

WUJIALIN HIS HOMELAND ZHAOTONG

吴家林·故乡昭通



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谨以此书献给昭通的父老乡亲

To my elders and fellow countrymen
of Zhaotong is this album of pictures dedicated



吴家林在他出生的
建国街百年老屋前与父
亲、母亲、弟弟、妹妹
合影 • 1997

Wu Jialin, his father,
mother, younger brother and
younger sister in front of a
country house a hundred years
old at his birthplace • 1997

亲人

雷平阳

我只爱我寄宿的云南，因为其他省
我都不爱；我只爱云南的昭通市
因为其他市我都不爱；我只爱昭通市的土城乡
因为其他乡我都不爱……
我的爱狭隘、偏执，像针尖上的蜂蜜
假如有一天我再不能继续下去
我会只爱我的亲人 —— 这逐渐缩小的过程
耗尽了我的青春和悲悯

My Kinsfolk

Lei Pingyang

I only love Yunnan where I dwell for other provinces,
Fail to captivate my heart. I only love Zhaotong City of Yunnan,
For other cities fail to win my heart. I only love Tucheng Town of Zhaotong City,
For other towns can't touch my heart……
My love is narrow and bigoted, like a bee on a pinpoint.
Suppose one day I can't carry on any longer,
I'd only love my kinsfolk —— the gradually narrowing process
has exhausted my youth and sorrowful sympathy.

(English translator Li Xiwen)

序

陈孝宁

我和家林是从小的朋友。我们同在昭通城一个古老的院落长大。这个院落位于城中心一条叫建国街的街道上。这是条长不到500米，宽不到5米的小街。街的北端当年是武庙，供奉着关圣人；街的南端矗立着民国时云南王龙云为其母亲修建的节孝双全牌坊；街的两旁，大小不等的院落互相挨挤着，也不知修于哪年哪月。街上的青石板，被行人的双脚磨得油亮，早晨反射着暖暖的阳光，晚上映着清冷的月亮。昭通城后来小有名气的从事艺术的人，大部分都出生或生活在这条街道上，冥冥中好像有股文脉在这里的时空中默默流淌……

我家和他家中间只隔着道薄薄的板壁，两家声气相闻。

家林很早就挑起了生活的重担。从10岁开始，就帮他母亲织布。那古老的木织机的机杼声伴随着他的童年，也时常敲醒我的梦境。他黑瘦、机灵，经常一阵旋风似地从街上冲进院落，然后一个鱼跃向空中飞起，伸手去摸那高高的楼柱。之后，他到昆明去读高中，假期带回的中外名著上密密麻麻地写满了他的感想和批注。

半个世纪过后，我细读家林的年谱，他的经历使我感动和深思。扭曲的年代，曾经给他一双困惑的眼睛，但是，他却执著地用它来寻找真实，用真诚的心和一个个“决定性的瞬间”去发现生活的幽默和生存的意义。

他的黑白摄影作品给这个多彩的世界带来惊异。

从拉织机的手到按快门的手，从小院中的鱼跃到向世界摄影殿堂的冲刺，他的作品入选了一次次拔尖的国际影展，载入了一本本大师级的国际影集。世界通过吴家林的眼睛审视“时光”，走进“瞬间边地”，认识了“云南山里人”。

作为一位与故土血肉相连的摄影艺术大师，哪怕他走遍世界，他也走不出乡愁。故乡，是他灵魂中永远的呼唤。

于是，65岁有了这次故乡之旅，有了这本《吴家林·故乡昭通》。

好像，一生的等待只为这一刻。

好像，一世的相思只为这一次。

他拍得太投入了。这块土地给了他太多的养料，可是他却用单纯来报答它；这里的岁月，给了他太多的感受，可是他却用爱心来叩响它。我感到，他是在把心揉进泥土，又让它滴出挚爱的热血来。

我不想对家林的照片进行阐述，语言在他的照片前是苍白无力的。

在他的作品前，我选择了沉默。

于无声处，有风暴在我的心上呼啸而过。结壳的心灵，因他的镜头而重新裂开……

天地有大美而不言。

宇宙、社会、人生，

自然、历史、命运，

在他的画面中融为一体。

传统与现代、真实与荒谬、瞬间与永恒，

眼泪与微笑、陌生与熟悉、运动与静止，

在他的作品中交织在一起。

家林用他的眼睛注视着这个世界，用他的心按响了快门。

多少繁华如过眼烟云。

多少显赫已尘埃落定。

多少芸芸众生来来又去去。

多少理想熄灭又重新燃起。

但是，人性不死，艺术的真诚不死。

历史，忽略了很多小数点后的东西，家林又捡拾起它们，就像他在童年的饥饿中捡拾起落在地上的玉米粒。因为，这些小数点后的东西更真实。

他的作品，让我懂得了：

最复杂的东西最单纯。

最简单的东西最深刻。

他对故乡的爱，“像针尖上的蜂蜜”，痛并甜蜜着。

他首先是昭通的，其次才是世界的。

昭通通过他而走向世界，

世界通过他而认识昭通。

2007年9月于宁静庐

Preface

Chen Xiaoning

Jialin and I are friends from our childhood. We grew up together in an old courtyard in Zhaotong, situated at Jian’ guo Street in the downtown area, less than 500 meters long and less than 5 meters wide. At the north end of the street, there was a Temple of Valiance where the Sage Guan was worshipped. At the south end, stood a memorial archway erected by Long Yun, the former king of Yunnan in the republican period in honor of his mother’ s dutifulness and chastity. On both sides of the street, there were numerous houses, large and small, built at unknown dates. The road was paved with grey slabstone which, after long years of rubbing by bare feet, became a bit shiny, reflecting warm sunshine in the morning and cool moonlight at night. Henceforward, most of the Zhaotong people, going in for art with some reputation, came from this street. It seems that an unseen stream of art and literature flows by through space and time……

My family and his were next–door neighbors. There was only a wooden partition in between. We kept in close contact with each other.

