

A LIFE'S JOURNEY THROUGH MOUNTAINS AND RIVERS



行走山水

牟航远摄影作品

SELECTED PHOTOGRAPHS

MOU HANGYUAN

四川出版集团 四川美术出版社

SICHUAN PUBLISHING GROUP

SICHUAN FINE ARTS PUBLISHING HOUSE



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一面镜子

牟航远老师要我为他的摄影作品集作序，我诚惶诚恐。

作为晚辈，我是在牟老师的影响下开始接触摄影的。那是1974年的一个冬夜，在四川人民出版社三编室的暗室制作间里，牟老师手把手地教我如何使用显影罐冲洗黑白胶片，从此，一个全新的影像世界展现在我这名懵懂少年的眼前，为我日后步入摄影艺术殿堂做了最初的铺垫。十年后的1984年，时任摄影编辑室主任的牟老师将我招致麾下成为了一名专职摄影编辑。客观讲，在摄影这条道上能够一直走下去并做出一些成绩，是与牟老师的提携和栽培分不开的。那时的我，真还有点儿少年轻狂、恃才傲物的劲头，总以为自己拍的才是好照片，在工作中固执己见，大有拒其他同行于千里之外的架势。牟老师有着数十载摄影创作和编辑经验，一辈子勤勤恳恳工作、踏踏实实做人，习就了一份谦逊包容的大家风范，在他的感召和教导下，我逐渐懂得了天地之大，山外有山，学无止境的道理，明白了尊重同行、团结作者才是编辑工作者应该具备的职业操守。二十世纪八十年代的中后期，在牟老师的率领下摄影编辑室步入了一个辉煌时期，同事们团结奋进，工作状态极佳，先后编辑出版了《四川》《童话世界九寨沟》《四姑娘山》《都江堰》《大足石刻》等大型画册，为本省的出版事业做出了应有的贡献。在和牟老师相处的日子里，尤其让我感动的是他为我们这些晚辈营造一个自由发挥创造力的绝佳环境，立足于本职工作的前提下，鼓励我们拓展摄影创作的视野，涉猎不同拍摄题材，并以身作则积极参与各类社会摄影实践，从而不断提高艺术创作与鉴赏水平。那时候，但凡有什么全国性的摄影活动，能够结交摄影朋友的机会，牟老师都要求我们积极介入；甚至督促我们尽量挤时间外出从事摄影创作，并为我们提供相应的物质条件。因此，我很庆幸在我的人生经历中能遭遇这样一位胸怀广大、慧眼独具，值得尊敬的前辈、师长、同事和领导。

牟老师的这本将要面世的摄影作品集，只能算作他数十载艺术创作积累的冰山之一角。按我的理解可以将这些作品大致分为两部分：一部分以编年形式简略概括了他的摄影创作经历：从五十年代形单影只的《五通桥古盐井架》，六十年代宁静缥缈的《望江楼》，七十年代饱含血泪的《收租院》，八十年代欣悦虔诚的《幸福光》，以及九十年代大气磅礴的《嘉峪关》等等，这些图像都带有非常鲜明的时代印迹，也让我们仿佛看到了一名老摄影工作者所走过的心路历程。另一部分作品展示了牟老师强烈的个性色彩和独特的审美追求，主要体现在以大自然为对象的风光摄影中。牟老师热爱大自然，谁又不热爱大自然呢？但牟老师将这种热爱外化在他的摄影作品中又另有一种隽永的风韵，是要靠细细咀嚼才能够品出味道，得用心灵去静静地感应的。说到风光摄影，由于社会发展尤其是经济条件的改善，当代人比之前辈们接触大自然的机会更多了，表现大自然的手段和方式越来越丰富多样，莫说那些传统的名山大川，就连地球上任何一个角落都可能朝发夕至，因此，拍摄出来的风光作品也越来越多，越来越好看，简直给人“眼花缭乱”的感觉。然而，这些作品尽管有很好的色彩构成关系，奇妙的光影效果，按时下流行的术语讲：有强烈的视觉冲击力，但其中不少作品失之空泛，形式大于内容，缺乏深邃的意境表达，因此，多浮光掠影之作，花拳绣腿之作，相互抄袭之作，正是现代人急功近利的社会病灶和浮躁心态的充分表现。反观之，像牟老师这一辈的老摄影工作者，总会用一种平和淡定、超然物外的心境去亲近大自然。记得1978年盛夏，我刚从高考战场上搏杀出来，为消散一下疲惫的身心，邀约儿时的朋友登游峨眉山，却不想于华严顶上邂逅了正在进行摄影创作的牟老师，欣喜之余得知，他已经在山中驻留半月之久，为了捕捉峨眉仙山的神韵，白日里穿林攀岩，随云来雾往，细心观察景物的万千变化，黑夜中与古佛青灯相伴，感悟自然，体味人生。我了解到，牟老师拍摄峨眉山已经好些年头了，成就过一大批脍炙人口的好作品，但他每次来到这里都会始终保持着一一种敬畏感，按他的话讲，人世间一切纷争困扰在大自然面前都显得微不足道，拍摄大自然的过程其实就是荡涤胸怀追寻心灵归属的过程；大自然也是一面纤尘不染的镜子，镜子里可以看到一个完全真实的你自己。

