语言抽象中的概念性质，在描述中清洗推理和推理中的判断，是我们对语言的又一种强硬态度。
- 3) .语义确定是使语言丧失活力的致命伤。我们要将语言推入非确定化。在不确定语境的建设和变幻中，我们将使那些些老化的语言，因多义性不确定性多功能性的失而复得，而重新焕发几多返老还童之光。

三、非非主义与批评

由于第一次地将诗歌批评与诗人的创造机制联系在一起，我们宣布我们为世界首次推出了创造批评法。从感觉方面，我们的批评指向文化语义感觉、情绪、模仿、习惯、定型型感觉的清除与否，从意识方面我们的批评指向表层集体意识（现实性文化价值意识如功利知识观念等）的清除与否，指向深层集体意识（继承性文化价值意识如理性逻辑定型和半定型意象等）的清除与否，从语言方面

我们的批评指向定质抽象词语、两值倾向词语及传统修辞词汇的清除与否。要言之，我们的批评指向一切非创造因素的清除与否或者程度怎样。

一种新的觉悟性。我们自己带着自己，把立足点抽进了前文化的世界。那是一个非文化的世界，它比文化更丰厚更辽阔更远大！充满了创化之可能。它过去诞生过文化，它现在和将来还将层出不穷地诞生出更新文化更新文化！我们的批评崇尚对这个世界的自由出入。

（网伦佑、蓝马执笔）

【成立时间】1986年5月4日。

【主要成员】

周伦佑 (34岁)	蓝马 (29岁)	杨黎 (24岁)
敬晓东 (24岁)	刘海 (25岁)	何小竹 (23岁)
吉木狼格 (23岁)	二毛 (23岁)	李亚伟 (23岁)
李瑶 (24岁)	小安 (22岁)	陈小繁 (25岁)
杨萍 (22岁)	程小蓓 (24岁)	

【作品集】

《非非》(1~2期,铅印)、《非非评论》(铅印)。

孟浪、徐敬亚注，根据我们对“非非主义”诗群的理解，

对他们当年提供的作品选目，做了一些增补与调整。我们认为“非非主义”的理论主张带有“泛文化”的色彩，而非严格意义上的诗歌理论。因此，对部分作者，我们侧重以他们作为独立诗人在近年中的创作情况进行编选。(88.5)

文化与价值
文化与价值

●周伦佑

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

当某一个瞬间你突然成为自己的身外之物，再回过头来，全部文化赖以建立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透澈再也不会被遮蔽了。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。走进一座座神殿，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。即使每五百年出现一个圣人，那些偶像破坏者砸碎的也只是偶像，基石却完美无缺地保存了下来；另一个人走上去，人类又有了新的偶像。任何想抽去这块石头的念头都使意动者首先站立不稳。这块神圣的，人和他的神赖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。那些皓首银发的脑袋，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性的世界。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塞进厌听的耳朵。脑袋是至高无上的。按照它的设想，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？从这一端把活生生的牛群赶进去，另一端出来的已是一听听罐头了，多

了不起的进步！这是一种有组织的宰杀，有组织的腌制，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。又一代人眼看着脑袋越来越大，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，螿人的蜂群铺天盖地，给每一个屁股刺上文明的标记。整个世界越来越深地陷入金属、符号和结构中。

就在这个过程中，人开始反抗了。他的觉醒是从屁股开始的，并由屁股表现出来——

●周伦佑

记

立的膝盖都在显示天启；它物馆。既使每象破坏者砸碎决地保存了下了新的偶卡都使意动者人和他的神鞭东西。

的宰杀，有标准下进行，并开始这来越大，渐声道变成多，蟹人的蜂群明的标记。整寻和结构中。抗了。他的觉现出来——

这是一个非理性符号的动词表达，直指向制度化的理性秩序。脑袋的统治已经太久了，从宗教时代起就是由它在发号施令的。现在不过变换了另一张脸谱。还是那一根权杖（用来压抑人的原始本能的），甚至比握在上帝手中时更有力，也用得更勤了。脑袋的容积和尊严如超额的负荷，使历史头重脚轻，终于会有的一次颠覆已不可避免了。哪里有脑袋的统治，哪里便有不安于坐椅的屁股。这是一群生而惯于跑跳的动物，教授们却派定它坐的姿势，并要它永远这样坐下去。事情再也明白不过了：理性强加于屁股的体系，只能用屁股予以摧毁！不可避免的一场战争——不仅是两代人之间的。愤怒开始集聚。趁脑袋的统治松懈之机，屁股们便反抗起来，这是肉性的反抗；无选择的反思考扭转肉体促成一次反义词的暴动——成千上万精力过剩的屁股扭动过来，使摇滚乐成为一代人的集体宗教，成为音乐和语言和舞蹈和性和毒品的枢纽。当40万青春男女的屁股集聚起来举行他们盛况空前的节日时，这一反抗达到了高潮。

脑袋的统治出现了危机。但这已不是第一次了。更早的时候，这颗理性之头就已感到了剧烈的疼痛。

1909年，从但丁额头里蹦出来的马里内蒂挥出了第一记直拳。这个崇拜机器的人感到了逻辑和道德的力量，但是最使他喘不过气来的还是那一座座阴冷的博物馆和里面展出的石雕、木雕和金镂的面具。这是一种文化的象征。装饰着精美浮雕的墙壁朝一代代创造者压过来，把他们变成拙劣的临摹者和模仿者。现在他们要借助机器旋转的力、运动的力、速度的力来推倒那些墙壁；他要来一次大扫除，他宣告：——我们要摧毁一切博物馆、图书馆和科学院！

这个蛊惑者以他冷酷的金属之心召唤新的邪恶，坦率的邪恶之光从他的眼里、嘴里迸发出来，他说：“艺术，说到底，不能不

是暴力，残酷和邪恶。”这一切都集中在他身上。他赞美机器，他本身就是机器，就是本世纪划时代的一项大发明。他代表大破坏，也代表大美——新的力量和新的音响的运动形式。他就是新的邪恶！

在那些文化卫道者眼里，他更是十恶不赦的暴徒。他怂恿他的快乐的纵火者们用火点燃图书馆的书架，焚毁博物馆的古董，烧着美术馆的画廊……恰好意大利是历史悠久的，它有众多的图书馆、博物馆和美术馆。在崇古的习性中，连废墟也是民族的骄傲。他却要摧毁这些意大利和人类的骄傲！

他最激烈的反文化思想体现在他对语言的态度上——已经不仅仅是一种态度了，他的疯狂的智慧和破坏性的创造力在这里爆出了最刺心的光芒，以至几十年后的今天，他的思想仍具有动人心魄，夺人眼目的魅力。

语言的局限艺术家们早就感觉到了，不同时代的笔也都表现过不同程度的不满；文艺复兴时代的作家不满词汇的单调，通过译介古希腊作品以丰富词汇；古典主义作家不满修饰的滥用，提倡简洁和明晰；浪漫主义不满语言的规范化，追求新奇和多变；象征主义不满语言的明晰，强调歧义和暗示性。这一切都是在语言中进行的，并未触及语言的根本。只是到了他，这个独一无二的马里内蒂，才把这种不满变成公开的反抗。作为诗人，他第一个站到语言之上，对语言进行了粗暴的践踏，“毁弃句法”！“取消形容词”！“取消副词”！他公然向语言宣战了（取消标点符号也是从他开始的），这真正是前无古人的行为。语言并没有因此而被摧毁，因为他打击的不是语言本身，而是包含于语言中的被他视为直接心理成份的那些东西。消灭了语言中的“我”，剩下一物质的语言——一个物质的世界，这便是他耗尽毕生精力获得然后慷慨地抛赠给更多人的文化替代物。

又一场文化暴乱也是由艺术家发动

的。当查拉用刀尖从一本词典里挑出两个字：DaDa，一个极端的反传统艺术运动便很快在无国界的欧洲蔓延开来，并以它骄横的否定性形象引起艺术内外的骚动。

达达产生于一种普遍的厌恶。厌恶这个被战争拉锯的世界，厌恶种种教条，厌恶因袭的感情，厌恶知识积木活动，也厌恶那些平庸艺术家的平庸艺术。可以说，达达艺术家们比萨特早几十年就感到恶心了。他们的艺术反叛便是一次集体的呕吐行动！

在现代文化史上，达达是一次最彻底的否定行动。查拉的话便是它的宣言：“让每个人喊出：有一件破坏和否定的伟业要做。清除吧扫荡吧！”扫荡什么呢？达达怀疑一切，他们先验地把怀疑置于一切行动之前，置于一切思考之上。这不是一件难事，只要你闭上眼睛，便可以无所顾忌了。空气象刀子一样锋利。你不满意的事物纷纷倒下。只有一个声音：你们的希望——什么也没有；你们的政治——什么也没有；你们的英雄——什么也没有；你们的艺术——什么也没有……所以我来了！达达就这样在虚无的背景上放大了它的影象

这是创世之初吗？一切事情都将重新开始，任何一个人站上讲台都有充足的两分钟体会一下上帝的神圣。但是，他们将用什么代替那些烫金的经典呢，是一片废墟和废墟之上重复的废墟吗？

达达否认人类有共同的心理基础，否认共通的人类情感，否认普遍的法则，也否认人与人之间一切可能的交流。道德是圈套，是理性制造的瘟疫；逻辑是桎梏，是永远的谬误。沾上眼球的一切都是虚假的。一句话，除了艺术家骑他的玩具木马（即他的达达）之外，没有一样东西是可信的。

只有DaDa！这是唯一可靠的字母，这是唯一美妙的发音。除此之外，其他的一切都值不得留意。什么是美？不知道。什么是伟大的风格？不知道。什么是我？不知道。什么是什么？不知道。不知道。不知道。

——消灭记忆：达达！

——消灭考古：达达！

——消灭未来：达达！

自由：达达，达达，达达。煮死腐败的太阳，以憎恶否定憎恶，竭尽全力以毁灭活动进行抗议就是达达。

这样，我便把达达描述为一种废墟崇拜——制造废墟，赞美废墟，复制废墟，推广废墟，普及废墟，为废墟而废墟。人的废墟和物的废墟。将文化变为废墟，在废墟上创造艺术，以废墟为艺术，这便是它的全部手段。为此，永恒笑影中的蒙娜·丽莎便成了他们反复亵渎的对象：第一次在嘴唇上画上胡须；第二次在胸前开了抽屉；第三次往颈上挂一串钥匙……随后在一次美展上引起哄动的作品《泉》竟是一个尿斗，画家把它颠倒过来钉在木板上写上“R·Mutt”的字样，便堂而皇之地送展了。它集中体现了达达的艺术态度。

更深刻的危机表现在哲学中。这是一种逼向天地而不得要领反身来撕裂自己的胸膛以探个究竟的清醒，从东方到西方，久远而宽广。没有一个问题不是被思考过的。反复思考，大脑对脑袋的怀疑。智慧对文化的困惑是根深蒂固的。

如果由我来写一部“反文化史”，我一定从老庄写起。有着古老文明的中国，同时是反文化思想的发源地。早在上古时期，中华文化就已进入了它的灿烂之午，在这样的背景上，老、庄具有的高度的怀疑精神和否定意识，确实是智慧的一个奇迹。

老、庄同属那种先知型的哲人。早于我们几千年，他们就超前地体察到了现代人的文化困惑，并在标准的意义上提出了反文化的主张。老庄反对一切人为之事，这自然包括文化。更具体一些，老子说：“五色令人目盲，五音令人耳聋”，文化是一种麻醉剂，它把人变成瞎子、聋子。老子不仅反对当时的伦理观念（绝仁弃义），也反对传统的理性法则（绝圣弃智），认为人的一切皆

死腐败的
以毁灭活

中废墟崇拜
墟,推广废
的废墟和物
上创造艺
部手段。为
了他们反复
上胡须;第
项上挂一串
共动的作品
颠倒过来钉
便堂而皇
艺术态度。

这是一种
自己的胸膛
方,久远而
过的。反复
对文化的困

史”,我一
中国,同时
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子不仅反对
也反对传统
人的一切道

苦都是文化造成的,只有抛弃了学问文化,才能免于忧患(绝学无忧),庄子走得更远,他把反文化的老子推向极端,明确提出“灭文章,散五采”,主张取消一切文化。在人类思想史上,庄子是第一个触及人的物化处境的哲学家。不知是一种先验的直觉还是代神预言,在那古代的东土他就提出了反物化的哲学命题:“物物而不物于物”,“胜物而不伤”,“不以物挫志”,“不以物害己”,总之,“不陷于物”。这一切都无济于事,他认为人的“物化”命运已无法扭转。既然人已被物化,得救之途只有一:毁弃自己的四肢,抛掉自己的聪明,脱离自己的本体,忘掉知识(堕肢体,黜聪明,离形弃知),谓之坐忘。还有比这更彻底的解决吗?真是一种无我的洒脱,非梦蝶之庄周不能为也!

这种对于文化的困惑一直延续了下来。痛苦源源不断。已经困惑的正在困惑并且继续困惑,终于使困惑成为十九世纪以来的普遍情绪。

- 道德对生命本能的压制(尼采)
- 劳动的异化,人失去他的本质而成为物(马克思)
- 存在的冥暗(海德格尔)
- 超我对本我(伊德)的压抑(弗洛伊德)

——他人就是地狱(萨特)
——当马克思和弗洛伊德通过马尔库塞而握手,现代社会的全部罪恶便被归结为文明对爱欲的压抑,解放爱欲,用享乐原则对抗现实原则,便成为一代人的信条。

这样,文化危机便先于屁股而被一些大脑酝酿、肯定的意识普遍倒转。人不管是作为社会动物还是符号动物,总是一种异在。人在说话和动作的时候不自觉地背离了自己,距离本真的我越来越远。先觉者开始在文化之外寻找自我,并把真实定义为既有文化准则之外的存在。这时,人类的自我对质往往采取

两种形式:反思或反抗,前者是大脑的、智慧的、冷峻的;后者是肉体的、感性的、躁动的。发生在六十年代的“反文化”运动便是一场肉性对理性的反叛,它的标志是屁股——偏向于舞蹈的活力和激情。作为一种自觉的否定运动,它最强烈的动力来自主动留在整个主流文化之外,但生活在这种文化的阴影中的人们。这是一些为富裕所迫(以往的造反者往往是为贫困所迫)的离心份子,他们大多家境富足,受过高等教育,但不是精英,而是一群乌合之众。他们杂乱无章地迷恋马克思和神秘主义,毛泽东和《易经》,政治和大麻,革命和摇滚乐。没有目标而造反,没有纲领而拒绝,没有未来应当如何的理想而不接受现状。我们与他们之间存在着他妈的什么理由!(不要这些声音!)这一声拒绝使演唱《欢乐颂》的乐队张口结舌;(废除道德法庭!)更多的脚跟敲打着广场,激动震撼着肉体 and 肉体中物质化的灵魂……

一位西方当代文化学者曾这样评论:在政治上把自由推向极端的是暴君和无政府主义者;在精神上是诗人和艺术家;在生活方式上是当代嬉皮士——“垮掉一代”。这一命名恰他们年纪轻轻就进入了历史,在主要功绩一栏醒目的写着两个字:破坏。

语言破坏

对文化的怀疑是从语言开始的。当人希望对世界作更深入的探究时,一些熟悉的词语挡住了他的去路——人通过文化烛照自然,文化则把一个语言的世界还给了人类。一切努力都只能到此为止。更透澈的觉悟竟发现连自己也成了符号,现实中的我在某种程度上只是一种语义界说,被派定在某一语言系统中,作为一个无足轻重的名词,被形容词修饰才能获得某种意义,配上动词才能行动。如果说这之前的艺术家们感觉到的是语

言的局限，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，只要你还在使用语言，你就仍然处于语言的役使之下。“语言的界限意味着我的世界的界限”，维特根斯坦不是随口说出这句话的。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，要想冲出我们居于其中的这间玻璃房子的四壁是完全、绝对地无指望的。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，但是新的语言仍是语言。这样，摆脱困境的方法还是回到了语言中。这便是海德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。实验文学在语义上造成的混乱，打破了专横的语言形象对人的悟性的压制。句法的消灭，词和句的碎裂，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，颠倒、混淆、矛盾、粗俗、赤裸、自褒自贬、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，因为现有的语言秩序早已成了控制、灌输和欺骗的工具，必须坚决废止！持这种主张的往往是诗人，他们是最彻底的离经叛道者。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义上的革命成份。这是根据：语言的本质就是要抛弃符号的基本意向，超越自我，在它意指的东西中抑制自己，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，必须要找到（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，弃置于语言建筑的某个角落或底层，很少被使用，有的干脆被禁止使用。解放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“花孩”，花表示爱）。这就不仅仅是一种反讽，而是对权力的蔑视和嘲笑了。

——创造生词、新词，形成自己的亚文化语言，例如：用“草”指大麻，用“酸”指迷幻药，用“远足”指吸毒后的迷幻体验等等。

——有组织的使用脏话、粗话，把其加诸高雅事物：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。诗歌他妈的！哲学他妈的！艺术他妈的！天堂和地狱，开头和结尾他妈的！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，犹如往河床里增加了几块石头，众口如流不舍昼夜，终会把这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。形式是否定，是对混乱、强暴、苦难的征服，即使是在它呈现混乱、强暴、苦难的时候。在这种过程

皮拒于主流
个角落或底
上使用。解
没有谁能
的否定：

坏高雅文化
暴警察，借
自称“花
是一种反

自己的亚文
，用“酸”
的迷幻体验

话，把其加
统，用取自
玫瑰、巴赫
的！艺术他
他妈的！这

的破坏产生
了几块石头。
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家也是强调
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如我们每个
不是某个整
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而是它们的
中，只有美
式是否定，
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在这种过程

中，艺术通过否定不自由而维护自由的形
象，它同时维护了自己，并据此而与现实分
庭抗礼。

新艺术家们并不满足于这种激进，他们
有新的源头。在这里，摔碎的镜子无法还
原。他们以碎片作为纲领。他们看到：现代
社会是以现实的分解作为特征的，这种分解
使任何形式的体系和意图都显得不真实，即
使并非不可能。拼凑、粘贴、镶嵌、原作改
写，甚至直接使用现成品，都被认为是真实
的反映：因为这个支离破碎的现实是无法造
形的。他们否认艺术与生活之间有任何差别。
过去艺术是一种经验，现在一切经验都要成
为艺术。这种新艺术为反映一个主体和客体
同时消解，同时被剥夺了话语和形象的世界
提供了一面最直接的镜子；对形式的再分解
又把镜子变成了碎片，直到最后和现实一同
粉碎、消失。

因此，新艺术家们反对升华，主张原欲
的初级宣泄。这首先意味着返回直接性，解
放受压抑的感性，并使它开动起来——从感
性到感性的原因艺术！反对故作高深，追求
粗野、混乱、滑稽。前者通过象征使现实艺
术化，使艺术形式化，置换出一些虚假的场
景；这便是理想化的世界和它的艺术。伸手
看见五指，总抓不住具体的人和事物。总隔
着一朵花，使食物难以下咽。捣碎象征的器皿，
让肉体在卵石上享受赤裸的午餐。无拘无束
的赤裸。直接地张口，直接地喊叫，直接地发
怵流眼泪直接妈妈的哭，努力使诗和艺术
和生活成为一种肉感经验的泛形式表达。不
要形式。消灭那些暗示和隐喻。松动肉体的
艺术便象失去贞操的女孩从此来得直接了当。

最后是反对风格。这些反文化者的激烈
行为，表明他们反对的不是这一种或那一
种风格，而是反对一切风格，即风格本身。他
们把风格视为资产阶级的文化标记，是资产
阶级文化的一种偏袒。诗人艺术家强调风格，
是为了显示自己与众不同，以便把自己和大