Jialin has long since begun to shoulder the heavy burdens of livelihood. At the age of ten, he began to help his mother in weaving cotton cloth. His childhood was accompanied by the noise of an old loom which sometimes awoke me from my dreams. He was thin and dark, but very smart and intelligent, often rushing into the courtyard like a gust of wind and jumping high like a leaping carp to reach the upper part of a pillar. Later on, he went to Kunming to attend a senior middle school. During the vacations, he came back with a lot of famous literary works, both Chinese and foreign, with his comments and notes written on all the margins of a page.

Half a century went by. I now read his chronological account intensively. His experiences moved me and made me think deeply. The twisted years gave him a pair of perplexed eyes. But he strove perseveringly for truth to discover the humor of life and the significance of existence with a sincere heart and record the “decisive moments” one after another.

His black–and–white works gave the colorful world a surprise.

From operating a loom to releasing a camera shutter, he leapt from a small courtyard into the palace of the world photography. His works were selected into top–ranking international photo exhibitions and photo albums of great international photographic masters again and again. Through Wu Jialin’ s eyes, the world examines closely the “times” , enjoys the “moments along the frontier” and recognizes the “mountain people in Yunnan” .

As a great photographic master linked by flesh–and–blood ties with his homeland, wherever he goes all over the world, he cannot go out of his nostalgia. His homeland is always calling his soul.

He went back home, as a result, *Wu Jialin · his Homeland Zhaotong* appeared.

It seems that what he awaits throughout his life is just this moment.

It seems that what he yearns for all his life is just its appearance.

All the pictures are taken with devotion. His homeland has given him such abundant nourishment, and in return he displays simplicity. The years spent in his homeland have impressed him so deeply, and in return he knocks upon it aloud with a loving heart. I feel he kneads his heart into the soil of his homeland and lets it bleed with sincere love.

I do not try to interpret his pictures. In front of his pictures, all words are pale and helpless.

In front of his pictures, I choose to be silent.

In silence, a storm arises and roars by. The shell that blinds the mind cracks because of his lens……

The universe has great beauty without talking about it.

The universe, society and life,

Nature, history and fate.

September 2007

(English translator Li Xiwen)

吴家林自述年表

1942年10月22日（农历9月13日），我出生于云南省昭通县城一个破落的文人家庭。曾祖父曾任清朝时湖南省湘潭县的最后一任县官，后回家乡昭通教私塾。父亲吴宗鲁是山货行店员，母亲段开蕙是小学教员。我是老大，下边还有弟弟吴家彬、妹妹吴家兴。我出生以后，母亲就成了家庭妇女，1951年以后在家织手工土布为生。

1947—1948年，在家乡“蔡毛胡子”私塾念书。

1948—1953年，在昭通县城二小念书。

1953—1954年，因家境困难辍学。先当小贩，后织手工土布为生。11岁的我清晨天不见亮就出发，步行三十五公里去山区赶乡街子。母亲准备的两个饭团，在去的路上就被吃完。我背着满满的一背箩葵花籽和鲜鸡蛋回来时，一路汗流浹背，精疲力竭，饥饿难忍。离家还有几公里时天黑了，我弯着腰在月光照射着的青石板小道上步履维艰。忽然眼前一亮：青石板小道上竟有几颗生苞谷籽。我欣喜地捡起来就放到嘴巴里咀嚼着，感到无比的可口，边走边嚼。刚嚼完，青石板上又会出现几颗生苞谷籽……就这样一路上不停地捡拾着、咀嚼着“仙人”送来的可口的生苞谷籽，我体力渐渐地恢复了。原来前面有一队马帮驮着生苞谷籽，麻布口袋破了个小洞。

母亲休息时，我偷偷摸摸地用背抵着织布机座位站立在踏脚板上学习织布，很快就成为织土布的熟练童工。

1954—1955年，因珠算优异被城关镇招收进农村“三定”工作队，当着农户的面计算他们每户应该交的公粮、余粮数量。

1956年，考入昭通第一中学初中72班，次年转入昭通第三中学初中2班。

1959年，因成绩优异被云南大学附中（高中）录取，第一次离开家乡到省城读书。附中是云南大学特殊的“系”，学生可以自由进入云南大学的图书馆借书看书，我因此读了古今中外的许多文学名著。每次统考在同级七个班中我的总分成绩均是前十名，然而因母亲的“政治历史问题”，政审不合格未能被大学录取。

1961年秋，高中毕业后与同学朱德聪一道返回家乡，一同去昭通县委宣传部人事科报到，科长叫饶思云，是朱德聪的亲舅舅，由他接待我俩。一周后我被分配到县城里条件最好的一所重点小学昭通师范第一附属小学任教，而朱德聪则被分配到离县城30多公里的一所山区小学任教，“文革”时期这所山区小学的教师几乎全部遇害，朱德聪也未能幸免。那时共产党的干部饶思云“把困难留给自己”的亲戚朱德聪，“把方便让给别人”，使我终生难忘。在昭通师范附小，语文、美术课，我一教就是六年。之后的三五年内，我看到了苏联的经典影片《战争与和平》、《复活》、《安娜卡列宁娜》、《白夜》、《白痴》……我被一个个经典的摄影画面深深打动，如醉如痴。

1964年春，在昭通师范附小，我与从昆明来的年轻教师吴月华相识，一见钟情。1965年春节结婚，11月长子吴昭昆出生。1966年吴月华被分配到昆明市邮电局工作。从此我们相濡以沫，同甘共苦。

1966年5月，文化大革命开始，全县小学教师停课，集中68天学习中共中央文件，批判“走资派”、“牛鬼蛇神”。

1967年前后约两年时间，因武斗爆发，从昭通回到昆明家中躲避，为表示自己也在干革命，我在家里用钢板、蜡纸小心翼翼地刻印《毛主席诗词》寄发到昭通的“革命群众”手中。

