

追随

中国最美丽的
秋色



Appreciate Most Beautiful Scenes on Autumn in China
追随中国最美丽的秋色

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一个希望的瓶子
充满了美丽天堂的点点滴滴

金色斑斓掠过每一丝时光的痕迹
于是秋色最美丽的景致
折射在其中
淡淡氤氲开来

进入你视线的页面
似暮色中的湖水
在流淌中露出微笑
带着自己缤纷绚丽的梦想……

在自然面前我驻足了脚步
深信
并且爱恋

想把这块圣洁之地的色彩分享出来

将空灵而明净的世界献给所有
爱着世界的人

梅华

题于2006年10月17日





*A bottle of hope
filled with the drop of beauty heaven*

*Golden stripe pass by trace of light
To the most beautiful autumnal scenery
refract therein
dense cloud slowly become to be thin*

*The page enter into your ken
like the lake water in the gloaming
peep out a smile in flow drip
with own gorgeous flowery dream*

*My footstep stepped in front of the nature
Believing deeply
and loving*

Wanted to share the color of this saintly place

*Dedicate to all person who love the world
with the intelligential and clean world*

MeiHua

On October 17, 2006

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摄影者 梅华（左），撰文者 施石（右）

走进秋色的女人（代序）

施石

傍晚，我和梅坐在深圳的银湖边。我们静静地欣赏着落日，那天天边是一抹红霞，金色的夕阳半躺在霞上。夕阳在一点点陷入霞中，仿佛想沉沉睡去；忽然夕阳似被梦惊醒又挣扎着跃起。顿时，金晕荡漾，红霞泛起了涟漪，此时天尽头美得那般令人心醉。然后夕阳就完全在夜空中消失，霞光也在夜色中悄然褪去。

已是深秋了，深圳这个四季不分明的城市也有了一些寒意，梅裹紧了白色的披肩。虽然她已走进了人生的秋季，可在落日的余晖中，苗条姣好的梅仍显得那么得年轻韵致；她凝视着远方，眼神里充满对夕阳的感动。

梅刚回深圳——这是她第几次从新疆、西藏等地回来，我已算不清楚了。反正我记得：2000年的秋天，我们一起去过西藏；2001年的秋天，我们又一起去了新疆。梅一直迷恋西域，特别是西域秋天的风光。每当在这个喧嚣的城市累了，烦了，梅就放下一切，约上朋友（甚至自己独自驾车）一趟趟地在那里寻找心灵的归宿。她说那里有她的梦，她说那里是世界上最美丽的地方。

月光洒在梅柔和的脸上，梅开始娓娓地叙述着她和伙伴这次再去新疆、西藏等地的秋色之旅。因为梅的旅行精彩，所以梅的故事也精彩。在她的精彩故事中，我仿佛也跟随他们膜拜了西藏札达县神秘的古格王朝，伴他们穿越了新疆塔里木的塔克拉玛干大沙漠和死人谷，和他们一起欣赏着亚丁、稻城的神仙山和红草；还有，党岭秋天的溶雪也让我的手心冰凉，我还感受到川藏的色达五明佛学院的肃穆；当秃鹫在天葬场的上空盘旋，我体味到了生命的脆弱和生命的顽强——

美丽的追随，也伴随着生命的考验。在去西藏札达的途中，梅和同伴驾着吉普车遇到了几公里被雨水冲坏的山路。这是个前不着村后不着店的地方，前后都无人烟，路的一边是陡峭的山壁，另一边是万丈深渊。山路非常窄，勉强能过一部车，而损坏的路面凹凸泥泞，加上天气恶劣，车只要一打滑就会掉落万丈深渊。这个时候，同伴要梅下车，梅说：“这么危险我不能让你一个人面对，要死大家

也死在一起。”他们争执了好久，最后聪明的同伴对梅说：“我是家里的独子，我这趟来西藏没敢告诉家人，我俩都要在车上，万一有个闪失，连个给我妈妈报信的人都没有。”梅噙着泪下了车。她抱着石头，沿着山路，给同伴慢慢行驶下的吉普车不断地垫着石头以防车轮打滑、车体倾下深渊。

