

THE WORK OF LIU YUAN

JOURNEY THROUGH NORTH KOREA

走进朝鲜——刘远作品

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以画说话·再现开国政府建国人才的强大阵容·多党建国的历史见证

十载磨砺雕刻丹青碑林 六十华诞缅怀建国元勋

——读李人毅《开国大典人物画——63位中央人民政府委员》

文/广州·吴耀军

由著名军旅画家李人毅创作的《开国大典人物画——63位中央人民政府委员肖像》，近日完成并在北京举办了观摩会。这套肖像画共有79幅作品，是现实主义创作的鸿篇巨制，堪称开国元勋的丹青碑林。

“开国大典人物画”取材于中华人民共和国开国大典公告。当时所公布的毛泽东等63位中央人民政府委员，是来自全国各界协商建国的代表中选举产生，由主席、副主席7人，政府委员56人组成的中央人民政府委员会，组建了人民当家作主的国家政权。这63人来自党派代表、区域代表、团体代表等八个方面。体现了全国各族人民和各界人士拥护中国共产党多党的领导，多方合作共存共荣的建国方针。每位委员都是具有深邃文化内涵、经历独特的风云人物，是中华人民共和国的开国元勋。同时，政府委员囊括中华各民族精英中的典型代表人物，构成新生共和国开国政府坚强的核心结构，也表现了中国共产党海纳百川的宽阔胸怀。

今天，这些历史人物都已经离开了人世。能用美术作品将63位风云人物的形式艺术地再现于画坛，是对前贤功勋的弘扬，也是美术作品记录近现代史人物的艺术实践。开创了以中国画肖像表现开国大典人物群体的先河。

开国大典人物画，以图文并茂的形式，挖掘开国者的文化底蕴，一展60年前协商建国时的强大阵容。其中画面上题写的文字就有一万多字，概括记录了人物的经历和建树等内容，既构成了作品的形式美，又丰富了画面的内涵，多侧面塑造出中华人民共和国首届中央人民政府位委员会群体形象，艺术地展现了新中国奠基人方队的壮美风采。

开国政府委员肖像画，是一次纪实性的人物画主题创作，创作素材来自人物的生活照片，收集素材的时间更是一件浩繁的工作。李人毅的资料来源，一是多年的积累，二是走进网络搜寻。经过五年的搜集整理，他储存了一千余幅照片，其中毛泽东等主要领导人的照片就有五百多幅，奠定了创作的基础。

这是一次面对挑战的首创。在近60年间，当代画家个人或群体还没有过类似的主题创作。要用一两幅画来概括人物的总体特征，大部分人没有标准形象可参照借鉴。要画好肖像，必须选择典型年代的典型特征的图片来进行新的构思。李人毅认为，开国大典人物形象，要塑造出一个个爱国者为创建新中国期间的内在气质的外在表现，既有那豪情奔涌、朝气蓬勃的兴奋，又有使命在肩、任重道远的深沉。他在近千幅照片中遴选和集纳，每幅肖像的创作，都要在诸多的照片中徜徉流连，有时一幅肖像画要多幅照片资料来参照，使人物与建国时代的大背景相吻合，作品才会有鲜明的时代特点。

这也是工程浩繁的一次创作过程，面对众多的人物，每幅作品构图和表现方法都不能雷同。而且每个人的外在形态各具特色，性格气质迥然，却又殊途同归参与建设新中国大业，在总体风格上要做到统一，以表现出时代感。李人毅受到建国前延安版画的启发，决定发挥中国画笔墨的优势，营造画面黑白灰的对比来表现主题。画家发挥自己所长，在人物的塑造上以画结构为主，有时也画光感，调动一切因素为造型服务，使作品在整体风格的统一基础上表现方法呈现多样化的面貌。

对于群像的创作，首先要做到是要“像”，画像了才是第一位的，而且要追求形似基础上的形神兼备，为此绘画语言的运用事关大局。李人毅采用先画素描，在画素描的同时研究人物经历最后落墨的绘画流程，跋涉在开国者的群像中。使每个人物都达到呼之欲出的效果。