1968年，因美术字写得好，我被借调到县文化馆制作“农业学大寨”展览，书写毛主席语录等。深秋，县里召开全县农民业余文艺调演，团县委的王国恒忽然背着一台上海牌四型双镜头反光照相机来找我,要求我顶替他去为各个公社的农民业余文艺队员拍照。我对照相机很反感，总觉得只有风流子才弄这玩意，就一口拒绝。王国恒苦苦哀求我帮他一回，因为他农村家里要办喜事，他非回去不可。我推说自己从未弄过怕误了事。王国恒说太简单了，五分钟把我教会。王国恒教我如何装胶卷，如何调焦距，大晴天用光圈11、1/125秒，阴天用光圈5.6、1/60秒……日落前两小时我拍完了四个120胶卷，送到国营照相馆冲洗。这四十八张照片洗印出来后令我大吃一惊：影像的光影质感层次无比的美妙，没有一张不好！并且无论谁看了都称赞照片拍得好！从此我与拍照结下了不解之缘。每逢星期日，我总是在公园里，在风景美丽的大自然里为亲朋好友、熟人同事拍照。我拍的照片得到从事艺术工作的领导杨华岳的赏识，推荐我到县委宣传部报道组做新闻摄影工作。

1969年，我到昆明探亲，碰上省报记者在为“云南省活学活用毛主席著作积极分子代表大会”的26个少数民族代表拍照：身着民族服装的26人集中坐在河堤的斜坡上，错落有致，每人手捧“红宝书”，视线集中在中心位置的男主角捧着的“红宝书”上。太阳光从每人身后照来，形成强烈美丽的轮廓光。我第一次见到在阳光下使用闪光灯，以为这是一张有创意的留影照，谁知次日的《云南日报》头版头条正是这幅“新闻照片”，我茅塞顿开，发现了拍摄“新闻照片”的秘密。

1970年6月16日，我的第一张新闻照片发表在《云南日报》上。画面上一群人民公社社员，在阳光下围坐在八仙桌四周，手捧党章在认真阅读。墙壁上贴着一横幅大标语：“学习新党章，朝气蓬勃干革命”。从此，《云南日报》几乎每个月都会刊登我组织摆拍的新闻照片，少则一两张，多则十几张。

1971年，我的摄影引起县委书记刘跃武的重视。当时全县仅有县委书记专用的一辆吉普车。县委书记已是五六十岁的人了，还身患高血压。一天早晨，他派驾驶员用他的专车送我到宁边高寒山区去拍摄羊群，自己却步行到十多公里的农村去检查工作。我后来得知此事后，羞愧感动万分，我的摄影被县委书记的行为激励着。 3月11日，妻子在昆明生下一对双胞胎女儿。

1972年，摄影作品《高原放牧》等参加云南省、昆明部队《纪念在延安文艺座谈会上的讲话》发表30周年摄影艺术展览，并入选同名画册。 11月25日，新华社《新闻照片》第2825期刊登《高原放牧》。县委书记刘跃武关心我们夫妇两地分居的家庭困难，要求我在昭通培养出一个摄影人才后，就放我调到昆明工作以照顾家。

1973年2月12日，《人民日报》刊登我拍的昭通大山包公社发展养羊业的新闻照片。 3月，我被组织部门按“照顾夫妻两地分居”的有关政策，调到昆明市商业局物资回收公司宣传组工作。解决了家庭分居困难，我心怀感激：“无条件服从党的分配！党叫干啥就干啥！”但是，却失去了心爱的摄影工作。上班的第一天，公司领导让我去给一批从各单位回收来的旧相机确定处理价格。这批老式蔡司、柯达、康泰克司等品牌的进口相机共有三十多部，大半数仍能使用。领导规定处理价格按相机优劣在5至30元之间由我确定。我一直没有自己的相机（过去拍照都是单位上的），多么想买一台30元的折叠式蔡司相机，可是我买不起，我和妻子每月总共六七十元工资要解决一家5口人的吃饭穿衣问题，眼睁睁地，我看着一台台相机被人买走。 11月29日，小儿子出生，取名吴昭影——纪念故乡昭通的摄影。

1974年春，回收公司的赵书记推荐我去为市商业局组织部服务。因为市商业局将要分成一商局、二商局两个单位。分家前我去为组织部的干部到公园里拍留影照，他们为我提供了一台海鸥4A相机和8个120黑白胶卷，全部拍完后我将胶卷交组织部的人去冲印。三个月后，我在菜市场遇见市二商局组织部的方部长，寻问他上次拍的照片是否有问题，方部长兴奋地对我说：“小伙子，你的技术太好了！大家都说一生人从未照过这样好的照片！”我顺口说：“过去我在昭通搞这个专业，现在专业丢了。”方部长说：“你这么好的技术丢了多可惜！”我向他讲述了省文化局要我，市委组织部不同意，硬是将我分配到回收公司的经过。方部长说：“现在不必通过市委组织部了，只要省文化局还要你，我批准你走！” 9月9日，我被调到云南省文化局所属云南新闻图片发稿站《云南图片》采编组任摄影记者。组长是原来夏衍的秘书劳季芳，副组长是原新华社国内部资深图片编辑萧敬志。他俩的人品艺品和做人做事正派坦诚、一丝不苟的精神给我极大的影响，特别是萧敬志一生几乎都与我共事，成为我毕生敬重的精神导师。次日，我在萧敬志老师的培训指导后到镇雄县拍摄专题摄影报道。