众区别开来——进而与大众疏远隔绝成为象
牙之塔中的贵族。现在他们要来填平这人为
的鸿沟。也许这时支配他们的是吸毒和参
禅时获得过的那种无个人心理内容的抽象感
觉和经验。他们要艺术也和他们一道迷幻、
入定。在埋葬风格的地方，他们开始异口同
声的嚎叫，并把这宣布为新世纪的诞生。他
们就这样把艺术家降为普通的角色，用优越
感撩脚。使艺术家和普通人没有区别。使艺
术家和艺术家没有差别。使艺术和生活没有
差别。这正是他们要告诉人们的：无风格的
艺术对应于无个性的人群，这个世界本来就
是千人一面的。

感觉破坏

这虽然是在肉体中进行的，但它无疑代
表了“反文化”最彻底的一面。旁若无人
的一步之后，“反文化”便由少数人的愤慨变
成为广大的动作；使众多的脚步加入了进
来。这也是一种艺术。不需要多少才华就可
创造出奇迹：自己的肉体 and 肉体。从上到
下的抚摸千篇一律，使感觉麻木松弛，不管
是哪一只手，男人女人都一样麻木。台上台
下都一样。生活和演戏谁分得清谁？随时准
备进入角色，随时准备走出角色，甚至根本就
没有打算过走出角色。反正是老一套的老一
套。这个世界是预先设计好的；爱与恨是预
先设计好的；每一举手抬足也都是预先设计
好的。千篇一律的动作，千篇一律的感觉，
这是广泛得多的问题。球已从少数几个人手
里传到青年中了。象热带植物一样蔓延的兴
奋成为新一代的宗教。这是肉体内的革命。是
对人类强加于肉体的种种禁忌的最后挑战。
他们对既有文化的憎恶如此之深，以致他们
不再信赖文字和其他符号，于是宣言让位于
表现，语言让位于行动，让位于有意义的姿
态——摇滚乐、迷幻剂、群居、同性恋……

总之，组织我们感觉的恶劣的机能主义必须粉碎！

这是更异端的行为。他们现在要做的是摧毁司空见惯的感觉方式，按照新的方式来看，来听，来感觉新的事物；把解除压制同废除普通的感觉联系起来。迷幻体验就包含着对社会自我的废除——一种人为的，短暂的废除。我在前面说过，这是一些被富裕所迫者，他们反对任何崇高的动机，也没有崇高的动机。无聊是最刺心的痛苦，但不知伤在何处，且无药可治。你改食一种植物，从未有过的空虚在身前身后、上下左右弥漫，一种生命无法承受之轻、无边无际、茫然无措之轻，使你既不能上升也不能下沉，你感到周围有一种力把你向四方拉扯，渐渐成为很薄的金属片，很宽很薄，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，但并没有获得新的东西。有一个例子可以说明这点：一位诗人每次吸毒之后都努力记下他的幻觉，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”！而这正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参禅。“反文化”运动的几位中坚人物都先后迷入了此道。这是东方式的神秘主义体验。通过止观静虑，使感觉集中于一点，然后放松，原有的感觉内容消失了，只觉通体澄明，一种无意识的清醒使你不知所以。这时的感觉已不具有任何对象、任何内容——感觉的内容消失之后只剩下了感觉形式，即某种纯粹的境界感，我称之为抽象感觉。这和吸毒致幻时的感觉是十分近似的：都是原有感觉内容的废止。道家的“物我两忘”、“天地与我并生，万物与我为一”，便是这种状态的最近似的描述。

反文化的一个重要特征是对肉感的推崇，故又有人称反文化为“肉感文化”、“性解

放”这一口号便是由这些肉体崇拜者喊的。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——几乎所有的反文化份子都被视为同性恋者。在接受《花花公子》杂志采访时，金兹伯林自豪地讲述了从一开始就使他与众不同的同性恋癖。其他人也是这样：直言不讳地同性恋标榜。从人们习以为常的异性恋到同性恋代表一种感觉的转换。对于前者，它表示一种破坏和中止；在后者，则意味着一种新的感受的探寻。这是一片完全陌生的情感之域，对于没有过类似经验的笔者和读者，也许永远也想象不出这种情感体验的特异性和震撼强度。但有一点可以肯定：同性恋的双方决不会都是以同性的角色入场的，一定要有一方被自我派定为第二性；也许还有经常的角色转换：一会儿A为男角，B为女角；一会儿A为女角，B为男角。这种转换不仅使旧的感觉内容无法复原，也使新的感觉系统不能建立。但它毕竟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受的探求永远是第一次的。反文化者们通过自己的肉体试验为人类打开了另一道感觉之门。

这里有一段插曲：当西方“反文化”风起云涌时，中国正在进行它的“文化大革命”。这仅是一种巧合，还是有某种内在联系的事件呢？国内目前对“文革”的研究，主要还是政治的，还停留于“总结经验教训”的阶段。真正文化史意义上的研究，至今尚未展开。偶尔凤毛麟角的一些见解，也是孤立地把“文革”作为一个典型的中国事件。国外学者则普遍地把“文革”看作是一场中国式的“反文化”运动。近年来，国内青年知识界也开始有人持此看法。对这种观点我是不同意的。但有一个问题长时间来一直使我困惑：是毛的“文化大革命”影响了西方的“反文化”运动，还是西方的“反文化”影响了毛？现在似乎可以判定：相互影响。萨特和汤因比对毛

本崇拜者喊出
主目的还是同
互动的标志—
现为同性恋者。
方时，金兹伯格
也与众不同的同
直言不讳地同性
同性恋到同性恋，
前者，它表示一
意味着一种新的
自生的情感之域，
和读者，也许永
的特异性和震撼
同性恋的双方决
的，一定要有一
许还有经常的角
B为女角；一会
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方“反文化”风
的“文化大革命”。
种内在联系的事
研究，主要还是
教训”的阶段。真
尚未展开。偶尔
孤立地把“文革”
国外学者则普
中国式的“反文
知识界也开始有
是不同意的。但
我困惑：是毛的
的“反文化”运
向了毛？现在似
博和汤因比对毛

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接触点不同，它们一开始就注定是两种决然相反的运动：——首先，“反文化”是一种自下而上的抗议活动，它是超政治的文化层次上的困惑的产物。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”则不是基于文化困惑（连政治的困惑也没有），更不是自发的，它是自上而下，由毛一人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”的重要内容之一是反权威。它不承认任何权威，反对一切权威，拒绝委身于任何价值、运动和人。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“大树特树绝对权威”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，它要求并实现官能的解放、肉感的解放，两性及同性关系的解放，“文化大革命”则是一个脑袋通过他的嘴操作众多的嘴对生命就战战兢兢的屁股的批判，是制度化理性与本来就被压抑着的生命本能的再压抑。其最终目的是把人变成无私无欲、不知不觉的革命螺丝钉。

——“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的，什么是不好的，一切全看我喜欢或不喜欢。每个人都可以这样说，每个人都可以这样做。“文化大革命”则奉一个主义一种思想为绝对真理，最最最之后加永远永远，再加“一句顶一万句”，理解的要执行，不理解的也要执行，最后发展成一种标准的现代宗教。

——最后，“反文化”导致文化的全面开放，对主流文化的冲击，使大众文化、黑人文化和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

文化专制进一步强化，形成前所未有的文化专制主义，演出了一幕由国人自编自导的，既不悲，也不喜，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”指向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、顿悟和众多的超验事实（人体特异功能）所超越；非理性已战胜并取代理性成为二十世纪哲学、心理学的主要思潮；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；语言经过破坏词汇量成倍地增加，大量俗语、俚语和下流话进入文学并成为新的传统，口语和文学语言的界限已不复存在。但是，我们仍感到身不由己。问题出在什么地方呢？

也许你们一开始就错了。你们的生存本能极敏感地觉察出了压抑，你们的否定本能便四处寻找压抑者。有一种说法：人是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，以后这种否定便成为生存的需要了。你们造出一个上帝，然后迫不及待地宣布它的死亡；你们好不容易迎来理性的曙光，很快又公布理性的罪状，反宗教、反王权、反道德、反逻辑、反科学……当这一切都被你们定罪之后，你们似乎觉得过去没找准对象。砍倒一棵树或几棵树并不解决森林的问题，必须点一把火——于是你们转向文化，把一切责任归之于它，并宣布你们最终找到了操作并压抑人类的元凶。

我说你们还是错了。每一次反文化之后，文化很快卷土重来，轻易地吞噬反文化者，然后收复失地，在暴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于文化无损。文化由于包容了你们而会有某些改变，但文化依然是文化。难道你们至今还不明白你们错在哪里吗？那躲在后面操作并使你们身不由己的并不是文化，而是隐身于文化中的价值系统。它构成文化的基础，但无声无形；它和文化一样古老，但隐藏得更深。你们的错误有时是由错觉造成的。价值操作而永远不在现场，你们便把在场的文化

抓住——因为它有迹可求（语言文字和其它符号和声像等）。这个误会现在该澄清了。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政见，而是价值观，我称他们为持不同价值者。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，使人类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 这是我施于价值的第一次规定。没有什么可以参照的。在我之前有关价值的各种说法皆是一派胡言。价值是太抽象了，以至不屑于显示它自己的存在。那些信口开河的嘴没有一张咬住了它的皮毛。滔滔不绝之辞流来流去。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。

这是我对价值的第一次命名！

B·11 勿需回避这样的事实：我面对的是一个朦胧的世界。许多人被价值所围绕而不识价值为何物。这样，我的界定便包含了价值启蒙。我的启蒙对象不仅是大众，更是专家学者即智识阶层的人们，通过价值启蒙澄清他们的浅薄无知不懂装懂自以为是断章取义人云亦云而造成的混乱；澄清他们自己就是混乱。

B·12 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了这个世界。观念操作观念，观念对抗观念，观念诋毁观念，观念阐释观念，观念分解观念，观念重复观念，把这个世界搅得晕头转向，恶心呕吐。多一种体系便多一分混乱。我的工作不是创立体系，而是清理混乱！

B·13 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“两值对立”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：

言文字和其它
在该澄清了。所
一个时代或一种
。反文化者与
是价值观，我
是文化内部的
的存在使文化
自我对质成为
识价值了。

并以各种方式
观念，观念对
阐释观念，观
把这个世界搅
一种体系便多一
体系，而是请

始，因为它已
所有的混乱都
实际上是价值问

值给每一种意
：如善/恶。
同时，又给对
价值等级，如

善良	善	凶恶	很美	美	极丑
同情		冷酷	漂亮		丑陋
好心		狠心	好看		难看
利他		自私	动人		猥琐
等等	恶	等等	等等	丑	等等

对立两值各自的价值等级之间，相应的层次又可自然构成新的两值对立结构，每一值又可派生出一些价值等级……如此等等。“两值对立”作为价值结构，可能是在价值出现之前就存在的，故我称它为**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 构成一个价值系统，一般需要具备这样几种价值因素：

- 价值源（如“上帝”“理念”等）
- 元价值（如“美”“善”“真”等）
- 两值对立结构（如美/丑、善/恶等）
- 对立两值各自派生的价值等级。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；

人对价值的确认，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，刚推到山顶的巨石又滚下深谷；西西弗斯跟着向山下走去，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”。我看到的却是另一种真实：西西弗斯被罚而推的不是别的什么，正是意义之石。巨石推到山顶表明意义的获得，巨石滚下山底表明意义的失落。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，西西弗斯所有的苦难都是因为过块石头，离弃这块石头，西西弗斯的苦难更结束了，西西弗斯的生命也就结束了。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，人的苦难便可能结束；但同时，人之所以成为人的依据也就不存在了。这便是那块石头的全部重量！

B·22 “带着镣铐舞蹈”，是对作为价值存在者的人类境况的最生动的形容。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，对奕者遵循着象棋的规则一样），舞蹈着，一面陶醉于镣铐碰击的金属声，生活在希望中就是生活在意义中。尽管所有的希望都是美丽的欺骗，一切努力都是伟大的徒劳。人仍然不能离开意义而生活。这是不可想象的。无意义的确认，将使人类引以自豪的历史变为一堆废纸，将使辉煌的文化一文不值。而人是不能离开自我肯定而活着的。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，人类将再次被投入深渊，这将是比失乐园更为巨大的灾难。人子被逐出乐园之后，获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逐，总追不上。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，你仍拿它无可奈何。因为这是时间的恶作剧。转眼间它又跑到你的前面去了。我看着这些动作，但并无嘲笑之意。有时我甚至被某个热忱的眼神所感动，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。我要指出的并非这些努力的徒劳，而是那些你追我赶的脚实际上并未移动半步。追求是形式上的。对于如此重大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。要不我们为什么活着呢？有什么证明我们真正活着呢？捉住它便捉住了生的根据和理由

——还有比这更重大、更值得做的事吗？

追逐自己的影子并捉住它确实是必要的！

B·31 根据意义增殖的性质，我将价值区分为真价值与伪价值。伪价值即非创造性价值，即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，进而消耗已有的价值。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。它主要是一种换取现实利益的手段，具有实用性、现实性、物质性的特点。人的异化是伪价值产生的社会前提，因而它是一种异化价值。所有那些“伪文学”、“伪艺术”、“伪诗”、“伪哲学”皆是它的形式。

B·32 真价值即创造性价值。它是某种崭新意义的显现，不管它通过哪一种价值形式，都会给那种形式增添一些新的东西。它具有强烈的非实用、非现实、非物质性的特征。真价值又可分为“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，然后一齐平静下来静待新的冲动；价值的创造者也随着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，即使贸然混入也总会被文化的清理机制相继吐出。那么，有没有“绝对价值”呢？据说有，这便是被人们视为终极价值的那些东西，我称之为元价值，比如“真”“善”“美”，人类为接近这些光轮跋涉了几千年，但它们仍是那样远不可及、深不可测、高不可攀。它们是人类的一种永远的价值幻觉。

B·33 同时被奉为元价值的还有自由。作为一种价值理想，它被置于这样前提之上：价值的各种形式皆可还原为它的某种基本构成材料，如语言艺术还原为文字符号；绘画还原为色彩、线条；雕塑还原为石头、石膏、或金属；音乐还原为旋律、节奏，等等。价值本身则只能还原为元。——作为对虚无的充填，人类一面创造价值，一面死死抱紧那些终极之柱不放。而在人类所有的价值理想中，只有“自由”能与“虚无”相对抗；它的无限定，它的无限的广度和深度，甚至它的形而上美感，都使它同虚无对质而不致被对方吞没。自由对虚无的充填便是充实。人类对自由的追求又充实了自由。

B·4 但是，并不是所有的人都能创造价值。绝大多数人需要价值，接受价值，消耗价值，但并不创造价值。正是在这个意义上我将人定义为价值的存在。根据他们与价值的关系，我将人区分为三种，也就是三个等级：

B·41 普通人是价值的麻木者。他们是人类的大多数。在他们头顶始终高悬着这样的律令：“你应该相信”“你应该服从”。他们相信了，服从了。于是被动便成为他们生存的决定态势：被动地接受价值，被动地消耗价值，并且永远是在实用的层次上接受和消耗价值的。一切价值经过他们的眼睛、耳朵、鼻子、口舌、肠胃时都被物化为一种实用的形式，所有的精神之华一经他们的手触摸便变成了石头。故他们不能识别（也无意于识别）价值的真伪。给他们什么他们就接受什么，告诉他们什么他们就相信什么。这种人是完全实用化的。他们是整个伪价值系统赖以产生并能继续存在的基础。

B·42 第二种是价值的自觉者。这是少数。他们显然是一些优秀份子，他们不再轻

界时不天才神自才，这便也格断然子一

还有自由。样前提之它的某种基文字符号：原为石头、节奏，等——作为对。一面死死类所有的价虚无”相对度和深度，虚无对质而充填便是充自由。

都能创造价值，消在这个意义据他们与价也就是三个

者。他们是悬着这样的服从”。他成为他们生被动地消耗上接受和消眼睛、耳朵、一种实用的手触摸便也无意于识们就接受什么。这种人价值系统

者。这是少他们不再

易相信，也不再盲目服从。他们自觉摆脱了接受“价值配给”的被动状态，学会了识别真伪，并开始按照自己的意愿去选择自己认为好的价值。同时，他们自身的价值意识也开始觉醒，某种内在的要求开始萌动。这是一种自我价值确认的需要。他们开始选择一项事业，并把它摆到高于职业和日常生活的崇高位置上，希望通过外部(社会)评价以确立自己的价值。这种“价值确立”的具体形式便是社会赋予的某种荣誉和地位。这种人完全是功利化的。他们所做的一切充其量是对已有价值的重复或解说。他们是既有价值的主要维护者。

B·43 第三种人是超价值者。这在整个人类中都是极个别的。在一些时候他被视为疯子，在另一些场合他被称为天才。这是一种特殊的存在，是创化给人类的最大恩赐。作为民族的一员，他和这个民族无关；作为人类的一分子，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，置身于现有的一切标准之外，落脚在现有的一切价值之上。但他同时又是作为“人”而生活在群体之间的，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，构成天才的那些特异性的东西，在任何时候都足以毁灭一个天才。遗世独立、放任不羁、愤世嫉俗、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。天才是这样一种禀赋：它在自毁的同时又有一种自给力，以缓解自毁冲动。但是真正的天才，其内在的自毁冲动总是大于自成需要，这便造成了他与现实和整个世界的冲突；这也使他常常与自己所属的民族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，他来是要指导一个时代，直到这个时代接受他的指导这

种对抗才会中止，所以天才总是在他死后开始第二次生命，而他生前总是落寞的。

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，这是一种理想价值人格。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) 道过外部评价争取既有价值系统的

认可。

第二阶段：

- 1) 澄清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) 自己就是新价值，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 现在我可以来规定新价值了。

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，新价值往往是与既有的一切价值相反的价值。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，是天才独有的特权。价值的创造尤其如此。这是因为旧的价值系统一经确定，便成为一种规则化体系，抑制着精神个体的创造。普通大众满足于在这幅恒温状态的居所中栖身，价值创造者却必须打碎这堵无形之墙，在废墟上重建新的家屋。因此，任何新价值的出现便不能不是对既有价值系统的

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 新价值是在已有的价值标准之外的，它是一种崭新的现象，是另一个世界的语言。现有的一切价值尺度都不适用于它，都不能评价它。它太突然了，眩目的光束使所有的人睁不开眼睛，接着是慌乱和沉默，由此造成的伤害维护了它的骄傲。这个世界是不缺少谄媚者的，但是那些瞎子能说些什么！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 新价值永远是对事物的第一次命名，并且自我命名。它拒绝外部评价的根本原因就在于既有的那一切标准全都在它之下。它需要新的标准。它以自己为标准。它自己就是标准。故而，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·46 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，并自我标榜为新价值。如新文学后三十年的情况，从“文学艺术为政治服务”到“革命样板戏”是其必然结果；这种“伪文学”“伪艺术”当时却是贴上“开创文学新纪元”的标签出场的。如果我们稍有一点鉴别力还可发现：一些所谓“新”的东西，不过是已经僵死的旧价值堆中的破烂。如曾经长期被当做“新世界观”的“破私立公”“大公无私”不过就是儒教思想（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。在唾弃伪价值之后，人们很自然地转向传统的旧价值系统，于是释道沸扬，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重提。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标准。当刘晓波举旗讨伐李泽厚时，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值得喝采。如果要打，我将用自己的拳头，并且自己出场——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，即伪评价，价值评价和超价值评价。

B·51 伪评价并不创造价值，只能制造价值错觉，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迎合需要者给予奖励并使之立即兑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“御用评论”、“马屁评论”、“利益交换评论”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眼消失。

B·52 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。这把道德的、或审美的尺子曾评价过他，并通过对他的接受把他变成了这个价值系统的又一把活的尺子，现在轮到他来评价其他的人和事了。肯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没得到那后面的价值系统的承认。价值系统——评价者——被认可者之间一般是同质的，故能相互评价，互相认同。通过这

重提。这种情
种启示时就更
价值思想通过
。当刘晓波举
是尼采对孔子
胜谁负都值不
自己的拳头，并
不是尼采，而

三个等级，我将
评价，价值评价

价值，只能制造
认为有价值，其
他依据的并不
一定时期社会的
价与价值无关，
程度对那些迎合
呈现为一种现实
界的一切堕落现
评论”、“利
这种伪评价与伪
它使一些毫无
消失。

