

人间仙境

PARADISE ON EARTH

张家界风光风情摄影精品集

Zhangjiajie Scenic Spot Photography Album



中国摄影出版社

CHINA PHOTOGRAPHIC PUBLISHING HOUSE

人 间 仙 境

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山城新貌 New look of the mountainous city

仰视自然的奇迹 回归心灵的家园

一

张家界山是有生命的。

穿过三亿八千万年的时空，依然保持着青春的俏丽，这令我不得不怀着无比的虔诚，仰视她生命的奇迹。

我无法想象，三亿八千万年前的太阳，是如何用金色的光芒抚慰着这颗洪荒覆盖的星球。

我无法想象，“中泥盆世”的海岸线，会在湘西北的土地上蜿蜒。

我无法想象，古老的河流会在一亿年间运来厚达千米的石英砂。

我必须相信。地质学家说，这一切都是真的……

大约二亿年前，骤然到来的“燕山运动”使地球开始躁动不安。地壳此消彼长，海岸线渐渐东去，已然凝结成岩的石英砂缓缓露出海面，上升……直到1300米的海拔高度。

大约一亿年前，地壳变化进入稳定期以后，大自然开始摆开巨大的作坊，运用“风化”、“水蚀”、“重力”等工具对石英砂岩精心雕琢，创作自己的旷世杰作——由3103座石峰组成的“武陵峰林”。

我不知道，大自然为什么一定要付出三亿八千万年的热情和耐心？

也许，她真的需要为自己留下一块矗立千秋的纪念碑。

也许，她确实有意为我们留下一座精彩绝伦的博物馆。

二

有人说，石头是死的，可我不信。

那森林般布置的石峰石柱，分明就是一具具鲜活的生命。

仿佛，这是一群手持长戟的战士，正在准备奔赴血腥的沙场。

仿佛，这是一个插满尖刀的陷阱，正在迎接汹涌扑来的强敌。

高大尖削的金鞭岩，就那样挺立着，像一位高大的勇士挺立着。紫铜色的长锏指向蔚蓝的天心，冷峻的目光藐视着飞渡的乱云。

皱纹满面的“夫妻岩”，就那样亲亲地依偎着，泰然面对千百万年的风雨雷电。

这就是“千里相会”吗？千里征战的丈夫，着峨冠长袍回来了，与已然有些发福的妻子执手无言，唯有泪千行，所有的思念和感怀，都凝聚、定格在了这一刻。

这就是“望郎峰”吗？我只不过在游道上走过了短短的400米，而你，却已然从“少女”变成了“少妇”，从“中年妇女”变成了“老妇”。难道你的一生竟是如此短暂？不，这不过是大自然用“蒙太奇”的手法，把你悲剧的人生浓缩在了这个有限的时空里。你对面石壁上那个圆圆的石洞，早已用“望穿石壁”的传说，幽幽地诉说了一切。我不知道，你也不知道，你青梅竹马的阿郎到底在哪里。也许，他已经化作沙场的一堆白骨，在如血的残阳下渐渐朽去。也许，他也化作了一块石头，在千里万里之外千年万年地望着你。

三

我曾经长久地穿行于张家界幽深的峡谷和密林之中，我期待着与神秘的“背水鸡”有一次奇异的邂逅。尽管我始终没有体会那奇妙的一刻，但我坚信，这意趣盎然的灵物，也许正挺着脖颈下鼓胀的水袋，在不远的地方好奇地望着我。

我曾经怀着崇敬反复打量张家界绝壁上盆景般精致的武陵松。

在似乎无法扎根的地方，它一点点地伸出柔软而细密的根须，抓紧了，抱牢了，然后颤巍巍地举起绿色的生命之旗；在似乎无法生长的地方，它一点点地吸取天地精华，通过自己特殊的菌根，输送生命的营养。它谈不上挺拔，更谈不上

伟岸，恶劣的环境只能使它佝偻着身躯，沧桑着容颜，但谁能否认，它其实蕴藏着土家汉子般震撼人心的坚韧和顽强。

我曾经轻轻地拨弄透明的金鞭溪水，指间滑落的，似乎是无形的空气，而水中的鱼儿，也全然如鸟儿一般轻盈地翱翔。这儿的水是真正的大山的乳汁，是从每一棵树、每一根草、每一块石头下一点一滴地渗透出来的，她纤尘不染，自然平和，即使是暴怒的雷霆、疯狂的大雨，也不能改变她的清纯和安详。