1975年，《云南图片》停刊。我与萧敬志老师一道调到云南省文化局美术摄影工作室工作，主要组织辅导开展全省摄影工作，筹备影协云南分会成立等。

1976年春，与萧敬志一道赴禄劝金沙江皎平渡，丽江巨甸、石鼓、金沙江、虎跳峡、大理等地摄影考察。

1977年，亲自向省委书记安平生递交萧敬志老师起草的“创办《云南画报》的建议信”，当月获得批准。

1978年，赴广州参观加拿大国家影展，第一次看到西方国家唯美的风光摄影展，很欣喜开了眼界。

1979年4—6月，参加最后一批“农业学大寨”工作队，赴勐海县巴达公社曼皮大队，住在处于刀耕火种的布朗族老乡家里，与他们“同吃、同住、同劳动”。在此期间我用一台海鸥DF相机，记录了他们真实的劳动、生活。回昆明后，我编辑、撰写了摄影调查报告：《为什么西双版纳的森林一直在燃烧？》并以个人名义分别寄给邓小平、国务院总理等中央领导同志。次年，邓小平等中央领导同志亲自批复后，下发云南省委、版纳州委并拨给保护、救助专款落实解决。

1979年底，萧敬志老师将北京四月影会《自然·社会·人》三届影展接到昆明展出，我原来的摄影观念受到极大的冲击。

1980年元月，赴成都接陈复礼大型摄影展到昆明展出，第一次见识有艺术个性的沙龙摄影作品。 6月，在萧敬志的带领下组织、编辑《云南省首届新闻摄影展览》，并在北京王府井摄影橱窗展出，得到中国新闻摄影学会蒋老等人的肯定。在北京与王志平、王苗相识，看了他俩《从野外拾回的小诗》、《西藏》的幻灯放映后，摄影观念再次受到冲击。

1981年，加入中国摄影家协会。 4月，《父老乡亲》组照在北京中山公园参加首届现代摄影沙龙展。 9~10月，参加中国摄协在厦门鼓浪屿举办的第二期摄影讲习班。

1982年，调云南新闻图片社采编室任摄影记者。 10月参加《云南省首届少数民族风情摄影展》的拍摄，玩命地一跑就是两个月。

1983年，春节在边陲村寨继续拍摄。 5月，只身第一次进迪庆州德钦县拍摄。一路上奇异的自然风光、人文状态令我震撼！我第一次见到从西藏磕着长头来朝拜梅里雪山的老年藏民，那种风餐露宿、纯洁善良、虔诚的执著让我感动万分。当地人告诉我，朝拜完神山的藏民，有个别人太累了不想回去，干脆跳进冰川雪谷之中，这是他们幸福归属的极乐世界。我忽然感到自己的渺小，感悟道：做艺术的人就要有藏民对待宗教的精神品格！第二天清晨，我背着摄影包和三脚架刚出门就碰上返程的班车要离开县城，早餐也顾不上吃就跳上汽车。汽车到白茫雪山丫口处我下车了，看到不远处有个小土屋，我便想找当地老乡带带路。听到脚步声，土屋内出来个高大男人请我进屋歇息。原来这是个海拔4500米的高海拔气象站，常年就两个纳西族气象观测员守候在这里。方圆几十里都是无人区，距县城55公里。当气象员得知我是一个人第一次到此地时，都为我担忧，他俩目睹过许多人因不适应高海拔而在此倒下——冬天冰雪封冻着白茫雪山丫口，汽车进不了德钦，常见一些翻越雪山丫口的老年人抱着电线杆冻死在雪地上。知道我还没有吃东西，他们就分给我一个饼，一碗酥油茶。我谢过两位气象员后就出来拍照，我试图找个高角度看看梅里雪山，可惜才爬行几十米就觉得心跳得很猛烈，只能缓慢前行。我向德钦县城方向边走边拍摄。一小时后开始腹泻，紧接着几乎每隔半小时要腹泻一次，就这样一连腹泻了十多次。壮美的大自然让我忘记了疲惫、饥渴和身体的脱水。我终于寻找到拍太子雪山的最好角度，架起背着的三角架，直等到日落之前雪山拦腰出现玉带云，太子雪山成为张开双臂的大神！我激动地从正常光线一直拍到低色温暖光线，拍到暮色前的乌云缭绕雪山，直到光值低到无法再拍照时我才第一次想到：今晚该怎么办？离县城大约还有40公里，至少还要走八到十个小时。还算天上有一弯新月，勉强能见路影。走了许久，终于听见狗叫，又见一老妇站在路边，我想向她要点吃的喝的。由于语言不通，于是老妇人只能伸出粗糙温暖的大手牵着我往前走，一股暖流涌进我全身。一进门，屋里一片漆黑，她把碰到陌生人的情况向屋里看不见的人讲述着。突然间，一个男人在黑暗里怒吼起来，老妇人无奈地将我往外推，示意我赶快离开，我知趣地赶快离开村子，在恐惧紧张中快速地走了三个多小时，一直没见到灯光和村子。还算上午气象员给了我那点东西吃下，之后再也没找到吃喝，连续的腹泻身体已经脱水，我感到浑身无力。刚走到一

个转弯路段，忽然间四只藏獒咆哮着向我冲来，我急忙用三角架抵挡，藏獒机敏地从四面向我包围，我一面大声呼救，一面握着角架背带四面甩着抵挡，边甩边退，退在路旁的鹅卵石堆上我摔倒了，这一倒将四只藏獒吓得退开，我迅速地一个后滚翻爬起来。一个藏民吹着手哨唤着藏獒，藏獒迅速撤离。我吓得一身冷汗几乎瘫在地上，心想：不能倒下，必须赶回德钦县招待所。就这样一直艰难地勉强支撑着前行，凌晨四时我终于敲开了县招待所的门，一头倒在地上休克了。同屋的地质勘探队队长用民间土办法将我救醒，让我喝糖盐水，煮来一斤挂面、五个鸡蛋，整整一大盆被我全部吃光。我将此次拍摄的八个反转片胶卷请上海的摄影朋友帮冲洗，结果全部冲坏。拿到冲坏的胶卷，我暗下决心永远不拍风光了！我没拍风光的交通条件，靠两条腿行走只适合拍人，从此我开始关注拍人了。