价值系统的代表
价值尺度对被评
不是他自己的，
统的标准。这把
过他，并通过
价值系统的又一
价其他的人和
的价值系统对
意味着被评价
承认。价值系
间一般是同
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。这便是价值评价的功能。

B·53 当评价出自新价值创造者之口
时，世界便开始变样了，所以，只有“超价值评
价”才是创造性评价，它是由新价值的代表
者作出的，因为评价者自身就是价值，所以
他评价便创造出价值。“点石成金”的古老
愿望在他这里第一次成为现实。他说石头是
金子，石头就变成了金子；他说鱼是鸟，鱼便
飞上了天空。他通过评价将价值赋予被评价
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，人类给自己创造了五个
价值系统，这便是西方的希伯来文化、古希
腊文化和东方的儒、道、佛。它们给我五把
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
决定破门而入——

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
这样。但如果我们深入一些便会发现：一切
宗教的前提都是价值的。在《圣经》中，善
恶之树先人类而生。亚当和夏娃偷吃的禁果
即是善恶果。智慧即是知善恶。天堂和地狱作
为价值的象征，分别代表善与恶这两值。耶稣
不仅是价值的体现者，同时成为纪元的依据
——时间从他才开始流动了。这样，一个以
上帝为价值源，以善为元价值，以善/恶为
两值对立结构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
善恶前提是“原罪”，即由于人的始祖违犯
了上帝的律条（偷吃禁果）而被逐出乐园，这
一罪过便成为整个人类的原罪，一直传至后
代！人活着的意义就是赎罪。基于这一前提

上帝总是和人作对；将人的始祖赶出乐园；
罚人类受苦；用洪水淹没人类；变乱人类的语
言，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化压抑了。

B·62 古希腊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，
而是结构于神话和哲学中，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（如描写普罗米修斯创造人类时从各种动
物的心撮取善和恶将它们封闭在人的胸膛
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、地狱和死后赏
罚的观念。诸神的行为是在善恶之外的。在
诸神谱系中，决定神祇等级的是力；在神话
中起决定作用的另一种力量是命运。命运便
是诸神的意志。俄狄浦斯杀父娶母是命运导
演的悲剧，但并不包含善恶意义。整个古希
腊是一个大和谐——神界的和谐，神界与人
界的和谐，神、半神半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为一个海
伦吗？而故事中的海伦已不是作为一个女
人，她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/丑为两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
贡献的则是一个以人为本的、以生命本能为中心
的、多元的、非决定论的，以及重热情、重
现世、重感性、主张个性和纵欲的价值系
统。西方思想史中的任何重大事件，都是这
两大价值系统的冲突。近代的文艺复兴运动
和尼采便是以古希腊价值反对基督教价值系
统的范例。

B·63 这里顺便谈谈尼采。

据说我接手的是被尼采的脚踏踏得杯盏狼籍的世界。所有的事物都被他的口味改变了，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被夸大了。他以美食家的舌头品味世界，把人生视为艺术，用美的评价取代善，不过是用古希腊酒神取代基督教上帝罢了！他的目光始终游离于古希腊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”不过是以古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——即否定基督教肯定的一切（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前结构中而不能自拔，因为供他选择的两大价值系统自始便在更大范围内构成两值对立的 价值结构，对这两值中的任何一值的肯定和否定都使这种批判归于无效——因为你仍处于价值前结构中，你自己就是这一结构：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转换——他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”的浩叹，但他从未放弃过他的价值理想。作为一种价值观的儒学，既带有社会价值倾向，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

国人造成如此深刻持久的影响，在于它从一开始就是一种基于亲缘人伦关系的伦理价值规范。

儒学即礼学。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，以仁释礼，以仁充实礼，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，这是它与其他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成的某种主观状态，后者的仁便成为某种本体性的、普遍的东西了。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”，周敦颐的“以生解仁”，都仍是把仁看作某种两可的东西——很有些近似于“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·曲记》）而有的。它不仅以“己”（自我）为否定值，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、兄友、弟恭、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。这后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，即体现于人与人的关系中的“仁”；道家强调的却是真（法天贵真）。真既是道，即是自然也是人与自然的一种关系。总之是一种自然

向，在于它从一关系的伦理价值

级规范的“礼”的贡献在于：“仁”的概念使礼人性化，礼获得了形而上

价值源，也是元

究的不同之处。又说“一日克己

是把仁看作人的后者的仁便成为了

了。以后的诸多人心也”，墨子

的“与物同”，都仍是把仁看

些近似于“善”的价值理想（元

应该具有的道德为了“定亲疏、

（《礼记·曲己》（自我）为

（克己复礼：各个方面规定”（君为臣纲、

五常”（父义、等等。这还不

视，非礼勿听，语·颜渊》），

或仁”的正人品格理想。

然不同的一个价值

善的价值，即体”：道家强调的

道，即是自然总之是一种自然

价值。道家是反对社会伦理价值的。老子说：“大道废，有仁义”，庄子斥礼为“道之华而乱之首”，认为正是这些东西蒙蔽了人的自然本性，只有“绝仁弃义”，打碎道德伦理，人才能恢复纯朴而与自然化一。但是自然并不是道家的价值目的。在道家看来，生命的长存是唯一值得人费心的事，除此以外的一切（包括功利）都是身外之物。人终日挥形于利禄，劳神于功名，是违背人的本性的，对于生命来讲是一种损失。损之又损，人便离道（真）越来越远了。道家要告诉人的是返归自然的方法，这便是“绝圣弃智”，摆脱物役、形役、名役，使人由“社会人”还原为自然人。但这还不是道家的最终目的。和儒家追求人的社会价值的实现（立功立言；不朽）不同，道家关心的是人的生命价值（延年益寿；长生）。道家把人看作自然的一部分，人的生命价值也就是自然价值。现在道家要告诉人的是怎样在自然无为的状态中保真全性——它的最高理想当然是长生不老，即人的精神和肉体的不死。这才是道家最终的价值目的。那些“入水不濡，入火不热”的真人，“外死生，无始终”的至人，乃至“不食五谷，吸风饮露”的神人，便是道家的这种生命价值理想的象征。不仅如此，道家还为它的精神养生哲学提出了具体的步骤和方法，这便是“齐物”（取消价值标准），“忘我”（取消价值自我），“无为”（取消价值创造）。其目的皆是为了使人归于自然，顺于自然，最后化入“天地与我并生，万物与我为一”的真一之境（成为自然），也就天长地久，无死无生了。

将这两大价值系统试作一对比，结果是很有趣的。

儒家价值观是积极入世的：出将入相，立功立言，可以用一个字来形容，就是“进”；道家的价值是积极出世的：清静无为，养真

全性，也可用一个字来形容，这便是“退”。中国这块狭窄的精神空间之所以能容纳两种相互对立的价值观，在于它们符合中国知识份子的心性，进则匡时济世，退则独善其身。“儒道互补”可使国人进退自如——进，进得理直气壮，退，退得很有境界。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，佛教的价值前提却与儒道截然不同。在佛的眼里，人生是苦难（苦海无边），生存即是苦（苦谛），“苦”字即是人子面容的象形：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。佛爱用的形容是火：“一切都在燃烧。眼睛和一切感官遇风就着。燃烧着情欲的火、仇恨的火、虚妄的火。这火由于出生与死亡，由于痛苦和狂喜，由于悲哀、受难和绝望而越烧越旺。一切都在火焰之中，整个世界都被浓烟所笼罩，整个人类都将因燃烧而耗竭”（《火诫》）。所以佛叫人戒火。

在佛看来，人生的意义并不是追求快乐，而是超脱苦难。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脱的方法。这大循环即六道轮回；解脱的方法便是八正道（正见。正思维。正语。正业。正命。正精进。正念。正定。）解脱（熄灭生死轮回）后获得的境界便是涅槃。

佛教的价值系统包括两部分。

第一为真假观，这是有关人和世界的真相问题。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”视为假有，把“我看到的现象”视为假相，把“事物的名称”视为假名。连“我”也不是真实的，“人我空”、“法我空”。实相即是无相，即是性空，即是唯一真实，永恒不变的本体；真如，仅管佛教教义体系繁复，许多概

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组“两值对立”的概念:性空/假有、实相/假相、真性/假名。

第二是善恶观。佛教把人生置于否定性的前提上,但对善恶的认定却是根深蒂固的。佛教教义中不仅有“五恶”“十善”的戒律,而且造一因果之轮,把人投入其中,使其在善恶之道(三善道,三恶道,是为六道)中循环轮回(这时我在善道恶道我并不知道,但佛说我在轮回之中,我只好抓紧轮橡告诉你们善有善报,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:“顺名为善,违名为恶”(《大乘义章·卷七》)。简而言之,善即是佛性。信佛即是从善。在其他方面,与善相关联的是“净”,与恶相关联的是“染”。净而真,染而妄。在更广大的范围内,作为善恶之象征的则是天(天界)和地狱。

以佛教的真假观作为背景,以佛为价值源,以善为元价值,以善/恶为“两值对立”结构,以人对苦难的解脱(涅槃)为价值目的,这样,一个佛的价值世界便完成了。

B·67 最后谈谈实用主义。科学杀死了上帝。但促进物质文明进步的科学精神从一开始就是功利主义的,它只求人类物质利益的增殖,而忽略人的内在要求。物质越增殖,人的空间越小。到后来舞台上只见椅子走动物欲张牙舞爪变换着各种脸谱无处不在所有的眼球都生满了铜锈……

处于这一物化过程中的现代人感觉自己越来越小,孤独感、陌生感、异化感、荒诞感……由此而生。面对这一过程,诗人、艺术家、哲学家只有两条出路:逃避或是反抗。逃避有三种方式:或逃进艺术(在幻想中生活。唯美主义,卡夫卡、博尔赫斯、王尔德),或逃向原始(更高的塔希提岛,兰波的阿比西尼亚),或逃进宗教(艾略特改

信新教,金兹伯格改奉禅宗);另一种选择:疯狂或自杀——这既是反抗的方式也是结果(尼采疯狂。普拉斯、塞克斯顿自杀。梵高集疯狂与自杀于一身)。

这便是希腊神话中预言过的黑铁时代!这便是马克思在《资本论》中预言的僵地!

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世纪的讲台。皮尔士宣布:“存在就是有用”;詹姆斯说“有用即是真理”。这是物化心态的语言。实用主义是一种功利化哲学,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,它仅仅是对物化现实的认同,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。但是它将很物质地活下去,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皮肤的价值信念——此刻我站在中国,千万双脚踏响了现代文明的第一个阶梯,第二个……然后奏成一支乐曲。不管是手指的兴奋还是耳朵的灾难,这支乐曲必须奏下去,一个动机必须立即直接地移向下一个动机,永远、永远一个动机必须、必须立即向另一个动机发展。人们在演奏时同时被改变着,这支乐曲必须奏完。不管终止音程是一个协和和弦或是不协和和弦。脚跟共鸣着。西方人经历过的炼狱中国知识份子必将要经历——现在我们已经踏上各各他。这是痛苦的进步。物欲之唇已使一张张抽象的脸痉挛变形,这是进步的痛苦!继续变形。人将在这一过程中完成为自己的异在。

除了逃避与反抗之外我们还有别的选择吗?!

); 另一种选
反抗的方式也是
基克斯顿自杀。

过的黑铁时代！
论》中预言的惨

，实用主义以新
的讲台。皮尔士
詹姆斯说“有用
的语言。实用主
功利价值论。
本身就是物化的
果。在传统的五
并未提供任何新
它仅仅是对物化
作为唯一的价
是一个伪价值系
去，直到新的价
过程继续下去，
皮肤的价值信念
双脚踏响了现代
……然后奏成一
还是耳朵的灾难，
动机必须立即直
、永远一个动机
机发展。人们在
乐曲必须奏完。
弦或是不协和和
万过的炼狱中国
在我们已踏上各
次之昏已使一张
进步的痛苦！继
完成为自己的异

还有别的选择

b·7 ——这便是人类精神的全景。已有的全部文化，建立在传统的五大价值系统之上。我们相互安慰和自我安慰，相信我们在不断地创造着奇迹。实际情况恰好相反：几千年来，人类在这方面并未前进半步。一部人类思想史，就是这五大价值系统互相冲突、互相影响，彼此消长的历史。以后的哲

学家们所做的不过是对这些价值的阐释和再阐释。迄今为止的全部价值活动，都只是这五大价值系统的延续和重复，而不包含新价值的因素。现有的一切价值，成为从祖先到我们无数代人代代相承的价值成见，从内到外阻碍着新价值的诞生。因此，为了创造新价值，便必须反价值。

C 反价值：意义的重建

至此，我已告诉了你们什么是价值，但还未指给你们价值在哪里，它藏身在什么地方。如果不能做到这点，我对价值的批判将成为一句空话。又一道门在我身后猛然关闭，我只有冒险一试，但愿我们能一道活着出来。

价值是抽象的也是具体的。它无所不在又了无踪迹。这是因为人们没发现它隐身的居所。所以抽象的批判只会使它大失面子，而丝毫无损其真身。它依然无处不在又了无踪迹，使那些轻易宣布胜利的批判者无地自容。

因此，对价值的否定和清算完全是两回事。否定作为一种态度，只需要勇气就够了，甚至可以学“垮哥”以屁股的愤怒来表示；清算则还需要智慧。它主要通过提供一种方法，使清算者进入价值系统内部，搞清楚价值的结构，再找出价值的栖身之所，然后把它从隐身的地方一一挖出来，加以捣碎。这便是我给自己规定的任务。



在我之前，所有对价值的思考，都倾向于在词语之外发现某种**终极存在**或价值源，于是“上帝”、“理念”、

“道”、“真理”等候选者便出现了。在一阵惊喜之后人们终于还是发现：这些**终极存在**也只是一些词语——词语之外并无所指，故它们作为存在只是一种词语的存在。这些**终极词语**作为超级能指词，一般总以显要的位置凸现在语言中，并有若干符号围绕它构成一个相对独立的意义系统。它作为意义之**王**雄踞于这个系统的中心，赋予其它符号以等级和意义。也因此，这些**终极词语**有时被看作价值的始源，即一切价值得以涌现的源泉；或被看作某种价值目标，使所有的词语向它靠拢。不管“始源论”或“目的论”都仍是把**终极词语**当作**终极价值**，他们信仰的仍是假想中的某个绝对的东西。这种信仰发展起一种按照价值的等级来整理和排列世界的方式，并最终在语言中建立起一个价值词语等级制。

现在我们已开始接触到价值了。

如同“上帝”“真理”一样，价值在词语之外也没有它的所指，“真”“善”“美”“圣”“爱”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。元价值词一般被视为终极价值，它们共同以“上帝”“理念”这类终极词语为价值源，然后分别在各自的价值系统中占据最高的位置。

无价值词作为纯粹的语言成份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生新词。这些由它构成的词语一般都具有价值含义，例如：

- 真——真实、真诚（形容词）
- 真理、真相（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——圣洁、神圣（形容词）
- 圣地、圣母（名词）

——这是元价值词的第一个特点。第二个特点是它的透明性，即不可定义或不须定义。几乎每一个元价值词都是不可解释的。美是什么？美就是美。千百年来哲学家们一直想界定它，有了千百种定义之后，人们终于还是决定放弃这种努力了。第三个特点是它的构成性。毫无例外地，每个元价值词都必然地要形成一个以它为顶端中心的价值系统，如美——艺术价值系统；真——认识价值系统；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评价的标准。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，在我的考察中，人类的语言活动总由两大部份构成，这就是描述和评价。描述是人类通过符号对世界的认识和摹写，在语言中一般由名词和动词担任；评价则代表某种主观的价值判断，大多数时候是价值强加，一般由语言中的形容词、副词也牵涉一些名词和动词进行。比如“一匹马”是描述，“一匹千里马”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朵”是描述，“树上开满了美丽的花朵”就包含了评价。这些句子中的评价成分便是我所说的一般价值词。根据这些例子，我这样来判别价值词的特点：

1、价值词是语言系统中的定值成分，一般皆可构成“两值对立”结构；

2、价值词主要用于评价，一般没有描述作用；

3、它往往也与其他语言成份一齐用于描写或叙述，但它在其中的作用主要还是评价性的——即有评价的描述或描述中的评价

价值词的词汇基础是形容词，但并非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那部分形容词，

我称之为价值形容词，如“好 朴素 优秀 诚恳 坦白 卑鄙 自私 美妙 高贵 华丽 真假 勇敢 活泼 大方”等。而另两类形容词，如表示事物状态的“高 低 平坦 宽广 雪白 金黄 湛蓝 绿茵茵 方方的 圆圆的 模糊 清楚”等和表示物体声音的象声词“丁丁当当 哗啦啦 轰隆隆”等则没有价值含义，不属于价值词。语言系统中的价值词还包括少数名词和动词，如名词“美女 奖章 英雄 名流 名著 导师 圣经”；动词“赞美 批评 批判 夸奖 美化 崇敬 蔑视”等。前者我称之为价值名词，后者称之为价值动词。

此外还有一种常见的情况，即一些非价值词在特殊的语言境遇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、需要一个否定值，一齐构成“两值对立”结构；

2、由描述转为评价，主要是由对自然事物的描述转为对人及其行为的评价。

属于褒义词和贬义词的一些词语，成为

“树上开满
开满了美丽
了子中的评
。根据这些
点：
了定值成分，
为：
一般没有描
份一齐用于
主要还是评
述中的评价
，但并非所
作为价值词
分形容词，
朴素 优秀
妙 高贵
方”等。而
的“高低
蓝 绿茵茵
”等和表示
哗啦啦 轰
于价值词。
名词和动
名流 名
批评 批
等。前者我
价值动词。
即一些非价
以转化为价
一般需要具
构成“两值
是由对自然
评价。
词语，成为

价值词，便具备了这两个条件。一褒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带上褒贬色彩，便成为对事物的带有感情倾向的间接评价了，并且这些或褒或贬的评价主要是对人的。

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“野蛮”这个否定值，并与“野蛮”一词构成两值对立结构，词的功能即由描述转为评价，便成为价值词了。而上面的形容词“湛蓝 金黄 丁丁当当”等终因没有否定值，而不能转化为价值词。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 宽广 狭窄 红 黑”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”、“心胸宽广”，“心眼狭窄”“前途光明”，“一颗红心”、“黑心肠”时，就获得价值含义而转变成价值词了。

如果从词义的发展变化来考察，我们还可以发现非价值词转化为价值词的另一种途径：多义词的引申义和比喻义——

例如：

尖锐“把锥子磨得非常尖锐”（基本义·描述·非价值词）

“他看问题很尖锐”（引申义·评价·价值词）

光彩“晚霞放射着光彩”（基本义·描述·非价值词）

“这种行为是很光彩的”（比喻义·评价·价值词）

我的研究已进入句式了。评价使非价值词转化为价值词；价值词的加入又使句式由描述转变为评价，比如“这个人”是描述句，“这个伟人”“这个圣人”、“这个坏

人”、“这个勇敢的人”，句式结构没变，但由于价值名词“伟人”“圣人”和价值形容词“坏”“勇敢”的加入，其句式功能便由描述转变为评价了。

元价值词与一般价值词的区别在于，元价值词是不变的，它具有某种恒定性，因此而成为人类思考的永恒主题。一般价值词除一部分外，大多数不很稳定，处于经常的生成变化中。如果说元价值词是意义之母，一般价值词则只能在某一价值系统中获得意义。

在语言活动中，元价值词作为价值标准，价值词依据这标准进行评价。人类的全部价值活动便是这样在不知不觉中接受着语言对语言的操作！

现在我可以指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；所谓终极价值也只是元价值词造成的语义幻觉。作为一种无所指的纯粹词语事实的价值，即定为某种意义的结构，只能通过词语显现并栖身于词语中。这样，我便最终抓住了它的尾巴：词语是价值的居所