其实，牟老师的摄影作品就是一面镜子，从这面镜子中我们看到了一个对人生有着坚定信念，对事业有着执著追求，对功名利禄能够泰然处之，对家人、朋友、同事充满仁爱之心的可敬的老人。当然，作为读者，我们也可以用这面镜子照照自己的！

陈 锦

2005.12于成都

A MIRROR

To be honest I was totally terrified when Master Mou Hangyuan invited me to write the preface to his photographic retrospective.

When I first came into contact with photography, as one of the younger generations of photographers, it was under the influence of Master Mou. On a winter night in 1974 in the darkroom of the No. 3 Editor's Office of the Sichuan People's Publishing House, Master Mou guided me step by step through the process of developing black and white negatives in a developing tank.

From that point in time, a whole new world of images opened before that muddled teenage boy, paving the way for my later entrance into the world of photographic artistry. Ten years later, in 1984, Master Mou, then Dean of the Editorial Office of Photography, recruited me as a professional photographer. Objectively speaking, that I have made some achievement and continue my journey in photography is inseparable from Master Mou's promotion and nurturing. At the time I was a conceited and contemptuous lad who always thought my own photographs best, obstinate in my work and aloof from others in my profession. Master Mou had decades of experience shooting and editing artistic photographs, and had spent a lifetime working diligently and conscientiously, always with a humble and forgiving demeanor. Inspired and guided by him, I gradually understood the meaning of the phrase "there is no end to the path of learning," and through him I learned that the real work of an editor is to respect and unite others in the same vocation and to possess clear professional integrity.

In the mid to late 1980s, the Editorial Office of Photography entered a wonderfully productive period under the direction of Master Mou. All of our colleagues worked cooperatively to advance our profession. One after another, we published such large-format albums as *Sichuan, The Fairytale Realm of Jiuzhaigou, Mount Siguniang, Dujiangyan, The Stone Carvings of Dazu*, etc., making a proper contribution to our province's publishing industry. In all my days with Master Mou, what moved me the most was how he created an ideal environment for junior photographers that gave us free rein and artistic license, under the sole condition that we complete our work, while at the same time encouraging us to expand our artistic horizons and browse diverse photographic subjects. As a good example of this, he actively took part in all kinds of photography in the field, continuously enhancing his artistic creations and level of appreciation. At that time, Master Mou always encouraged us to become actively involved with all sorts of nationwide photography events, providing the opportunity to befriend fans of photography; he even urged us to squeeze time out of work so we could get out to shoot our own creative works, going so far as to provide us with the requisite materials. I feel fortunate to have met such a broadminded and visionary teacher, colleague and leader so deserving of respect.

This collection of Master Mou's photographic works that is about to reach public attention is only the tip of the iceberg in comparison with his several decades of artistic creation. Based on my own understanding of this work, it can be divided into two parts, the first part a general chronology of his photographic experience: from the solitary "Ancient Salt Wellhead at Wutong Bridge" of the 1950s to the tranquil and dimly discernable "Wangjiang Pavilion" of the 1960s to the tearful "Landlord's Mansion" of the 1970s, the delighted and devout "Light of Happiness" of the 1980s and the grand and magnificent "Jiayu Pass" of the 1990s, etc.

Each of these images is imprinted by a distinctive era; together they reveal the particular path a senior photographer has taken. The second part displays Master Mou's strong individual character and distinctive esthetic pursuit, realized in his use of nature as the object of his landscape photography. Master Mou, although not unique in this regard, is an ardent admirer of nature. He is able to express this admiration through his photographic work, adding another layer of grace that can only be savored through delicate rumination and by responding with a quiet heart.