就这样，无数的生命勃勃于张家界这块肥沃的热土，无数的珍奇欣欣于张家界这个共同的天堂。

在一个阳光普照清凉爽心的夏日，我第一次走近高达30多米、树干直径达1.5米的世界最大的活化石“珙桐王”，望着那覆盖600平方米的华盖，我心里充溢惊愕，也夹带着些许的茫然；在一个注满清水的下石潭里，我与一条胖笃笃的娃娃鱼相视而笑。它圆圆的脑袋、胖胖的小手、笨拙的体态以及晚上“哇哇”的叫声，使每个人都很自然地想到自己的童年。

44种珍稀濒危植物，26种二级以上保护动物。这就是张家界的自然之魂。

四

但凡走在张家界美丽的风景里，人们总会一边发出“大饱眼福”的感叹，一边又充满“上苍为什么偏爱这块土地”的疑问。

用山水俱佳、包罗万象来形容张家界并不为过。在这里，不仅山、水、洞、云、树、岩门类齐全，而且无一不是绝冠天下的奇景。因此，人们也用“山水经典”“全能景区”来形容张家界。

张家界的山，有武陵之胜，也有天门之奇。1999年底的“穿越天门奔向二十一世纪”世界特技飞行大奖赛，通过全球直播，使位于张家界市区南面7公里处的天门山一夜成名。这是人类第一次驾驶飞机穿越自然山洞，这是人类又一次挑战自身极限的惊人之举。人们在为来自世界各地的飞行精英喝彩的同时，也对那个高131米、宽37米、深30米的穿山石洞留下了极其深刻的印象。

张家界的水，有金鞭溪之幽，也有茅岩河之险。作为中国旅游漂流的发轫之地，老牌的茅岩河漂流旅游至今仍然焕发着青春的活力。望着那浮沉于波峰浪谷的皮艇，听着那穿透浪花的愉快的惊叫声，我想，所谓的“忘情山水”，其极至也不过如此吧。

张家界的洞，有黄龙洞的精致，也有九天洞的雄浑。每当置身于那幽深的洞府，我总被囚禁于幻觉之中：这到底是冥冥的地府，还是空灵的天堂？那一排排的钟乳石，有的如狰狞的恶魔，呲牙裂眼，似闻雷霆之吼，有的如可爱的天使，鼓腮欢唱，象有悦耳之声。在12000平方米的黄龙洞龙宫，21米高的“定海神针”统领着1700根形态各异的石柱，组成庞大的阵容；在800平方米的九天洞玉宫，上千根石柱顶天立地，形成遮天蔽日的大森林……

五

在落日的余晖下，我喜欢静静地站在金光闪烁的澧水河边，体味着这块土地的辉煌、沉寂、无奈和新生。

我看见，张家界的祖先从旧石器燧出的火光中走来，将第一堆篝火点燃在澧水之滨的桑植县朱家台。

我看见，张家界的祖先从旧陶器的碎片中走来，在永定区古人堤向奔逃的猎物射出第一只箭。

我看见，被舜放逐的“恶人”驩兜拖着沉重的步履来了，在澧水南岸的崇山再次竖起部落的大旗。

我看见，亡国的赧王失魂落魄的来了，带着最后的妃子，在崇山下的赧王山埋葬了残存的复国之梦。

我看见，孤敖的鬼谷子来了，正将满腹经纶篆书在天门山的鬼谷洞中；忧愤的屈原来来了，在“沅有芷兮澧有兰”的吟咏中浮舟澧水；超然的张良来了，正在黄石寨和老师黄石公一叙离情别绪。