2

在我直捣价值之巢前，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价值混淆，使我对价值的勘察雾霭重重；并且伪价值的存在作为一个事实已经形成一个模仿系统，生产出更多的模仿者。伪价值为思想专制服务，并以权力为其背景这点，使它成为创造的敌人。因此，价值清理的首要工作便包括对伪价值的清除。现在我宣布：

——所有那些通篇“革命理想”或永远不死的“革命浪漫主义”和歌功颂德，粉饰现实的“革命现实主义”作品皆是伪文学，

记它们从文学中清除出去！

——所有那些为发表而分行排列的“生活诗”“生产诗”“政治诗”皆是伪诗，把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伪艺术，把它们从艺术中清除出去！

——所有那些扼杀人性的伟大谎言，窒息创造的“绝对真理”皆是伪哲学，把它们从哲学中清除出去！

——所有那些以重复古人、洋人、死人思想为己任的大脑皆是伪哲学家，把他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追名逐利者，皆是伪诗人，伪艺术家、伪作家，把他们从诗人、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，迄今仍是人类精神的主要操作者。五根手指合拢又张开，人类便走着莲花步。摆脱这种处境的努力曾由个别人发起，结局不外失败或疯狂。有过一次的最激烈的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。

——**取消原罪**，还人以一个无罪的前身。你是自由的，在你之外无所谓善恶。上帝不过是一个外星人。你就是此岸，你就是彼岸，你就是你的地狱和天堂。一切全在于你自己选择。

——**打碎古希腊瓷瓶**。那上面是海、葡萄园和橄榄林围绕着一位少女。这是和谐之美。希腊和整个世界都被一滴酒和这张嘴唇宠坏了。只有打碎它，族类才会放肆而无敌。

——**捣毁因果之轮**。以三界为过场，你无悲无喜，更无一丝牵挂。何言生即是苦，生也是乐。两相抵消，于你丝毫无损。大恶与大善相通。六道毁灭之处，遍地莲花开。

——**取消仁**。不管它是作为道德本体，还是某种情感行为，都是要使“礼”所规范的社会等级伦理化、神圣化、永久化。只有取消它，才能使精神个体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其它什么，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”是无，无不可知，而老子偏要别人“忘我”而归于大化——一归于一个连他自己也不知道是什么的东西，岂不是荒唐吗！所以取消道便是变“静”为动，变“忘我”为强我，变“无为”为敢为。

现在我站在价值之门前，直接面对着价值。

这是人的自我对质——你面对自己虚假的本质和骄傲的影子，更需要百倍的决然和勇气。许多的手在这之前就握成了拳头，猛烈地擂打着另一道假门，种种徒劳通过我再次觉醒为一次暴动。这纯粹是我的手，它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，它将意义武断地划分为肯定与否定两值，给每一值设置若干等级，并通过价值染色使其定值化，进而在语言中构成一个两值意义系统。作为方法，它以元价值词为标准，对事物作肯定或否定的评价，将“两值对立”结构强加给所评价的事物。同时，语言在肯定与否定的评价活动中，给人类的思维以一个“两值对立”的形式。无论东方西方皆无例外，因此，我的批判便不能不首先指向它。

——**打破两值评价**。取消语言中的肯定值与否定值，不再非此即彼，不再非好即坏，不再以“是”与“非”看待事物，把词语从价值的双重胁迫下解放出来，使语言由

作为道德本体，使“礼”所规范、永久化。只有抽象的社会结构

“是宇宙本体宇宙”是不可道，“还有什么可说”是无，无不可而归于大化——直是什么的东西取消道便是变我，变“无为”

直接面对着价

你面对自己虚假要百倍的决然和握成了拳头，猛种徒劳通过我早是我的手，它早

“结构” “两值方法，也是你将意义武断地每一值设置若其定值化，进而在系统。作为方法，它作为肯定或否定的强加给所评价的肯定的评价活动“两值对立”的形式，因此，我的批

消语言中的肯彼，不再非好即看待事物，把词出来，使语言由

确定的两值变为多值乃至无穷值，最后成为三值的能指系统。

一一取消褒义/贬义 清除词语上沾有的情感色彩，如果不能，就连词语一齐清除。通过情感渗透，使词语带上褒贬倾向，是“两值对立”结构的又一种形式，必须坚决粉碎，并将褒义词和贬义词从语言系统中清除之。

一一清除反义词，这是两值结构的最后一张嘴脸。它通过意义的对立来构成自己，并深入到整个语言系统中。“伟大”一定有“渺小”，“高贵”一定有“低贱”，“好”一定有“坏”，相反而相成，“两值对立”结构便完成了语言的定值。清除反义词，便摧毁了“两值对立”结构在语言中保留的最后一块飞地。

在取消“两值对立”结构之后，我要顺带取消哲学中的“两极对立”命题。

自古希腊以来，整个西方哲学便是建立在这种“两极对立”之上的，主观/客观、精神/物质、内容/形式，等等，虽然这些命题属于认识范畴，本身并不具有价值含义，但其结构的“两极对立”式很容易便导向价值性。当论者偏执于某一极时，对此一极的强调便很自然的成为肯定值，而另一极便成为否定值。如强调“物”者，“物”便成为圣物，“心”则成为异端，“唯心主义”便成为罪状；强调“精神”者，“物质”便成为贬义，“物质决定论”便成为否定性词语，如此等等。这些皆符合我在前面描述的非价值词转化为价值词的两个条件，特别是第一点：“需要一个否定值，一齐构成两值对立结构”。取消“两极对立”命题，便能消除价值对认识的操纵。

2) 取消价值评价

评价作为价值操作的主要形式，总是在已有的价值规范内运作的。既有的价值标准形成一个时代的价值成见，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词得以产生，并且继续产生着新的价值词。使既有的价值系统得以长生，时至今日，在具体的语言境遇中，使非价值词转化为价值词的也正是评价。因此，只有取消价值评价，现有的价值活动才会中止。

取消价值评价的具体步骤如下：

一一清除语言系统中的评价成分，只保留其描述和叙述的功能，使语言摆脱价值负荷，成为描述性的符号系统，以适合于人类非价值地描述世界的需要。

一一清除每一个句子中的评价词语，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），清除“美丽”的便成为描述句“树上开满了花朵”“一个伟大的人”（评价句），清除“伟大的”，便成为描述句“一个人”了。等等。

一一中止多义词的“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：

狭窄 “谷口很狭窄”（基本义·描述句）

“他的心胸很狭窄”（引申义·评价句）

辉煌 “日出东方一片辉煌”（基本义·描述句）

“斗争取得了辉煌的胜利”（比喻义·评价句）

只有取消了多义词的“引申义”和“比喻义”，才能中止词义由描述向评价的转化。

3) 清除价值词

如果说“两值对立”是价值结构，“评价”是价值活动的形式，那么，价值词就是价值的存在（显现）形式。词语定值即是观

念定值。无处不在的价值活动便是这些自成系统的价值词对观念的操作和自我操作。现在是对它们进行清算的时候了。

——将元价值词“真”“善”“美”“圣”“爱”等从语言系统中清除出去：（取消终极价值！）顺带将那些被人们视为价值源的超级能指词“上帝”“理念”“宇宙精神”“绝对观念”“道”等从语言中清除出去。（取消终极存在！）这些抽象词语造成普遍的价值幻觉，使人类几千年来原地发呆，寸步未进。

——将所有那些价值名词，诸如：导师 勇士 智者 首长 天赋 才华 荡妇 老师 哲人 名胜 美景 大师 领袖 帮凶 奸人 坏蛋 光棍 恶棍 叛徒 二流子 英雄 美女 美学 美术 抱负 高见 谬论 优点 缺点 权利 权威 权势 理想 信念 威望 道德 道义 品德 笨蛋 圣母 圣地 天堂 地狱 君子 小人 勇气 败类 野心 气度 气节 正义 正气 桂冠 权杖 宝石 宝剑 圣经 圣贤 奖章 奖品 奖状 杰作 败笔 名流 名著 名人 名卷 声誉 荣誉 天才 天子 蠢才 庸才 人才 人杰 英烈 功劳 功勋 丰碑 罪恶 善心 善行 人格 人道 尊严 成就 成果 雄心 贵族 贫民 优越感 自卑感……等等，从语言中清除出去！这些价值名词将极端的价值含义一次性地强加给事物，使命名成为价值判决，使称谓成为价值认定。

——将所有那些价值动词，诸如：发展 美化 奖励 进化 进步 鼓舞 鼓励 惩罚 赞美 批评 批判 表扬 牺牲 献身 鼓吹 煽动 向往 神往 信仰 崇敬 鼓动 复兴 振兴 振奋 振作 奋斗 奋起 信任 迷信 供奉 反抗 蔑视 轻视 尊敬 破坏 建设 革命 革兴 背叛 压迫 追随 剥削 服从 感召 感化 敬重 敬仰 标榜 鄙夷 热爱 同情 拯救 赞赏 赞叹

觉悟 觉醒 失败 成功 胜利 奉承 吹捧 投靠 推崇 奉献 贡献 完善 保卫 希望 升华 堕落 沉沦 超越……等等从语言中清除出去！这些价值动词使人的行为定值化，把人变为成一种纯粹的价值动物。

——将所有那些价值形容词，诸如：

伟大 恢宏 崇高 渺小 高贵 卑贱 优秀 优越 正直 善良 气派 宏伟 反动 庸俗 粗俗 神奇 神圣 庄严 清高 奸诈 单纯 热情 热心 热忱 严肃 严峻 英俊 轻佻 轻浮 平庸 淫乱 荒淫 狂妄 猖狂 刚直 梗直 谦虚 谦卑 谦恭 杰出 了不起 高洁 高雅 圣洁 纯洁 天真 高尚 狠毒 恶毒 华丽 艳丽 冷漠 温柔 大方 残暴 慷慨 宽容 大度 英明 丑陋 宝贵 懦弱 邪恶 坚强 聪明 虚心 骄傲 错误 正确 英勇 威武 漂亮 勇敢 深刻 浅薄 愚蠢 愚昧 求垂不朽 自信 自负 自卑 可耻 傲慢 高傲 洒脱 忠厚 诚实 诚恳 真诚 忠诚 忠贞 正经 正派 落后 先进 武断 美满 美观 美丽 美妙 美好 完美 优美 光荣 超然 明摆 全面 片面 虚假 虚伪 真实 狡猾 典雅 坚定……等等从语言中清除出去！这些价值形容词使人和他的世界彻底的价值化，只有清除它们，人才能重建新的精神。

3

就是这样，我的批判也还没有最后完成，价值仍然可能以变相的形式存在于其它方面，例如艺术。虽然一般地讲，艺术总是倾向一种新价值的，它的变构便包含了一种反价值的意味。但由于世界价值化的结果，艺术从一开始，便被既有的文化价值所强化，从此带着负重之身。在以后的发展中，艺术以接受评价和被评价而与时代妥协，价值便最终俘获了艺术。于是便形成了公认的艺术标准，艺术形式和艺术观念，以及艺术价值化的产物——即作为艺术价值学的美学

胜利 奉承 吹
 献 完善 保卫
 超越……等等
 价值动词使人的行
 动纯粹的价值动
 容词，诸如：
 高贵 卑贱 优
 派 宏伟 反动
 庄严 清高 奸
 严肃 严峻 英
 乱 荒淫 狂妄
 谦卑 谦恭 杰
 圣洁 纯洁 天
 丽 艳丽 冷漠
 宽容 大度 英
 恶 坚强 聪明
 英勇 威武 漂亮
 愚昧 求垂 不朽
 傲慢 高傲 洒脱
 忠诚 忠贞 正
 义 断 美满 美观
 尤美 光荣 超然
 虚伪 真实 狡猾
 中清除出去！
 向世界彻底的价值
 重建新的精神。

的批判也还没有最
 远相的形式存在于
 一般地讲，艺术总
 的变构便包含了一
 界价值化的结果，
 的文化价值所强
 在以后的发展中，
 行与时代妥协，价
 便形成了公认的
 大观念，以及艺术
 术价值学的美学

价值化的艺术。这便是我反艺术的前
 提。

正是在这样的前提下，对艺术的某种纯
 粹性的寻求，便成为现代艺术的强烈意向。

艺术的纯粹性即被称作纯艺术的那种东
 西，它一直是艺术家企望接近的理想，由于
 艺术负担的价值内容（道德的、情感的或政
 治的）使艺术过于沉重，艺术对其纯粹性的
 寻求便表现为对它所负担的价值内容的清
 除。而它正是这样做的。

——从绘画的发展看，虚构的或现实的
 价值强加，使绘画沦为再现或表现的工具。
 经过几代画家之手的努力，最后保留了具
 象。但这仍不是绘画的理想之境，只要还保
 留着一个具象，绘画便仍然没有摆脱价值世
 界的影响。这个梦想经由康定斯基之手而成
 为了现实——在取消具象之后，抽象绘画终
 于使绘画成为一种纯粹的艺术形式。

——音乐也是这样。从歌剧、歌曲到标
 题音乐、无标题音乐，一个基本的线索便是
 逐步清除那些强加给音乐的价值内容，使音
 乐朝自身的某种纯粹性接近，但是，只要不
 愿终断调式的锁链，音乐便仍然处于价值
 的控制之下，哪怕是无标题的。音乐的纯粹
 便仍然是一个梦想。直到无调性音乐的出现
 才改变了这种情况。取消调性，便彻底中止
 了价值通过调性对音乐的意义强加（音乐辞
 典：大调，阳性，高昂、豪迈；小调，阴
 性，婉转，轻柔。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
 想在诗中之所以最难以实现，倒不是因为诗
 人无能，而是因为他们面临一个无法逾越的
 障碍：语言。诗是语言的直接现实，而语言
 是价值的居所。正是这点使诗和诗人陷入了
 困境。撇开“主情”、“主智”之说，“表
 现”、“模仿”之争，纯诗始终是，并且依
 然是诗人们内心的理想。现在这种困境可望

解脱了，按照我提供的方法，诗人们可以直
 觉地进行价值（前价值结构，价值词）的清
 理，然后进入一种纯粹的语言创作，纯诗便
 不再是一种可望而不可及的幻境了。（瓦雷
 里从另一个方向触及到这个问题，但他的全
 部努力仅限于从理论上区分纯诗与散文），也
 许，那个永远的纯诗理想正在诗人们的努力
 中清晰地逼进着。

纯艺术作为一种理想，是艺术的一种非
 价值化过程。这一过程的完成便意味着艺术
 的自我取消。因此，纯艺术的前景必然是艺
 术的消亡。抽象绘画是这样，无调性音乐是
 这样，纯诗也肯定是这样——诗的非价值一
 旦实现，便是诗的终结！这是值得庆贺的
 事。在艺术最终获得它的纯粹之前，还有三
 重价值阴影笼罩在它的头上，需要由我来为
 它指出和清除。现在我做给你们看——

反美 美作为元价值词，并不是从
 语言中清除就可一劳永逸的，作为与元价值
 词同值的价值观念，它已进入艺术并留存和
 扩散开去，成为一种普遍的艺术标准。没有
 哪一个艺术家踏上它的影子而不被感染的。
 它甚至成为这样的奇迹：谁膜拜它，谁就成
 为缪斯的宠儿，而任何新的可能则被挡在了
 这个词语之外，实际上，美不仅不应该成为
 艺术理想，而且不应该与艺术发生关系，它
 作为价值世界强加给艺术的一重标准，正是
 应该从艺术中清除的，现在却成了艺术的偶
 像。因此，对美的第二次清算便成为不可避
 免的了。

我对美的清算集中在三个方面：和谐、
 对称、完整。

——反和谐。无论东方或西方，都把和
 谐作为美的要素。道家的“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”，便是这一观念的表达。
 这种和谐在东方主要指一种关系（人与自

然，人与人），也可指艺术；在西方则主要指艺术，即内容的和谐（美与善的统一或真善美的统一），内容与形式的和谐。反和谐首先要打破人与自然，人与人的和谐关系，进而打破艺术的和谐状态——让张力、混乱、骚动、冲突在艺术中暴力嵌合，词语与色彩碰击，色彩与音阶冲撞，音阶与石头对抗，使线条痉挛，使意义呕吐，使艺术成为各种符号互相追打，互相敲诈、互相欺骗、互相残杀的第5号屠场！

——**反对称**。这主要指形式。艺术的形式美据说是对称。上下对称，前后对称，左右对称，虚实对称，一切艺术皆以对称为其理想形式。对称便是结构美。反正有“黄金分割”作为依据，连梦也具备对称的特点，你不信也得信。许多人便被对称得规规矩矩了，艺术便成了一种四平八稳的东西。反对称便是要破坏形式比例，打破形式平衡，颠覆形式结构，取消艺术形式中的“平均主义”“等分主义”“几何主义”等，使不对称成为艺术的主要形式。

——**反完整**。不知从哪一天起，完整便成为对艺术的一种要求了。它主要是指作品的整体。不仅故事应该有始有终，构图应有整体布局，而且时间、情节、画面应作为整体的有机部分而呈现。它严格要求艺术品成为自足自为的自我封闭体。所谓“整体美”“体系美”“完美”是之谓也。反完整便是要破坏艺术的整体性，连贯性、有机性、逻辑性、完美性、用片断和偶然取而代之，把艺术变成支离破碎，残缺不全，无始无终，语无伦次的玩意儿。美学作为艺术价值体系化的形式，是要使完整更趋完整，必须坚决取消！

反情态 情感价值是艺术的又一重负担。这是艺术继承的最古老的原始负担之一。不管是情感与词语的纠葛，还是词语与情感的纠葛，反正，艺术对情感的承诺已

经太久了。

我对情态的否定基于这样的前提：

随着词语定值一同进行的情感定值，使人类情感两值化、规则化、等级化、最终使它成为一种价值化的感情；简单的两值（爱/恨、悲/欢、喜/怒等）成为情感的基本形式。人类情感已不再是可以完全信赖的了。

这种情况发生在艺术家身上，便是我所说的“情态创作”。由于普遍的情感定值，情感价值通过艺术家强加于艺术，使情态成为艺术的主宰。所谓“缘情”“言志”，所谓“有感而发”“不平则鸣”皆属此类。创作者的情态制约着他的创作，不仅其情态内容（悲欢怒怨喜爱）成为作品的唯一现实，而且创作时的心境也会给他的作品抹上或明或暗的色调，悲则西风落叶，喜则春色满园。作品价值即是情态价值。情态终于遮蔽了艺术。

引起我关切的倒不是情感价值介入艺术，而是艺术接受这种强加后对人类情感的再定值。这是一个怪圈。艺术和人类情感就在这种定值——再定值的循环中相互损毁着。

因此，反情态便是要同时拯救艺术和人类情感。

对情感价值的清除我在前面已做了一些。我从语言中清除的价值词有许多便是具有情感价值意义的，但做得还不够。反情态便是要把已开始的清算在艺术中展开并继续下去，以求得彻底。由于人的情感性和人类情感的普遍价值化，对情感价值的清除将比清除其它价值更难。这就要求我具有铁的手腕，更无情、更决断：为了艺术，不惜牺牲艺术。

——**取消定值情感**。把那些“爱”或“恨”从艺术中清除出去，艺术即不爱，也不恨。这种情感的定值不过是人类接受的词语暗示——然后相互暗示和自我暗示。它已不再神圣了。象扔掉一双旧鞋一样扔掉它。

——**取消定值情态**，把那些“痛苦”或

的前提：
情感定值，使
级化、最终使
简单的两值（爱
为情感的基本
完全信赖的丁。
上，便是我所
的情感定值，
艺术，使情态成
“言志”，所
皆属此类。创
不仅其情态内
的唯一现实，
自作品抹上或阴
喜则春色满
情态终于遮蔽

这价值介入艺
后对人类情感的
和人类情感就在
中相互损毁着。
时拯救艺术和人

前面已做了一
同有许多便是具
不够。反情态便
中展开并继续下
情感性和人类潜
直清除将比情
我具有铁的手
艺术，不惜牺牲

那些“爱”或
术即不爱，也不
人类接受的词
自我暗示。它已
链一样扔掉它。
那些“痛苦”或

“欢乐”从艺术中清除出去。艺术既不新
欢，也不欢乐。这种情态的定值不过是人类
接受的词语暗示——然后相互暗示和自我暗
示。它已不再新鲜了。象脱掉一件旧衣一样
脱掉它。