梅在叙述到这故事时，那个同伴也在场。高大的小伙子竟然脸红了，羞涩地笑着，完全的一个大男孩，很难想象得出他那时的英雄气概——

2004年的秋天，梅独自驾车去了四川的稻城亚丁。在那段日子里，梅一度“失踪”了好几天。梅在哪？手机里反馈我的总是不稳定的通讯信号。她生日那天，我试着给她发了几个短信，到傍晚她终于回了电话，尽管她那边传来的电话声时断时续，但我仍然能听出她声音中的兴奋。她说，她好幸福，亚丁的神仙山，稻城的红草地——整个美丽的大自然都在为她贺着生日。一向话不多的她，那天却滔滔不绝。大自然让她感动，大自然让她沉醉，她说：在那里，心中的地平线早已消失，人们会看到真正天堂。

听着听着，我的眼睛就有些潮湿。我终于明白了，梅为什么喜欢秋天，因为她走进了这美丽的秋色，因为她读懂了这美丽的秋色！

梅每一次回来都把她整理出来的照片光碟给我，每一次观看都让我惊叹。梅的父亲是个资深的摄影家，在梅幼年时，他就想将自己的摄影技术传授给天资聪明感受力好的爱女。摄影本是美的追求和美的捕捉，梅爸爸多说了一些技术名词，这让女儿以为以摄影是繁杂无味的。梅是一个不喜欢重复枯燥事物的人，因此她没有承接父亲的职业，这点一直是梅老先生的遗憾。梅虽然没有在摄影技术上多下功夫，可她非常有天赋。年轻时她就开始狂热地爱上了摄影。也可能是她没有任何功利的想法，完全凭着心灵去感受自然带给她的感动和享受，她拍的照片捕捉到的反而是最淳朴最自然的美景。

因为忙碌，梅这一次的作品我没能及时地欣赏。这期间我们又见了几面，梅老是眼巴巴地看着我，见我对她的大作不哼不哈，她有些失望，联想起她的权威老爹看了照片后也没作任何评论，她开始郁闷。

后来我终于看到了梅的作品。和以往的照片一样，片中的秋色是如此之美，它让我感动，它让我流泪。梅的作品，让我们看到世界上竟有那么纯净那么美丽的秋色。美丽的新疆就是人间的伊甸园。在梅作品中，我看到秋天的萧萧凄美，我还看到了秋天的绚丽灿烂。梅在拍摄这些美景时候，她从没有想过如何处理，如何包装参赛。但梅的每一张照片都孕育着她对自然的感动和感恩。她是用心灵在追随，她是用心灵在拍照。

我激动地地将自己的感受告诉梅，她又刚收到父亲给她的照片专门制作的精美影集。梅感受到她的作品被真正理解了，因而欣喜若狂：我放下电话，她又打过来，她放下电话我又打过去——一个下午就在两个知音相互理解，相互感动，相互鼓励下，决定要将美丽的照片和美好的文字配合起来，出一本凝聚着我们友谊结晶的像册。美好的东西要让欣赏的朋友来分享。朋友们，让我们的心灵在梅的作品中驰骋，让我们和梅一走进西域的秋天——追随中国最美丽的秋色。

其实这本书是我们设计了好多年的蓝图：梅用相机捕捉自然界里春夏秋冬的美丽，我用笔记载人生中春夏秋冬的真谛。

梅经常说：“你是不是要写我的吗？开场：‘她走了，走进花丛中，她身着一袭白色的长裙，瀑布般的黑发。她是那么美丽、那么从容……’都二十多年了，还只有开头，你是不是非要等到我成‘破布般的白发’时才动笔啊？”

我答：“你这么一个人，就我这脑子，不补补能写的出吗？要想知道你的故事，就先请我吃冰糖血燕；不用天天请，隔三岔五来一顿就行。”

梅说：“你请我，我写你得了。”

梅的气质独特，阅历丰富。她是那种随时都会闯进你的眼里的女人，她本身就是一本生动的书。

这两天，梅，梅和我，我们和这个世界——许许多多的故事在我脑中播放，好多故事都让我快乐、让我流泪、让我深思。

二十多年前——

梅给我的第一眼印象就很深刻：“笃、笃、笃——”高跟皮鞋的铁钉声，梅走进了我们大学的宿舍，她拥有非常成熟窈窕的身材，圆脸上的稚气和淡定奇妙地交织。她身着时髦的淡灰色西服套装，肩挎硕大的皮书包，书包里就揣着像小砖头似的一架陈旧的德国莱卡照相机。这在当年是颇奢侈的玩意，那时，她课后最大的兴趣就是到处采风摄影。