我看见，土家先人相单程、向大坤、覃后咬着不屈的腮帮来了，鼓着坚强的胸肌来了。他们身后，是一支衣衫褴褛、怒火燃烧的队伍。

我看见，剽悍的土家子弟兵来了，身上覆盖着江浙鏖战的征尘，脸上堆砌着抗倭首胜夺得“东南第一功”的骄傲；威震台海的抗法名将孙开华来了，其灵帐上是光绪皇帝“勇毅夙彰，忠贞丕著”的崇高褒奖；“南北大侠”、“孙中山

保镖”杜心吾来了，带着挖掘不尽的传奇，带着高深莫测的武功。

我看见，一身布衣草鞋的开国元勋贺龙大步走来了，伴着他挥动的巨手，滚滚洪流汇成强大的“红二方面军”，八年鏖战湘鄂西，千里回旋走乌蒙，写下了一个又一个的传奇。一身豪气的“中共第一个女游击队长”贺英来了，血染红土地，鲜艳的生命化作了烈士陵园那满山的红杜鹃；不屈的“红色战士”贺满姑来了，在凌迟酷刑的血光中化作“永生亭”中宁折不弯的石碑。

历史是一条长河……

六

困苦的土家人，并不缺少文化的滋养；荒蛮的张家界，并不缺少文明的灵光。

斜阳中的土家吊脚楼，历经风雨剥蚀的脊梁镀上了短暂的灿烂，精巧中透着空灵，瘦弱中透着坚韧。

土家花灯用红男绿女令人眼花缭乱的舞步，书写着土家人的诙谐、欢快和浪漫，诠释着土家人自己的“二人转”。

大庸阳戏总爱拖着饱含悲剧因子的长腔，尽情宣泄着张家界人的恩爱情仇，任如泣如诉的陡然拔高的尾音尽情拨动每个人颤抖的心弦。

唱山歌的土家老人也许并不识字，但这并不妨碍他们出口成章，他们总能以漂亮的七言四句追述情爱盎然的青春岁月。

水灵的土家姑娘喜欢舒展葱嫩的十指，驱动五彩的丝线，在精巧的织机上精心勾画着少女的情愫。“西兰卡普”（土家织锦）的浓烈色彩和少女的羞涩含蓄相映成趣。

剽悍的土家汉子则爱用轻松的姿态摆弄沉重的石锁，以几招斩钉截铁的硬气功显示骄傲的雄风。

土家人愿血性地生活着。他们总把爱恨写在脸上，常将浓烈的好恶浓缩在一念之间，要么两肋插刀，要么一刀两断。

土家人愿豪气地生活着。他们乐于把大碗的酒和大块的肉一起倒进坚强的胃里，并很快切换成满面的红光和冲天的豪语。

土家人愿浪漫地生活着。他们偏偏要在新婚的大喜时刻演唱悲切的“哭嫁歌”，他们是要以此来揭示某种深刻的哲理么？

土家人愿滋润地生活着。他们可以做出喷香的腊肉、香肠，他们可以酿出醇美的土家米酒、包谷烧，他们可以将所有的蔬菜做成回味悠长的干菜、酸菜，他们可以将所有的米面做成香甜的桐叶粑粑、蒿子粑粑。

七

在上世纪50年代末那段饥饿的岁月里，我的父辈们抱着“吃饱肚子”的强烈愿望，到张家界林场（现张家界国家森林公园）开始了栽树生涯。他们不曾想到，这个曾经让他们洒尽汗水、饱尝孤独的地方，日后会成为让千百万人趋之若鹜的风景区。

上世纪70年代末，知名画家吴冠中先生在别人的怂恿下，“有些不情愿”地来到张家界。但当他从山里走出去时，早已是一个张家界的崇拜者。1980年1月1日，他以一篇在湖南日报刊发的《养在深闺人未识》的美文，开了张家界大规模旅游的先河。

旅游，使张家界经历着前所未有的沧桑巨变：建立全国第一个国家森林公园，进入《世界自然遗产名录》，被确定为全国第一批地质公园、第一批世界地质公园，被评为中国风景名胜四十佳……游客人数1990年达到50万人次，2000年达到500万人次，2003年达到800万人次，2004年达到1000万人次。

旅游，使张家界的发展之钟陡然被拨快。20多年间，在国家支持下，张家界投资100多亿元，使铁路、公路、航空、通讯、城建状况迅速改善，铁路可以直达10多个重点旅游城市，航空开通了40多条航线，高速公路即将修通，移动通信普及率达到17%，城市面积扩大了10倍，日接待能力达到6万人……