Speaking of landscape photography, the present economic development of society has given contemporaries more opportunity to come into contact with nature than previous generations. Not only is there an increasing abundance of methods and means to represent nature, but the famous mountains and great rivers in any corner on the world can be reached in a day. As a result, there are increasingly diverse and attractive landscape photographs to dazzle the viewer. While these works may have good color composition, marvelous light and shadow effects, and to use a popular professional term, strong visual impact, many such works remain empty, with their form dominating their substance, and they lack abstruse artistic expression altogether. As such, most are cursory—showy but superficial—and mutually derivative works, replete with manifestations of our modern social malaise: that superficial and impetuous mentality that is eager for quick success and instant gratification. Master Mou, on the contrary, a senior photographer of his generation, always approached nature with a sort of composed and detached frame of mind.

I remember midsummer of 1978 when, having just emerged from the battlefield of the national college entrance exam, I invited a few childhood friends to climb Mount Emei to recuperate from our mental and physical exhaustion. There I unexpectedly encountered Master Mou taking photographs atop Avatamsaka Peak. I learned that he had lingered in the mountains for the duration of half a month in order to seize the poetic charm of this abode of immortals. By day he followed the mists deep into the forests and clambered up rocks, carefully observing the continually changing landscape, while by night he kept company with ancient Buddhas by lamplight, moved to comprehend nature and appreciate life. Master Mou has taken many photographs of Mount Emei over several years, many of them great works. Every time he came to Mount Emei he always maintained a sense of reverence, for according to Master Mou, all of life's tribulations are unworthy of utterance in the face of nature. The process of photographing nature, in fact, is a journey to purify one's mind and seek one's spirit; nature is a stainless mirror, and in the mirror you can observe your completely authentic self.

In truth, the collected works of Master Mou is such a mirror, and within this mirror we can see a venerated old man who possesses a staunch faith in life, and a determined pursuit unmoved by fame and wealth, who is brimming with benevolence for family, friends and colleagues. Of course, as readers, we can also use this mirror to reflect upon ourselves.

Chen Jin

Dec.2005

我的中国缘

我与中国的情缘始于1982年，那年我开始为《国家地理》杂志拍摄一篇介绍中国丝绸悠久传统的故事。我与我的夫人芭芭拉和6个月大的儿子雅瑞以及23箱摄影设备（包括婴儿尿片）到达北京。我们计划在中国旅行6个月，学习和研究丝绸历史，拍摄丝绸生产的全过程。这是我们第一次访问中国，我们有些焦虑不安。

中国丝绸公司派了一名翻译兼导游在机场迎接我们，年轻漂亮的牟兰像家人一样欢迎我们，她成了我们中国之旅的全程陪同。这是一个艰难的项目，那时中国刚刚对外开放，许多人对这些带这么多照相器材旅行的外国人十分谨慎，心怀戒心。牟兰使用她的机智、聪明和魅力使得这个项目圆满完成。

牟兰出生于四川成都，她对那里饮食和文化情有独钟。当我们在中国其它城市工作时，她总是说：“这里的菜不错，但四川菜更好吃。”或者她会说：“这儿的人对我们很好，但四川人更好。”很显然牟兰有些想家，因为她刚从四川分配到北京工作不久。一天她问我：“为什么《国家地理》不做一个四川的故事？”那时四川还没对外国人开放，因此我不得不说，“如果你能得到允许让我访问四川，我当然乐意！”这个话题在我中国最初之行中重复过多次，后来我们回了美国，我再没有多想此事。

两年后，我突然接到纽约中国总领馆一个人来的电话。他告诉我，我有一个到四川省的拍摄邀请。我立即打电话到《国家地理》，于是一个新的奇遇开始了。这次我要做的工作似乎看来更困难，许多政府官员不大清楚我要拍摄的东西是否需要批准，不大情愿给我建议。牟兰建议我应该与她爸爸牟航远谈谈。

牟先生眼睛里闪烁着慈祥、睿智和善良的光芒，与牟兰的明眸十分相像。它们传达一个信息说：“不要灰心丧气，有美好的事将发生。只要有

点耐心，一切都会心想事成。”

牟先生邀请我到他办公室看他的照片收藏。他拿出一大叠黑白照片，这是他多年的积累，一段辉煌的职业生涯。这些照片深深的反映他对巴山蜀水和那里人民的热爱。牟先生慷慨无私、乐于助人、善于提携后辈。他显然希望要让我的项目成功。我们花了数小时看照片谈论在哪里拍摄的，怎样将这些景点加入我的日程中，他的收藏和他对四川广博的知识成为我自己拍摄计划的基础。他鼓励我去那些艰苦的地方拍摄，并给我提示那些地方拍摄的最佳角度。最重要的是，他视我为同行，慷慨地给予我他的时间、知识和经验。我猜想他也许也在暗中使劲，确实让我能去他所建议的那些地方拍摄，如九寨沟、大足和自贡。