如今，一直追求永恒的梅早已脱去稚气，但面容仍然淡定。在我为她的作品激动叫好时，她却开始冷静。她平静地整理着几万张照片，她希望看到这本影集的朋友们，让心灵去追随中国最美丽的四季！

今天，梅的摄影作品终于结集了；我们终于开始描绘心底的蓝图。我的笔尖下已流走了梅的春光；但走进秋色的梅，仍然那么自信，仍然那么美丽……





The lady walking into the autumn scenery

Shishi ■

I sit with Mei besides the Yinhu Lake, in Shenzhen, at the evenfall. Both in the silence, we enjoyed the view of the golden setting sun which was lying in the red rosy cloud. Slowly, gently, the setting sun was deep into the rosy cloud, just like a sleepy baby. Suddenly, it seemed that the setting sun was waking up with a start and upspring flounderingly, with the aureate rosy clouds popped, the red cloud began to wive. What a beautiful horizon! Along with the disappearance of the setting sun, gradually, the shapes of the sunset glow faded into the shades.

Even though Shenzhen is an ever-blooming city, Mei feel a little chill in the late autumn and wrap her white amice tightly. Even if she is a middle-aged woman, but it seems that she is still an elegant and youthful lady with slightly and attractively. She is staring the perspective, full of the inspiration for the setting sun in her eyes.

Mei arrived in Shenzhen erewhile, and I don't remember how many times she came back form Sinkiang or Tibet, but I remembered that I had been to Tibet with her in the autumn 2000, and we had been to Sinkiang in 2001. Mei is infatuated with the Northwestward in our country especially the scene in autumn. When she feels tired and confused in such a blatant city, she always give up everything and go to those places for seeking ask for her interior "end-result" with a few friends so much as steering alone—Mei said that Tibet and Sinkiang is the most beautiful place in the world and her dream is belong to them.

When the moonlight is shining upon her face, Mei begins to tell me her tours of Tibet and Sinkiang this autumn with her friends. The experience is very wonderful because of her attractive journey, as though I have followed with them and reached the Zhada county in Tibet, worshiped the secret Gu-ge Dynasty, got across the Desert and the Ghost Channel in Sinkiang, excursed the splendid sight of holy mount and red grass in Dawn, Aden etc. And the unfreezed-snow in Dangling dreaded my heart, the sacred Wu-min Buddha Seminary make me feel sanctification, and I also felt the flimsiness and brawniness of the life when I imagined the scene which the golden eagle is hovering above the crude- graveyard.

The course which to pursue the goodness is always company with the test of the life. On their way to Zhada, Tibet, Mei and her buddy' automobile was blocked in the roadway which was destroyed by the flood. That place is desolate and one side of the roadway is mountain crest and another side is the abyss. The roadway is narrow, greasy and rugged, which is constrainedly fit to pass one automobile only. With the abominable weather, the motorial automobile is easy to slip into the abyss. In this conjuncture, the buddy ask Mei get off the car, but Mei says: "I can not afford to leave you into the dangerous only, I will company with u as far as die." After their long-time quarrel, her coony buddy says: "I am the unique child of my parents, and I never told them our tours to Tibet. When the automobile overturns, there will no person tell my parents if we are both die in the automobile." Filled with the tears, Mei get off and continuously convey the stones to level

up the slowly steering to avoid the automobile is slipping and dropping.

When Mei tells me the experience, her buddy is just right here. With bashfully smile, the tall fellow's face turns into red, just like a big boy. It is difficult to imagine his heroic mettle in the case of danger.

In the autumn, 2004, Mei drive to Dawn Aden City by herself. She disappeared for many days in that period. Where was Mei staying? When I was phoning her through my mobile telephone, the electric wave was always weak. In her birthday, I tried to send several informations to her mobile telephone, and finally she recalled to me in that evening. I could feel her exciting on the line even though the voice was intermittent. She told me that she felt very happiness because of the whole nature, including the Mountain of Aden and the Red Lea in the Dawn City, seems to send the best regards for her birthday. She is a gentle and quiet girl, but she spoke off the reel for affected and intoxicated by the nature in that day. As what she said, everyone will abandon all of the obstacles in the mind and finally find his pure Heaven when he arrive at that mystic place.

Immersing in her depiction, my tears is filling up my eyes, and eventually I understand why Mei is infatuated with the Autumn, because she is realizing the essence of the autumn and melting herself into the scenery of the Autumn.