1984年，深圳《现代摄影》创刊，就得到我的欣赏、支持。我知道中国的摄影刊物将结束一家独办的局面，只有多家竞争才会发展。我因急性囊尾炎发作住进医院手术，手术后的第三天，我穿着病号服夹着李媚从深圳寄来的一大卷《现代摄影》创刊广告，义务在昆明满大街张贴。 10月，《佤族男孩》（彩色作品）在《现代摄影》第二期发表，并在摄影圈内引起关注。

1985年12月，《山里人》肖像作品五幅，在《现代摄影》第七期发表，同时还发表了我写的摄影手记：“我出生在西南滇东北高原。我的父母就是他们中的一员。他们穷，但是他们百折不挠，他们有着作为人最可贵的淳朴和善良。由于蒙昧，我对他们的爱曾经被扭曲。我曾强迫他们在痛苦的生活中莫名其妙地笑着照相；借文工团员漂亮的服饰让他们穿戴着照相；他们不识字，却偏要叫他们捧着大著作，盯着陌生的文字照相……在一个早晨，我从那扭曲的恶梦里醒来，看到了自己的虚伪。在生活神圣的真实面前，我开始了自己的摄影创作：表现我的父老乡亲普通的人生；表现他们在生活之中与各种困难搏斗的本质力量。真挚、强烈的爱，在我心灵深处滋生。不能回避、不能掩饰的痛苦而又美好的真实，注定了我毕生的路……”

1987年，参加珠海全国摄影理论年会，将《山里人》三十多幅照片拿到会上交流，引起许多批评、关注。第一次认识了蒋齐生、侯登科、安哥、胡武功、于德水、王征、陈小波等人。

1988年，接受台湾《汉声》特约评论家张照堂采访，以《高原子民》为题，在《汉声》发表十余幅《山里人》摄影作品。在李媚编辑的《摄影》杂志上，看到法国摄影大师马克·吕布拍摄的44幅《中国所见》，大开眼界：纪实摄影决不是单纯的记录，还应是通过主观独特的视觉发现，通过典型细节瞬间的抓取，照片可以折射出一个时代、一个社会、一个民族的精神！ 5月，徒步翻越高黎贡山进独龙江拍摄，体验“世上最复杂险峻的山路”，有一半路是在长着青苔的水沟卵石中行走。每年当地独龙族老乡少则几人，多则十几人在这条路上失踪。来回路途需行走五天（其中三天在无人区）。当翻越雪山丫口时，看到上百棵几十米高笔直的大树，树叶、树枝、树皮全被恶劣的气候自然地剥去，露出精光的白色树干时，我感到生命是如此的脆弱渺小，大自然是如此的神奇伟大！返程时翻越雪山丫口，正是黄昏时分，我迷路了，只身走进了松软下陷的雪塘，差一点就被埋入其中，待挣扎出来后，终于在慌乱中发现远处隐隐约约的电线杆——唯一的指路标记，我才脱险爬到简陋的东哨房营地。 8

月，编辑云南新闻图片社四人摄影作品集《云之南》画册。

1989年4月，为香港《中国旅游》杂志沿“南方丝绸之路”拍摄，耗时两个多月。生平第一次拍出最多的胶卷：135彩色反转片156卷，135黑白片5卷。 10月，在台北、高雄举办《云南行脚》影展。

1993年6月7日，经杨延康、肖全引见，在深圳与马克·吕布相识。马克·吕布非常喜欢我带去请教的照片，并将照片认真分成A、B、C类。从此我俩结下深厚的友谊。我们经常为对方的新作品分类交流，从未间断。 12月，出版摄影集《云南山里人》。这是我走向世界的处女作。

1994年，在香港艺术中心，有10幅作品参加《大陆·香港·台湾当代摄影展》。

1996年2月，应邀到美国休斯顿FOTOFEST第7届国际摄影节上举办《云南山里人》影展。展品由我在瑞斯大学亲自放大。接受美国CNN电视台、《星岛日报》等媒体采访。在瑞斯大学作了两次讲座。《云南山里人》中的三十余幅作品分别被美国各博物馆、展览馆、收藏家收藏。我最为兴奋的是发现了该国际摄影节举办的“专家见面会”，这让我想起了马克·吕布信中的话：“要想在摄影上不断进步，唯一的途径，就是经常把自己的作品展示给别的摄影师看，我们需要批评，我们需要知道为什么这是一张好照片，为什么那张照片又不好，从中一点一点地积累起来。”受国际摄影节组委会安排，我也当了一次专家，当面阅评来自全球的20多位摄影家的作品。 3月下旬，受马克·吕布邀请，带着精放好的80多幅《云南山里人》照片从休斯顿前往巴黎，向“法国国家摄影中心”等机构申请秋季在巴黎国际摄影节办展。在马克·吕布的引见下，与国家摄影中心主任、马格南图片社总裁、《国家地理》总监、欧洲摄影中心及在巴黎的10多位摄影大师进行交流。 11月，应邀到巴黎“第9届国际摄影节”举办《中国·云南》摄影展，开幕式上，徕卡公司向我赠送徕卡M6相机。影展在巴黎引起轰动，被誉为“是本届影节100多个影展中最好的影展之一”。

1997年3月，应法国电视二台邀请，在广州、深圳拍摄电视纪录片《马克·吕布与吴家林的友谊》。 6月，《云南山里人》系列作品获美国琼斯母亲基金会国际纪实摄影奖，并应邀到纽约领奖，获奖作品在联合国展厅展出。这是中国人第一次获此奖项。 7月，在纽约国际摄影中心(ICP)，举办《云南山里人》影展。有两幅作品被该中心收藏。先后在纽约国际摄影中心暗房、纽约商业暗房亲自放大展出的照片。 10月，在德国赫尔腾国际摄影节上举办《云南山里人》影展。

