

HIMALAYA

# 喜马拉雅

一位中国摄影家眼中的圣地  
A Sacred Place in the Eyes of a Chinese Photographer

林晶华 Lin Jinghua





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# 因造物主的指令

1924年，英国登山爱好者乔治·马洛里决心攀登珠穆朗玛峰，人们问他为了什么？他回答：因为它就在那里。

此刻，面对已编辑设计完臻、沉甸甸的《喜马拉雅》摄影画册，我自问：为什么要不惜一切出版这本书呢？我自答：因为造物主的指令。

从某种意义上说，我也是登山者，心灵的登山者，正攀登在喜马拉雅的崇山峻岭之中。没有具体的指派，没有额外的赞助，也没有特殊的有利条件，只因自己的欲望心灵的冲动，而这欲望和冲动源于冥冥中一种无形力量的指使。

从前，我是一个十足自负固执的无神论者，但前后将近十年在藏区摄影创作的所见所闻，潜移默化使我彻底改变了原先的观念。如今，我绝对认为：有一种无形的力量在主宰着每一个人，每一个团体，每一个国家，乃至整个世界、整个宇宙的一切，我们每天所发生的事，都是这种力量的安排。我把这种力量称为“造物主”。

我已完成的7本书的创作、出版过程印证了这一观点，今天，摆在面前的这本书再一次印证了这一观点。

在拍摄青藏高原的日子里，每当面对喜马拉雅群山，心中总生萌想：山那边是什么样子？什么时候去看看。

2001年8月，我第6次到西藏，不少地方已变得面目全非。那天在拉萨河畔，现代建筑遮挡了焚炉香烟，歌厅舞曲掩盖了诵经梵语，我竟然按不下相机的快门。曾经让我热血沸腾兴奋不已一个上午耗去15个胶卷的圣地已变得索然无味。顷刻我明白，我的下一站应在喜马拉雅山之南。

然而，号称地球第三极的喜马拉雅山脉屹立于南亚大陆与青藏高原南缘之间，从藏东南的南迦巴瓦峰到吉尔吉特的南迦帕尔巴特峰，全长2480公里，横跨中国、印度、不丹、尼泊尔、巴基斯坦等国家。要较全面、概括地拍摄它，于一个已届花甲的草根俗子无疑如愚公移山、精卫填海。面对国界阻隔、语言障碍、不菲经费等等困难，愿望像是海市蜃楼了。

正一筹莫展时突接台湾摄影家吴绍同来电，介绍他到不丹王国拍摄鹤的过程，终于找到进入不丹王国的钥匙！几乎同时，记者郭园在采访我时也表达了相同的向往，我们一拍即合，立马成行。郭园精通英语，我顺利地实现了拍摄不丹的心愿。

但，这似乎只是昙花一现，接下来的漫长岁月里我仍然束手无策，只能守株待兔。



2008年，正当我莫知所措、心灰意懒几乎产生放弃摄影的念头时，青藏高原让我认识了远在美国的游辉立，他对喜马拉雅地区也是情深意切。

2009年5月我到新德里与他会合，他带领我们深入印属克什米尔范围的喜马拉雅山腹地，我在阿里古格王宫遗址上萌生的愿望终于实现了。

我乘胜追击、马不停蹄，去年10月徒步攀登尼泊尔的萨迦玛塔登山大本营，今年又再深入尼泊尔、印度、克什米尔等地方。所有的行程都离不开游辉立悉心的安排和联系。

神通广大而又古道热肠的游辉立似乎是造物主派来帮我的。

在萨迦玛塔国家公园，又发生了匪夷所思的事：甫到海拔2800米的鲁卡拉，我已有高山反应的感觉，爬到南池市场时心跳剧猛，头昏脑胀，血压竟然到了113-213mmHg之高。海拔才3400米啊，这对于累计在青藏高原奔波了近两年时间的藏区老客我来说绝对无法置信。只好调整计划，把原先一天的行程改为两天完成，孰料因此却让我遇到变幻奇诡的山色美景。

