


中西动物小说大王  
金品共读系列

混血豺王  
上

牛头梗霹雳火

沈石溪「一加」西顿  
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## 出版说明

“中西动物小说大王金品共读系列”丛书精选了两位在动物小说创作方面取得杰出成就的中外作家，即享有“动物小说大王”美誉的著名作家沈石溪和欧内斯特·汤普森·西顿，创作的动物小说精品予以结集出版。同时，我们还特邀两届“欧·亨利短篇小说奖”得主里克·巴斯先生、著名评论家汤锐女士以及多位小学教师分别撰写《总序》、点评和阅读指导方案。

该丛书对两位作家的作品予以全面梳理，按描写对象或主题进行归类后同书呈现，旨在向读者提供一种全新的阅读体验，即在最短小的时空间领略中外动物小说精品的精髓，感知自然的语言、色彩和韵律以及生命的独特和伟大，享受精品阅读所给予的情感和精神的愉悦，进而引导读者以一颗仁慈之心对待他人，对待自然，对待生灵，感悟人与自然和谐相处的意义所在，并让读者在“同书对照”阅读中，开阔国际视野，拓展横向思维，思考过去，感知现在，展望未来。

丛书邀请中美两位著名评论家分别撰写的《总序》和点评，不仅有助于读者仔细探究这两位作家的创作初心，启发他们深入领会文学大家的作品中那些或激情昂扬或静水流深或思想深邃或悲壮凄切的优美文字的隽永含义，激发他们丰富的感知力和艺术审美的能力，更是站在理论的高度探究两位作家的创作特色和审美取向，挖掘作品的思想价值和社会价值，探讨作品所蕴含的更为广泛的人文意

义和文化地位。

优秀的文学作品阅读，其意义不唯在于如上所述。尤其是对广大的学生来说，更有一种现实的需求，那就是通过阅读提高写作水平。著名教育家叶圣陶先生说过：“阅读文章可以得到启发、受到教育，获得间接经验，而在真正理解的同时，对文章的写作技巧必然有所领会，可以作为写作的借鉴。”可见，阅读是培养写作能力的主要途径之一。故此，我们特邀请多位优秀小学教师撰写了阅读指导方案，意在优化学生的阅读方法，提升他们的写作能力，让阅读变得更加有效。

我们真诚地希望读者在获得愉悦的阅读体验的同时，升华以仁慈和同情心为内核的道德理想，珍视并呵护人与自然的和谐，同自然和谐共存，为生态文明建设助力。我们亦希望本丛书可以为广大学生的阅读能力和写作能力的提高提供助益，并以这样一种有所创新的方式推动阅读，为落实国家“全民阅读”的目标添砖加瓦。

天天出版社

二〇一五年五月

# 总序

[美] 里克·巴斯

我是个幸运的人——生活在美国蒙大拿州西北部的荒原上，它是美国的几大荒原之一，这里的亚克山谷绵延上百万公顷，位于美国和加拿大的交界处，人烟稀少，是熊类和狼族的家园。山谷海拔很低，群山环绕，覆盖着雨林，物种丰富。这里跟沈石溪的作品中描述的某些村寨非常相似。差不多每天我都会到这片原始森林里散步，我会对我邂逅的那些野生动物做非正式的研究——考察每个物种所青睐的栖息地，探究物种如何调节自己，来适应特定的林地生境。这些给我留下了深刻的印象：大地和包括我在内的所有物种之间存在着强大的联系。我不禁想起了瓦茨拉夫·齐莱克说过的那句话：“同处一方大地，引发内心共鸣。”

沈石溪和欧内斯特·汤普森·西顿的故事打动我心灵的是，他们作品折射出的两种文化所观察到的动物世界里动物之间关系的那种程度，抑或说深度。这些故事让读者爱不释手的秘密，并不仅仅在于读者们可以读到动物们所做出的那些有意识的抉择，还在于他们可以领略到动物们所做抉择的类型和风格：有时是冲动的决定，有时则是深思熟虑之后的决定，但动物们所做的那些决定，无论是正确的，还是艰难的，总是那么地优雅，他们不像我们人类做决定时那样，左右摇摆，举棋不定，历尽波折。