1998年2月，任云南新闻图片社社长。 4月，由卡蒂埃·布勒松指定，应英国维多利亚艺术博物馆馆长Mark Haworth-Booth之约，为该馆永久性陈列展出的卡蒂埃·布勒松摄影精品展的中国部份撰写馆藏评论。 6月3日凌晨，25岁的小儿子吴昭影因车祸不幸身故。 6月中旬，带着妻子搭各种班车（包括农用车和拖拉机），一连跑了云南13个边境县，用摄影来排解丧子的悲痛。 7月，与萧敬志等16人一道，在《云南广播电视报》广告栏登报声明退出云南摄影家协会。

1999年4月，参加瑞典斯特哥尔摩艺术博物馆组织的《艺术走向民众》大型地铁

影展。 6月，任“人与自然·中国摄影艺术精品展”及同名画册的策展人、主编兼执行编辑。 10月，有6幅作品参加美国纽约“光圈”APERTURE基金会组织编辑的《中国，人民共和国50年》大型影展及画册，在全世界巡展。 11月，作为美国方面的特邀代表，出席中国文化部对外交流中心与美国纽约“光圈”APERTURE基金会，在中国革命历史博物馆联合举办的《中国，人民共和国50年》大型影展的新闻发布会，并代表美方向国内外新闻媒体介绍影展的有关情况。在开幕式上，代表美方致辞、剪彩，这是我平生第一次剪彩，是极不情愿的，过去多如牛毛的剪彩，那怕是摄影的剪彩从来都与我无关。

2000年，获新西兰《家庭·友谊·爱情》摄影优秀奖，云南“第三届王中文化奖”。 6月应《纽约时报周刊》邀请，为该刊拍摄创意时装摄影作品。

2001年，在山西平遥国际摄影节和昆明T'CAFE/GALLERY举办《黑白人间》影展。 10月，父亲去世。

2002年，休斯顿国际摄影节艺术总监从十届共一千多位参展摄影人中挑选出10位来推荐给英国PHAIDON出版社，其中就有我。我有9幅作品入选该出版社出版的《世界100位摄影新锐》BLINK画册，并由著名评论家对其做一一评介。 8月，在昆明诺地卡(NORDICA)举办“人与自然·2002作品展”。 10月，退休，成为自由摄影家。

2003年，代表作《拉家常·成都1999》，被世界著名摄影大师卡蒂埃·布勒松收入《布勒松的选择》影展及画册。该影展画册是布勒松亲自挑选的从1888年至1999年间他欣赏的全世界85位摄影家及其代表作品。入选者均是世界大师级摄影家,其中46人已作古，健在的仅39人。 5月，弟弟吴家彬因车祸去世。 6月，在俄罗斯SAMARA美术馆，有10幅作品参加“1992~2002 FOTOFEST”精选13人联展。 10月，在云南省委宣传部外宣品制作中心主任吴坤的策划支持下，沿云南边境怒江、德宏、保山、临沧地州市的11个边境县及部分境外的上百个村寨拍摄，为期55天，行程5000多公里。

2004年3月，继续在思茅、西双版纳、红河、文山等地州市的13个边境县的上百个村寨拍摄，为期45天，行程5000多公里。始终一行三人：吴坤亲自驾车，老伴吴月华负责做饭，我集中精力拍摄。两次拍摄的作品由我编辑成外宣画册《瞬间边地》，马克·吕布为画册题字：“在此书中，我给人们看的是：一个我们已经忘怀的世界的一个美好景象，同时是一种治疗城市淫逸无度的特效药。” 7月，“吴家林摄影展”在莫斯科现代艺术博物馆展出。 9月，《时光·吴家林摄影集》出版。 10月，“吴家林人文环境中的动物”在法国蒙贝利耶的法布尔艺术博物馆展出。 11月，到巴黎布勒松美术馆参观访问，会见了布翁遗孀马丁·芳（Martine·Franck）、盖蒂基金会主席威斯顿·纳夫（Weston·Naef）等。在马克·吕布家中与约瑟夫·寇德卡（Josef·Koudelka）相识，寇德卡看了我的《瞬间边地》书稿照片后问：“这批照片拍了多长时间？”我答：“三个月。”寇德卡说：“那我非常惊讶！三个月时间拍出这么多精彩的照片！”最后与布勒松基金会主席罗伯特·戴乐比尔(Robert·Delpire)的会见最为重要：戴乐比尔看了我的《云南山里人》、《时光》及《瞬间边地》书稿照片后，决定将我的作品列入《黑皮书》的出版计划。

2005年6月，《瞬间边地·吴家林摄影集》出版。“吴家林人文环境中的动物”影展在台南艺术大学展出。应邀赴德国汉堡参加2005德国自由摄影家协会(BFF)国际摄影年会，演讲并放映60幅“吴家林摄影作品”。 7月，参加全球175位摄影家角逐2005布勒松（H·C·B）摄影基金奖，进入决赛前五名。 10月，《拉家常·成都1999》入选法国弗拉马雍出版的《摄影大师看到的猫》画册。 11月，“吴家林人文环境中的动物”影展在首届连州国际摄影年展展出。

2006年4月，出版《吴家林·保山》画册。 5月，在北京大山子798百年印象画廊举办“吴家林摄影展”。 6月，在上海美术馆举办“熟悉和陌生的朋友摄影展”。 11月，我的《中国边陲》在巴黎国际摄影节展出，并进入法国袖珍摄影《黑皮书》（世界摄影大师系列丛书），在巴黎出版。

2007年3月29日—6月，为出版《吴家林·故乡昭通》在昭通市所属大关、彝良、镇雄、威信、盐津、水富、绥江、永善、巧家、鲁甸、昭阳11个县、区拍摄，每县拍摄5~6天。这是我65岁时回报故乡的一次重要的感恩拍摄。 8月，美国休斯顿国际摄影节主席弗瑞德·鲍德温（Fred·Waldwin）和艺术总监温迪(Wendy·Watriss)专程来昆，与我会谈三天，确定在“2008 FOTOFEST”国际摄影节上举办我的摄影回顾展，其中昭通新作品入选29幅。 9月，中国摄影家研究丛书《吴家林·边地行走》由中国人民大学出版社出版。