……是偶然？是造物主的安排！

恢弘诡谲的自然景观、质朴多采的民风民俗、神圣肃穆的宗教信仰、灿烂辉煌的艺术精华……喜马拉雅山是永远拍摄不完的题材。我所表现的只是冰山一角、九牛一毛。

喜马拉雅地区留给我很多的启示，很多的思索，也留给我很多的遗憾。而最不能谅解的遗憾是政治因素造成的种种麻烦。

曾经在印度驻尼泊尔大使馆火热的签证大厅排队三个上午无果而终；也曾因政治派别示威、交通瘫痪而百无聊赖困守加德满都的旅舍中；在前往班公湖的路上我被勒令停步，原因是印度政府禁止中国人进入此地；今年更因恐怖分子猖獗巴基斯坦停发旅游签证，我与喜马拉雅山西端最高峰失之交臂……可恶的政治藩篱！

造物主啊，什么时候天下太平，人世大同，所有人都可以自由自在、无拘无束地在喜马拉雅地区的每一个角落徜徉？

唯衷心地祈盼！

林晶华

2010年11月20日于深圳



# Because it is the Creator's Will

In 1924, the British climber George Mallory, when asked why he endeavored to climb Mount. Everest ( Mt. Qomolangma), quipped: "Because it is there."

Now, as I am about to complete the editing and design of my "Himalaya" photo album, I ask myself why I went all out to publish this work. I would tell myself: "Because it is the will of the Creator."

In a sense, I too am a climber, a spiritual one scaling the tall mountains and valleys of the Himalaya. There are no specific assignments, no particular sponsors and no special advantages. I am only driven by my desire and impulse, which are directed by an intangible, providential force.

Previously I was a conceited and stubborn atheist, but after nearly a decade of photographing in the Tibetan regions, my original view has changed gradually but completely. Today, I have absolute conviction that there is an intangible force that governs everyone, every society, every nation, even the whole world and the entire universe. What we do everyday is a design of this force, which I call "Creator".

My publishing seven books is a testament to this belief. Today, this book in front of me is yet another proof.

In the days of photographing in the Qinghai-Tibet Plateau, whenever I looked at the Himalayan Mountains, I wondered what the other side is like. I had wanted to see it some day.

On my sixth visit to Tibet in August 2001, many places have become unrecognizable. That day by the Lhasa River, when the offering of incense was blocked by modern buildings and the chanting of Sanskrit scripts was masked by karaoke, I could no longer bring myself to press the camera's shutter. This sacred land that had once inspired and excited me to take fifteen rolls of film in one morning had become crass and dull. At that instant I knew my next stop would be south of the Himalaya.

The Himalaya is the so called "third pole of the earth". It straddles between the south Asian continent and the southern margin of the Tibetan Plateau. It ranges from Mt. Namche Barwa in southeast Tibet to Mt. Nanga Parbat in Gilgit, with a total length of 2480 kilometers traversing China, India, Bhutan, Nepal and Pakistan. To do it justice would require an undertaking beyond the reach of someone like me who was not only unworldly but also getting on into my sixties. The barriers of national borders, language, and considerable expenses seemed insurmountable.

Just when I was at a loss, I suddenly received a phone call from Taiwan photographer, Wu Shao-Tong, telling me about his experience of photographing cranes in Bhutan. At last, I found a key to Bhutan. The reporter, Guo Yuan, who was interviewing me at the time, also expressed the same interest, so we hit it off immediately and with his fluency in English, we were able to realize the wish of photographing Bhutan.

However, the breakthrough seemed short-lived, as it was followed by a long lull when I could do nothing but to wait and see.



In 2008, just when I was getting discouraged and almost giving up photography, I met Philip Yau from the United States, who is also passionate about the Himalaya. The Tibetan highlands have brought us together.