Each time she came back, Mei always show the pictures and videos which were coordinated by herself, and I am always inspired by them. Mei's father is a famous lensman and he intended to impart the skill of the photography to his bright and intelligent daughter when Mei was in her infancy. Even though the essence of the photography is the pursuance and the capture of the beauty, but Mei felt the photography is boring and difficult when her daddy said any professional glossaries. Mei is person who dislike to do a thing repetitively and troublesomely, so she was finally out of inheriting her father's career. That becomes the regret of the daddy. But Mei is a genius even though she didn't lucubrate the photography, so she is finally infatuated with the photography infatuated when she grows up. Maybe because of her intuition and instinct, never utilitarian, her photos always reflect the most simplehearted and natural aesthetic feeling.

For bustling about something, I never view and admire those pictures she was taken in her recent tours. We meet for a several times during those days, I can feel that her piteous eyes on my back, and I also feel her disappointment when I refuse to comment on her harvest, and she feels disappointed when she thinks about her daddy's attitude as he has no comments on those pictures.

Eventually I have viewed her pictures. The scenery in her photos is so beautiful that inspire me and wet my eyes as usual. It is the truth that we can find the purest and the most beautiful scenery of the Autumn in her pictures. The West of our country is the absolute Eden in the world. I can also taste the mournful sensibility and realize the flourish sentiment from her arts. Mei did not cure and make up those pictures for the purpose of the competition, but each of her picture is full of the affection, appreciation and enthusiasm. She is the pursuer and camerist only using her instinct.

With the agitated words, I told those sentiments with her. At it happened Mei received the exquisite album which is made exclusively by her daddy for those arts. Mei becomes very exciting because she feels that the essence of her fruit is comprehended. I hung up my phone when I finished my depiction, but Mei recalled immediately, time and again. Based on two bosom friends' comprehension and affection and encouragement, finally we decided to write some words for matching those charming pictures in order to publish a beautiful album which tied in our friendship for sharing with our friends. For searching the soul of the arts, let us step into the autumn of the West, the most attractive scenery of the autumn following Mei.

It is the truth that this book is our blueprint for many years, Mei pursues the scenery of the eternal nature by her camera, and I record the essence of the world through my articles.

Mei always says as following: I know you want to write a novel about me, and the first sentence is just always like those '...she is melting into the blossom, with her long-white dress and long black waterfall hairs...she is such an attractive and elegant lady...but you write only this sentence, in two decades. Do you really want to begin your novel when I become a old woman with white hair?

And when I heard her words, I make a joke with her as following: your experience of the life is so wonderful and it is difficult to write down in my novel, and if you give me a bribe I will continue. If you want to know your story in my novel earlier, you should better spoil my stomach first with the delicious food.

Her answer is simply: if you give me such a bribe, I will write such a novel about you.

Mei has particular temperament and wonderful experience, she is the kind of lady who attracts a man easily, her experience is just like a wonderful story.

In recent days, so many memories responses in my mind times and times again, about Mei and me, each one and the whole world, which is exciting my soul, my mind, and speculating my spirit.

My first feeling about Mei is deep in my mind since two decades ago. Accompanying with the song sang by her high-heel shoes, she walked into our university and the dormitory. She seemed mature and slight, a little infant melted with quietude. She dressed in mode grey suit, with a big leather bag, which contained an old brick-shaped LAICA camera which was made in Germany on her shoulders. In that period, it is a luxury. photography is her hobby in her college life.

Today Mei is a mature and quietude lady, she calms down and begins to coordinate more than ten thousands of her pictures when I appreciate for her arts. She hopes more and more people pursue the perennial landscape of China through her arts.

Today, Mei have cleaned up her album, we begin to design the forecasting in our mind. Even though the flourish age for woman is passing by, but Mei is still self-confidence and beautiful in the autumn scenery as usual.



行程时间: 2005年秋

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我与秋天有个约会

我们童年和少年时节，是我们活力四射的人生春季；当我们陷入爱情时，我们人生中热情洋溢的夏季开始了；到了中年，那是我们采撷累累硕果的人生最辉煌的秋季；而我们的老年是最写意的冬季，虽然已是寒冬却悠然享受着温暖的阳光。

如今我已走进人生的秋季，于是我怨，我叹，我心与秋相约……

I Have a Appointment with Autumn

Our childhood and youth is throbbled spring in our life. When we fall in love, it is ebullient summer in our life. Till midlife, that is resplendent autumn with the harvest in our life. And our agedness is the enjoyable winter, although it is cold, still can enjoy the warm sunshine leisurely.

