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中英双语版 In both Chinese and English

我， 雪豹



吉狄马加

著

梅丹理

译

自然影像中国

供图

I,
Snow
Leopard 🐾 🐾 🐾

Jidi Majia

Translated by Denis Mair

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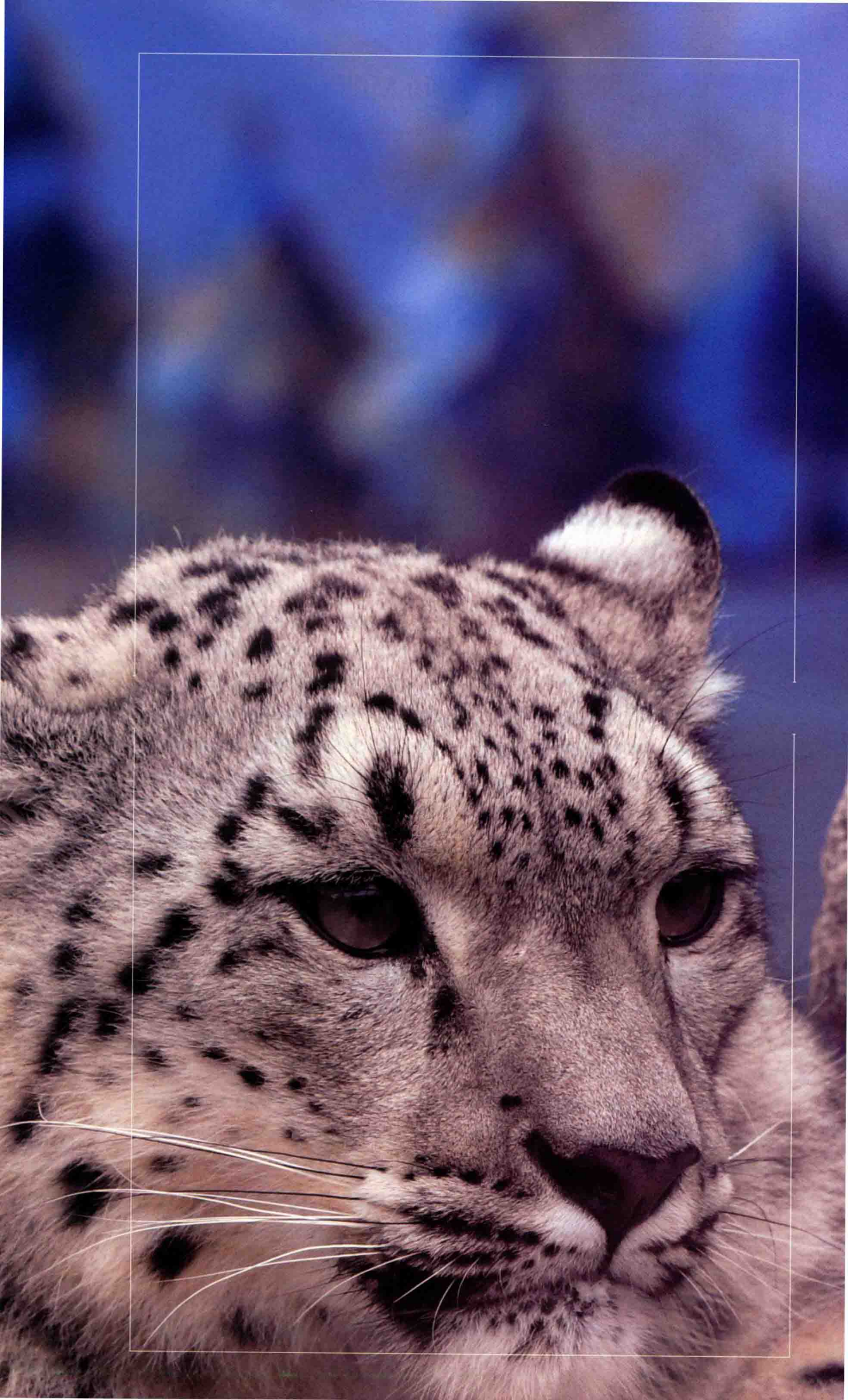
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Jidi Majia