牟先生的摄影令人鼓舞，他拍摄的场景和事件表现出创造力和好奇心，其产物就是他镜头所表现的杰出的四川人文和地理。当时我初出茅庐，对《国家地理》委派我这样的重任，忐忑不安，很担心失败。牟先生善解人意，悉心指教，真诚关怀，大师风范，铭心刻骨。

以旅行和摄影为生是一项吸引人的职业，但也非常孤独和艰辛。我永远感谢那些特别的人，他们花时间帮助你，护佑你，使你不断前进，使一切成为可能。我1982年4月开始我的拍摄项目，到10月份时我已思家心切。牟先生和牟太太他们一定是在我的旅行证上发现了我的生日，他们给了我一个惊喜，为我举行了一个生日宴会，送了一个纽约式的生日蛋糕，邀请许多朋友和家人，为我唱生日歌。多么美妙的跨世界文化的欢迎方式啊！

牟家和我们家成了终生朋友，在我认识牟先生时，他教了我许多重要的人生之课，作为专业摄影家，我应该如何表现自己，如何呈现世界文化。我永远怀念他。

MY SICHUAN CONNECTION

My love affair with China began in 1982. That year I began work on a National Geographic article about China's great silk tradition. I arrived in Beijing with my wife Babs and our son Yari, who was six months old, and 23 cases of camera equipment(including baby diapers). Our plan was to travel for several months to the far reaches of China, studying and photographing. It was our first visit to China and we were nervous.

The China Silk Corporation had sent an interpreter-guide to meet us at the airport. The guide was the beautiful, young Mou Lan who greeted us like we were family and who became our constant companion for our journey across China. This was a difficult project. China was just beginning to open to the world and many people were wary of these foreigners traveling with cameras. Mou Lan used her wit, intelligence and charm to make the project possible.

Mou Lan was from Chengdu in Sichuan and she held strong opinions about the food and culture in other the other parts of China where we worked. In each place she would say, "The food is very good here, but the food is better in Sichuan." Or she would say, "These people are very nice to us here, but the people are much nicer in Sichuan," It was clear Mou Lan was a bit homesick. One day she asked me, "Why don't you do a National Geographic story about Sichuan?" Sichuan was closed to foreigners at the time so I had to reply, "I would love to if you can get me permission to visit." This conversation repeated many times during my first stay in China. Eventually we went home and I didn't think much more about it.

Two years later, I got a call from a man in the Consulate of China in New York. He told me I had an invitation to visit Sichuan Province and make a photo story. I called the National Geographic and a new adventure began. This time it looked like it was going to be even more difficult to accomplish the work I had to do. Many officials in the government were unsure about what I should be permitted to photograph and reluctant to make suggestions. Mou Lan suggested that I talk to her father, Mr. Mou Hangyuan.

Mr. Mou had that same twinkle in his eye that I had come to see when I worked with Mou Lan. That twinkle sent a message that said, "Don't be discouraged. There are wonderful things about to happen. Just have a little patience and everything will work out."

Mr. Mou invited me to his office where he had his own collection of photographs. He brought out mountains of black and white prints — pictures that he had taken over a long and

distinguished career—pictures that clearly showed a great love of Sichuan and her people. Mr. Mou was a generous man. He clearly wanted my project to succeed. We spent hours looking at pictures, discussing where they were taken, and how I might add these subject to my itinerary. His own collection and his vast knowledge of the province became the foundation for my own coverage. He encouraged me to go to difficult places. He gave me hints on what were the best angles for photography. Most of all, he treated me like professional colleague and gave generously of his time and knowledge. I suspect he might have also pulled a few strings to make sure I got to see those places he suggested that I visit—places like Jiuzhaigou, Dazhu, and Zigong.

Mr. Mou's photography was inspiring. His coverage of every event and every location showed a creative and curious eye. The result was a celebration of Sichuan and her people. I was a young photographer, terrified of failure on a major National Geographic assignment. Mr. Mou may have sensed that. He calmed me down and gave me the kind of guidance that only comes after great experience.

Traveling and taking picture for a living is a glamorous job but it can be a very lonely existence. What makes it possible to keep moving ahead are the very special people who take the time to help out and take you under their wings. I began my project in April, 1982 and by October I was getting pretty homesick myself. Mr. and Mrs. Mou must have discovered the date of my birthday on my traveling papers. They surprised me with a birthday party, complete with a New York style birthday cake, lots of friends and family, and singing. What a wonderful way to extend a welcome across the world of cultures.

