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Flygtningefiguren i engelsksproglig
nutidslitteratur

(med perspektiver til dansk, tysk og fransk...)

Hvad er flygtningelitteratur?

Claire Galliens 'brede definition':

'It is evident that refugee literature can be taken to mean not only writing by refugees, but also the publications of former refugees turned residents or nationals, as well as those who have not experienced forced displacement. This broad definition brings creative heterogeneity and dissonance into the category and makes readers more aware of and attentive to the politics of representation.'

'Forcing Displacement: The Postcolonial Interventions of Refugee Literature and Arts' (2019)

Den abstrakte flygtningefigur: 2015 krisen

'The Refugees' (2016), by Jason Fotso

(Follow the punctuation, ignore the spacing.)

Turn away the refugees.
We will not

open up
our homes and hearts
for

children.
Close our doors on
the weak.
Only

fear behind
our
love can put
strength in our

hands.
We cannot let them bleed into our

nation.
They share the blood of our

enemy.
Our own
are endangered by
the refugees.

We have forgotten
the words that
the Statue of Liberty shines.
In this darkest hour,

terror
stands stronger than
our people
of
power.
This

fear
conquers
the home of the brave.

(Read from bottom to top, use the spacing.)

Den abstrakte flytningefigur i klassisk anglofon litteratur

Emma Lazarus, 'The New Colossus' (1883)

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.

“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she
With silent lips. “Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”

Den konkrete flygtningefigur: Amir Darwish, 'What I left Behind' (*Dear Refugee*, 2019)

I left that table with three books, a tea glass dirty

An ashtray

The TV remote still lost somewhere between cushions

A wall with a mixture of rotten green broken yellow light

A small window into an empty street

A lonely white tissue blowing in the ruined alley

I left a pregnant apple tree

A sink full of pans from last night's meal

My plate among them with a tulip

I left half a bottle of red wine near the bed

Money notes wrinkled

A belt with broken buckle

The painting in the corridor

The tearful man in it has his hand on his cheek

The forest behind him is as huge as the memory it left behind

I left a tape-recorder a lover once gave me

Playing the Kurdish singer Mohammed Sixo

Singing 'Oh the land Oh the land'

I left my school desk engraved with my name

The teacher who lectured me every time I brought a poetry book

To school instead of my homework

I left the old corner shop

Containing a debt book

That has my name in it

I left a pair of new shoes

The yellow laces I bought

To go with them

I left my mother who used to call me when it was time to eat

I left a generous father who used to bring home bags of figs, apples

And occasionally a roast chicken

I left home.

Den navngivne flygtningefigur – Alan Kurdis efterliv i litteraturen

J.J.Bola, 'more war' (*Refuge*, 2018)

more bombs. air strikes. drones.
more guns. bullets tear bodies.
breaks bones. blood flows
through streets. out homes. more
refugees. families forced to flee.
remember the little boy face down
by the sea? and your heavy heart.
what would he say to you now
if he could speak? more
dead women and children.
they have not suffered enough.
'minimise casualties' is okay
as long as it's not one of us. more
ashes to ashes and dreams to dust.
nightmares during sunrise.
it feeds their rush.
their fire. their flame. their heat.
more war, more way, more war,
for more peace.

- Flash fiction: Kit de Wall, 'Did you see me'? (*A Country to Call Home*, ed. Lucy Popescu, 2018)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kaEyVZT20ZI>

- Interaktivt digt: Khaled Hosseini, *Sea Prayer* (2018):

<https://www.theguardian.com/world/2017/sep/01/sea-prayer-a-360-story-inspired-by-refugee-alan-kurdi-khaled-hosseini>

- Roman: Omar El Akkad, *What Strange Paradise* (2021)

Flygningefiguren i anden litteratur end engelsk – et bredere perspektiv

Dansk: Henrik Pontoppidan, *Lykke-Per* (1889-1904):

Jakobe om mødet med jødiske flygtninge på en af Berlins banegårde, kapitel 7: Her ser hun en 'flok ynkværdige, pjalteskikkelser' / 'fantastiske pjalteskikkelser':

'Mens hun grebes af svimmelhed, gik det op for hende, at hvad hun så for sig, var et af de mange tog af fordrevne russiske jøder, som i det sidste halve år var bleven ført gennem Tyskland for at indskibes til Amerika. [...] Og dette var ingen drøm! Det var virkelighed! Disse til himlen skrigende skændselsgerninger kunne foregå for Europas øjne, uden at en myndig stemme hævede sig derimod!'

Tysk: Stefan Zweig, *Verden af i Går* (1941/DK2013, Judyta Preis og Jørgen Herman Monrad):

I bogens sidste kapitel fortæller jødiske Zweig hvordan det føles pludselig at blive kategoriseret som statsløs flygtning i England i 1938:

'Den foregående dag havde jeg været en udenlandsk gæst og på sin vis en gentleman [...] men nu var jeg pludselig en emigrant, en "refugee". Jeg var rykket ned i en lavere, om end endnu ikke æreløs kategori. [...] I] alle lande var man mistroisk over for den "kategori" af mennesker, jeg nu pludselig tilhørte, de retsløse, de fædrelandsløse [...].'

Fransk: Agota Kristof, *Analfabeten* (2004/DK2022, Caroline Albertine Minor):

'Ørkenen', s. 62-65:

'På fabrikken [i Zürich] er alle søde ved os. Man smiler til os, man taler til os, men vi forstår ingenting. Det er her ørkenen begynder. En social ørken, en kulturel ørken. [...] I materiel forstand er vi en smule bedre stillet end før. Vi har tilstrækkelig med kul og får nok at spise. Men sammenlignet med det vi har mistet, er prisen for høj.'

'Analfabeten', s. 77:

'Jeg ved at jeg aldrig kommer til at skrive fransk som de franskfødte forfattere gør, men jeg skriver det som jeg kan, så godt jeg kan. Jeg har ikke valgt dette sprog. Det er blevet påtvunget mig af skæbnen, af tilfældet, af omstændighederne. Jeg er nødt til at skrive på fransk. Det er en udfordring. Analfabetens udfordring.'