

UC Santa Barbara

UC Santa Barbara Previously Published Works

Title

Disturbance/ざわめき

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/8023z8jx>

Author

Novak, DE

Publication Date

2023-12-11

Copyright Information

This work is made available under the terms of a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial License, available at <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/>

Peer reviewed



To See Once More the Stars
Living in a Post-Fukushima World

To See Once More the Stars
星が降るとき

New Pacific Press

Edited by
DAISUKE NAITO
RYAN SAYRE
HEATHER SWANSON
SATSUKI TAKAHASHI

ヘザー・スワンソン
ライアン・セイヤー
高橋五月
内藤大輔
編

星が降るとき

三・一一後の世界に生きる



To See Once More the Stars

Living in a Post-Fukushima World

Edited by

DAISUKE NAITO

RYAN SAYRE

HEATHER SWANSON

SATSUKI TAKAHASHI



new pacific press

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA · 2014

soil, and on the world's atmosphere and oceans, do these words not feel oddly unbalanced? Do they not seem to have only the faintest connection to the real world? What could it possibly mean to take responsibility to protect our way of life? When life is whittled down to such a degree, what way of life is there left to protect?

Translation by David Leheny

ざわめき DISTURBANCE

デヴィッド ノヴァック David Novak

1.

[through a megaphone]

Nononono nononono Noda.

No no no no no no no no no no no no Noda.

Nodanodanodanodanodanodanodanono.

No nono no no nononono Noda.

2.

How many times can you say it, in the course of a day,
of a song, of a summer?

SAIKADO HANTAI!

Tens, hundreds of thousands, maybe
(though the counts always vary)

Call and response:

SAIKADO HANTAI SAIKADO HANTAI

GENPATSU IRANAI GENPATSU IRANAI

To the beat:

SaiKAdo HanTAI GenPATsu iraNAI.

Theme and variations:

koDomo wo maMORE, OI wo toMERO

GENpatsu yaMERO, noDA yameRO [rest]

All the way downtown from Umeda,
marching, dancing, pushing strollers

for the Natsu Datsu Genpatsu “sound demo”
Following the giant PA speakers strapped onto the back of
the little white truck, covered with rainbow umbrellas
A young guy inside, dressed in summertime
yukata, behind the mic,
blasting a recording of Auld Lang Syne
cracking jokes as we pass by the KEPCO building
“Thanks for your business. We will be closing now.”

Then a young woman, dancing behind the truck, yelling
energetically over a trance beat, “GENPATSU IRANAI!”
At a stoplight the truck stops, the music stops, and she
raises herself slowly from a crouch, her arm shot out
to the crowd, fingers splayed, her voice falling as she
begins to stand, falling from the top of her range to
the lowest, deepest, and most distorted tone she can
manage—“Iranaaaaaiiiiiiiiiiii!” Halfway through, the beat
drops back in, the light changes, and we dance on.

3.

That Noda was overheard
“it’s all just a lot of loud noise”
And on the other hand
That Japanese people hesitate to protest
To disturb others
To disrupt the course of society
That it is a cultural thing but then
That they turn up anyway
In their numbers
To be counted
Tens and hundreds
By the newspapers
Tens and hundreds of thousands

By the protesters
That it’s not the first time
Of course
That the human chain around the Diet building
is a repetition
That extends and echoes from a half-century ago
That this is supposed to be a different Japan
Of course
That this Japan is delineated by the same
cracks and faultlines anyway
That the quake was “beyond expectations”
That it was expected

4.