接下来，我们谈一谈道德。

在《象冢》一文中，那只强大的象王在与王位挑战者决斗时，被同情心征服，错过了给对手致命一击的机会。在《野猪王》一



文中，那头威震四方的野猪王承受着复杂的道德负担，因为他那位将他养大、屡次救他性命的主人后来想杀死他。让我们欣慰的是，他们最后还是达成了和解。

最近的几代人——姑且称之为当代人——人云亦云，热情洋溢地构建了一种文化认知，认为动物没有知觉；认为自然界的唯一法则就是尖牙利爪法则。这是适者生存法则的粗糙版本。

（对适者生存法则的肤浅认知给人类这个脆弱的物种带来诸多不幸。我们也许应该扪心自问，谁能真正地幸存下来——先不去管“幸存”这个词的真正内涵——谁又不能幸存下来？在这样一个非黑即白的世界里生活，生活的质量究竟如何？）可以肯定的是，生活还有其他意义，而不仅仅是为了活着。

这个不断被强化的粗糙版适者生存法则将人类与其他生物割裂开来，以至于人类无论以何种方式对待其他动物，都不用承担责任，也不需要为他们的行为负责——所有行为，所有选择——尽管它们会对其他动物的家园、栖息地和生活方式带来影响。

我们获得的认知是，除了人类自己，我们跟世界上的其他事物是分割开来的。结果，灵魂的孤独在我们的身体里扎根，在我们这几代人中间徘徊、游荡，让我们在黑暗的花园里行走。

在西顿和沈石溪所创作的故事中，物种间的关系会让我们感到惊异：读者会花费相当长的时间，去惊讶于人类和其他动物之间的那种跨越边界、跨越物种的行为，也会惊讶于同一物种内不同个体间关系的深度——称之为爱也好，称之为忠诚也好——尤其是进化程度更高的动物以及拥有较大脑容量的哺乳动物之间的关系。我们心醉神迷地阅读着这些故事——西顿和沈石溪创作的故事——我们心里萌生希望，希冀在这些故事里，那扇将人类以及人类灵魂的孤独与世界上的其他事物隔开的大门会豁然敞开——也许我们甚至不用去扪心自问：为什么或如何去做（好运

气，而非坏运气，来临时人们很少去探究为什么)；我们可能会问自己：“忠诚、情感、荣誉甚至友爱——这些逾越物种间鸿沟的道德品质到底为什么会存在？”

我深信，问题的答案是，大地。大地是联通所有物种的纽带。这是不言自明的事实，我们却视若不见。我还认为，我们对待大地的方式——让自己与大地血脉的律动相隔绝，亵渎大地，无视它，伤害它，我们终将意识到我们是在伤害自己——必将决定我们对待其他动物，也即人类同伴以及非人类同伴，的方式。

对自然的观照——留意风吹来的方向，感知风带来的微妙气息——是否可以让我们变得更好？我想，这是可以的。

沈石溪的故事反复写到人们的所作所为带来的后果。在让人心潮难平的《灾之犬》一文中，狗主人抛弃了那条忠心耿耿的狗（在《野猪王》一文中，野猪最终离开了自己的主人），狗主人试图杀死他之前关爱并养大的动物——他的猎狗花鹰。然而，在关键时刻，正是这条忠诚的猎狗挽救了前主人的性命，此时的他已变为花鹰某种意义上的伙伴：职责和义务、道德或其他意义上的伙伴。从这一点讲，这些故事对我们的未来有着非常重要的意义：它们不但可以重塑我们对待自然界的态度，还可以让我们更全面地认识我们内心深处怪异的黑暗，更可以让我们了解到，我们以及其他人的内心深处依然葆有追求光明的能力。