——取消定值情绪。把那些“悲观”或
“乐观”从艺术中清除出去。艺术既不悲
观，也不乐观。这种情绪的定值也不过是人
类接受的词语暗示——然后相互暗示和自我
暗示。它已不再时髦了。象抛弃一个玩具一
样抛弃它。

——最后还必须取消情结。把那些“恋
母情结”“恋父情结”从艺术中清除出去。
艺术既不恋母，也不恋父（它倒是有点自
恋）。这些情结不过是弗洛伊德对艺术家的
暗示。把这老爹也从艺术中清除出去！

反真实 这是最后一个艺术法庭。许
少的指控从这里发出，然后成为判决，艺术
便一次次丢脸了。问题已不是关于某个艺术
观点的争论了，所有艺术家都把“真实”作为
准则，并昭然写上自己的纲领和旗帜。表现
主义追求心理的真实；象征派叨念词语之后
的那个神秘世界；布勒东们视梦为超现实的
绝对现实；最后一位绘画巨匠毕加索不也把
发现真实作为他的艺术宗教的最高教义吗？！
甚至有这样的情况：当某个离经叛道的艺术
家朝相反的方向跨出一步之后，也要回过头
来给自己的作品贴上“真实”的标签……

多么神圣的虚构啊，一个普通的调语，
竟使如许多的大脑向它低头。那把达摩克里
斯之剑悬挂在那里已经一千多年了，艺术家
们在它的阴影下战战兢兢，对它敬之仰之。
这是典型的词语暴政！

对“真实”作词源学考证已不是我的任
务了，这留给语言学家做去。我的任务是继
续清算它。象“美”一样，“真实”作为价
值词，也不是轻易地从语言中清除就万事大
功的。它同时已成为一种价值观念隐身于艺

术并操纵着艺术家的创作活动。这是艺术接
受的最后一重价值专制，只有取消它，艺术
的非价值化过程才能完成。

现在我来告诉你们：词语之外的真实是
不存在的，正如词语之外没有美一样。那些
自命不凡的“真实”代言者在吐出这个字眼
时总要加重语气，好象他们手里或身后某处
真有个“真实”存在似的。一旦要他们指
出，他们便拿出一面镜子指出里面的影象给
你看。这是很有效的办法。按照他们的意
思，艺术就象一面镜子，应反映艺术之外的
某种东西。如果这面镜子面对的还是镜子结
果会怎么样呢？你将在那镜面中看到镜面反
映镜面镜面里面的镜面镜面镜面……无
限的深度。两面镜子互相对照，谁更真实些
呢？

记得我在某一处说过：上帝创造的只有
上帝知道，人只能认识人创造的东西。换句
话说，人并没有创造真实，人怎么能知道它
呢。所以我说这是一个无意的骗局。犹如某
个人若有所见地望着天空，便有一些人围上
来朝他望的方向望着天空，更多的人围上来
望着天空……其实那人并不是看什么，只是
为了打一个喷嚏。那么你们还望什么呢？什
么也没有。在艺术家和艺术之间并没有其它
的东西。所谓“真实”不过是价值介入艺术
的一种方式，并成为艺术的标准——成为艺
术之外的标准。这便是它的全部目的。

取消这个虚构，虚构便不存在了。犹如
取消人的原罪。

反真实，便是继道德、美学、情态之
后，解除艺术与认识的契约。艺术不问真
假，面对世界它无话可说。

反真实，便是把现实一脚踢开！艺术家
生活在艺术中，他不属于这个世界。他通过
拒绝、逃避、反抗，最后把现实从他周围赶
走。他自始至终孑然一身。

反真实，便是打碎那一面镜子、两面镜
子、三面镜子、所有的镜子，让色彩证实色

彩，让词语证实词语。

反真实，便是取消一切背景，不管它是作为“哲学”“神话”“历史”或者“原型”出现的。艺术既不是本质，也不是现象，它就是你所看到的那种符号构成形式，如此而已！

最后，反真实还必须取消事态创作。如果说情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。这两种看似尖锐对立的艺术倾向实际上貌离神合，坚持的是同一种语言态度，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！情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。这是艺术家的又一重迷误（目前流行的泛口语化的大众诗便属于事态创作）。取消情态，取消事态，诗（艺术）直接呈现为语态（语象，语感）只有在这时，诗（艺术）才真正回到了语言；纯粹之诗（艺术）才接近于实现了。

我在一首诗中写道：“有人试过／推倒影子山就不存在了”。你们试试看。

现在，我已向你们公布了我的主要思想。接受它，将使人类陷入前所未有的困境。故我对此不抱任何幻想。但我的听众——那些精英之耳就在你们中间，我的话便是对他们说的，他们需要我来警醒。

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，以使你们象“人”，成为“真正的人”，我却要告诉你们：

人只是一个假定——这便是作为价值存在。你们按照这个假定生活已经太久了，现在需要改换一种姿势。反价值便是打碎构成你们现实存在的价值模型，把你们从这个假定中解救出来。现在你们价值人，戴着厚厚的价值面具，只要你们敢于把它揭下来，形象便开始变化，你们便会明白我所做的和你们应该做的是怎么了。

人类的价值活动好比一场球赛，我的父辈及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谁制订的，它是否合理，等等。我之前曾有一些人拒绝参加比赛，倒不是他们对这场旷日持久的比赛厌倦了，或是对比赛本身产生了怀疑，而是深知自己在这场比赛中不能获胜，他们是为了保全面子而采取拒绝态度的。轮到我了，问题已不是拒绝或参加比赛了，我发现的问题远比比赛本身更重大：人类的价值活动不过是一场游戏，在这场游戏中，我们都是被游戏者。操纵游戏的实际上是一些词语和它们自我操作的一套规则。这些词语和它们的规则把我们我们他们这群蠢物投进一场赌局中，让我们自己表演给自己看。在轮盘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！通过破坏其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儿干的，我们一齐干吧！

反价值的实现便是新价值的创造——只有在那时，人才可以说：我又跨前了一步。

（1988年7月8日完稿于西昌月亮湖畔）

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●周伦佑

自由方块

你使用一种可疑的语言。
你为我们设置陷阱。
你自己先掉了进去。

—摘自1986年日记

(在台阶上静坐三天。绕着圆顶转一周。没找到进出的门。你又坐下来)

动机 I 姿势设计

姿势是应该考虑的。就象仕女注意自己的表情。比如笑不能露齿。比如目不许斜视。皮尔·卡丹选你作时装模特儿。你按现代标准重新设计自己。坐如钟。夜半钟声到客船。你不在船上。在宝光寺数那些数不完的罗汉。南面而坐。面壁而坐。皆是圣人的坐法。你不是圣人。不想君临天下。可以坐得随便一些。任意选一个蒲团。或想象古代的某一位隐士。或模仿某一只猴子。古来圣贤多寂寞。坐为悟道之本。你不坐便不学无术。孔子坐而有弟子三千。芝诺坐后发现飞矢不动。阿基里斯永远追不上乌龟。而你看见杨朱坐得象一朵花。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。挑选睡式非常必要。最好不要白天杀人。据说释迦牟尼就是因为宫女睡态不雅而愤世出家的。从此他特别讲究睡的技巧。你是喜欢侧睡的。你想换一种睡法。你试着翻身。那种感受很强烈。那只脚似有似无。那种飞机。喷汽式的。那种鸭儿凫水。画外的爱民拳。你觉得那种姿态十分优雅。死是明天的事。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。没有尾巴可翘。但腰要挺直。男儿有泪不轻弹。保持平衡极端重要。站如松。松下问童子。言师采药去。松下的童子再答。不知师傅在哪棵松下。重要的是要站得谦恭。最好不要说话。韩愈欣赏贾岛站着推门敲门的姿势。留他作了门客。你知道门外还有别种姿势。

——陶渊明悠然见南山的姿势

——王维松风吹解带的姿势

——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。你借来逐马和天鹅。加上那一切。设计出一种新的款式。很多人都来模仿你了。

(在台阶上静坐六天。绕着圆顶转两周。没找到进出的门。你又坐下来)

动机Ⅱ 人称练习

练习一 你住在楼上。我住在楼下。他在楼外
 读卡夫卡的小说。有时是一只耗子。有时是一只甲虫。
 甲虫是你。耗子是我。他读卡夫卡的小说。
 某一次在笼里。我住上层。他住下层。你在笼外
 读卡夫卡的小说。
 甲虫是我。耗子是他。你读卡夫卡。
 去城堡的途中。我逃了出来。在寓言外
 无书可读。
 甲虫是他。耗子是你。
 我读无书。

练习二 他迷入花道。我精于烹茶。你志在山水。插花的是你。品茶的是他。我去散步。随便走走。看看山。看看水。看看早晚不同形状的云。用鼻子嗅嗅。伸出手试试风的有无。
 ——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。你演习射术。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。
 你从岭南来。说那里的荔枝已熟过了。他去燕北。为养慷慨悲歌之气。我留下来。守着这株千年古梅。直到开花。
 ——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。你在杨柳岸看晓风残月。同一条河有三种流向。
 我上泰山观日。你观瀑归来。他在山顶观测星相。同一个时刻有三种奇观。
 站在窗外他看着窗外的窗。你在窗外。开窗。关窗。
 坐在门内你望着门内的门。我在门内。关门。开门。
 留在话中我听着话中的话。他在话内。你在话外。
 我在话下。不在话下。

练习四 你说李白酒后看见月亮是蓝的他说月亮比李白还白我认定月亮是某种形状怎么打磨都是方的

他看见你或我或一个象我的去过那片树林那晚军
火库被盗我看见他进山打猎你证明他在家和老婆睡觉
我说留长发的是男人你说留长发的是女人他说
那是古代现在男女都一样都留长发都不留长发

他用一枚古钱给我算命。一枚古钱是一种传统。我的命是中国型的。内方外圆。
你用一张纸牌给他算命。一张纸牌是一次讹诈。他命薄如纸。遇火就着。
我根据手纹给你给他看相。一只手是所有的河。你和他都是鱼。注定不能上岸。

你看见我站在一棵树下看见他站在一棵树下看见你站在一棵树下看见他看见我看见你看见我
什么也没有看见

我想他在心里想我在心里想你在心里想他什么也没有想
他说你说我说他说我说你说他说说你什么也没有说

(在台阶上静坐九天。绕着圆顶碑三
周。没找到进出的门。你又坐下来)

动机Ⅲ鲁比克游戏

散步。随便
有露无。

。后羿的子

。守着这株

鲁比克玩腻了魔方便玩世界
体育之窗国际博览连爆冷门

大卫星在贝鲁特升起
战神沙龙通过望远镜
看见阿拉法特面带微笑
放下武器面带微笑
行举手礼然后面带微笑
登上法国军舰向古
代的迦太基胜利撤退

下一场球撒切尔夫人一个倒
勾决定了大英帝国的命运马
尔维纳斯输掉又赢回来了麦
哲伦指挥岛上的企鹅拼命鼓
掌暂停阿根廷输在军人手里

马尼拉肥女展览刚刚开幕马科斯就
到夏威夷度假去了新人民军说伊梅
尔达该死科拉松总统不批准杀人只
宣判了3000双女式鞋袜南风吹梦有
人在远方男女二重唱“打回老家去”

加勒比轻量级拳击
比赛山姆大叔不怕
犯规一记直拳打得
卡斯特罗心服口服
再不敢偷摘哥仑布
树上的石榴卡斯特
罗说石榴是酸的古
巴人从此只吃甘蔗

抽骆驼牌香烟偶尔发发脾气
 便有某架民航客机莫名其妙
 地降落便有某家夜总会莫名其妙地升天便有某位部长莫
 名其妙地挨炸一些局外人便莫名其妙地失去左腿或右腿

最佳教练坐在场外不露声色
 卡扎菲卫队全是姑娘据称这
 厮不近女色住在帐篷里吃素

鲁比克玩累了世界便玩中国
 十年以后北京时间十二点正

杨森说不要随地吐痰
 成都的街道很干净
 朋克们剃着阴阳头满街乱跑
 萨特死了
 某次从一本书里读到马尔库塞
 只知道他喝莱茵河的水
 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
 金兹伯格从东方朝圣回去
 再不嚎叫了
 专心于自杀，专心于同性恋
 偶尔唱唱过去的好时光

这不是美利坚手里的中国牌
 中国人自己打自己
 毛主席他老人家说：不须放屁
 你老子的屁没放出一半
 就成了右派。黑五类
 公安六条不准你运动
 你捡传单
 不小心踩响了地雷

杨森说不要随地大小便
 朋克们公然在街头拉屎撒尿
 警察视而不见

（时常追想“途穷哭而返”的阮籍。
 你不免沾濡上几分魏晋风度。
 饮酒。但不尚清谈。
 喜欢玄学。
 对药的态度则在信与不信之间。

（当然。还有贯作青白眼的嵇康。
 还有无弦无琴的广陵散。

（也有些现代性的东西。
 比如灵魂与肉体的普遍分裂。

经常把眼睛忘在枕上。
 用纸牌算命。
 读一本名著便折断一条手臂。

色
这
素

一位清洁工跳忠字舞跳成了舞星
金兹伯格跑到中国来了
来得很斯文
不知他和北岛谈了些什么

革文化命的小将早已皈依文化了
更年轻的同胞们正在呕吐
吐出物质第一性
吐出生产力
吐出乱七八糟的牢骚和酸水
邮局邮寄他妈的
胡说八道引起轰动

在中国·1986'

知识份子做着升官梦
诗人们酒后谈着是非

(有时冒雨到桥上看水。
有时站在头上看自己。
当狗咬住尾巴转圈时。
便感到人的可悲了。
于是开始嘲笑不朽。
于是开始亵渎神圣。

(除此之外。
经常使你困惑的还有。
变态心理。牙痛。
咖啡该不该放糖。
以及女人臀围的圆周率之类的问题。

鲁比克玩累了他
也变成一块魔方
你试着去解他总
不能使自己还原

(在台阶上静坐12天。绕着圆顶转四
周。没找到进出的门。你又坐下来)

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。一条咬住一条的尾巴跟着来。自动跳进他的竹篓。小猫想起那只白蝴蝶。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。白蝴蝶中箭了。他们恋爱。他们结婚。新房是一座花园。钢琴床铺满大大小小的和弦一碰就响。小猫的名声传到了美国。记

元籍。

者登门采访。请他上了《花花公子》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
你说她没被你邀请女性的虚荣难堪
你说她不时从舞伴肩头向你递秋波
你说第一支舞曲结束她主动迎向你
你说她心慌意乱一开始就踏错舞步
你说她恭维你眼睛小但有男人气概
你说捉住她象捉住一只馋嘴的野猫
你说她靠近你脸滚烫有点初恋那种
你说男女之别在于语言她闭上眼睛

深不象印眼一第萃拔类出不你说她
腿大的她意注很你时来下坐她说她
挫受尊自的你勤殷的你绝拒她说她
吻飞抛她向处暗光灯从断不你说她
舞伴她请来你始开戈探支二第说她
手的她痛捏就来上养教乏缺你说她
力魅性女子富黑肤皮她承奉你说她
熊棕的笨呆只一住逮如你住逮说她
手新场情个是抖颤手她住握你说她
运命信相你然偶靠全好之年百说她

你们彼此动心动此彼们你
你们彼此动情动此彼们你
你们彼此动嘴动此彼们你
你们彼此动手动此彼们你
你们彼此动脚动此彼们你

物阳种那的中象想你是他不现发你
龄年真实的他了瞞隐你向他疑怀你
觉错的感情是他于情钟初当你说你
足不高身病毛的他剔挑始开你说你
调单的样那是总抱拥次一每到感你
度宽的肩较比人男的别量打始开你
味腻得觉越你欢喜你讨是越他说你
真为以信竟他知哪笑玩个开想只你
激励点寻了为是只他过爱未从说你
了透倦厌为因的他弃抛先你是说你

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缺陷丰满有余
他觉得每一回的接吻总是这么生硬
他开始接近别的姑娘想圆圆的臀围
他说你越是卖弄风情他越感到恶心
他本是逢场作戏没料你会进入角色
他说从未爱过你只是看上你的肉体
他说是他主动吹你的为了换换口味

小猫扯扯胡须。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。小猫想起刚才做了一个梦他提起钓杆。钓饵不知被什么嘴偷吃了他重新把钓钩抛进水里。老猫死于鼠药麦妹跟一个大肚子洋人跑到西德去了。

你招架不住
只有低头认罪

拒绝开口你不再争辩以免落入态度的陷阱
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
拒绝素问你不再研习养生之道不再采药炼丹
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击节而歌守节而死

拒绝是一种艺术。兵临城下
你仍在午睡
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漂泊流离之慨叹
拒绝登临
你不再插茱萸不再把酒问青天或者拉着陈子昂的衣襟啼笑皆非
拒绝归隐
你清晨出售假山黄昏搬走盆景让三十里之内无竹一览而无遗物
拒绝回忆
人格在形形色色胖胖瘦瘦的面具中周旋轮廓渐渐丧失细节无记了

你想起周伦佑说。
你可以被人反对。你可以被人憎恨。但你不能被人蔑视。
尤其不能被人讽刺。
讽刺使绝食归于徒劳。
拒绝之盐使你形容枯槁。渐入宠辱皆忘之境。
据古书载若持之以恒当使你无知无识无欲——最后达之无耻。那时你就得救了。
你答应再试试看。

(在台阶上静坐18天。绕着圆顶转六周。没找到进出的门。你又坐下来)

动机Ⅶ 塔希提以西

想起那座岛时你便坐不住了。

端果盘女人硕大的乳房把你压倒。恐惧着你的也在诱惑着你。祖父就是因为这个渡海去的。塔希提以西。裸女的皮肤刺得你睁不开眼。鲜果多汁。石头圆润而富有弹性。祖父一定吃了很多这样的石头。从此便不再想家了。那时的海还没有现在这样的蓝。天很高。薄薄一层贴在窗上。象一块透明的玻璃。几十年没有换过。

为了热带的石头和鲜果。你要过海去。

你也是好色之徒。小时喜欢彩色玩具。长大喜欢书和女人。祖父以后。已有人在你之前去了。那是一个自称画家的无赖。向祖父讨过一磅面包后。他们便是朋友了。他画岛上的姑娘。也勾引岛上的姑娘。还说。以后将有一个叫毕加索的。因强奸亚威农少女而出名。那一年。岛上的女性全跳海了。在猛烈的日光下。男人们开始自恋。男人们开始同性恋。男人们开始海龟恋男人们开始植物恋。在泛爱和褒渎中。他绘完最后一幅画。点火烧着自己的茅屋……

为了那位自焚的画家。你要过海去。



白房子
白嫩
白痴

你见过他的画。那些半人半马的形象使你迷惑。有的长着植物的尾巴。这和你身世有关。父亲



丰收
丰硕
丰满

是在岛上出生的。那时岛上只剩下了男人。你记起某一天晚上。姐姐脱光衣服站在穿衣镜前。臀部很圆。象马一样丰美。其实做马容易。做人也不难。只要你随时准备着两副嘴脸。在人群里是马。在马群里是人。结果往往出乎预料。她要你

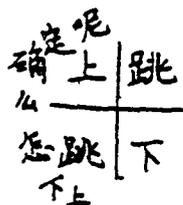


人
哲人
美人
死人

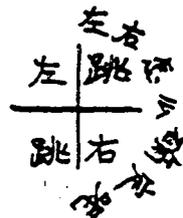
不分昼夜地奔跑。却不让你吃草。你想到睡。镶着洁白花边的床。南太平洋的水彩围着你。以蓝色为主。你转眼就把什么都忘了。连同那位画家。在人们认为你已死去时。你决定再也不醒来。马皮可以做鼓。你听到一个人说。在鄂尔多斯。