They pause at an intersection, or more correctly, they are
halted. Just a single fragile arm in blue cloth, extended
across their path, but they stop. Still drumming, whistling,
waving signs, pounding fingers on portable keyboards and
chanting, in place, like joggers waiting for the light to change.
Minutes go by. The police take pictures of the protesters,
the protesters take pictures of each other. They deliberate—
should, should not be allowed to go on—while the clamor
grows, and others pile up behind, waiting to walk up the hill
and join the crowd in front of the Diet. Disturbance. Can’t
go forward, protest is too loud for the protest. Saxophone
blows furiously, pots and pans bang sharply, yelling in each
other’s ears. They look around, and at the police, behind,
forward, and at each other. A hand held low from a drummer,
they begin to grow quiet. Tapping, whispering the words
now: *saikadohantai genpatsuiranai saikadohantai genpatsuiranai*.
A parody, a mockery of their own noise, quieter and quieter,
as quietly as possible: *saikadohantaigenpatsuiranai*, tiptoeing
in place, still in the way. The policeman nervously consults

with his colleagues, arm still outstretched. Disturbance.
Then, okay, then. He lets it fall and stands aside.

5.

After how many times does he say it?

“Koe naki koe” (unheard voices)

Demo mada kikoenai (but you still can't hear)

6.

“We shall overcome.” The soul-sound of the anthem, resonant with so many echoes of history, played by the oddly nostalgic chindon band, a rag tag group with clarinets, trumpets, accordions, old fashioned drums strapped to their chests, jauntily smiling past police trucks and indifferent traffic. The strange resonances of different voices, young hippie “freeters” (what do THEY know?), old folkies (what good did THEY do?), mothers and children (what are THEY doing here?). The notes are transformed in moving, walking, lurching almost, dopplering off of the glass windows and concrete alleys of desolate mid-day Hibiya. “Some day...” (in the 2030s...?) We shall all be free, we are not afraid, we are not alone today, we will be all right.

接触 TOUCH

ケイト ブラウン Kate Brown

Touched: Life in the Reactors' Shadow

In contemporary popular culture, consumers find irradiated wastelands fascinating. The madly popular online game S.T.A.L.K.E.R. takes players into a virtual Chernobyl Zone to battle invisible plumes of contaminants, zombies and druids. In the popular sci-fi film, *Gamma*, a disfigured man describes how the clean-up went all wrong. In sci-fi fantasies, irradiated zones are almost always de-populated. That is part of the attraction, the seduction of surviving alone in a place no longer fit for the living.

The sad fact overlooked in these fantasies is that there are irradiated zones which are fully inhabited. And unlike the sci-fi renditions, for the people who live in them, the reality of contamination is terrifyingly banal: long waits in medical clinics, worries over the price of prescriptions, reams of paperwork and affidavits related to compensation and disability claims, unemployment, poverty, illness.

In the village of Muslumovo, on the small Techa River in the southern Urals, I visited Nazia, Maurat and their two sons in August 2009. When I arrived, they had a meal prepared and invited me to eat. I did not dare. For decades the Techa River has been a repository of the highly polluting Maiak Plutonium Plant near the closed nuclear city of Ozersk. In the late forties, short on storage space for highly radioactive effluent, plant managers dumped the waste into the Techa River. They continued this practice, secretly, until 1951 when researchers took measurements in downstream villages and found that pastures, crops, household implements

掛け合い

「再稼働反対」「再稼働反対」

「原発いらぬ」「原発いらぬ」

ビートに合わせて

「さいかどう ほんたい げんぱつ いらぬい」

主題と変奏

「こどもをまもれ、おおいをとめろ

げんぱつ やめろ、のだ やめろ (休止)」

梅田駅から繁華街一帯を 行進しながら 踊りながら ベビーカーを押しながら

「夏！脱原発！」の「サウンド・デモ」に参加している人々

虹色の傘で飾られ 巨大なスピーカーを後ろに載せた小さな白い軽トラの後をみんなが追う

トラック内でマイクを手にした浴衣姿の青年は「蛍の光」を大音量で流し

関西電力ビルを通り過ぎる時にジョークを飛ばす

「いつもお世話になっております まもなく閉店いたします」

トランス系のビートにかぶせて、トラックの後ろで踊っている若い女性が勢いよく叫ぶ。「原発要らない！」信号でトラックが止まり、音楽が止まると、彼女はしゃがんだ姿勢からゆっくり立ち上がり、パツと開いた手の平を群衆に勢いよく突き出す。立ち上がりながら、彼女の声は出せる一番高い音から一番低く、深く、そして一番歪んだ音色まで落ちていく——「いらぬああいいい！」その途中で、ビートの滴りが戻って来て、信号が変わり、私たちは踊りながら進んでいく。