沈石溪的作品还有一个引人关注的特质，即他的很多文字关注的是族群动物的生态，是在从更深层次上观照群居或族群行为的价值以及他们所面临的危险。在很多故事中，如在《野猪囚犯》一文中，反叛要付出高昂的代价；一旦反生叛乱，并不是所有的野猪都能幸存。被监禁——其他可能的生存方式并不能为野猪们带来曙光——成为野猪们热切的盼望。对这些野猪来说，自由好似彩虹，缥缈善变，让他们想入非非，却又可望不可即。



沈石溪的作品让我联想到俄国大文豪伊万·屠格涅夫——最能让我想起他的代表作《猎人笔记》——在收获的季节里，主人公“我”在乡下游荡，用自然历史学家的敏锐感官进行观察，不仅观察动物们的生活——这里的动物就是他的猎物，是他捕猎的鸟儿——还观察距离土地最近的那些农民的私密生活。（法国伟大作家约翰·伯格的作品具备同样清晰优雅的审美风格。）

“晚稻收割完了，大田里，金黄的稻浪变成一片寂寞的谷茬。”在这一简短的陈述句里，感情色彩浓厚，人们的感官完全被调动了起来——这是艺术和讲故事取得成功的先决条件之一。

如果人类和动物之间、人类和非人类生灵之间真的横亘着一条鸿沟，那么我们之间为什么还有交流存在，尽管这种交流变少了？什么样的机制让他们——或者我们——共享着这个世界？

我依然深信，问题的答案是，大地。大地是联通所有物种的纽带。如果真如我所深信的那样，这个联通所有事物的机制是生养所有物种的大地，那么，另一种孤独，孤独深处的孤独，则是这个机制终极属性中最糟糕的属性：一旦失去让所有物种之间产生连续性的大地，我们会失去所有希望，不能享受或重新享受大爱的闲适以及大爱那无与伦比的深沉。

当然了，为了保持人类和其他生物个体之间关系的完整性，这些故事的中心思想以及故事的基础都是有生气的，遵循野性的。

譬如，在西顿的代表作《狼王洛波》一文中，主人公狼王洛波——他对农场主实施报复，因为农场主千方百计地想杀死他，并摧毁他所代表的野性精神——对山区起伏的地形和特点非常熟悉：“猎犬们的责任是让狼群陷入绝境，一直等到猎手骑马赶过来，由他射杀群狼。一般说来，这种做法在得克萨斯州的空旷平原上非常奏效，可是，这个地方的特殊地形开始发挥它的屏障作用，也凸显出洛波在选择猎区方面的精明眼光；原因在于，岩石

遍布的峡谷以及星罗棋布的河流支流将格伦堡分割开来。”

在处理人类和动物关系时，这两位作家的去边界化趋势非常相似。让我觉得非常有趣的是，在沈石溪的一些作品中，动物的行为和抉择似乎更奇妙，他们“通人性”，他们的生活范围更靠近人类社会。在一个又一个故事中，主人公不仅对非人类动物负责，还要对人类社会负责。通常情况下，人类和动物之间的亲密关系让人类社会变得混乱，甚至遭受威胁。在《野猪王》一文中，野猪王和他前主人之间的纠缠不清让整个村寨饱受困扰。

这些故事反反复复地讲述道德故事。

《我所知道的野生动物》行将结束时，西顿对人类所造成的坏结局进行了旗帜鲜明的谴责：“野生动物难道就没有精神权利或者合法权利吗？人类有什么权利将漫长吓人的苦痛加在动物伙伴们的身上，难道仅仅因为这些动物不会开口说话吗？”

这对我们来说，答案不言自明。我们必须重视这样一个现实——如果任由这种趋势发展，那我们终将被引入这样一种境地：我们对待沉默的或被边缘化的生物的态度是，一开始是不尊重、不关心他们，继而是轻易地剥削他们，这跟不尊重是紧密联系在一起的，这种情况继续恶化下去的话，我们就会在这条路上越走越远，最终必将诉诸暴力。这已经不是秘密。

有一点西顿比沈石溪走得更远，在一些故事中，他不但去观察并按时间顺序记录跟我们人类迥异的物种的行为，以便能够保持甚或修复、弥补两者之间的关系，他还经常把动物拟人化，他非常急迫地想要在人类紧闭的心灵上打开一个缺口，这是他在十九世纪晚期所感知到的。