吉狄马加

彝族，1961年6月生于中国西南部最大的彝族聚居区凉山彝族自治州，是中国当代最具代表性的诗人之一，同时也是一位在国际上具有广泛影响的诗人，其诗歌已被翻译成三十多种文字，在世界几十个国家出版了六十余种版本的翻译诗集。曾获中国第三届新诗（诗集）奖、郭沫若文学奖荣誉奖、庄重文文学奖、肖洛霍夫文学纪念奖、柔刚诗歌荣誉奖、国际华人诗人笔会中国诗魂奖、南非姆基瓦人道主义奖、欧洲诗歌与艺术荷马奖、罗马尼亚《当代人》杂志卓越诗歌奖、布加勒斯特城市诗歌奖、波兰雅尼茨基文学奖、英国剑桥大学国王学院银柳叶诗歌终身成就奖、波兰塔德乌什·米钦斯基表现主义凤凰奖。创办青海湖国际诗歌节、青海国际诗人帐篷圆桌会议、凉山西昌邛海国际诗歌周以及成都国际诗歌周。现任中国作家协会副主席、书记处书记。

Jidi Majia, a native of Yi ethnic minority, was born in June 1961 in the Liangshan Yi Autonomous Prefecture, in the southwest of China. As one of the most representative poets in China, attaining an international reputation, Jidi Majia's poems have been published in dozens of countries and regions, having been translated into over 30 languages. He has been awarded the Third China Poetry Prize, Guo Moruo Literature Prize, Zhuang Zhongwen Literary Prize, Sholokhov Memorial Prize, Rou Gang Literary Prize, the "China Poetic Spirit Award" of International Chinese P. E. N., the Mkiva International Humanitarian Award of South Africa, the 2016 European Poetry and Art Homer Award, the Poetry Prize awarded by the Romanian magazine *Contemporary People*, the 2017 Bucharest Poetry Prize, the 2017 Ianicius Prize of Poland, and Lifetime Achievement Award of Xu Zhimo Poetry Prize of Cambridge and Tadeusz Miciński "PHONENIX" International Expressionistic Award of Poland. Since 2007, he has founded a series of poetry events including Qinghai Lake International Poetry Festival, Qinghai Intl. Poets Tent Forum, Xichang Qionghai Poets Week and Chengdu International Poetry Week. He currently serves as the Vice President of China Writers Association.




Denis Mair

梅丹理

梅丹理 (Denis Mair), 美国诗人, 中英文翻译者, 俄亥俄州立大学中文硕士。曾担任美国宾夕法尼亚州立大学东亚语文系讲师, 现任北京中坤基金翻译顾问。吉狄马加诗歌的主要翻译者。译作包括真华法师的《参学琐谈》(纽约州立大学出版社, 1992)、冯友兰的《三松堂自序》(夏威夷大学出版社, 2000)、朱朱的《一幅画的诞生》(新星出版社)。诗歌翻译包括奚密、马悦然编的《台湾新诗选》(哥伦比亚大学出版社, 2005), 杨四平编的《当代中文诗歌选》(上海文艺出版社, 2007), 《阎志的诗》(Homa & Sekey Books, 2012), 吉狄马加的《黑色狂欢曲》(俄克拉何马大学出版社, 2014), 吉狄马加的《群山的影子》(南非姆基瓦出版社, 2014), 吉狄马加的《从雪豹到马雅科夫斯基》(Kallatumba Press, 2017), 杨克的《地球苹果的两半》(俄克拉何马大学出版社, 2017)。他翻译的当代诗人还包括严力、孟浪等。其个人英文诗集《木刻里的人》于2004年由洛杉矶 Valley Contemporary Poets 出版。