三亿八千万年前，地球一次偶然的异动，孕育了独一无二的武陵峰林。三亿八千万年以后，人类回归自然的热望，又构成了张家界成为旅游热点的必然。抑或，贫穷了几千年的张家界人，一直等待的就是这“必然”的一天。



金鞭光影 Lights and shadows of Jinbian Crag

Appreciate natural miracles, and return back to the innermost recess of your heart

Appreciate natural miracles, and return
back to the innermost recess of your heart
The mountains of Zhangjiajie are full of life.

After a journey of 380 million years, Zhangjiajie is still so young and lovely. So, I have to admire her life miracle with infinite piety.

I cannot imagine how the sun 380 million years ago stroked this lonely planet with its golden ray.

I cannot imagine how the coastline of the Middle Devonian would meander along the land in the northwest of Hunan Province.

I cannot imagine how the aged rivers would bring a deposit of quartz sand as thick as 1000 meters within 100 million years.

But I have to believe that what the geologists have said are all real...

About 200 million years ago, the sudden Yanshan Movement began to agitate the earth. The earth's crust grew here, and diminished there. The coastline went gradually eastward. The quartz sand that had formed rocks slowly surfaced the sea, upward until an altitude of 1300 meters.

After the earth crust's change stabilized about 100 million years ago, the nature began to process the quartz sand in an elaborate manner by means of weathering, water erosion and gravity in its grand workshop. In fact, it was creating its peerless masterpiece—"Wuling Peaks Forest" consisting of 3103 peaks.

I do not understand how the nature would afford 380 million years of passion and patience for this.

Maybe, it was trying to establish a long-lasting memorial for itself.

Maybe, it was really intentionally leaving us a wonderful museum.

Some say that stones are lifeless. I don't believe that.

Undoubtedly, those tree-like stone peaks and columns are lives full of fresh and blood.

Some of them are like warriors holding halberds armored for a ferocious battlefield.

Some of them are like traps full of sharp knives ready for fighting with enemies looming large.

Jinbian Crag, towering and sharp-pointed, stands there like a tall warrior. With a long copper sword in hand pointing upwards to the blue sky, the warrior looks at the fleeting clouds with arrogant eyes.

The much wrinkled "Spouse Crag", like husband and wife leaning against each other, has been braving millions of years of vicissitudes.

Oh! This is "Qianli Xianghui"! The husband who has been on an expedition and now is in high caps and long robes finally gets a reunion with his wife who is growing stout. Hands in hands and tears in their eyes, the two look at each other, and all the emotions and longings of them stop at this moment.

Is it the famous "Wanglang Peak"? It takes me just a short journey of 400 meters along the touring passage, but it changes you from a maiden into a frail, and from a middle-aged woman into an old woman. Is your life so ephemeral? No! This is just montage employed by the nature to showcase your tragic life in a finite space. The round rock cave on the cliff opposite you has been telling us all the story. I don't know where your long-cherished pal is. Neither do you. Maybe, he has turned into a pile of bones on the battlefield, and is gradually decaying in the bloody setting sun; maybe, he has also turned into a rock, and has been looking far from the distance to you for millions of years.

I once plodded in the deep and serene canyons and forest of Zhangjiajie, and expected an amazing encounter with the enigmatic "Beishui Chicken". Though I was not fortunate enough to experience the exciting moment, I believe this intelligent being must be gazing at me curiously not far away rearing the bulging sac under its neck.

I once in reverence watched Wuling Pine like a potted landscape on the cliffs of Zhangjiajie repeatedly.

At a place where nothing seems able to take root, it reaches out its soft and fine roots, clings to the cliff closely,

and then uplifts its green banner of life in a faltering way; at a place where nothing seems able to grow, it imbibes the essence of heaven and earth, and conveys the nutrition of life through its special-purpose roots. Maybe, it is not upright; maybe, it is not gigantic. The rigorous environment makes it prostrate, but who can deny its shocking tenacity and brawniness like men of Tujia Nationality.