西顿并没有让灰山鹑红颈彻底具备男人、女人或小孩的情感，但他非常坚决地让野生动物——也许也应该包括彷徨或沉睡的人类——拥有喜悦的法则，生命的法则——对生命的喜悦之情是如

此强烈，使得这种喜悦成为一种道德法则的基础，或许它也是终极和最根本的法则：对自己负责，没错，同时跟其他事物联系在一起。“没有什么自然的冲动不是盲目的而发的。”西顿写道。“母山鹑治愈疾病的方法，”他继续写道——在他描述母山鹑照顾自己幼鸟时——“就是服从自然的冲动。”

还有就是：喜悦之情。这是我们每个人都能享受到的——母山鹑和她的孩子们“小心翼翼地朝小河上游走去，来到了一片沙堤旁，这里四周都被屏风似的灌木丛围着，非常隐蔽。他们就那么躺了一个下午，当凉爽的细沙从他们火热的小脚趾间流过的时候，他们觉得舒服极了。凭借着强大的模仿能力，他们学着妈妈的样子侧躺在沙地上，用细嫩的腿脚抓刨着细沙，扑棱着‘翅膀’。他们的翅膀还没有长出来，根本扑棱不起来，在他们身体两侧的绒毛底下，仅有两个小突起，预示着翅膀将从这里长出来。那天晚上，母灰山鹑带着孩子们来到附近的一个干草丛里，那里的枯草叶都很松脆，任何敌人踩上去，都会发出声音，让他们没办法悄悄接近她的孩子们。枯草丛旁边是一片荆棘丛，可以阻隔所有的敌人。她把孩子们安顿在用羽毛搭建成的小窝里，看着这些挤成一团的小东西在睡梦中还不停地叫着，充满信任地依偎着她温暖的身体。母灰山鹑的内心充满了作为母亲的喜悦之情”。

有点啰嗦？用今天的眼光来审视，绝对是。然而，除了人类，其他动物的感觉是否更敏锐，是否能够灵敏地感知这个世界，感知这个世界的喜悦和悲伤——这个世界的那些重要时刻？

绝对可以。

这个认知中蕴含着一份责任。

这两位有着高道德理想的作家所做的努力就寓于此，他们的努力比以往任何时候都更及时，都更意义深远。

# Preface

Rick Bass

I'm fortunate enough to live in one of the wilder places in the United States, a million-acre valley in northwestern Montana: the Yaak Valley, on the border with Canada, home to more bears and wolves than people. It's a low-elevation mountainous rainforest, seething with vegetative diversity: not unlike some of the country depicted in Shen Shixi's work. And my informal study of the wild animals I encounter on my near-daily walks through this wildest country—coming to learn what habitat each species prefers, and the way each species has accommodated a fit with a particular aspect of the forested landscape—has impressed upon me what a powerful relationship exists between place and life, in all species, including our own. I'm reminded of the words of Vaclav Cilek, who wrote, "A place within a landscape corresponds to a place within the heart."

What's striking to me about the stories of Shen Shixi and Ernest Thompson Seton is the degree—the depth—of the relationships in the animal worlds these two cultures have observed. What many readers will fix upon immediately is not just the observations of animals making conscious choices, but of the style and manner in which those choices are made: sometimes impulsively, other times after long premeditation, but always, gracefully rather than with the herky-jerky tortuosity of ambivalence that can attend to so many of our own efforts at decision-making; at doing the right thing, the hard thing.

We are speaking, then, of morality.

In *The Elephant Grave*, the powerful elephant king in battle with a rival is overcome by compassion, and misses the chance to administer a coup de grace. In *King Boar*, a powerful boar, with a complicated moral

debt toward the man who raised and saved him, yet who later tries to kill him, nonetheless brokers a truce.

Recent generations of man—what we could refer to as contemporary society—have constructed a culture that counsels each general, with increasing vehemence, that animals are not sentient beings; that the only law of nature that exists is the simplified rule of tooth and claw, a crude and unsophisticated version of survival of the fittest.