A Chronological Account of Myself

I was born to a bankrupt family of literati in Zhaotong County on Oct. 22, 1942 (the 13th day of the 9th month in the lunar calendar). My great–grandfather had been appointed the last county magistrate of Xiangtan County, Hunan Province in the Qing Dynasty. At the expiration of the appointment, he returned home and taught at a private school. My father, Wu Zonglu, was an assistant at a shop selling mountain products. My mother, Duan Kaihui, was a teacher of an elementary school. I am the eldest son of the family with a younger brother Wu Jiabin and a younger sister Wu Jiaxing. After my birth, my mother became a housewife, earning a living by making handwoven cotton cloth since 1951.

In 1947–1948, I attended the private school run by Mr. Tsai, the Great Mustachio.

In 1948–1953, I attended the Second Elementary School of Zhaotong County.

In 1953–1954, I had to stop schooling due to lack of means. I first became a pedlar and then learned to make handwoven cotton cloth to cover the costs of my daily food. At the age of eleven, one day, I got up before dawn to go to a mountain market 35 kilometers away. The two balls of steamed rice moulded by my mother for both journeys were consumed by me on the way to the market. On the return journey, I was steaming with sweat, exhausted and unbearably starving with a basketful of sunflower seeds and fresh eggs on my back . Dusk deepened when there were still a few kilometers ahead. I walked with great difficulty, deeply bent over a path of flagstones in the moonlight. All of a sudden, my eyes flashed for I discovered a few grains of raw corn on the ground. I was extremely happy to pick them up and put them into my mouth, chewing while walking. More grains of corn were discovered…… I continued to enjoy the delicious food given by fairies. Then, I gradually recovered. The truth was that a horse caravan with loads of corn traveled ahead and one of the sacks happened to have a little hole. So grains of corn were let out.

While my mother was at rest, I stealthily tried to learn to operate her weaving loom, standing there with my back supported by the seat. Before long, I became a skilled child weaver.

In 1954–1955, I was enlisted in the Three–verifications Work Team for my outstanding skill in using an abacus. The job of the team was to verify, in the farmers' presence, the amount of grain tax they had to hand in and the amount of surplus grain due to them.

In 1956, I was admitted to the 72nd class of the junior department of the First Zhaotong Middle School. In the next year, I was transferred to the second junior class of the third middle school.

In 1959, I was admitted to the Middle School Attached to Yunnan University (senior department) for my superb achievements. For the first time, I left home for the provincial capital. The students of the attached middle school were permitted to borrow books from the university library. So I had chances to read a lot of famous Chinese and foreign literary works. In all the unified examinations of the seven classes at the same level, my achievements were always among the first ten. But I was not admitted to university because of the “political and historical problems” of my mother.

In the autumn of 1961, I went back home with my schoolmate Zhu Decong after graduation. We went together to the personnel section of the propaganda department of the County Committee to check in. We were received by the section chief, Rao Siyun, a close uncle of Zhu's. A week later, I was assigned to teach at the First Primary School Attached to Zhaotong Normal School, the best one of its kind. And Zhu Decong was assigned to a primary school in the mountains some 30 kilometers away from the country town. During the “Great Cultural Revolution” , all the teachers of the school were murdered with Zhu Decong included. Rao Siyun was a member of the Communist Party who understood very well how to “take the difficulties on oneself and make things easy for others” . He let his own close relative take the difficulty. I keep this in my mind with gratitude all my life.

For a period of six years, I taught Chinese and painting at the primary school. *War and Peace, Resurrection, Anna Karenina, the white Nithe, the Idiot*……I was deeply moved by the scens of the these classic movies as if intoxicated.

In the spring of 1964, I met with a young teacher Wu Yuehua from Kunming. We fell in love with each other at the first sight and got married at the Spring Festival of 1965.

In November, our first son, Wu Zhaokun, was born. In 1966, my wife Wu Yuehua was assigned to work at Kunming Municipal Post and Telecommunication Bureau. We two, living apart, helped and comforted each other through thick and thin.

In May 1966, the “Great Cultural Revolution” began. Classes were suspended for 68 days to study the Party Center’ s documents and criticize “capitalist roaders” and other “monsters and demons” .

In a period of about two years preceding and succeeding 1967, “armed struggles” broke out in Zhaotong and I fled to my home in Kunming. In order to show that I was still making revolution there, I cut Chairman Mao’ s poems with utmost care on stencils and sent the printed sheets by post to the “revolutionary masses” in Zhaotong.

In 1968, I was temporarily transferred to the County’ s Cultural Center because I wrote a very good hand in artistic calligraphy. I helped to prepare the Exhibition of Emulating Dazhai in Agriculture and copy quotations from Chairman Mao.

In late autumn, joint artistic performances of farmers’ sparetime art groups were conducted in the county town. Unexpectedly, Wang Guoheng of the League’ s County Committee came to see me with a Type 4 twin–lens reflex camera of Shanghai brand in hand, requesting me to take pictures of the performances on his behalf. I disliked cameras very much, because I thought they belonged to the idle rich only. I flatly refused to give a helping hand. Wang entreated me urgently, saying he had to go home to attend a very important auspicious party. His absence could never be excused. Then I said I had never put my hand to a camera. Wang said it’ s quite easy and told me how to use a camera, i.e. adjusting the lens at 11 and exposure at 1/125 seconds in a fine day and enlarging the lens to 5.6 and slowing down the exposure to 1/60 seconds in cloudiness…… Two hours before sunset, I used up all the four 120 films and took 48 pictures. All of them came out excellent, life–like and well arranged. I myself was astonished. All who viewed them were full of praise. It was from then on I became irrevocably committed to photo taking. Every Sunday, I would go to a park, offering free service to anyone who would like to have his or her picture taken. My photos were highly praised by Yang Huayue, a leading cadre in artistic circles. I was recommended by him to work at the news reporting group of the County Committee’ s Propaganda Department, taking news photos.