3

野田がもらしたひと言は聞かれてしまった

「大きな音だね」

その一方

抗議や他人に迷惑をかけること

社会の流れを妨げることのためらう日本人が

それでもデモに姿を現した

新聞によれば

何十 何百人だが

デモ隊によれば

何万 何十万人も

その一人一人が

自分の思いを示そうと参加した
これは初めてではない
もちろんそうだ

国会議事堂を囲む人間の鎖は繰り返された
半世紀前からつながりは響いている
今の日本は昔と違うのではなかったか
もちろんそうだ

だが 今も昔と同じ亀裂と断層がこの国を分断する
この地震は「想定外」のことだったか
いや 予想されていたことだった

4

デモ参加者たちは、交差点で立ち止まった。正確には、制止されたのだ。青い服の警官の、たった一本のか細い腕が、行く手を遮って伸ばされただけで、デモ隊は止まった。その場を動かさず、太鼓を叩き続け、口笛を吹き続け、プラカードを振り、キーボードを弾き鳴らし、唱え続ける。信号が変わるのを待つランナーさながらに。数分が過ぎる。警官たちはデモ隊の写真を撮影し、デモ隊はお互いの写真を撮る。参加者たちは、抗議活動が続けるか否か、考え込んだ。その間も、叫び声は大きくなり、坂を上って国会議事堂前の群集に合流しようとする人々が、背後でふくれあがっていく。これでは単なる迷惑だ。これ以上続けると、抗議行動ではなくなってしまう。サクソフォーンを

荒々しく吹く人、鍋やフライパンを叩く人。互いの声も聞こえないので耳元で怒鳴って話すしかない。周りを見渡し、警官を見、後ろ、前、そしてお互いを見る。一人のドラマーが手を低く下げると、皆が静かになっていく。リズムを刻んで、今度はそっとささやき始めた。「再稼働反対、原発いらない、再稼働反対、原発いらない」密やかに、その場から動かさず、自分たちの騒々しさをあざわらうかのように。静かに、もっと静かに、出きる限り静かに。「再稼働反対、原発いらない」デモ隊を制止した警官は、緊張の面持ちで、腕を伸ばしたまま、同僚たちと相談する。制止は続く。でもまあ、いいだろう、これなら。警官は腕を下ろし、道をあげた。

5

何回言ったら、声になるのだろう
「声なき声」
それはまだ聞こえてこない

6

“We Shall Overcome”（勝利を我らに）。この歌のソウルな、多くの歴史のこだまと共鳴する響きが、妙に懐かしいチンドン屋のような一団によって奏でられていた。クラリネット、トランペット、アコーディオン、胸にくくりつけられたチンドン太鼓からなる、ごたまぜの集団が、意気揚々と微笑みながら、警察車両や無関心な車の流れの横を過ぎていく。若いフリーターたち（何を知っているのか）、年輩いたフオーク歌手たち（何の役に立つのか）、子どもを連れた母親たち（ここで何をしているのか）……さまざまな声が奇妙に共鳴していた。動きながら、歩きな

から、よろめきながら、人けのない真昼の日比谷のガラス窓やコンクリートの路地を、ドップラー効果を生じさせて、遠ざかりながら音は変化していく。「いつか……」（二〇三〇年代に？）私たちは、みな自由になれる。私たちは、恐れない。私たちは、ひとりじゃない。私たちは、きっと大丈夫だ。

翻訳 長田理紗・金孝竜