(The generalized shorthand of this idea has led to so much misery upon our own tender species; and who, might we ask, is truly surviving—whatever that word means—and who is not? And what is the quality of that life, those lives, lived under such a one-dimensional black-and-white regimen?) For surely there is more to life than merely drawing each next-day's breath.

And in this simplistic idea of “survival of the fittest”, which is stated with greatest insistence—that man is set so far apart from all other living creatures as to bear no responsibility whatsoever for his treatment of other animals, nor for the actions—in every gesture, every choice—that affects the homes and habitat and lifeways of all other animals.

We are told that we are separate from all else in the world but ourselves, and we wander then at the great loneliness of the soul that has taken seat in us, across these last several generations, and spread, then, as if in a dark garden.

About the interspecies relationships that surprise us, in both Seton's and Shen Shixi's stories: a reader might understandably spend too much time marveling at the cross-border, cross-boundaries, between man and the other animals, as well as marveling at the depth of the bonds—call it love, call it fidelity—between individuals of the same species, particularly among the more-evolved animals, and the mammals with larger brains. We read these stories —Seton and Shen Shixi—with such fascination and hope that perhaps the gate that separates us and our loneliness from the rest of the world might, in these stories, be swinging open—that we may not even ask ourselves *Why*, or *How* (one tends not

to question good fortune, only bad); we might ask ourselves, “What is the reason for the existence of these things—*loyalty, affection, honor, and even love*, across the perceived gulf between species?”

The answer, I believe, is the landscape itself: the common point of attachment, the one thing all species share. This is so obvious that I think we overlook it. And I think also that however we treat the land—shutting ourselves off from its blood rhythms; treating it with the disrespect of inattention, and harming it, with realizing we are harming ourselves—is how we treat other animals, human and non-human.

Can attentiveness to nature—paying attention to the direction the wind is coming from, carrying some delicate scent—make us better people? I believe that it can.

Time and again, in Shen Shixi’s stories, there are consequences to men’s actions. In the chilling *Hound of Doom*, a dog’s owner abandons the loyal animal and, as in the case of *King Boar*, reverses the relationship, seeking to kill that animal which he previously cared for and nurtured—his hound, Striped Eagle. And yet, in the moment of truth, it is the hound who is loyal, seeking to save the man who is no longer his master, but now, a partner of sorts: a partner in obligations and responsibilities, moral and otherwise. In this regard these stories are vital to our future: not just to help reform our attitudes to the natural world, but to understand more fully the strange darkness within us, but also the capacity we still retain for light, within those same personal interiors.

There is another element at play, in Shen Shixi’s work. So much of his prose concerns the dynamics of herd animals, and addresses, at a deeper level, the value but also perils of flock or herd behavior. In many stories, such as *Imprisoned Boars*, rebellion is costly; when it occurs, of necessity, not all survive. Imprisonment—the predictability if not solace of captivity—is desired, by many. To these individuals, freedom seems as mythical, capricious, and fantasy-laden, as a double rainbow, and as intangible.

In many of Shen Shixi’s stories, I’m reminded of the great Russian



writer, Ivan Turgenev—specifically, his classic, *A Sportsman's Sketches*—in which the protagonist-narrator wanders the rural countryside at harvest-time, observing with the acuity of a natural historian not just the lives of animals—in this case, his quarry, the birds he hunts—but the intimate lives of peasants living more closely to the earth than anyone. (The work of the great French writer, John Berger, possesses this same clean, elegant aesthetic).

“The late rice had been harvested. There was only stubble in the fields.” So much is said, mood-wise, in these two short declarative sentences, and the senses are engaged fully: one of the primary preconditions to art's, and storytelling's success.

If there is a gulf between mankind and animals, between humans and nonhumans, why does communication exist between us, still, if in reduced fashion? By what mechanism might they—we—still share this world?