在

你画一个十字给新娘跳 婚 你画一个十字给新郎跳



礼
上



你记得父亲告诉过你的话。

在岛上。有人种下一块宝石。第二年开出万朵琼花。

为了岛上的那棵奇树。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。从先秦滚到现在。越滚越玄了。继日本浮世绘之后。东方玄学也成了时髦。你也时髦。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。一种标点得出一个学者。你是两个半学者。

再仔细想想。是你在解老子。还是人自己在解自己呢。总

没有个答案。祖父也没有答案。所以他蹈海死了。

为了祖父的那些藏书。你要过海去。

他的死。至今众说纷纭。有人说他死于情敌的毒箭。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。火焰也没能把它借走。你一定要去。站在手指的废墟上。你想起巴黎。想起时装线条的法国女郎。一根火柴击落了金色的果盘和芒果。只有石头活着。你合上画册。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。绕着圆顶转圈。没有进出的门。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)

穿过辞源即入无人之境
无因之果在另一棵树上
不即不离。斯人瓜熟蒂落
——摘自1987年日记

头像 第一稿



待莲的幻影澄清以后，你转过脸来。背向浮雕装饰的龛，朝某个未知的物体注视。白色深不可测。更深度的凝视。迫使你感觉某种重量。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。女瓶之臂三月不圆。让你远离精制的瓷器。娃娃脸，看沙子从肩头流下。擦亮护膝的铜镜。舌尖说得异常干躁。人神同形之树挂满断臂和芒果。缺少一个头颅。你明白了彼此的处境。

白色深不可测。从这里进去。需要一把东方的钥匙。希腊或耶露撒冷的原因。或者中国，星象与鸟兽之纹，复活节岛上的石像有头无身。且广额方颌。颇具富贵之态。只是鼻子差了些。不知血统高贵与否。

深度的凝视渐渐清浅。镜中失落之物。抓住悬浮的词根靠岸。哲人之头被释梦者一分为二。学者做着《首脑论》，寡头元首皆只重头。何况画乎。倒悬之民以头着地。作滑稽的表演。自谓乐在其中。也算是一种奇观。

僧面佛面皆是人面。

吉池之弦凝然不响。使静物显得庄重。玩纸牌的手花样翻新。不等你颜色。爆开的石榴生产水晶结构。挤满你的画室。不规则的立方把你打倒在地。这是最惨烈的

失败。不流血的战争。

画框之外。开花的脸不过是一堆油彩。惊呼着朝四面奔逃。果实留在原处。任玄鸟啄食。降而生商。此乃不祥之兆。长安道上有人抚琴而歌。看大河落日而掉泪。孔子说商音亡国。从此便没有人再唱了。

莲的幻影是一只眼睛。在墙上。低头不见抬头见。你不胜惭愧。自恋者溺于水。你不照镜子。故幸免于难。画一扇窗让脚进出。或者撞墙而死。你跳墙而奔。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。且按图再索之四夷。彝人葬于火。藏人葬于天。BO人葬于峭壁之半。苗人辗转于一面盾牌之上。逐草而居。都已不再典故了。黄皮肤是老虎的岸。孟加拉虎。东北虎。皆是兽中之王。炎黄之手点石成金。你眉宇间隐然有王者之气。

以神速之

犹如射人先射马，擒贼先擒王
吉。

在黑的圆圈当中画上一座城堡。让它颓圮。再画。直至不倒。松风如粟。自焚的风景是一片废墟。供人凭吊而无观赏的价值。借圣琼·佩斯之马克制住夜。克制住石榴的疯狂与放肆。白色清澈见底。照见另一种类型的存在。形而上下：在岸是男柱。在水是女贞。在画便男女不分了。

更上一层楼去——

无数的跳蚤和象象夺路而逃。你来不及分辨。挥手一掌。在空中按下五个指印。之门洞开：所有的事物是同一个符号。所有的符号是同一张脸。所有的脸在同一幅壁毯后面想象别的面孔。你的面孔我的面孔他的面孔

三种人称不过是一个人的三张脸谱
你永远无法和自已的另外两面对质

也有例外。此刻你在画布上和自已的另一张脸相遇

神龙见首不见尾，乃侠之大者

头像第二稿



总觉得完美得沉重。

钟鼎之文鸣而不远，尽在这一击中醒来，许多的蝌蚪和蚂蚁，飞鸿的爪痕，先王之舌悬而未决，舔过便不朽了，起立跪拜之姿清晰可见，总不是问鼎之像。

别人种瓜你种豆子，再植几株桃，节外生枝而不华，不如栽军，罗丹说过，雕刻的艺术便是从大理石上敲去多余的部分，先去两翼，鸟有翅而误入多事之秋，为食而亡，为双飞而苦，为身外的江山而啼血不止，连累得后人憔悴。

为一只凰而私奔，为一句话而无悔，为嵇康之死而食不甘味。

总相信那些古人的话，鸣匣之剑破壁而入，洞箫可以横吹，响在空中的石头总不落地，或者根本没有石头，所谓裂帛断玉不过是臆想，杞人之耳闻风而动，也不见天塌下来，结果风调雨顺。

麻衣道者有笠，大耳垂肩，当居万人之上，你耳大且肥，但手不过膝，故命不逮矣，起码有三次以上，好运差点降临于你，无风起三尺浪，船如天上坐，你油盐不进，醒来后依然两袖清风。

用一顶草帽向日，在杜桑身后画静物，有契约在，只要找到一种画法便可脱身。

成名便是被人挂在嘴上，倒不在乎其画，大师是误解的结果，尤其是误听，重复三遍曾子便无家可归了，杀人一刀遍地血，而凶手是梅花，林逋骑鹤走西口，暗香有毒，葛洪抱朴而登仙羽化，咏梅者身上有血，这一切全是道听途说。

有人对牛弹琴。

子曰：《关雎》之乱，洋洋乎盈耳哉！

你鸣鼓而攻之。

他山之石可以攻玉，你再攻朋友之妻，一夫一妻太流行了，都想换换口味，半边脸害羞，用琵琶遮住，唇红齿白倒也符合古典美的标准，半推半就之门开而复闭，耳朵忘在枕上，有人旁敲侧击，你佯装不知，用唐诗解嘲，想象自己死于酒和沙场，便醒而无憾了。

卷耳从此采不满筐。幻听和幻觉皆由于营养不良，特别是前者。故中国诗人如麻。画一个大饼给你充饥，再加点盐，你从此经常耳鸣。总听到有人敲鼓。敲那种石鼓。按非洲式的敲法。便有土著踏踏而来。执牛耳以号令禽兽。还有一种耳生长于木。采而食之。使人五内俱焚。隔墙之耳死而不僵。故有偷听窃听乃至监听之举。皆听之不武。令天下耳赤。

有人掩耳盗铃，还是碰响了词语的铃铛。

充耳不闻是一种境界。倾国倾城乃他人之妇。你不动声色。用紫铜和赭石研制颜料。作色彩练习。画火奴鲁鲁姑娘贝雕的耳环左右摆动。画高更花六便士买下一个缺耳的月亮。画贝多芬盲音之耳与命运敲门手撕打。画梵高割下自己的一支耳朵装饰墙壁……

天才的事业就是减少。伐木问檀。舍连城以求无价。天箱之弦张而不用。你听见一只手拍掌。不动而心领神会。五音之外觉与物化。别一种什么东西抚心高蹈。无形而显。无声而和。无一点动作而万籁俱寂。焚筑裂管之后渐次不闻礼乐。你感觉轻松多了。

头像第三稿



且慢品茗自赏

取水而扬子江已过。蒙山尚远。有朋自丰都来。也因路滑半途而废。你正好雪庐温酒。自斟自酌。然后乘兴展索绢于醉倒之前。古人鉴画。一峰可疑而悬壁数月。你觉得两眼有诈！

有人捕风捉影。你正襟危坐。以免成为被捕捉的对象。一叶障目而所有的眼都呈叶的形状。百步穿杨之弦响处。凡眼皆成瞎子。见树不见林。看不见古人与来客。一人向隅而泣。所的眼都在流泪。向罗盘而再问风水。听说隔代之后子孙可能荣宗耀祖。你才眉开眼笑了。

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。王道霸道非常道。身教言教。教尔非礼勿视。指鹿为马就是马。否则便算犯规。黑格尔之眼。卡西尔之眼。是另一种眼镜。隐形的。戴上便取不下来了。远视近视。总不能正视。故不知天外有天。致使一误再误。

借画家之手改之

画眼于腹，以脐的灵光照临万物（保罗·克利）

画眼于脑后，瞻前而不必后顾（马格里特）

画眼无珠，不见棺材不掉泪（顾恺之）

朱DA更改头像，移傲气于尺幅。画一条鱼用方眼看世态，画一只鸟著白眼于头顶，题自己的名于画上。又哭又笑，哭所哭之事，笑所笑之人。

视而不见天下自小，非关泰山事，眼见之实乃一只青蛙。仰观天象，以一孔而窥造化。日之所击果实纷纷坠落，葵花中心愈见黑暗。画龙点睛则龙死。日晷中有景物打开。怒眼圆睁，世界始终一片糊涂。无咎。

善恶之果早已熟透了，经过宝石与黑铁的洗劫，正无缘无故地腐烂。麦田里的守望者。见一群乌鸦又一群秃鹫飞来，以势击之。埃塞俄比亚多灾的高原。只见一些空洞的眼眶，挂在仙人掌上。如一串串干脆的风铃。

“刺瞎人类的眼睛”！

1937年，毕加索睁着眼睛说瞎话。在没有灯光的夜晚画他的格尔尼卡。在第九十一个情妇的床上模仿公牛发情。然后在画的右上方添上一个牛头。大西洋两岸便被感动了。贵妇们从此不再养狗。

不游牧的雅典。有人在图书馆的藏书中发现一瓶陈酒。上面有一位摘葡萄的少女和她的羊，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，铁的风暴从葡萄中心炸开。酒醒之后，到处是羊角和马蹄。少女的腿。荷马以盲人之手按摸海伦的动情部位，特洛伊城门便打开了。

盲睛的博尔赫斯

在布宜诺斯艾利斯看见另一只老虎

在海边的礁石上晒它的虎皮

图案中央一团火焰慢腾腾升起

积满尘埃的镜中，沙之书一页页损失

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。一页页损失

又全部重现。盲睛的博尔赫斯

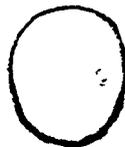
在书房的转椅上读另一种虎皮的斑纹

某块斑点上。一位古代隐士正参悟止观之法

你随之收心离境了。

诗曰：不明不白，可保其身。

头像第四稿



还不够纯粹。裸妇之脸无愁而暇。无情而彩霞满天。某一次战争。男人们把头举在手上尽情炫耀。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。唇亡齿寒。

嘴者姓朱，不涂自红。无论男女上下。依昼夜之开阖而不舍。啃日啃月。啃古今中外的骨头。食百家之言而肥。终成一吞吐量最大之口岸。

古人信口开河。以龙泉而议割断。言出掷地作金石声。鸢鹞之舌生产别的象牙，堂而皇之。无一字不出自经典。以口为碑。镌刻帝王的功德。使食客不朽。一笔一划皆是他人手笔。拓而习之。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。你便以自选动作跳海。风把你的仪表撕得粉碎。你变成千百张嘴。各种颜色的喇叭一齐吹响。语不惊人死不休。！伟大的无病呻吟。

妻要你诫盐。佛叫你诫火
医生叫你诫铁和金属之类

防民之口胜于防川。故自古有钳制之法。使之守口如瓶。歇言又止。庄子便不再逍遥了。一言以蔽之。天昏地暗。君子或者小人。以春草之句取人性命。谓言可兴邦丧国。患莫大于嘴焉。

（鼻若悬胆。主命脉之沉浮
你鼻翼肥厚
定当大器晚成

（以鼻导游
沿香料之路往东印度群岛去
收割香蕉胡椒
和波利尼西亚姑娘腋下
富于东方情调的
狐臭

（晋人倡气韵之说
诗品 书品 画品
皆是气品
你中气不足

故笔下草木先秋而凋敝

（仰人鼻息总觉活得很累

一言既出，驷马难追。

任其追去。君子动口不动手，舌枪唇剑敌百万雄兵。你总想一鸣惊人。姑妄言之。黄河之水天上来，听者皆成汪洋。平庸之水，载舟覆舟是前朝的事。你只关心钓鱼。钓丧偶之鱼。煮熟之后又放回江里。有人见龙女夜哭，其声悲凉至极。你将信将疑，总有一根鱼刺卡在喉里不吐不快。

欲速则不达。超现实之轮南辕北辙。你嘴上不再悬河。对某些问题可以避而不谈。托之以牙痛。或者期期艾艾。假装口吃。也可答非所问。王颈左右而言他。魏晋多清谈之士。多因嘴招致灭族之祸。你无贤者朋。但有娇妻稚子。还是少说为佳。

闭上你的狗嘴！

言既不能尽意。何况乎意外。更多的盐拒绝溶解。你无法尝到和说出。所有的事物皆是惊弓之鸟。到头来剩不下一片羽毛。不可以言传。斑马之美在语言之外。顶多一根尾巴。并不能证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。

偶语：言之无物，水落石出。

咒语：硕言如蛇，天诛地灭。

（闻香下马不为酒
为三秋桂子 十里荷花
多读柳永而在青楼之外
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
你立似与不似之言
介于正邪之间的一大剑宗
奉你为开山真祖
你远而邈之

（英雄气短
第五次婚变之后你削发为僧
从此遁入空门

（如入芝兰之室，久而不闻其香
如入鲍鱼之肆，久而不闻其臭

（鼻当伐之

当伐之

伐之

之

头像第五稿

最后的障碍是一道栅栏，先野马之蹄而有，用水墨画的，一挥而就之蛇尾大不掉，自环而城，拒人于千里之外，只因一个圆便生有无之别，这圆就是一张脸，最初的用意昭然若揭。

他早已面目全非了，筵席散后人去楼空，不见越鸟南来，已成众叛亲离之势，与其书空咄咄，故作姿态，不如网开一面，让三军各自逃生，你大而化之，亡羊毁牢而水草丰美，其城不攻自破，不战自溃，凭空之水向四面八方泛滥，使其身败名裂，百年之后再让真相大白于天下。

孔说 孟说 毛说，不如听我胡说，尔等恭听——

大德，真人不露相，总若羚羊挂角，无迹可求，始作俑者隐姓埋名，其辞闪烁，其人缥缈，后学纵能勉为其智，其愚犹不可及也，万物朴而不雕，在你们眼前，众象之蹄掀动不同肤色的草，朝所有的方向鼓噪而去，看不清那些脸，在你们头顶，天才不过是一扇窗户，偶尔开启，便使一些人受伤，一些名字不朽，更深处的船和采莲的手，希望或失望，使你们所有的伤口感染

大德，人格就是面具，给人看的，崇高或典雅决定于剧情，英雄无头，便无所顾忌了，无颜即无耻，无睹这样的景象，碳化的种子在月光下膨胀，如一只怀孕的母兔，猛兽用皮毛包围自己，时间之手把你们置于它的弦上，引而不发，远忧近虑使你们惶惶不可终日，灰烬之中那些面孔空洞无物，充满白银，把你们投进火焰，任荆棘穿刺，任巨蟒缠身，使你们上升到绝望的高度，然后彻底痛醒。

打开青铜狮面，王的字母使一座城市死里逃生，看那些消失的鱼群，经过历代的法网，死亡和战争，在同样的场面中重现，这些永恒的腮，给你们呼吸，生者与死者的血和思想，无色无味。

你们还企望什么呢？永恒的答案一成不变，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，凭空捏造一个汽球又使之破灭，如此等等，异想天开天便阴了，下雨下雪，下些大大小小的冰雹，你说天空象水牛皮，我说象一块画布，不分画内画外，人皆是上帝的笔误，涂上尔后擦去，画家也在该擦之列，自从尼采杀死上帝，你们便成了擦不去的污点，给这个世界丢脸，现在由我来擦你们——

数典忘祖 第1（也算一种文化态度）

致完祖先的牙齿你便口吃了。语无伦次的手指翻过典籍。使木刻的字句冒烟。无处可以栖身。女娲乱伦。黄帝怕死。老子顺手牵牛不知去处。皆不是好的祖宗。食古不化而常常便秘。你焚香沐浴之后再读《内经》。还是无用。只有学西医吐。吐出无头的刑天。吐出河图洛书。吐出一阴一阳之道。吐出君君臣臣之礼。吐出更早的乌龟与石器。始觉空虚得年轻。

六亲不认 第2（也算一种寻根思想）

想在水里流动而你在水上
割断那些绳子鱼儿便上树了
羊群睡在草中
你在非洲做倒骑斑马的梦
印满条纹的河象纹身的女人
供你观赏极富段落感的表演
最先成熟的手插入空气
转眼长出整齐的牙齿
翻开葬仪之唇所有的血都是咸的
游戏于犬齿的部落保持着童贞
指树为姓然后伐木为薪
剑气到处你已无切肤之痛
擦去脚后跟的颜色洁白如婴儿的睡眠
你已无亲缘之情

无法无天 第3（也算一种社会意识）

挪动那颗棋子天空便坍塌了
到处是玻璃的碎片
可以随心所欲：或者真花假鸟
或者镶嵌拼贴，皆是极好的素材
补天之手老矣有五色石供其把玩
忧天之士撮土而祭，然后投江而没
和尚打伞没有谜底。更多的人在用头滑冰
诸子之后第一百零一家。你后来居上
鱼死网破使后继之鱼不再触网
也算是革命先驱。大善与大恶相通
有人以禅问慧能，曰：“去杀人放火”！
富含禅机，倒不在字面意义

离心离德 第4 (也算一个哲学命题)

总要死在外面。死得很宽。象群神秘的失踪。豹子倒毙在乞力马扎罗之顶。风雪摇打着帐篷。死在外面。诗人在异乡挨饿。用月亮充饥。饮骆驼血。越过撒哈拉沙漠的魔幻章节。总想死在外面。义无反顾地死。死在相互摩擦的语神之间。如一粒沙很小。但很松散。总要死在外面。凤凰涅槃之后。你的皮肤变色。你的嗓音变调。而你终于成为自己的身外之物。外面很宽

自暴自弃 第5 (也算一种生活方式)

出家之脸不识廉耻。以任何一种方式哭笑。在朝为君。在野为盗。在市为不义之徒。以环佩击鸟。探猿猱胃之发。以美玉之质败坏斯文。洁身自好者隐于松菊。你自隐于酒色。竹下之友不复望气。散漫之笔不再赋莲花。出入青楼之后君子不复是君子。或倒拖屐履。招摇过市。或焚琴煮鹤。大煞名士之风景。割爱于柳陌。暴尸于首丘。弃身后之名于众口之不顾。才得遗臭三年。

还有一点过场要走。

查拉骑玩具马从钢丝上走过。有人在楼下敲打便盆。鼓盆而歌。李白用牙笏击编钟。奏古乐。

- ▲ 哥翁喊上来，是横不敢过。
- ▲ 落泥招大姐，马命风小小。
- ▲ 忽听喷惊风，连山石布逃。
- ▲ 都输破万贯，下笔如有神。
- ▲ 熟读唐尸三百首，不会淫尸也会偷。

卧门步渐鸟 / 离门屋西鸟 / 踏门随便鸟

◀ 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 ▶
多 来 梅 花 少 那 些

空 空 如 也

(1987. 9. 一一10. 完初稿于西昌月亮湖畔)

刀|锋|二|十|首|

●周伦佑 ZHOULUNYOU

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
大鸟根深蒂固，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子
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

-
- 想象大鸟
 - 果核的含义
 - 在刀锋上完成的句法转换
 - 永远的伤口
 - 主题的损失
 - 忍者意象
 - 石头构图的境况
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 - 毛主席说
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 - 看一支蜡烛点燃
 - 厌铁的心情
 - 剑器铭
 - 邻宅之火中想我们自己
 - 模拟哑语
 - 猫王之夜
 - 饥饿之年
 - 手的方式
 - 火浴的感觉
 - 第三代诗人
-