I once fiddled with the water of Jinbian Creek gently. The water running through my fingers is like shapeless air, and the fish in the creek swim lightly like birds. The water, like the breast milk of the mountains, runs through trees, grasses and rocks. Spotless, natural and peaceful, the water keeps its purity and serenity, and even furious thunderbolts and crazy rains are unable to change this.

In this way, countless lives thrive in the fertile land of Zhangjiajie, and numerous treasures shine in the paradise of Zhangjiajie.

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On a sunny and cool summer day, I came close to Gongtong King, world's biggest living fossil with a height of nearly 30 meters, and a diameter of trunk up to 1.5 meters. Looking at the crown of the tree with a coverage of 600 m², my heart was filled with astonishment and bewilderment. I looked and smiled at a lovely giant salamander in a pond. Its round head, stout hands, clumsy figure and nocturnal crying remind people of their childhood.

Here are found 44 rare plants and 26 national level two protected animals, and they are the soul of Zhangjiajie.

Walking in the wonderland of Zhangjiajie, people often feel lucky to witness so many things rare, at the same time, they cannot helping ask why God favors this land.

"Wonderful in both mountains and waters, and all-inclusive" may be most appropriate to describe Zhangjiajie. Here are a full array of mountains, waters, caves, clouds, trees and rocks, and all of them are top landscapes in the whole world. Therefore, people praise Zhangjiajie in such profuse words as "classical mountains and waters", and "all-inclusive beauty spots".

Wuling Mountain represents the wonder of Zhangjiajie, while Tianmen Mountain represents the rarity of Zhangjiajie. At the end of 1999, "Going Through Tianmen—Forging Forward to the 21st Century" world acrobatic flying tournament was aired live all over the world, making Tianmen Mountain, 7 km in the south of Zhangjiajie City, a household name in a night.

Jinbian Creek represents the serenity of the water of Zhangjiajie, while Maoyan River represents the viciousness of the water of Zhangjiajie. As the pioneer of China's tourism drifting, Maoyan River is still glowing with the vitality of youth till this day. Looking at the dinghies drifting among waves, and listening to the joyous exclams, I understand that people are really beyond themselves by indulging in mountains and waters.

Huanglong Cave represents the refinement of the caves of Zhangjiajie, while Jiutian Cave represents the majesty of the caves of Zhangjiajie. Every time in the deep and serene caves, I will be troubled by my illusion: am I in the dark hell or in the flexible and untouchable paradise? Look at those stalactites row after row, some of them are like ferocious devils with protruding teeth, gaping eyes, and deafening howls; some of them are like lovely angels, singing happily and joyfully. In the Dragon Palace of Huanglong Cave with an area of 800 m², the Dinghai Shenzhen towering 21 meters takes the lead in the 1700 diversified stone columns in forming a colossal matrix; in the Palace of Jiutian Cave with an area of 800 m², thousands of stone columns stand between the heaven and the earth, and forms a gigantic forest shadowing the sun...

In the setting sun, I love to stand by the flickering Li River quietly, and try to savor the splendor, solitude, helplessness and new life of this land.

I see the ancestors of Zhangjiajie walk out of the firelight made with paleolith, and lit the first campfire in Zhujiatai of Sangzhi County by Li River.

I see the ancestors of Zhangjiajie walk out of the debris of worn potteries, and shoot at running game at Gurendi of Yongding District.

I see Huandou, the "villain" exiled by Shun, plod along, and once again erected the flag of his tribe in Chongshan in the south of Li River.

I see the distracted Nan King who has lost his kingdom together with his last concubine, and buried his dream of reestablishing his kingdom at Nan King Mountain under the foot of Chongshan.

I see Gui Guzi, proud and aloof, come towards me, and write his literature in the Guigu Cave in Tianmen Mountain in seal character; I see Qu Yuan, worried and indignant, sail and recite his poems in Li River; I see Zhang Liang, transcendent, he is talking with his teacher Huang Shigong at Huangshizhai.

I see unyielding and robust Xiang Shancheng, Xiang Dakun and Qin Hou of Tujia walk towards me, and behind them is a troop in ragged clothes and fury.