人物肖像画，是美术创作中的高精尖艺术，要求作者既要有较强的造型能力，也要有艺术概括能力，更要有对社会与人生的理解和深入研讨下由表及里的穿透能力。除了要求形神兼备外，贵在画出对象的历史和气质，由表象渗透思想内涵的深度。画家李人毅勇于面对这一课题，以可贵的历史责任感和敢于面对重大题材的创作实力，交出了令人满意的答卷。开国大典人物画创作系列作品，是著名军旅画家李人毅继176位新四军人物画创作后推出的又一部中国画创作鸿篇巨制。

在举国庆祝中华人民共和国六十周年华诞之际，开国大典人物画的面世，是当代画坛的一件具有标识性的艺术佳构，是艺术家献给建国60周年的一份厚礼，也是对先贤的缅怀和纪念，有着鲜明的现实意义和深远的历史意义。

（吴耀军：《中国书画艺术报》总编辑、中国文艺出版社总编辑、中国书画家协会秘书长）





Pyongyang's Mansudae bronze statue of Kim Il Sung

平壤万寿台金日成铜像





The Datong River, Pyongyang 平壤大同江





On the way to Sinuiju from Pyongyang 平壤至新义州途中

Understanding North Korea

Liu Yuan

The war that out broke on the Korean peninsula during the early 1950s left a deep scar in the hearts of the Chinese people. Thousands of people in our parents' generation went into this war singing the battle hymn "Valiant Spirits Across the Yalu River" that embodied the slogan, "Resist America, support Korea." Many left their lives behind forever on this piece of land. Now, half a century later, China has undergone enormous changes, but how the North Koreans - our comrades in the same trenches - have fared since then is virtually unknown.

Before the Spring Festival this year, my wife and I traveled to Dandong. Standing in front of the ruined Yalu River Bridge that was blown in two by American bombs, my wife called her uncle, who lived in Tianjin, and her uncle said excitedly, "Dandong is exactly where our unit went across the river back then. If we could go there, I would want to see if the Pyongyang Theatre is still there..." The next morning, in front of the Korean War Museum in Dandong, an elderly man doing his morning exercises chatted with my wife, who happened to mentioned that her uncle had been in the war. "I was also one of the volunteers who fought in the war," replied the old man. "I nearly died several times, and barely came away with my life." While talking, he lifted up his shirt, revealing a scar on his belly several inches long. My wife said, "Oh, so it turns out that both you and my uncle are among the 'most beloved of all people.'"

On the morning of February 8th, 2008 (the second day of the first lunar month), my wife and I boarded the International Train to Pyongyang at Liaoning's Dandong Train Station.

The staff at Dandong International Travel Service said that under normal circumstances they do not dispatch groups of less than sixteen people. This time, as only two of us had applied, they would not send a team leader with us, but we were permitted to go on our own. They also said that as soon as we had arrived in Sinuiju there would be someone from the North Korea International Travel Service to meet us.

Dandong and Sinuiju are separated only by a river. It took the International Train just a few minutes to cross the Yalu River Bridge, and enter into the North Korea's largest city of Sinuiju.

Prior to departure the travel agent conveyed to us some of the basic rules and regulations, including a warning that we were not to bring our cell phones, video cameras, binoculars or computers with us. During the trip from Sinuiju to

Pyongyang, we were not allowed to take pictures or video. It was forbidden at any point in the journey to take any pictures of backwards or unfriendly scenes. We were not to visit with relatives or friends, nor were we permitted to make improper comments on North Korea's political and economic situations, President Kim Il Sung, or Chairman Kim Jong Il. And when visiting the military demarcation line at Panmunjom, we were not to say hello to South Korean soldiers.

After the train entered North Korea's Sinuiju, we stopped taking pictures. The few pictures of Sinuiju were all taken from the other side of Yalu River in Dandong, Liaoning. Most of the boundary between Dandong and Sinuiju is formed by the river, but there are numerous areas connected by land, their boundaries separated by wire netting. A few places do not even have wire netting, so with one little step you can enter another country. The locals call it a "one-step crossing." There was a marker there, with a Korean-captioned photograph that had been taken at precisely this "one-step crossing."