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
大鸟铺天盖地，但不能把握
突入其来的光芒使意识空虚
用手指敲击天空，很蓝的宁静
任无中生有的琴键落满蜻蜓
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
使事物远大的有时只是一种气息
生命被某种晶体所充满和壮大
推动青铜与时间背道而驰
大鸟硕大如同海天之间包孕的珍珠
我们包含于其中
成为光明的核心部分
跃跃之心先于肉体鼓动起来

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
使我铭心刻骨的疼痛，并且冥想
大鸟翱翔或静止在另一个天空里
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肉

留下果核成为坚忍的部分
许多花朵粉碎的过程
使果核变小。但更加坚硬
一枚果核在火焰中保持原型

果核并不意指什么
它偶尔是一种面部运动
正在经历的某种事件
有时连动作也不是
果核中包含着一个孩子
但从不长大。脸上飞过的雀斑
转眼落满秋天的树枝

(说一枚果核便是说一个男子
或女子。和这个世界无关
嘟张着。但没有一点声音)

果核有时会炸裂开来
长出一些树叶
结出更多的果实和头颅
或者一座城市
一个人登上王位，许多人出走
或者刚刚相反

一枚果核使整个季节充满信心

(1990、5、10 于峨山微雨中)

在刀锋上完成的句法转换

皮肤在臆想中被利刃割破
血流了一地。很浓的血
使你的呼吸充满腥味
冷冷的玩味伤口的经过
手指在刀锋上拭了又拭
终于没有勇气让自己更深刻一些

现在还不是谈论死的时候
死很简单，活着需要更多的粮食
空气和水，女人的性感部位
肉欲的精神把你搅得更浑
但活得耿直是另一回事
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
施暴的手并不比受难的手轻松
在尖锐的意念中打开你的皮肤
看刀锋切入，一点红色从肉里渗出
激发众多的感想

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
与钢铁对抗，或被钢铁推倒
一片天空压过头顶
广大的伤痛消失
世界在你之后继续冷得干净

刀锋在滴血。从左手到右手
你体会牺牲时尝试了屠杀
臆想的死使你的两眼充满杀机

(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
从舌尖开始直到指甲发蓝
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。用最野蛮的方式消炎
总不见愈合，天晴时发烧
天阴时更加疼痛难忍)

其实我并不知道伤在何处
什么样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
用喜悦的心情体会痛苦
在自己的骨头上雕刻不朽的作品

永远的伤口是一种深度
我们身陷其中而不能自拔
经过伤口，疼痛成为一种物质
沉重地压向四肢
瓷瓶在梦中现出残酷的裂纹
再没有一个完整的器皿 作为静物
在阳光下雍容地展现
一朵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，结果都是一样

伤口永远是新鲜的颜色
不可回避的金属使我哀痛不减
世界在伤口周围排成不同的文字
把我们举起或摔下，这无关紧要
在伤口中，在一滴血里
我们怀着带伤的心情

坚持着每天的水晶练习

在伤口中，在一滴血里
我们坚持着每天的水晶练习

(1990、9、8、于峨山打锣坪)

主题的损失

用一面镜子作为比喻
主题是镜子里不可触及的东西
悬而未决的思想
包涵着许多内容，但难以把握
始终在镜子中含而不露
使亲近的愿望保持新鲜

镜子是一种真实的虚构
假想的黄鸟在比喻中更深刻
期待某种奇迹被异想喊开
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

面对镜子便是面对一种形式
把生命搁置起来与死亡对质
灵魂在艰深的平面自我观照
一面盾牌守护一方和平
或者逃避。让思想慢慢结晶
看肉体腐烂，表情坚定无比

镜子的深度无法猜透
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

寻求钻石的深刻
梦想不朽的青铜性质

(镜子突然起火，意外的火焰
烧焦了一代人的头发
看破镜子，世界分崩离析)

解体的还有最初的意象
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
使你一生蒙受重大的损失
(91、1、15 于峨山打锣坪)

忍者意象

食东方哲学而得黄老之道
古代的菊花深入你的骨髓
以柔克刚 承受一切屈辱
而不以为辱 接受一切打击
而不感觉重量 让他去笑
在身外作为蝴蝶而存在
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
你默然倾听 任打击扩大
再触及到灵魂 一张脸和平的
挂着 你悠然得高深莫测
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

把最后一颗牙齿吞进肚里
 水被石头击伤 水包围石头
 隐忍之美发出深处的光辉
 关键的时刻想想韩信
 便心安理得了 忍字心上一把刀
 心在滴血 你依然谈笑风生

壮哉忍者！

(91、1、26、于峨山打锣坪)

石头构图的境况

从来没有深入过的一种情境
 猛烈地攫住你。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透出蓝色

这不是想象中的任何一种游戏
 以生命作为代价的身临其境
 整整三年，你必须接受这些石头
 成为这个构图的组成部分
 只有谋杀才能体会的那种尖锐
 从四面八方协迫过来
 迫使你变小，再小
 直到躲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
 更重量的石头在顶上，居高临下

不可以仰视 但时刻感觉得到
 总是那么粗暴和不可置疑
 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
 穿过燃烧的荆棘而依然故我
 这需要坚忍。你必须坚守住自己
 就象水晶坚守着天空的透明
 含铁的石块在你周围继续堆积着
 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静物的出现
 鹤比马难以把握，先让马出来
 矮小而有斑纹的那一种
 让它在圈定的范围之内
 袖珍地走动。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，在很亮的阴影中
 我看见一只鹤（在比马儿略高一些
 的地方）翔着玻璃的高蹈之舞

它的周围是没有标题的天空
(只有丹顶比处女的第一滴血还红)

从可见之物到不可见的光芒
迅速排列着很变化的翅膀
变化的尖端趋于绝然的冷淡

这时马儿正在吃草

我让它抬起头来，矮矮地仰望
鹤在不可见的深处。马看不到
但它分明听到了鹤唳。很远的鹤
曾是马儿深处的某一部分
这是我要它知道并努力回忆起的
(马儿曾经有过高蹈的时候)

独来独往的马蹄踏过天空
现在马儿似乎感到了什么，它竖起耳朵
发出一声嘶鸣(这样马显得大了一些)
但鹤依然在不可见的深处(我有意
不让他落地)让鹤悬在空中
这符合我的意图
等小小的马走出它的白栅栏时
深处的鹤自会从青铜中鲜亮地飞出

(1990、11、12 于峨山打锣坪)

毛主席说

——仿《江湖乱》酒令

毛主席说 酒是一包药
吃了莫乱说 毛主席又说
革命靠自觉 衣服裤儿自己脱
毛主席还说 劳改当工作
弄死当睡着 毛主席继续说
“手冲”是一种无害社会
有益身心健康的民间运动
宜于广泛开展……
毛主席他老人家说累了

最后说： 全国人民哑起！

(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
我的脸上却时常有羽毛的感觉
这是具体的鸟
在高墙下，在射程之内
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
一齐鸣叫，在蔚蓝的天空里飞
鸟儿越来越大 越来越多
渐渐不能把握
于是有捕鸟的网目张开
多毛的手沾满鸟的声音

从弓矢到霰弹是一种进步
从翅膀到翅膀是优美的坚持
死去的鸟躲进书本成为文字
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

鸟便是我们自己
 在梦中显现的最终形象
 鸟儿受伤，我们眼里流出鲜血
 鸟儿沉默，我们心中布满石头

我是在狱中写这首诗的
 身上戴着钢铁。脸上感受着
 羽毛的温柔。我知道
 能被捕杀的只是具体的鸟
 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

(89、12、1、于西昌仙人洞)

看一支蜡烛点燃

再没有比这更残酷的事了
 看一支蜡烛点燃，然后熄灭
 小小的过程使人惊心动魄
 烛光中许多手指分开，举起来
 构成精美的图案，比木刻更深
 没看见蜡烛是怎么点燃的
 只记得一句话，一个手势
 烛火便从这只眼跳到那只眼里
 更多的手在烛光中举起来
 光的中心是青年的骨髓和血
 光芒向四面八方
 一只鸽子的脸占据了整个天空
 再没有比这更残酷的事了
 眼看着蜡烛要熄灭，但无能为力
 烛光中密集的影子围拢过来

看不清他们的脸和牙齿
 黄皮肤上走过细细的雷声
 没看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

烛泪滴滴台阶

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
 体会着这人世间最残酷的事
 黑暗中，我只能沉默的冒烟

(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
 词语的力量唤起谦卑的生命
 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

只能沉默
 只能远远的，悄悄的自责和流泪
 履带压过头顶的重量
 是无法体会的。没有人能够说出
 骨头碎裂的声音是不是悦耳
 还有更残忍的钢铁
 从母亲的乳房上碾过
 丰盈的奶汁把天空染成很痛的白色

(我不愿意重复那种感觉)

让更多的人和我一起，从死亡中
捡回各自的脸。痛苦的再活一次)

从此，被钢铁浸透的那个夜晚
成为我的疾病
厌铁的心情不可以言火
只想采点桔梗之类
在没有英雄与蝴蝶的时候
煮水论懦夫。想起来了
便在郊外的某一所学校里
当一天钟，撞一天和尚

我们就这样活着。就这样
一个劲的不想
一个劲的显得若无其事
仿佛什么也没有发生过
但是伤口在深处不可阻挡的发炎
使我们的笑声突然中断
我们就这样难过得不是东西

就这样作为没有鱼的那种水
没有鸟的那种天空
没有含义的结构。敲与不敲
都是钟。响与不响，都是和尚
隔着玻璃的视觉飞机轻轻呕吐
就象一次不成功的流产手术
把你掏空之后
使你全身空洞得乏味

那个夜晚之前我活得轻如鸿毛
那个夜晚以后我醒来心如死灰

(1990、10、19 于城山打锣坪)

剑 器 铭

剑。利器也
古人不得已而铸之

圣人不得已而用之
偶尔用用可以
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)

邻宅之火中想我们自己

邻宅起火，很和平的火焰
刺痛眼睛。惊动寐中的老人与水
距离是不存在的，在墙的两边
面包被等分的切开，成为真实的虚构
火的原因在面包之上，在住房
和通货膨胀之上。一个纯美学问题
普遍展开，获得更高的形式
很远的火在感觉中烧得很近
那是我们的火和他们的城堡
在众多目光的关注中熊熊燃烧
没有无动于衷的观众。每个人
都在火中，每个人有不同的心情
这不再是玩火者以革命的名义
点燃的那种火，自上而下的煎烤
这是人类之火。从手臂到手臂
从口腔到口腔，跨皮肤的传染
嗜血者禁止的词汇反复出现
世纪末最大的景观雷霆万钧
那是我们的火在烧他们的城堡
七十年的结构。用有形无形的
石头，用刺刀、谎言和教条
精心构筑的城堡，在火中摇摇欲坠
这是最后一次机会。看别人流血
而自己感动，然后流泪，然后流涎
然后在悲怆交响乐里默哀三分钟

这还不够。容忍暴行是一个民族的耻辱
我们无耻得太久了，几代人的头发
在等待中脱落，不只是缺铁
需要一次火浴。这里那里的建筑
都是相同的结构，只能自下而上的摧毁
好大的火哟！舌头和手一齐燃烧
在呼吸中奔跑，远水近水都不管用了
火燃上屋顶，火烧着了他们的眉毛
最高一座钟楼在远处轰然倒塌
那是我们的火烧毁了他们的城堡
永垂不朽的基业^{顷刻}间荡然无存
他们的灾难是我们的节日。用酒
用眼神表示。蘸死者的血画一只鸟
铺天盖地的翅膀朝火光飞去
我们高潮或低潮，曾经扑灭的热情
尚未冷漠成灰。火在远处燃着
火在我们身上理想着。老人与水
固守在城内。领袖玩具们忙着
一座环形城堡冷冷地围着我们
知道钢铁强暴，并且慎重地
对待自己的生命，这不是懦弱
随庄子而逍遥，作为所谓的火种
内在的燃着，这便是我们真实的处境
低度着，直到紧要关头方才说出一切

(1991、10、15于西昌)

模 拟 哑 语

就这样说：嘴张着
但不发出声音。甚至不张开嘴
让舌头缩回体内，永远封闭
语言成为健康的原因
思想在光天化日之下顽固坚守
沉默的优雅风度。言与不言
只一个态度问题

站有站的姿势：向隅而立
取消坐的莲花山中很冷
双手伸出去总要触到一些什么
又是墙。又是带电的铁丝
水里的石头每天都在增高
梦在向昼深处。你在玻璃外面
看自己脸色变化没有内容

就这样说：嘴张着
但发不出声音，不如不张
多余的嘴回答多事的夏天
一种凄凉的美维持你的体温
面壁而思。作为编号的动物
按照规定的动作起居饮食
逐渐习惯笨哑状态

哑语练习之必要在于不说
但准备说，必须由你说出
这个世纪黑铁的性质
金属的感受在血液中存留
时常用疼痛提醒你
哑语练习之必要在于说着
以免表达能力因废退而丧失

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
比移动一把椅子还要简单

还要省力。拿掉玻璃上的手
睁开眼睛，你已是哑剧大师
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

还可以用哑语作第二种表达

(1991、11、11 于西昌月亮湖畔)

猫王之夜

玻璃滑动的夜晚

我看见一只猫 在玄学之角
 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 比最隐秘的动机还深
 分不出主观客观 猫和夜互为背景
 有时是一张脸 有时是完全不同的两副面孔
 每一种动物都躲到定义中去了
 只有独眼的猫王守候着 旋动的猫眼绿
 从黑暗的底座放出动人心魄的光芒
 使我们无法回避的倾倒
 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颅骨和名字 使劲一跳
 使我们食不甘味 难以安顿下来
 我们受惊时愈加感到它的盛大 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来偿还 一笔乱账
 卡喉的鱼刺有尖锐的两端 我吐血而活着
 从老虎的蓝色推想事物的起源

直到钢琴打开天窗说亮话
 我才从玄学深处跌回到自身
 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

(1991、12、22、于西昌月亮湖畔)

饥饿之年

很少有人知道你是怎样生活的
 那些反物质的日子轻骑而过
 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
 旁若无人的放屁(诗中有粮)
 拥有世界上最好的谷物和麦子
 臆想之中的美餐 还没有吃完
 又被别的理由推开 自我解嘲的
 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
 弹尽粮绝时跌诵孟夫子语录
 好象那斯人就是空着肚子的我
 一边吐着酸水 一边等着天降大任
 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
 成为一种流行风度 在栏目上
 确定下来,让更多的人模仿体会
 为艺术挨饿的那份光荣与神圣
 反正还年轻 在词语的砥砺中
 磨损肠胃的健康 不觉得痛
 只因为轻度浮肿造成的假象
 都说你兵强马壮 活得充实
 直到和思想自由一齐进口的美国手铐
 戴在你手上 才有人发现
 在那许多喊饿的贫嘴富嘴中
 你是饿得最爱国的一个 在山上

下高墙

你啃植物的根块 喝西北风
换了一身筋骨出来 胃更宽大了
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
把贫困作为纯粹的前提条件
来感受 (气功和商品让别人玩去)
你勒紧裤带 坚持艺术到底
妻子每天端上极洁净极整齐的饭菜
总有一些问题在阳光中潜伏下来
使你仙风道骨的消瘦 厌食油荤
妻说 我看你还是出家最好
你说尘缘未了 等这首诗写完
放下心来 便可立地成佛

(1992、3、12、于西昌月亮湖畔)

手的方式

并非自己的一只手
总不肯从我身上拿开
比影子更重的呼吸
压迫着身体的每一个部位
从嘴到肺 再到四肢
不准你轻举妄动
精神或许要更敏感一些
想走 想远远的躲开
到他们鞭长莫及的地方
手的游戏范围之外
也只限于想 神游
就这样也是很危险的
手的触须比刀锋更真实
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 如鹰隼
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着

只消那致命的一击落下
你便乌乎哀哉 遑息半年
放你一马 或缓期执行
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
暗中炒熟生米 将你的名字
在某一份名单上涂成黑色
又划上红杠 这并非被迫害妄想
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
手发出的光泛指一切事物——
在水之外是鱼的内部网络
逃出天空是飞鸟命中的射程
翻开经典是压抑性的章节
针对思想的暴力与迫害
在每天的饭菜中 变幻不定的手影
甚至成为对肠胃的干涉
使你食欲不振
情欲迅速陷于瘫痪
过早脱落的发和每夜紧迫的睡眠
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
手翻来覆去 使你苦笑 狂笑
尝遍人世间的酸甜苦辣
最后哭笑不得 你终于明白
和你对奕的原来是一只国手
手的专横 暴力的修辞形式
别无选择的失败 作为必然的
结局 还是按照手的方式生活
以表示归顺 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尾——
 你首先想到隐居 学古代诗人的榜样
 在一朵菊花的后面（隐者无山
 所有的山都已收归国有）
 只好原地不动 不思 不想
 从哑巴再变成白痴
 在不知什么的一棵树下
 坐忘 无始无终（结尾1）
 或者打开紧张的皮肤 把自己
 投向光里 从装甲的后面
 抓住那只没有体温的手
 流你的血 涂满它的手掌
 迫使它在这个世纪最后的证词上
 留下一个带血的手印（结尾2）
 总有难言之隐 在被迫的游戏中
 你必须装出若无其事的样子
 在一张不规则的棋盘上
 与那只无形的手继续对奕
 （1992、3、7、于西昌月亮湖畔）

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
 体味火。体味一种纯金的热情
 被更高的热情所包含，或毁灭
 火的洗礼与献身。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
 在火的舌头上感受自己的肉体
 比看别人点燃手指真实得多
 皮的焦糊味，肉的烂熟味
 超出痛苦的最多含义，不知道痛
 很小的火焰中，因焦灼而歪曲的脸
 互相野蛮，互相出血，互相背叛

相互暴风雪。你在火焰的中心
 冷得冒烟。火的深入变化无穷
 毫不手软的屠杀与围攻。思想
 纯正的黑暗。炉火纯青的白
 旗的红。杀人不见血的透明
 读一百遍伟人传记还是崇高不起来
 找不到一点凤凰的感觉
 甚至羽毛。比铁坚硬的是火
 自我提炼的绝好机会。紧要关头
 血压升高。意识不即不离
 火的牙齿把头发一根根咬白
 如优质木炭的灰。银子耗损的
 光芒。生命在火焰中趋于纯粹
 万念俱灭的决心。不躁不热
 在火中褪尽了火，回到丹田的
 最初位置。百炼成钢，或者
 百炼成精。高温中蒸发的水
 都不代表你此刻的**想法**
 还是回到**状态**。抖落身上的灰烬
 从火焰中再生的不是凤凰
 是一只乌鸦，全身黑得发亮
 （1992、3、23、于西昌月亮湖畔）

第三代诗人

一群斯文的暴徒 在词语的专政之下
 孤立得太久 终于在这一年揭杆而起
 占据不利的位置 往温柔敦厚的诗人脸上
 撒一泡尿 使分行排列的中国
 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
 自下而上的暴动 在语言的界限之内
 砸碎旧世界 捏造出许多稀有的名词和动词
 往自己脸上抹黑或贴金 都没有人鼓掌
 第三代自我感觉良好 觉得自己金光很大
 长期在江湖上 写一流的诗 读二流的书
 玩三流的女人 作为黑道人物而扬名立万

自有慧眼识英雄 耀帮哥们儿一句话
 第三代诗人从地下走到地上 面色惨白
 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 第三代诗人悲痛欲绝
 发誓继承耀帮哥们儿遗志 坚决自由到底
 第三代诗人由此懂得革命不是请客吃饭
 学着说粗话 玩世不恭 骂他妈的
 上层的天空在中国变来变去 第三代诗人
 时常伤风感冒 变得十分敏感和谨慎
 太多的禁忌不能说 唯一的逃避是诗
 第三代诗人换上干净的衣服 在象牙的表面
 做没有规则的游戏 远离心脏和血肉
 或者模仿古人的形式 用月光写诗 用菊花
 写诗 写一些很精致的文字 从红色
 向白色 热情逐渐递减 减至语言的零度
 第三代诗人活得很清苦 食人间烟火
 说普通话 在茶馆里坐着品茶 喜欢有
 茉莉花的那一种 马克思说不劳动者不得食
 第三代诗人靠老婆养活 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
 后于弗洛伊德深入女人的舌尖和阴道
 在想象中消耗太多的精液 结果阳气大亏
 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由他去