The Mou family and my own family have become friends for life. In the time I knew Mr. Mou he taught me some very important lessons on how to conduct myself as a professional and how to work in the world. I miss him.

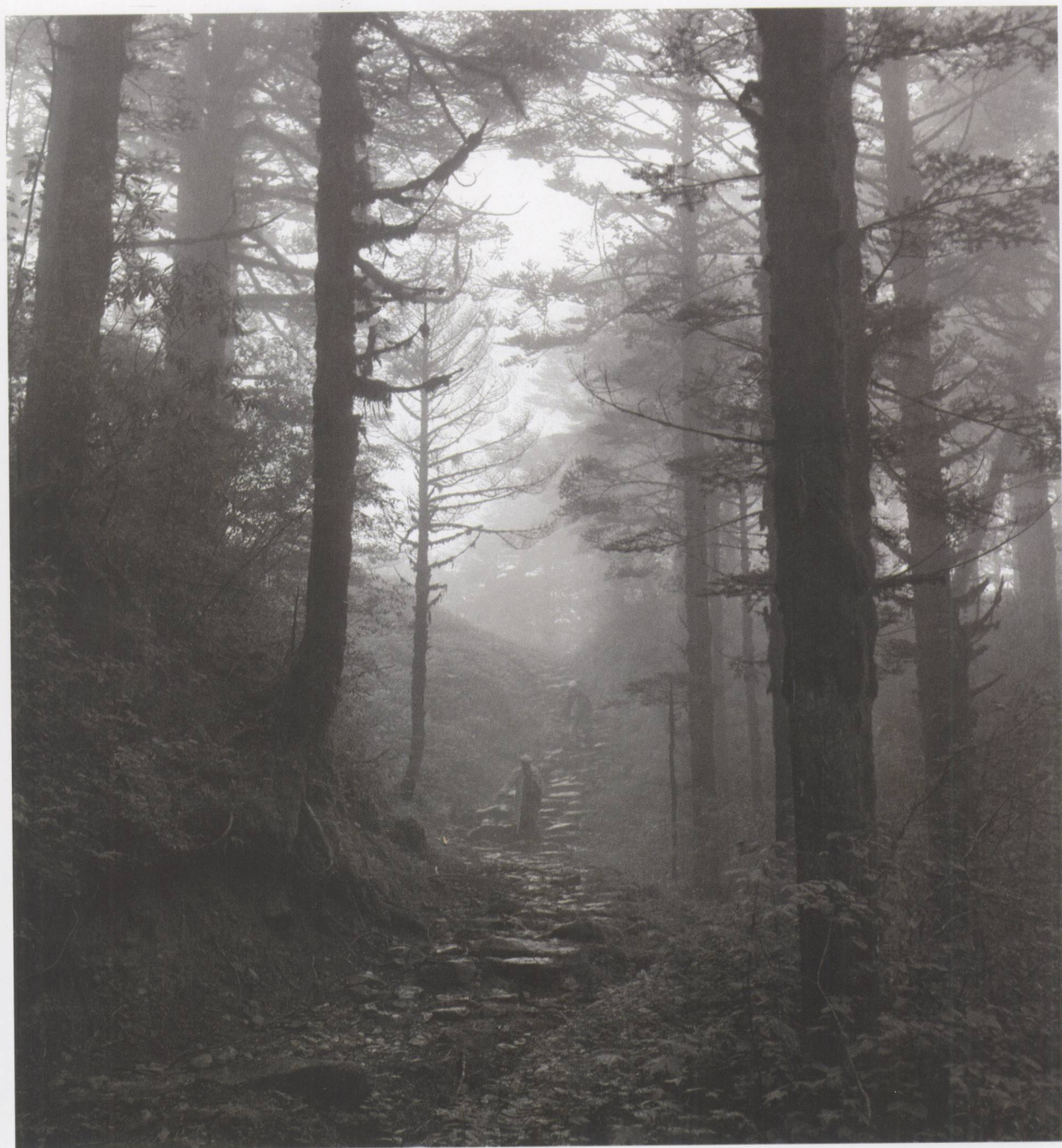
Cary Wolinsky
National Geographic Photographer
April 15, 2006



千佛顶 万佛顶 峨眉山 1959 The Summit Mount Emei 1959



冷杉林 峨眉山 1959 The Firs Mount Emei 1959



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