When the train stopped at the Sinuiju Station, many people came on the train to inspect us. They wore large caps and uniforms emblazoned with badges sporting the portrait of Kim Il Sung. The inspection was extremely detailed. No more than one person could occupy the sleeper compartments at a time, the others left waiting in the aisle. The person being inspected was required to remove everything he carried from his body, as well as from all suitcases and bags to be inspected. One female inspector held a loop-shaped detector and inspected each passenger's entire body. If books or CDs were found, they were taken to another place for identification.

When a male inspector found my Canon 1Ds N MARK III with its 28-300mm lens, he raised his eyebrows in surprise and quickly brought several of his comrade inspectors over to see it. Fearing it would cause some misunderstanding, I quickly opened the camera screen, showing them the pictures I had taken in Dandong, and allowing them to shoot a few pictures themselves. Upon confirming that this was just a large-sized camera, smiles appeared on their faces.

Sitting across from us were a few young Korean girls, each wearing a Kim Il Sung portrait badge on their breasts. I heard they were contract workers who had just returned from working at a North Korean cafeteria somewhere in Beijing. They were inspected even more carefully. They opened up every sealed package, large and small, and the contents from

each package were spilled out onto the floor, one by one, as they were examined.

The train stopped at Sinuiju Station for over three hours, finally starting off for Pyongyang around 1:30 in the afternoon. The person who was supposed to have met us in Sinuiju, however, never turned up. My wife and I began to worry; What if no one came to meet us in Pyongyang? What would we do with no cell phone, knowing not a word of Korean?

There happened to be sitting opposite us a young Chinese of Korean descent named Jiang, who reassured us that if no one turned up to meet us when we arrived in Pyongyang, he would take us to our hotel himself. Once there, we would be able to get in touch with our Chinese travel agency by telephone. We were both greatly relieved at this, and expressed our thanks for his kindness.

Sinuiju is only 220 km away from Pyongyang, but it took six hours to get there, and it was already completely dark when we arrived. Fortunately, we saw our greeters, Mr. Kim and Miss Kim, at the Pyongyang Station. They said the arrival of today's train had been reasonably punctual. Due to lack of electricity the trains often stopped along the way, delays were very common, and sometimes they did not arrive until the following day.

The lights of Pyongyang were scarce, and it was dark everywhere. Inside the Yanggajdo International Hotel (North Korea's super hotel, equivalent to 4-stars), however, the lights were bright. The fairy-like waitresses in the restaurant wore traditional Korean dress, and the food was fairly abundant. After dinner my wife and I went to the hotel basement to take a look. There were ballrooms and casinos, but these were only for foreigners; Korean nationals could not enter.

The next morning, bright and early, Mr. Kim, Miss Kim and our driver were already waiting for us in the lobby. Miss Kim joked that with three of them accompanying the two of us, using a limousine, we were getting the highest VIP treatment they had ever seen.

I asked Mr. and Miss Kim if there were regulations in North Korea about taking photographs. Miss Kim said there weren't any in particular, and Mr. Kim added that it was fine taking pictures in the urban area, but not outside of the city.

Once, in the summer of 1997, while attending a conference in Jilin, I had joined a day trip organized by the conference

committee to a small town called Huining, just north of the North Korean border. At that time we were also received by two people, a young lady guide, and a middle aged man. This gentleman's face had been very solemn from start to end, and every time someone wanted to take a picture of a street or a pedestrian, he had firmly prevented them. Throughout the visit, the female guide had led the way while that gentleman stayed in the back, constantly urging people to follow closely, fearing any separation.

By comparison, Mr. Kim was much warmer. Sometimes I took pictures from the car in the suburbs, and he made no attempt to stop me. Ironically, it was my wife who feared we would get into trouble, reminding me so often not to shoot pictures that I wanted to shout at her in rage. When Mr. and Miss Kim saw my face, puffed up with anger, they could not help but laugh, and my wife laughed too. Only once, when I tried to take a picture of a soldier who was preventing local people from coming too close to the tourist attractions, Mr. Kim reminded me in a whisper, "Don't shoot pictures of soldiers!" But his reminder had come a moment too late; I had already pressed the shutter.