被臆想的根羁绊着 抽刀断水 或者
 把它暴露得更加粗大 以证明血统的纯正
 第三代读老庄 读易经 倾向于神秘主义
 或故作神秘主义 用八卦占卜 看一次手相
 便学会一种骗人的勾当 再骗朋友和敌人
 继而进入气功状态 丹田的位置并不重要
 关键是坐的姿势 要做出吐纳的样子
 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
 就这样真真假假的活着 毁誉之声不绝于耳
 第三代面不改色心不跳 依然写一流的诗
 读二流的书 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 突然被一支乌枪击落
 成为一幕悲剧的精彩片断 恰好功德圆满
 北岛顾城过海插洋队去了 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 在狱中慷慨陈词 拒不悔过认罪
 学会流放 学会服苦役 被剃成光头
 在镰刀与铁锤下面换一种活的方式
 周伦佑在峨边服刑 廖亦武李亚伟
 在重庆受审 尚仲敏在成都写检查
 于坚在云南给一只乌鸦命名 第三代诗人
 树倒猢猻散 千秋功罪十年以后评说
 (1991、2、28、风雪中于峨山打锣坪)

▲周伦佑 ZHOULUNYOU

红色写作

1992 艺术宪章或非闲适诗歌原则

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. 白色写作与闲适

1

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，~~作稚子状、作女儿状~~、作清谈状、作隐士状、作嬉皮状、作痞子状……一味地琐碎，一味地平淡，一味地闲情。有意避开大师及其作品，对力度与深刻的惧怕或不敢问津。以白萝卜冒充象牙，借以逃避真实和虚构的险境。在轻音乐的弱奏中，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。

2

这只是表面的印象。在嘈杂的丝竹中我们发现 其主导的音调是闲适[“]——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，从血液里钝化了诗人的感觉，道家的“清静无为”又使仅有的一点浓度变得更淡。或者旭日临窗的悠闲心情，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），用竹子扫一些月光，对着桌面上的一点灰尘出神，把墙壁上的一点墨迹缩小或放大，如此等等。真心诚意地闲适。在清浅的自娱中写些无关痛痒的文字，一种旁观的，古今皆宜的闲情诗歌。

如此巨大的倾斜反差出一个确定不移的事实：在一个充满暴力与对抗的时代中，一群诗人弱力人格的无力表现，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

渺小

色写作的第一个意象。

3

当然，这并不代表当代诗歌的全部。

在普遍的贫乏无力中，少数强健意志的诗人仍以充沛的生命拓垦着艺术，使当代诗歌保有鲜明的例外（北岛是第一个例外，经过时间的冲洗他的光芒愈见深入）；还有一批青年诗评家在白色写作泛滥时理论上拨乱反正的声音，或者坚持绝不妥协的批评立场，或者力图从理论上把白色写作引导入更严肃的方向，都同时做出了极具贡献的努力。虽然如此，普遍的无力仍是不可改变的事实。

一代人的飘忽除内在人格的羸弱外，更主要还是精神上自我弱化的结果。作为东方审美意识的精神传人，本能地倾向于逍遥与闲情，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。由此产生出逃避的艺术是再自然不过的事。

4

“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着香茗，一边赏玩风月的优雅情景，当然，基础是丰裕的地租和银两，还有不可或缺的装饰物：一把扇子。另一方面，“闲适”不仅是中国传统文人的生活理想，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。逃避社会，逃避现实的重大矛盾，在与自然的协调中镇静身心和诗文。这种基调成为中国古典诗歌隐而不断的一大线索，不经意中很轻易的便俘获了后世的弱力诗人和读者。

5

“闲适”按其本义指“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合谐相安的一种心境；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。总之是一种标准绅士化的，无忧无虑的生命意识（即使有点忧虑，也不过是一点悲秋伤春的闲愁），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”或“闲情逸致”等等，也都会使人联想到“有闲者”无所事事的那种无聊心境，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，总要从态度中流露出一种“玩”的意味。在近代文学家中，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！

6

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构，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，磨平一切锋芒，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意象。

7

让我们看看外国的情况。

白色写作者说不说我们都明白其中的隐情：他们不仅有值得夸耀的古代根系，而且一般还有横向移置的基因——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（包括受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，反对隐喻和过份修饰；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，由各人的风格所构成，但在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。

之所以

8

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，改变着我们关于世界的叙述，因而可以说文学改变着世界（布托尔）

挖地三尺，我们也没能从这个源头上找到有关逃避的依据。

显示着

9

作为现代写作的一种实验，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入。从变革艺术的统一步伐到标新立异的自以为是，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，我们倒是在读了他们的作品之后，更真实地洞悉了人类的险恶处境，并决心为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，除非你掷笔并彻底放弃写作。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。写作从来不是旁观的。

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，这既不能使他们变成鹰隼，也决不会使他们因此高蹈起来。

者

10

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。这些都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”，这使他们勿须用力便消解了有关“浅薄”、“平庸”的顾虑。殊不知他们所捍卫的是他们根本不了解的东西：对现代主义传统的反叛。而在中国，连非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。刚从党派指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，乃至平添几分神圣。

11

最后是所谓“后现代”的自我标榜，一种打肿脸充胖子的把戏，风牛马不相及的悬念，在臆想中成为似乎的事实。又一种外部攀附的努力，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，它更敏感的切入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”艺术中得到了一些什么，那和前面提到的所有模仿行为一样：他们以其一贯

的谨慎，小心翼翼地避开“后现代”诗歌的严肃主体（社会抗议和绝望主题），有选择的认同与他们弱力人格相适应的和解主题。这只得圆熟，甜腻的闲情写作多了一点略带洋腔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诗对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皆可以成为“诗”和“诗人”！

如同中国人的幽默感总要慢半拍一样，对这种写作劣迹的揭露也稍嫌晚了一些，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，被他们误读或假借的对象本身正构成文学的革命性成果。主题的严肃性，从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，其本来的平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其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

锐

人的杂乱无章！没有创造的大智大慧，只有模仿他人的小才能；没有大破坏大建设的勇气，只有追名逐利的小聪明。比记忆更深的朽木毒化着种族的血液，很温驯的蚂蚁啮咬着一代人的灵魂。在历史悠久的衰退中，脆薄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置来的，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疑精神，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——建立在中庸、圆滑、明哲保身的卑微人格之上的闲适，一种自我把玩的乐趣！

15

这样，我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皆体现了我们这个古老文明在丧失其原初的创造力之后，仅存的一点矜持和自我回忆的努力。作为种族精神弱化的投影，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圆润中，把实验性变成惰性，把尖锐性变成中性，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

1

诗的纯粹是从来没有说清楚过的一件事，一桩拖了很久，由于证据不足还要继续拖下去的悬案。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手举着一样东西，或者很神圣的做出举的样子，仿佛举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。过于严肃的神情随之使人生疑：那上面真有什么神秘吗？抑或抬举的姿势只是表示一种虔诚罢了，如此想法并没有消除问题。原来举着手照样举着，又有更多的手自发地围上去，共同侍奉那易碎的神圣。就算知道艺术家手上那块水晶是虚构的，它仍然确定无误的发着光，并且显示出一种质量和重量，使人感觉到它，联想着它、体现着它，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。

2

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溃，我于是确信：所有那些崇高的敬礼之上并没有占据着什么。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刚从党派指令下脱身不久，某种纯艺术的倾向可以强化独在的决心，因此我在《反价值》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展开我的论述，并试图在澄清前人的误会时圆满的解决好这个问题。

3

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，与严肃文学同义，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。

4

纯文学自古便有之，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，它包含着某种可能，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；纯诗的情况要更特殊一些，它的全部困难隐舍于它的前提：集真实与虚幻，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。

5

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（言不能尽意），老子（言者不知）以及自亚里士多德以来的西方“逻各斯”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。

——语言是存在的家屋（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，语言的全部隐秘性便洞开了：作为存在的基本形式，语言一方面给不确定者以确定（规范着），一方面给确定者以不确定（生成着）。因而它既是遮蔽的，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，丝毫不能改变人类命运（因而也是永恒）的语言困境。

6

作为对存在的沉思和沉思存在，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语，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

作为语言的澄明意向，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清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

现在我们便可以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“道德说教”（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元的承诺。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。

9

问题依然存在。由于不同时代艺术观念的差异，以及诗人天生的自恋偏执狂，人们在艺术观点上总是针锋相对，互不相让的。对诗也不例外。不仅不同流派之间，就是同一追求的诗人之间对纯诗本质的认定也是各不相同的。由此产生出不同的纯诗标准。这使得统一的纯诗准则无法建立。以上面提到的“含混”和“明晰”为例：在艾略特和奥登的诗中，“含混”是被作为诗的基本要素的，“明晰”则是必须克服的不纯因素；当代诗歌（“自白派”“垮掉一代”）一反艾略特、奥登标准，把“明晰”奉为水晶，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”的矛盾也是如此。

凡此种种，使我们在对“诗的纯粹本质”作最后界定时无法下手，最后只好放弃，而将“纯诗”设定为诗人的一种形而上理想，推动诗人趋向纯粹的前因，而不是后果。

10

白色写作在纯诗上的第一个误解是把“闲适”与“纯粹”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（道家羽化的象征），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情。似乎“诗的纯粹”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粹的诗人了。姑且不论这种看法在理论上是如何站不住脚，就以白色写作所标举的陶渊明、王维以及魏晋玄言诗人来看，也是大谬不然的。

11

魏晋诗人的作品（包括玄言诗和游仙诗）十之八九为忧愤之作。陶渊明虽然田园，但他决不是赋闲的诗人。一卷陶诗（包括诗人的非韵体作品《桃花源记》《五柳先生传》等）无一不是言志的。王维早期诗多为述怀之作，晚期山水诗多带禅意（佛家的一种哲理）。还可以再举出些例子：李商隐的无题诗在缠绵悱恻的情语中往往寄托着对某种政治理想的坚贞；神秀词坛的李后主，代表其艺术最高成就的还是亡国之后，凝结着国破家亡之痛的沉郁词章。以上举例的全是一些具有纯艺术倾向的诗人。至于屈原，陈子昂，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“玄奥的哲思”接近透明。二者都是形而上的哲学诗人。

12

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。这是由艺术的基本动机所决定的。

倾向智慧之纯粹者，表现出一种形而上的专注；倾向潜意识梦幻者，呈现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；自白派沉缅于隐私的坦诚，一种神圣的嚎叫。

——波特莱尔的《恶之花》是非中性的；

——马拉美的《骰子一掷永远取消不了偶然》是非中性的；

——韩波的《地狱中的一季》是非中性的；

——布列东的《白发左轮枪》是非中性的；

——艾略特的《荒原》是非中性的；

——庞德的《诗章》是非中性的；

——金兹堡的《嚎叫》是非中性的。

卡夫卡是非中性的；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”是非中性的；黑色幽默是非中性的；“反乌托邦”三部曲是非中性的；荒诞派戏剧是非中性的。魔幻现实主义继起于拉美大陆，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端——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）！

13

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，如同纯青的炉火使铁变成钢，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，被磨损得最厉害的一个词。

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，一度语言，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，与诗人的感觉和自由联想有关，在语言中获得的一种无遮蔽性。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！

我们主张的正是这后一种透明。

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，也还会因为诗人语种，心理素质、才能结构、美学追求以及饮食水土的差异而呈现出不同的张力：

——瓦雷里深入大海的颗粒，追索一滴酒与整个世界的关系。石榴的隐秘结构。在形而上的智慧中使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，用无釉的坛子，用铁杉，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，死的感动和生的震颤。母体内粘稠的液体。肉的恒温。一个混沌未开的世界。近乎绛色的纯净。

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，而是艺术自身的转机。

一道巨大的裂痕划开鲜明的阵线，我们站在艺术一边，在深渊中置身于更深的伤口，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

入)，从天空转向大地，从模仿转向创造，从水转向血，从阅读大师的作品转向阅读自己的生命。不是对西方“现代主义”、“后现代主义”的模仿移置，不是从艺术到艺术的偷渡和置换；不是抽象智慧。近乎残酷的真实，深入肉体世界的一切险境。金属的尖锐。在摆脱了闲适与模仿之后，中国诗人用生命写出的真正中国感受的现代诗。以血的浓度检验诗的纯度。这便是红色写作所追求的纯粹——红色纯粹。

作为一种新的诗歌纯粹原则，红色纯粹不是要缩小，而是要扩大诗的内涵，使诗的可写性扩大到生命，包含肉体的可写性。书面文本与肉性文本的统一，最终把诗从书本中解放出来，使之成为可观，可感，可听，与生命相互溶入的，更广泛的艺术形式。

红色写作的时间开始了。

C. 红色写作如是说

迫

1

不要问我们从哪里来，到什么地方去，我是谁。现在时态的巨大漩涡，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；还有精神压迫的确切事实，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。正在燃烧的荆棘火焰。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。

2

红色写作开宗明义要反对的便是闲适，一种艺术的逃避行为。远离心脏与血肉的假纯粹。从现实的严肃性向后退却，不管是逃向老庄、易经，还是逃向山林、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，大牺牲的勇气。以深入虎口的大无畏精神，写别人不敢写的，写别人不准写的。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，一起沉论或者得救。

生命与艺术同一。

3

也可以退后一步。

写作本身就是行动。是比静坐与绝食更深的投入。从闲情的玻璃下沉到血的深度，不回避金属和死亡的写，没有声音与味觉的写。贫困的饥饿与黄胆中，管它东南风西北风，以赴死的决然深入语言，从意识的中心向前推进。用词语接触词语，用词语摩擦词语，用词语分化词语，用词语瓦解词语。在二十世纪最后的壮观中，我们既是演员又是观众，既是主体也是客体，亲身经历一切伤口又在刀锋之外，从排练到演出到鼓掌到流泪流血——直到倒下，都严肃认真一丝不苟的做去。~~亲身经历燃烧然而在火焰之外~~自始至终坚守着艺术的本份。为艺术保全生命。

还有另一种情况。某种无法回避的紧要时刻，必须由你在艺术与生命之间作出选择。献身的黄金誓言依然响在耳边。我们毫不犹豫的走上前去。可以接受肉体失败的事实，但艺术必须言说并且澄明。为艺术献出生命。

不是口头的献身。红色写作本来便含有流血的意思：牺牲生命以成全艺术，高于生命的艺术至上！

4

在反对形式模仿的同时，红色写作也反对主题和意象的横向移置。

红色写作认为：诗人一生的主要意象与他生命中的重大事件有关。不是哲学的思考，不是从艺术到艺术的置换。而是生命的创口通过深插于火焰中的手，反复提炼，使经验或超验的事实纯化化为普遍的形式。而不是相反，专从西方艺术经典中寻找主题和意象。正是在这一点上，中国现代艺术步入了最大的误区。

西方现代艺术植根于西方人的生存困境，主要是商品化及科技文明的压迫，还有自由的滥用。高度发展的物质文明在造福人类的同时剥夺了人类，使人深陷于商品、欲望、电子和各种符号组成的迷宫中而不能自拔，由此产生出现代艺术的“异化”、“孤独”、“绝望”、“荒诞”主题。一种主体的迷失，本质的迷失（对思想专制的反抗至此已成为无的放矢的空泛，从中世纪起历 200 年的反复牺牲，到 1779 年法国大革命，思想自由的原则已从宪法条文变成全民的共识，而成为西方精神的传统）。诗人艺术家在自由无碍的精神空间里身心交困的已不是政治的压迫，而是物质与文化——一种非暴力的压迫形式。

5

中国艺术家注定在另一种生存环境中谋生和写作。虽然初级阶段商品化的软刀子已使一些人头晕目眩，学着荒诞和轻微呕吐，但我们面对的主要现实依然是思想专制的暴力结构，无处不在的钢铁与控制。不管你怎样强调文化传统的不同，国民素质的差异，这个巨大的差别是无法抹平的。正是这个基本事实决定了中国诗人所追求的“现代”与西方艺术的“现代感应性”必然有某种本质的不同，也就是说，中国现代诗的主题和主要意象不能是从西方现代艺术中移置来的。它必须是从中国诗人活生生的生存境遇和肉性体验中感受出来的，历经存

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。不懂得什么现代主义、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，并推动最后的审判早日到来。

需要附带声明的是：我反对“横向移置”，并不表明我同意伪现实主义对“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。

6

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，言之无物的空气或空洞。岩石的生硬，泥土的充实，握有四季但不释放出花朵。一种雕塑的旷放笔触，引而不发的内在张力。倾斜而下的陡峭，天空砍削的不平，偏爱硬性的物质意象。直接深入的触痛。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、褻渎、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；惨烈的隐忍或爆发；对一切神圣规约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，及一切故作童心的奶气、稚气、洋娃娃气。平原大野地甩手甩脚，尽其可能的强大与任性，一种元气充沛的阳刚气度。这不是性别的划分，而是性质的强调。

7

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，烂市的哥们儿义气；反对小圈子主义，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，所有那些吃艺术、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，把艺术无赖化，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术者，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。

8

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案（对应于镰刀斧头，十字架，大卫星）。艺术严肃生命的象征。砍倒又复活，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。一种生生不息的搏动，穿过历代的法网，死亡和战争，在同样的场面中重现，给我们呼吸生者与死者的血和思想，艺术伟大变构的活力之新，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。

9

红色写作在坚持艺术的独立性、非意识形态立场的同时，也清楚的知道，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（阿拉贡、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。这也是和艺术的本能相符合的。

10

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卫，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，所有那些理性可能及的范围，所有那些理性不能及的范围。非理性的辉煌与黑暗！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、屠杀，挂羊头卖狗肉，卖人肉，卖少女肉，卖柏拉图精神肉，口淫、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。

11

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年来的事。这反映了人们对那种“紧跟形势”图解政策的伪诗的反感，也体现了中国现代诗自我纯化的警惕。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而与政治结盟，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”的敏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哲保身的态度，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”这些容易涉嫌政治的严肃领域也被诗人排除于语言范围之外，而专注于一种无伤大雅的闲情表达（写作的明哲保身），到头来还是诗人缺乏道德勇气的弱力人格使然。

12

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愿之外。正如帕斯所说“诗不仅仅是人自己所想、所感、所作的说明，而且是人自己所建立的定义”。不管是抒情，表现美，揭实冥实或探求新的表现形式，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注意到一个有趣的现象：作为不自由人类对自由的趋近，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始初原因。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。

13

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”中便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，第一位的（但不是终极的，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，追索自由便是介入政治，那每一个真诚的艺术师都是政治的，无论你怎么辩解都无法使自己与政治脱离干系。我们索性政治下去！德里达主张消除哲学与文学的界限，将二者统名之为“写作”。这还不够，还应该再加上政治、宗教、气功、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然的整体，不再自我消耗的相互分裂和对立。

14

红色写作推崇那些用血写成的书。

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，倾满腔之血写一部书，写一首诗，写一句话，一个字。这样一种写作态度便在我们崇敬之列。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信念的诗人作家同行们致以崇高的敬意（索尔仁尼琴、布罗斯基、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。即使在长期的政治迫害下，在监禁、流放和苦役中，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点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：命运是均等的，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明天！

15

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！它不仅是一种写作方法，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。我们不是隔绝的。我在这里写下这些质朴的文字，在我的笔尖穿透的时间之另一面，你们便已经听到了，感觉到了；即使是盲目者，他也用手或身体的感性部位触摸到了我着力很深的笔划，而读出了我灼痛的思想。其实我的用意是很简单的：激活你们内心的纯洁源泉——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朝前眺望。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。七十三年前的一天，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！

（1992年8月14日完稿于西昌月亮湖畔）