Denis Mair, an American poet, holds an M.A. in Chinese from Ohio State University and has taught as lecturer at the Pennsylvania State University. He is currently translation consultant for Zhongkun Cultural Fund, Beijing; he also serves as translator for Jidi Majia. Denis translated books by the Buddhist monk Shih Chen-hua (SUNY Albany Press, 1992), the philosopher Feng Youlan (Hawaii University Press, 2000), and the art critic Zhu Zhu (New Star Press, 2009). His poetry translations include: Ximi, Ma Yueran, *Frontier Taiwan* (Columbia University Press, 2005); Yang Siping, *Contemporary Chinese Poetry* (Shanghai Literary Arts Press, 2007); Yan Zhi, *Reading the Times* (Homa & Sekey Books, 2012); Jidi Majia, *Rhapsody in Black* (Univ. of Oklahoma, 2014); Jidi Majia, *Shade of Our Mountain Range* (Mkhiva Foundation, 2014); Jidi Majia, *From the Snow Leopard to Mayakovsky* (Kallatumba Press, 2017); as well as Yang Ke, *Two Halves of the World Apple* (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 2017), etc. He has also translated poetry by Yan Li, Meng Lang and many others. His own poetry collection *Man Cut in Wood* was published by Valley Contemporary Poets (Los Angeles, 2004).



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[美] 巴里·洛佩兹 作 曹明伦 译

在《我，雪豹……》一诗中，诗人吉狄马加邀请我们去听雪豹的声音。我们从一开始就知道，这种动物并非西方科学所定义的雪豹。它是一种有精神生活的生物，一种具有人格特征的生物。如果要我们设法为这种声音定位，它可以被描述为一名睿智的守护者的声音，一个体现其文化历史和崇高价值的人的声音。

我们在这首诗中听到的声音，发自一位生活严肃、淡泊名利的智者。从其知性和感性来看，这声音是传统的，也是现代的。

那声音听起来急迫，但并不惊慌。那声音在恳求，但不是乞求。那声音中既无多愁善感，也没有冷嘲热讽。那声音在向我们呼唤，从一个睽违已久的时代，从一个世人更博雅的时代，从一个头顶天空未被地狱之彩映红的时代。

吉狄马加是一位彝族诗人。他自己就诞生于一种传统文化，一种在历史的长河中形成于青藏高原东侧边缘地区的文化。他选择要我们去聆听一头雪豹，这本身就具有非凡的意义。诗中有一个戏剧性的场景：烟灰色兽皮，镶着“幻化成的”玫瑰形暗花图案，又粗又长的兽尾——越崖纵壁时的平衡杆——还有灰绿色的凝视。一种既有隐喻分量又有生物凭证的动物，一个濒于灭绝的物种，被心怀恶意的天空遮暗。显而易见，吉狄马加是从一个特殊的地理位置给我们讲他的预言，但那不是一个限定的位置，不是一个有疆界的地区。我们不难想象我们自己就在那个地方，我们也能感觉到那头雪豹想告诉我们的超凡智慧，以及它对全世界的呼吁。

从青藏高原的山顶居所，俯瞰远方山谷中淡蓝色的积雪，然后仰望它领地上方的无垠星空，我们终于明白，实际上，那头雪豹所告诉我们的，我们几乎都早已了然于胸。然而，它的意图并非要带给我们超凡的智慧。凭它对悠远时间的理解，凭它对浩渺空间的领悟，它的目的是要延续人类习俗礼仪复兴的使命。它要让我们记住我们每个人都倾向于遗忘的东西。我们总习惯性地忘却我们想要我们的生命体现出的意义。毋庸置疑，借重述根植于世界上各种文化中的原始故事，这首诗提醒我们别忘了人类意识的致命弱点——记忆的衰减甚至湮灭。我们屡屡忽略我们想要我们的生命象征的意义。为了保护我们，年长者必须持续不断地让我们重新熟悉我们的理想。

吉狄马加的雪豹是一名“山地的水手”，是偏远地区的一尊“保护神”。与我们多数人不同，那头雪豹眼中的时间呈“液态”。它能听见飘到它跟前的“微尘的声音”。它是“雷鸣后的寂静”。它是“地震的战栗”和一股“离心力”。最重要的是，它发现其天然位置在一个玄幻之境，在黑暗与光明间穿梭，在生命与死亡间游走，在每一对二元对立的事物间交错。

那头雪豹说，它正试图在我们心中唤醒另一种语言，另一种解决我们所面临的全球困境的方式。它念出的“祈祷词”是“为这一片大地上的所有生灵”。面对“危机四伏的世界”，它说“我们大家都已无路可逃”——而无路可逃者包括濒临灭绝的雪豹和它们猎食的旱獭，包括任何贬低其他部族的部族，包括那些为了更舒适的生活而盲目毁坏这个星球的世人，包括压迫者和被压迫者。一个生灵的命运就是另一个生灵的命运。



by Barry Lopez to Jidi Majia's *I, Snow Leopard...*

In Jidi Majia's poem *I, Snow Leopard...*, Jidi Majia asks us to listen to the voice of the snow leopard, an animal we know right from the start is not the *Panthera unica* of Western science. It is a being with an interior life, with the attributes of personhood. Its voice, were we to try to place it, could be described as that of a wisdom keeper.