I felt much more relaxed during this trip to North Korea than I had eleven years before. I also saw people selling things on the street. But during the trip, the reception side still did its best to prevent us from coming into contact with the local people. At every tourist site we saw soldiers with guns or armed personnel on duty, and local people were stopped several hundred meters away, not allowed to come near. When we ate at the Kaicheng Cold Noodle Restaurant, as soon as we entered the compound we saw many people there and Mr. Kim urged us to hurry into the room. It was not until we had taken off our shoes and entered the room that he breathed a sigh of relief, and went elsewhere to eat with Miss Kim. There was only one exception to this: at the former residence of Kim Il Sung, there were no military or guard personnel on duty. We were able to get close to several North Korean Ladies. First, my wife took a picture of the group, and then we posed for pictures with them. Even after they walked away we continued waving to each other from a distance. They were wearing traditional Korean clothing made with a light, gauzy abundantly colorful material, and as they walked they made me think of drifting clouds and flowing water.

There are few cars on the streets in Pyongyang, so there are no traffic issues, and there are no traffic lights, either. Traffic stands are made by painted white circles on the road, and inside the circles were the traffic police - all beautiful young

girls. With their sky blue colored uniforms, these girls were lovelier still, and they are some of the brightest and most beautiful scenes in Pyongyang.

Pyongyang's subway, built more than 100 meters underground, is said to be the world's deepest subway system. The subway station is grand and spacious, surrounded by giant murals. The Arch of Triumph in Pyongyang is a full ten meters higher than the one in Paris.

The International Friendship Center located in Myohyangsan is a museum to display the gifts exchanged by the world's leaders and friends. These gifts range from ordinary crafts to dazzlingly rare treasures from around the world. The tall display rooms, built in caves, occupy an area of 70,000 square meters, and twist and turn like a vast underground maze. Directed by the tourist guide, it took almost two hours for us to visit only one part of it, yet even that was an eyeful. Unfortunately, we were not allowed to take pictures. I think there is considerable merit in permitting ordinary people to see and appreciate the gifts that are exchanged by their national leaders.

Portraits of President Kim Il Sung (and sometimes Secretary Kim Jong-il) are hung in many public places in North Korea. In the cities, and in most villages, monument-style white buildings can be seen in many places. These are to commemorate President Kim Il Sung's "Eternal Tower." Many people, especially soldiers and staff members, wear badges showing portraits of Kim Il-Sung on their chests.

North Korea has excellent social order. One does not need to worry about thieves, nor being robbed. I did happen to get one picture of several people fighting—one man's face was covered with blood—but this kind of scene was rare.

North Korea still practices planned economy, free schooling, free medical care, and free housing, but wages are very low. I cannot be helped but think of my own childhood. Reading at the library in "North Korea Illustrated" about their free tuition and medical care, I felt envious.

There are no beggars in North Korea, and the gap between rich and poor is small. Everyone has a job, everyone has food to eat, a place to stay, and they do not need to worry about not being able to go to school, to see a doctor or be cared for when they grow old. They are leading a low income, low consumption and carefree life. But their after-hours cultural life is monotonous. They are not allowed to use cell

phones. They cannot go abroad freely. Their production efficiency is low, and the amount of grain they produce cannot sustain them. They lack material goods, and their economic development is slow. I feel its level is equivalent to that of the 1970s in our own country.

I really want to learn about the situation in North Korea's countryside. Miss Kim told me that North Korea's rural areas practice the cooperative farm system - collective labor, collective distribution. Rural housing is also unified, distributed according to population.

I had a personal experience with rural collective labor when I was young, having gone to the countryside to join a production team. This time in North Korea, when I saw groups of people working in the fields, and seeing their red flags with slogans written on them, I felt as if I had returned to those years.