I see agile and brave armies of Tujia, on their bodies are covered with the dust deposited from ferocious battles in Zhejiang and Jiangsu, and in their faces are written the pride in the first victory in wars fighting Japanese; I see the famous general Sun Kaihua who is famous for his fighting French, and on his bier is the profuse inscription by Emperor Guangxu. I see Du Xinwu, bodyguard of Sun Zhongshan, with endless legends and enigmatic Kung Fu.

I see He Long, pioneer of the PRC, in cloth clothing and straw sandals, march towards me, lead Faction Two of the Red Army, fight hard in the west of Hunan and Hubei for eight years, and contribute to his countless legends. I see He Ying, the first female guerrilla of the Communist Party of China, and turn herself into the red azalea all over the mountains in the Martyrs' Cemetery. I see He Mangu, unyielding in the torture of lynch.

The history is a long river...

The indigent Tujia people are still nourished with culture, and the salvage and wild Zhangjiajie has never been lacking in the enlightenment of civilization.

The houses of Tujia are full of splendor even when they have experienced emotionless rains and wind; delicate, but they are inspiring, scraggy, but they are tenacious.

With dazzling dancing, Tujia people express their humor, joy, romance and stories.

With long-protracted tunes full of tragedy factors, Dayong Yangxi gives a vent to catharsis of the events of Zhangjiajie people, and its emotional tone will touch the heart of all people.

Maybe, the old Tujia men singing folk songs are illiterate, but, this will not prevent them from eloquence when they recite their lovely youth in much admiring words.

Smart Tujia girls love to express their emotions on their looms. The strong color of "Xilankapu" (brocade of Tujia) presents an interesting contrast to the shyness and connotation of the girls.

Tujia boys love to play with heavy stone locks in a relaxed manner, and air their pride with Qigong.

Tujia people live in courage and uprightness. Love and hate can be found in their faces. Sacrifice all you have for your friends, otherwise, let's say goodbye forever.

Tujia people live in heroic manner. They love to pour bowls of spirit and meat into their stomachs, and transform them into the redness in their faces and grand eloquence.

Tujia people live in romance. At wedding ceremonies, they cry, are they trying to reveal some profound philosophies by doing so?

Tujia people live in abundance. They make delicious preserved hams, sausages, rice spirits, dried vegetables, pickles, and cakes.

At the end of the 1950's, that hungry age, my elders came to Zhangjiajie Forestry Center (now Zhangjiajie National Forestry Park), and began to plant trees just to keep their body and soul together. They had never imagined this place full of their toils and solitude would later become a beauty spot attracting countless tourists.

At the end of the 1970's, Mr. Wu Guanzhong, a famous painter, reluctantly came to Zhangjiajie. However, he would become an adorer of Zhangjiajie when he came out of the mountains. On Jan. 1, 1980, the painter published his article "Unknown Beauty" on Hunan Daily, and blazed the trail for large-scale tourism in Zhangjiajie.

Tourism has made an unprecedented upheaval in Zhangjiajie: setup of China's first national forestry park; entry into the Catalog for World's Natural Heritages; One of China's First Batch of Geological Parks, One of World's First Batch of Geological Parks, and One of China's 40 Best Beauty Spots. The annual number of tourists reached 500 thousands persons/times in 1990, 5 million persons/times in 2000, 8 million persons/times in 2003, and 10 million persons/times in 2004.

Tourism has greatly advanced the development of Zhangjiajie. In the past 20 years, Zhangjiajie, with the support of the Central Government, has invested over RMB10 billion to improve railways, highways, air aviation, communications and urban construction. As a result, its railways are able to reach over 10 tourism cities, its air aviation has witnessed over 40 destinations, its expressways are soon to be put into operation, its mobile communications has achieved a penetration rate up to 17%, its urban area has been expanded by 10 times, and its daily reception capacity has reached 60 thousand persons...

Over 380 million years ago, a haphazard change of the earth gave birth to the unique Wuling Peaks Forest today. 380 million years later, the desire of human being's return back to the nature makes Zhangjiajie an inevitable choice of tourism. Maybe, the people of Zhangjiajie who experienced thousands of years of indigence have been waiting for such a day.



摘星台 Zhaixingtai