In May 2009, I joined Philip in New Delhi to visit the portion of the Himalaya in the Indian state of Jammu and Kashmir. Finally, the aspiration that first came to me before the ruins of the Guge palace in Ali was realized.

Since then, without losing momentum, in October 2009, I hiked toward the Everest base camp in the Sagarmatha National Park in Nepal. This year, 2010, I revisited Nepal, India and Kashmir. All these trips are more or less arranged by the resourceful and warmhearted Philip who seems godsend to help me.

When I was in the Sagarmatha National Park, a bizarre thing happened: I began to get high altitude reaction even at 2800 meters in Lukla, and by the time I climbed up to Namche Bazaar my heart was racing, my head dizzy and my blood pressure shot up to 213/113mmHg. And that was only at 3400 meters, which is simply incomprehensible to someone who was accustomed to roaming around the much higher Qinghai-Tibet Plateau for nearly two years. I had to adjust my itinerary, going half as slow. And guess what? I was unexpectedly rewarded with capricious and wondrous mountain scenery... Is it coincidence? Or it is the arrangement of the Creator!

Grand and strange landscapes, simple and varied folk customs, sacred and solemn religious beliefs, brilliant art form... The Himalaya has endless subject matter to photograph. What I have displayed is only the tip of the iceberg, a tiny fraction thereof.

The Himalayan region has given me a great deal of inspiration and a great deal of thoughts, but also much regrets. What I could least understand are the obstacles created by politics.

I had stood in line in the scorching heat of the visa room of the Indian Embassy in Nepal for three mornings in vain; I had to idle in my hotel room in Kathmandu because of traffic gridlock caused by political demonstrations; I was stopped on the way to Lake Pangong because the Indian government forbid Chinese nationals from entering; and this year the Pakistan government has suspended issuing tourist visa due to rampant terrorist activities... and so I missed the opportunity to visit the highest peaks of the western end of the Himalaya. Damn the political obstacles!

Oh Creator, when will the world be at peace and people harmonious so that we can freely roam every corner of the Himalayan region?

For that I can only sincerely hope and pray!

*Lin Jinghua*

November 20th, 2010. in Shenzhen







印度

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INDIA



# 地球的角落

翻开地图，印度国土属于喜马拉雅地域范围的有两处地方，一处是在东北边的阿萨姆邦和西孟加拉邦的大吉岭等地；一处是西北边与巴基斯坦接壤的克什米尔旁普遮邦和喜玛偕尔邦、北安恰尔邦等地。克什米尔首府斯利那加因风光秀丽、气候凉爽早已成为著名的旅游胜地，近些年越来越受青睐的地方却是拉达克。

第一次听说拉达克这个名字，是1994年8月23日在西藏阿里地区扎达县扎比让村。那天拍摄完古格王宫遗址已是下午三点钟，陪同的扎达县文管局干部旺拉突然提出带我们去看僵尸洞。在王宫北面的谷地，一片垂直的峭壁上有一个刚好容一人进入的洞，离我们站立的土坎两米高。大家轮流扶托进入，临近洞口，一股从未闻过的怪异臭味立刻扑鼻而来，好一个吓人的场面！只见散乱的股骨、带着干瘪皮肤的脚掌手掌、整块的胸骨、成条或半截的脊椎骨，还有破碎的麻布片堆满洞中。再深入洞中之洞，宽阔的洞里横七八竖地堆满一具具尸体，露出一条条皮包骨的手臂、脚腿。令人不解的是不见一个头颅。

旺拉说，近千个脑袋都给拉达克人取走了。

原来，约400年前这里发生过惨烈的战争，西边的拉达克人把古格王国灭了，被杀战士的首级都被带到拉达克领赏去了。而两国的首领还是亲生兄弟，都

是落难王孙吉德尼玛衮的儿子。

从此，拉达克的名字和僵尸洞紧紧连在一起，拉达克也成了我极其想探访的地方。

15年后，当我乘坐飞机到达拉达克首府列城时，竟然以为搭错航班降落在拉萨贡嘎机场。雪山、河谷，明澈的蓝天，凉爽的空气；藏民、佛塔，高耸的寺庙，五彩的经幡……一切都那么熟悉。连前来接机的司机名字都叫旺珠，跟古格王宫遗址的看门人旺堆相仿，原来他的老家竟是西藏阿里地区日土县。