From the many photographs I took of North Korean villages, you can see that most of the villages are built very neatly. Some of the housing is similar to the residential apartment buildings found in more urban areas, and some even look like villas.

On the return train from Pyongyang to Sinuiju, there were only my wife and I in the sleeper compartment, so I closed the door, took out my camera, and started taking pictures. As we approached Sinuiju I took out the memory chip from the camera, preparing myself for the possibility of seeing it deleted should it be discovered.

When the train arrived in Sinuiju Station, as usual it took a few hours for inspection. Fortunately, after the inspector had carefully examined my wife's Canon G9 camera and deleted a few images, he shouted "good!" in Chinese, and left. Perhaps he thought we had only brought one camera. Thus, the contents of this trip home were to be saved. To be honest, the contents of my shooting were simply a truthful record; I had no intention of taking pictures of North Korea's backwards aspects. Even in our own country today, with its rapid economic development, there are still many places that are poorer than those remote villages in North Korea. However, our country's ideology today no longer views these pictures of backwardness as a scourge that might damage the image of the nation.

00: 25 AM May 18th, 2008, Canton

Note: This article originally appeared in the pictorial album Such - Korea in the eyes of Liu Yuan (Published in August 2008 by China Times Publishing House)





了解朝鲜

刘远

上个世纪五十年代初在朝鲜半岛爆发的那场战争，给中国人的心里留下了深深的烙印。我们父辈那一代有成千上万人唱着“抗美援朝”的战歌，“雄赳赳气昂昂跨过鸭绿江”，投入到这场战争中，有许多人把生命永远留在了这块土地。如今半个世纪过去了，中国已经发生了翻天覆地的变化，而朝鲜——我们当年一个战壕里的战友今天的情况却鲜为人知。

今年春节前，我和太太旅游来到辽宁丹东。站在当年被美军炸毁一半的鸭绿江断桥前，我太太给天津的姨夫打电话，姨夫激动地说：“我们部队当年就是从丹东过的江。你们要是能到朝鲜，看看平壤的大剧院还在不在了……”第二天一早，在丹东的抗美援朝纪念馆门前，一位晨练的老人和我太太聊了起来。我太太说她姨夫当年参加过抗美援朝，这位老人说：我也是在朝鲜打过仗的志愿军哪，几次差点死都又活过来了。老人说着撩起了衣襟，肚子上有一道几十公分的疤。我太太说：原来你和我姨夫都是最可爱的人哪。

2008年2月8日(农历正月初二)早上，我和太太在辽宁丹东火车站登上了前往平壤的国际列车。

丹东国际旅行社的工作人员说，一般情况下十六个人才发团，但是这次报名的只有我们两个人，因此旅行社将不派领队，让我们自行前往朝鲜，说一到新义州朝鲜国际旅行社就会有人到火车上接我们。

丹东和新义州只有一江之隔。我们乘坐的国际列车只用了几分钟时间，跨过鸭绿江大桥就进入了朝鲜北方最大的城市新义州。

出发前旅行社的人就告诉我们一些到朝鲜旅游的注意事项，如不许带手机，不许带摄像机，不许带望远镜，不许带电脑，新义州到平壤沿途不许拍照及摄像，旅游期间对落后和不好的景物不要拍照，不准探亲访友，对朝鲜的政治经济状况、对金日成主席和金正日书记不要妄加评论，拍纪念照时不许模仿领袖姿势，参观板门店军事分界线时不要和南朝鲜的士兵打招呼，等等。

列车进入朝鲜新义州后，我们就停止拍照了。画册中几张新义州的图片都是在辽宁丹东时隔着鸭绿江拍摄的。丹东和新义州之间大部分以江为界，但也有不少地方土地相连，国界用铁丝网隔开。还有一些地方连铁丝网也没有，一步就可以跨两国，当地人称之为“一步跨”。有张带有朝鲜字的国界碑图片就是在“一步跨”拍摄的。