Now, I have already walked into life of autumn, hence, I resent, I exclaim, my heart and autumn invite mutually.....



秋 怨 The plaint in autumn

在人生的春季里，我是个爱幻想的少女。爸爸亲手做的万花筒是那个岁月我最心爱的玩具。我时常把万花筒对着太阳，金色的阳光透过万花筒的滤光孔折射在筒壁的菱形玻璃镜上，我轻摇着万花筒，五颜六色的碎纸片在玻璃镜折射的光线中变成各种绚丽的图案。望着万花筒里那让我心醉的美景，我憧憬着人生的四季：我渴望我的人生春季能在花团锦簇中品尝无忧果；我企盼在人生的夏季里谈一场轰轰烈烈的恋爱；我希望在人生的秋季中有一份红红火火的事业；我向往在人生的冬季时能和爱人坐在庭院里的摇椅上沐浴着暖洋洋的阳光——

岁月蹉跎，不自觉中我已走进了人生的秋季，刻骨铭心的爱情换来了“执之手，白头偕老”的终身伴侣；多年搏击商场让我饱尝了人生的乐趣及艰涩；当女儿偎在我身边娇嗔碎语时，我感受到收获的快乐。人们在人生的春季夏季里播种耕耘，流金岁月的失去换来了人生秋季里丰硕的收

In life's spring, I was a girl enjoying dreaming. The kaleidoscope that my father did by himself is my favorite doll. I often took the kaleidoscope towards the sun. And the golden sunshine refracted the rhombic glass though the kaleidoscope's filtering hole. When I swayed the kaleidoscope, the colorful scraps of paper became the different florid designs by the refracted ray though the glass. When I saw the charming landscape in the kaleidoscope, I yearned for the four seasons in the life: I yearned for enjoying the happy fruit among the flowers in my life's spring. I yearned for an intense love in my life's summer. I yearned for a flourishing business in my life's autumn. I yearned for bathing the warm sunshine with my lover, sitting on the rocking chair in the courtyard in my life's winter.

Time is missing. Unconsciously, I am in the life's autumn. The love which is remembered to the end of my life brings me the mate for life, who will be holding my hand till we are old. The experiences fighting in the business for many years give me the life's happiness and hardships. I can feel the harvest's happiness when my daughter murmurs around me. People seed and till in life's spring and summer. The missing of the years brings the plentiful and substantial harvest in life's autumn. The harvest in my autumn is more than what I expect in my life's spring and summer. The

成。我在秋季里的收获已远远超出了我在春风夏雨里的期盼。富足的人生秋季让我踏实，也使我渐渐慵懒。八年前的一天，五岁的女儿也收到了外公的礼物万花筒。女儿欣喜地轻摇着万花筒，她不时地将万花筒移到我的眼前，认为我会为那些神奇美妙的图案赞叹。可面对万花筒里的迷离世界我却已经麻木。我困惑：曾几何时，我的万花筒和心中的憧憬都已消逝？那天傍晚我独自在银湖边思索，阵阵的秋风有些凉意，我在秋风中漫无目标地走着，秋风让我裹紧了自己的外套，却裹不紧自己那有些惆怅的心。人生不过是历史长河中的瞬间，它没有周而复始的四季。我们的一生只有一个秋季，而这个不再有憧憬的人生季节突然让我觉得寒冷。

plentiful life's autumn makes me feeling sureness, but also makes me lazier and lazier. One day, eight years ago, my five-year-old daughter got her grandfather's present—kaleidoscope. She shook the kaleidoscope happily and sometimes took the kaleidoscope in front of me. She thought I would feel surprise because of the fantastic and beautiful designs. But I felt numb when I saw the bizarre and motley world in the kaleidoscope. I puzzled: when the kaleidoscope and the longing in my heart were disappearing? On the dusk of that day, I was thinking beyond the silver lake by myself. The wind in autumn became cooler. I was walking in the wind without the aim. I enswathed myself with the coat under the cold wind, but I couldn't enswathed my melancholy heart. The life just a short part in the history river. It doesn't like the four seasons which could go round and round. There is only one autumn in our life. But this life season without the longing makes me feeling cold.







秋风如碾，茵草葳蕤叹韶华流逝；秋色如烟，丹叶飘零叹人世
幻化；秋味如丝，荻絮缭绕叹情愫纠结