望着旺珠憨厚纯真的脸庞，倏间，脑海中僵尸洞里恐怖龌龊的场面和怪异刺鼻的臭味消失殆尽，代之的是一种到家的感觉，我知道我已深深地爱上了这个地方，就像我深深地爱上青藏高原。


凭着这与生俱来的情感，凭着对摄影艺术的执著追求，凭着一种连自己都感到莫名其妙的冲动，我一次又一次地走访喜马拉雅西段所有我能够到达的地方，充分享受惊心动魄的峻岭峡谷景象，充分享受刻骨铭心的天寒地冻，充分享受纯真朴实的人间温情，充分享受掀动快门的愉悦欢畅。

依依惜别时我的心中突然冒出一个词：角落。

地球上最偏僻的角落。

虽然公路已初具规模，且大都铺上柏油，但这里





仍然属于偏僻的角落。扎司卡、鲁皮舒、灵蒂、斯皮蒂……被地理环境分隔、被气候环境分隔、被人为因素分隔的一个个角落。

从西北到东南，一千多公里的公路全在高耸的山岭间盘旋，乘客就像坐游乐场的过山车，又像在荡秋千，一会儿登上海拔四五千米的高山顶，一会儿又落到深邃的谷地里，七弯八曲，九旋十转，搞得你昏头转向不知所措。列城南面的尤批什到拉胡尔的达查，四百余公里的路程必须翻过五座海拔四五千米、紧紧挨着的大山，一路赤地千里寸草不生，除了几个由帐篷组成的兵站和食宿点，不见一户人家，不见一栋房子，走着走着心都发慌。

严酷的气候与险恶的地貌是天生的难兄难弟。在拉达克县与喜马偕尔邦交界班的帐篷里，中午闷热难受，夜晚寒风刺骨，晚上8点钟喝剩的半杯水第二天早上都结成冰。2009年6月4日，海拔5328米的塔格令拉山口还积满冰雪，我们的车子就在两边都是一米多高的雪层狭缝间爬行，养路工说通车还不到十天呢。每年的11月到第二年的5月许多地方大雪封山，被冰雪隔开的一个个地区都与世隔绝了，就算到列城也只能乘坐飞机了。

最不能容忍的是人为的阻隔。在我们走过的路上

有十几个警察检查站，每一站都必须仔细地登记护照后才放行；班公湖一带是近些年才开放的，造访必须四个人以上同行并获得区首长的批准，而持中国护照者禁止进入此地；我两次计划从拉达克往斯利那加，都因为那边戒严而流产；2010年想再到扎司卡并深入帕度，司机旺珠怕被卡基尔的同乡殴打而不敢前行……

凡此种种，都使这里像一个与外界沟通迟滞的角落。

然而，角落也有它的好处，它抵挡了外部的种种干扰和诱惑，使自己千百年沿袭下来的固有文化得以传承和发展。这里很少见到坑蒙拐骗、偷盗劫杀、黄嫖赌毒这些社会问题；也不见环境污染、营养过剩、急功近利等现代化的副产品。朴实、憨厚、善良、温情的人们，习惯于祖祖辈辈沿袭下来的生活模式，坚信宗教理念所派生的生存观念，知足自乐，与世无争，宁静过日，寄望来生。

人们在利益驱使下推行现代化，也有越来越多的人对它提出冷静的质疑。孰是？孰非？

很多访客给喜马拉雅山西端这片充满“角落”的地方贯以“天堂近在咫尺”、“最后的香格里拉”、“世外桃源”等等美称，这就是最好的答案。