列车停在新义州车站，许多穿制服戴大盖帽佩金日成像章的人员上车进行检查。检查非常详细。每个卧铺包厢只能留下一个人，其它人在过道上等候。被检查的人要把携带的所有东西都从身上和箱、包里掏出来接受检查。一位女检查官手持环形探测器对乘客全身进行检测。如有书刊和光盘还要拿到另外的地方进行鉴别。一位男检查官拿起我摄影包里装有28-300mm镜头的佳能1Ds MARK III相机，连忙叫另外几个检查官前来观看，感到有些诧异。我怕引起误会，连忙打开相机的显示屏回放在丹东拍的照片，并让他们试拍了几张。他们确认这只是一台块头较大的照相机后，脸上露出了笑容。

我们隔壁是几个年轻的朝鲜女孩，每个人胸前都佩戴着金日成像章，听说是在朝鲜驻北京有关部门的餐厅里工作期满回国的。对她们的检查更为详细，所有已封装好的大箱小包一律拆开，里面的东西哗啦一声全倒在地面上逐个进行检查。

列车在新义州车站停留了三个多小时，终于在下午一点半左右开始向平壤出发。直到列车开动，接我们的人也没有出现，我和太太不禁担心起来：万一到

了平壤也没有人接我们，没有手机，语言又不通，可该如何是好？

坐在我对面的一位姓姜的中国朝鲜族小伙安慰我们说，如果到了平壤还是没有人接，他就先把我们送到酒店，到那里就有电话可以和国内旅行社取得联系了。我和太太连忙对这位好心的小伙一再表示感谢，心里也感到踏实了许多。

新义州距平壤只有220公里，但列车行驶了六个小时才到达。这时天已经完全黑了，所幸在平壤火车站终于见到了接待我们的金先生和金小姐。他们说今天的列车还算是正常到达，由于电力不足，列车走走停停，晚点是常有的事，有时候第二天才能走到呢。

夜幕中的平壤灯光稀少，到处黑黢黢的。但安排我们住宿的羊角岛国际酒店（朝鲜的特级酒店，相当于四星级）里还是灯火明亮，餐厅的女服务员穿着嫩绿色的朝鲜民族服装，象仙女一样，饭菜也比较丰盛。用过晚餐我和太太到酒店负一层转了一圈，有歌舞厅和赌场，但只许外国人进，朝鲜本国国人不得入内。

第二天一早，金先生和金小姐就在酒店大堂等着我们，还有一位司机。金小姐开玩笑说，我们三个人陪你们两个人，还有一部专车，你们是我们接待过的待遇最高的“贵宾团”。

我问金先生和金小姐，在朝鲜拍照有没有什么规定？金小姐说没有什么特别的规定。金先生补充说，在市区内可以拍，出了市区不要拍。

一九九七年夏天，我在吉林参加一个会议时，曾参加过会议主办方组织的朝鲜边境一日游，去的地方是朝鲜北部边境小镇会宁。当时接待我们的也是两个人，一位年轻的导游小姐，一位中年男子。那位先生始终表情严肃，每当有人想拍照街道或行人时，都会严厉地加以制止。在参观过程中，女导游在前带路，那位先生负责断后，不停的催促后面的人跟紧队伍，生怕走散了。如今接待我们的金先生要和善的多了，有时我在城郊结合部在车上抓拍他也不干预，倒是我太太怕惹麻烦经常提醒我“不要拍”，气得我直想和太太翻脸，而金先生和金小姐看着我跟太太起急的样子忍不住想笑，把我太太也逗乐了。只有一次我在拍军人制止附近老百姓靠近旅游景点时，金先生小声提醒我：“军人不要拍！”但在他提醒的时候，我的快门已经按下去了。

这次去朝鲜，感觉比十一年前已经宽松了许多，街道上见到有人摆摊了。但是在旅游期间接待方还是尽量避免我们接触老百姓。我们每次在旅游景点时，都可以见到有持枪的军人或值勤人员在周围警戒，几百米外的行人都被拦住不许靠近。我们在开城冷面馆吃饭时，一进大院，见到有许多老百姓也在里面，金先生就催促我们赶快进房间，等我们脱了鞋进了房间，他才放心地和金小姐去别处用餐了。只有一次例外是在金日成故居，没有军人或值勤人员警戒，我们才得以和几位也是前来参观的朝鲜妇女接近。先是我太太给他们集体拍照，接下来我们又和她们一起合影留念，分手后她们已经走了很远，还和我们互相挥手致意。她们身穿薄纱做的朝鲜民族服装，色彩艳丽，走起路来宛如行云流水一般。