And if the answer for this unifying factor is, as I believe it is, the landscape shared between all species, then what a second kind of loneliness, loneliness upon loneliness, and all the worse for the terminal nature of this: for if we lose the wild landscapes that begat this continuity between all beings, then we lose all future hope for gaining or regaining both the ease of that larger love, as well as the fantastic intensity of it.

Certainly, the hearts of these stories—and the basis, then, for the integrity of the relationships between man and individuals of other living beings—is animated, guided by wildness.

In Seton's *Lobo, King of the Currumpaw*, the wolf-protagonist, Lobo—nemesis of the ranchers who pursued him, trying to vanquish him and the wildness he represented—was synonymous with the curves and elements of his desert landscape: “The part of the wolf-hounds was merely to hold the wolves at bay till the hunter could ride up and shoot them, and this usually was easy on the open plains of Texas; but here new feature of the country came into play, and showed how well

Lobo had chosen his range; for the rocky canyons of the Currampaw and its tributaries intersect the prairies in every direction. The old wolf at once made for the nearest of these and by crossing it got rid of the horsemen.”

Although the two writers’ perspectives on the dissolution of boundaries in the human-animal relationship is similar, though I find it quite interesting that many Shen Shixi’s writings, where animals’ actions and choices seem more fantastical rather than merely “humanized”, pull in more of the human community. In story after story, a protagonist is responsible not only to a non-human animal, but to the protagonist’s human community, which, typically, is upset, even threatened, by the intimacy of the animal-human relationship. In *King Boar*, the entire village is threatened by the back-and-forth turmoil between the boar and his ex-master.

Again and again, these are stories of morality.

Near the end of *Wild Animals I Have Known*, Seton states the coda of both men explicitly, “have the wild things no moral or legal rights? What right has man to inflict such long and fearful agony on a fellow-creature, simply because that creature does not speak his language?”

It should be obvious to us, and a point of great concern that the extension of this trend is leading us ever-more into a condition where we treat not the most silent or marginalized of beings first with the disrespect of inattention, followed then by the easy exploitation that is associated with disrespect and, attenuating further, embarking further along this path, violence. It is no mystery.

Seton, more so than Shen Shixi, seeks in some of his stories not just to observe and chronicle the actions of species different than our own in such a way as to seek to maintain or even repair, bridges between the two, but to push on deeper into anthropomorphism, so desperate was his desire to crack open the closing-hearts of mankind that he perceived even then, in the late 1800s.

Seton does not out-and-out represent the grouse, Redruff, as

possessing the sentiments of a man, woman or child; and yet he is firm in his insistence that wild animals—perhaps more than many of our lost wandering, or sleeping selves—have a code of joy, code of life—an exultation for life so strong that again it becomes the foundation for a kind of moral code, perhaps the ultimate yet most basic code: responsibility to self, yes, but connectedness to others. “No natural impulse is without a purpose,” writes Seton. “The mother grouse’s knowledge of healing”, he writes—describing her maternal care of her brood— “was only to follow natural impulse.”

And yet: joy, of the kind in which any of us might luxuriate: The mother grouse and her brood “all went cautiously up the stream, and in a sandy bank, well screened by brambles, they lay for all that afternoon, and learned how pleasant it was to feel the cool powdery dust running between their hot little toes. With their strong bent for copying, they lay on their sides like their mother and scratched with their tiny feet and flopped with their wings, though they had no wings to flop with, only a little tag among the down on each side, to show where the wings would come. That night she took them to a dry thicket nearby, and there among the crisp, dead leaves that would prevent an enemy’s silent approach on foot, and under the interlacing briars that kept off all foes of the air, she cradled them in their feather-shingled nursery and rejoiced in the fullness of a mother’s joy over the wee cuddling things that peeped in their sleep and snuggled so trustfully against her warm body.”

Over-written? In today’s context, yes, absolutely. And yet: do creatures other than ourselves, with their senses so much more keenly tuned than ours, feel the world and its pleasures and sorrows—its moments—exquisitely?

Surely, and absolutely.

There is a responsibility in this knowledge.

This, then, is the work of two deeply moral writers, and enduring, for that, and more timely than ever.