The voice we hear in the poem is the expression of someone who takes life seriously but who has no cloying desire to be known or accepted. The voice is traditional, but also modern in its awareness and sensibility.

The voice is urgent but not panicked. It is imploring but not begging. It is without sentimentality or irony. And it calls to us from an unremembered time, an era when people knew better, when the sky above was not inflamed with the colors of Hell.

It makes eminent sense that the Nuosu (彝) poet Jidi Majia, himself born into a traditional culture, one that came to life over time on the northeastern edge of the Tibetan plateau, would choose to have us listen to a snow leopard. Here is

a dramatic presence: the smoke-gray fur, chased with a pattern of dark rosettes “spun from the void,” the long, heavy tail, its balance pole as it bounds across a cliff face, the pale green stare. An animal possessing both metaphorical weight and biological authority, an endangered species, shadowed by a malevolent sky. Majia’s oracle speaks to us from a specific, local geography, clearly; but it isn’t a restrictive geography, a circumscribed country. We can quite easily imagine ourselves in this place; we also feel the transcendence of the wisdom the snow leopard wishes to impart to us, its universal appeal.

From an eyrie on the Tibetan plateau, gazing down at blue-tinged snow in a mountain-girt valley far below, then up at unbounded star fields in his domain’s night canopy, the snow leopard, it turns out, actually tells us little that we do not already know. His purpose, however, is not to bring us unprecedented wisdom. With his awareness of deep time and his appreciation of the vastness of earthly spaces, his intention is to continue the revitalizing work of human ceremony. He is reminding us of what every one of us is prone to forget. We regularly forget what we want our lives to mean. Indeed, the poem, in imitation of origin stories embedded in cultures the world over, is a reminder of the Achilles heel of human consciousness, the lapse and disintegration of memory. We repeatedly lose touch with what we intend our lives to stand for. To protect us, the elders must constantly reacquaint us with our ideals.

Majia’s Snow Leopard is a “sailor of high terrain,” a “guardian deity.” Unlike most of us, the Snow Leopard sees time “in a liquid state.” He can hear “the sound of a dust mote” drifting before him. He is “the stillness after lightning.” He is “an earthquake tremor” and a “decentering force.” Above all, he finds his natural place in the hazy ecotones between darkness and light, between death and birth, in the in-between of every opposing dyad.

The Snow Leopard says that he is trying to awaken in us another language, another way to address our now universal predicament. The “prayer” he prays is “for all creatures on this land.” In acknowledging the “lurking dangers of our world,” he says that “there is no escape route for any of us” — for endangered snow leopards or the marmots they hunt, for any tribe seeking to diminish another, for people mindlessly destroying the planet to make the world more comfortable for humans, for either the oppressors or the oppressed. The destiny of one is the destiny of the other.



傲
火
馬
勁



我，雪豹……

1
流星划过的时候
我的身体，在瞬间
被光所包围，我的皮毛
燃烧如白雪的火焰





1

As a meteor parts the sky overhead
My body, in an instant
Is touched by radiance
Set alight in snow-white flames



1

流星划过的时候
我的身体，在瞬间
被光明烛照，我的皮毛
燃烧如白雪的火焰

我的影子，闪动成光的箭矢
犹如一条银色的鱼
消失在黑暗的苍穹
我是雪山真正的儿子
守望孤独，穿越了所有的时空
潜伏在岩石坚硬的波浪之间

And my shape is a lightning streak
Like a silvery fish receding
Against the dark vault of sky
I am the true son of snowy mountains
Watching over solitude, persisting
Through all temporal stages
Crouched among hardened waves of boulders

我的影子，闪动成光的箭矢
犹如一条银色的鱼
消失在黑暗的苍穹
我是雪山真正的儿子
守望孤独，穿越了所有的时空
潜伏在岩石坚硬的波浪之间