平壤大街上车辆不多，不存在塞车问题，也没有红绿灯，地面上用白漆画个圆圈就是交通岗，站在白圆圈内指挥交通的交警都是年轻漂亮的姑娘，穿上湖蓝色的制服更显俊俏，成为平壤一道亮丽的风景线。

平壤的地铁建在100多米深的地下，据说是世界上最深的地铁，地铁站高大宽

敞，周围是巨型壁画。平壤的凯旋门比巴黎的凯旋门还要高出10米。

位于妙香山的国际友谊馆是世界各国领导人和友人赠送礼品的陈列馆，里面既有普通的工艺品，也有着许多稀世珍宝，琳琅满目。一间间高大的陈列室都修建在山洞里，建筑面积有七万平方米，迂回曲折，象一个巨大的地下迷宫。我们在讲解员的带领下用了近两个小时时间才参观了其中的一部分，大饱眼福，遗憾的是里面不让拍照。这种把国家领导人所接受的礼品展示出来让老百姓共同欣赏的做法我觉得值得推广。

朝鲜的很多公共场所都悬挂着金日成主席（有时还有金正日书记）的画像。在城市里和大部分村庄，经常可以看到白色的纪念碑式的建筑，那都是纪念金日成主席的“永生塔”。很多人特别是军人和工作人员，胸前都佩戴着金日成像章。

朝鲜的社会治安很好，不用担心被偷，更不会被抢。我碰巧拍到了几个人打架的情景，其中一个人满脸是血，但这只是偶然现象。

朝鲜实行的仍然是计划经济，上学免费，看病免费，住房免费，但工资很低。我不禁想起自己小时候，在阅览室里从《朝鲜画报》上看到朝鲜上学不要钱，看病不要钱，心里是多么羡慕啊。

朝鲜没有乞丐，贫富差距不大，人人有事做，有饭吃，有房住，不用为上学、看病、养老发愁，过着低收入、低消费、无忧无虑的生活。但业余文化生活单调，不许使用手机，不能自由出国，生产效率低，粮食不能自给，物质产品匮乏，经济发展缓慢。给我的感觉，好象相当于我们国家上个世纪七十年代的水平。

我很想了解朝鲜农村的情况。金小姐告诉我说，朝鲜农村实行的是合作农场制度，农场成员集体劳动，集体分配，农村住房也是统一建造，按人口分配。

农村集体劳动的场面我在当年下乡插队时曾亲身经历过，这次在朝鲜看到田野里人们成群结队的干活，地里还插着许多写有标语的红旗，仿佛又回到了当年。

我拍了不少朝鲜村庄的照片，可以看到大部分村庄都建造的很整齐，有不少村庄的房屋还是楼房，有些象是城市的居民楼，有的还象别墅。

在从平壤返回新义州的列车上，我所在的卧铺包厢只有我和太太两个人。于是我就把门一关，拿出相机拍了一路。快到新义州时，我把这一路拍的存储卡换了下来，同时也做好了出境时万一查出来被删除的思想准备。

列车到了新义州车站，照例是几个小时的检查。幸运的是检查官在仔细翻看了我太太用佳能G9相机拍照的内容并删除了一些画面之后，大声用汉语说了一声“好！”就走了。可能他以为我们只拿了这一个相机。于是这一路拍的内容得以保留。

其实我拍的内容只是如实记录而已，并没有故意拍摄落后面的意思。即使在我们国家经济多年高速发展的今天，也仍然有不少比朝鲜边远山村更贫穷的地方。只不过我们今天的国家意识形态已经不再把这些反映落后的图片看做是有损国家形象的洪水猛兽了。

2008年5月18日零点25分于广州