In 1969, I went to Kunming for a home visit. Unexpectedly, I ran into a reporter from the provincial organ who was taking pictures of representatives of 26 nationalities in the Congress of Activists in Creatively Studying and Applying Chairman Mao’ s Works. The representatives, in various, colorful costumes of their own, sitting on a riverside slope, properly spaced in graceful disorder, each with a copy of “Red Precious Book” (*Quotations from Chairman Mao*) in hand. Everybody’ s attention was directed to the “Red Precious Book” in the hands of the main protagonist who stood in the center. Sunlight streamed from the back, giving a very bright and beautiful outline to each figure. It was the first time for me to see how flash light could be used in bright sunshine. I thought they just took the picture as a memento and never expected that the picture would appear in the next day’ s paper as a front–page news report. It dawned to me that a news photo could be worked out like this!

On June 16, 1970, my first news photo appeared in *the Yunnan Daily*, covering a group of members of people’ s communes, sitting around a square table reading the Party’ s Constitution attentively with a large poster “Study the Party’s New Constitution and Wage Revolution Vigorously” in the background. From then on, *the Yunnan Daily* would publish one or two at least and more than ten at most of the news photos arranged by me every month.

In 1971, my photos attracted the attention of the county committee secretary Liu Yuewu. At that time, there was only one jeep at the disposal of the county committee secretary, a man in his fifties, suffering from high blood pressure. One morning, he sent his jeep to me for going to the mountains to take pictures of shepherds and their sheep. He himself went to the villages for inspection on foot. I did not learn about this until some time later and was greatly moved.

The Party Committee secretary’ s behavior was an important encouragement to me.

On March 11, my wife gave birth to a pair of twin daughters.

In 1972, my photographic works *Highland Grazing* and others were included in *the Photo Exhibition in Commemoration of the Talks at the Yan’an Forum on Literature and Art* and an album bearing the same title. On November 25, *Highland Grazing* was adopted by Xinhua News Agency in its News Photos No. 2825 (cf. Xinhua News Release No. 1596/402315).

The county committee secretary Liu Yuewu showed solicitude for me, for I could not live together with my wife for years and said if I could train and bring up a photographer as my substitute, he would agree to let me be transferred to Kunming to look after my family.

On February 12, 1973, *the People’s Daily* published my news photos reporting the development of sheep raising in Dashanbao People’ s Commune in Zhaotong.

In March, I was transferred to Kunming in order to be able to live together with my wife and take care of my family according to relevant policies. I was assigned to work in the propaganda group of the Materials Recycling Company of Kunming Commercial Bureau. The problem of living apart was resolved. I felt very grateful to the Party. “I should obey to the assignment made by the Party unconditionally! I’ ll do whatever the Party asks me to do!” But I lost my beloved work, photo taking. On the first day when I went to work, my boss asked me to verify the costs of over 30 secondhand cameras of Zeiss, Kodak and Contax brands. Most of them were still usable. My job was to verify the cost of each camera from 5 to 30 yuan. I myself could never afford to buy a camera. How I longed to possess a folding Zeiss at the cost of 30 yuan. The salaries of my wife and myself amounted only to over 50 yuan and we had a family of five to support. I watched helplessly all the cameras sold out one by one. I attended to many miscellaneous things in the Recycling Company conscientiously.

On Nov. 29, our youngest son was born. The name given him was Wu Zhaoying, suggesting in Chinese photo taking in Zhaotong.

In the spring of 1974, I was recommended by Secretary Zhao to the Municipal Commercial Bureau. The bureau would be divided into two units, the First Commercial Bureau and the Second Commercial Bureau. I was asked to take pictures for all the staff members, one for each. There were a Chinese made camera of Seagull brand Type 4A and 8 rolls of 120 black and white films. All of them were used up. Three months later, I ran into Mr. Fang, the organizational chief of the Second Commercial Bureau at a vegetable market. I asked how they liked the pictures I took for them. The chief replied excitedly, “Oh, excellent, your skill is excellent. Everybody likes the picture you took. Nobody thinks he or she has ever had a better picture taken.” I said casually, “it was my profession, but now I have to give it up.” “What a pity to give up such an excellent skill!” The organizational chief said. Then I told the chief that the Provincial Cultural Bureau would like to have my help, but the Municipal Organizational Department did not agree to let me go. The chief said, “You don’ t need to ask for anything from anybody else. I agree to let you go, if the provincial bureau doesn’ t change their mind.”

On September 9, I became a photo reporter at the coverage and editing group of the news release station of *Yunnan Photos* under the Provincial Cultural Bureau. The group leader Lao Jifang was formerly a secretary of Xia Yan, former Minister of Culture and a well known writer and playwright. The deputy leader Xiao Jingzhi was a senior photo editor with long credentials. Both of them were honest and upright with very high professional competence. Both of them had very good influences on me. Especially Mr. Xiao, with whom I worked for long years, became my spiritual tutor. Under Xiao’ s guidance, I went to Zhenxiong to carry on photo coverage.

In 1975, *Yunnan Photos* stopped publication. I was transferred to the office of artistic photography of the Bureau together with Mr. Xiao. Our job was to make preparations for setting up Yunnan Branch of the Chinese Photographers Society and help give guidance to photographers from all parts of the province to improve their competence. In the spring of 1976, Xiao Jingzhi and I went together to Jiaopingdu ferry across the Jinshajiang River at Luquan, Judian, Shigu (the Stone Drum), Hutiaoxia (the Tiger Jumping Gorge) at Lijiang, Daili and other places to make inspections and take pictures.

In 1977, I visited the provincial Party Committee Secretary An Pingsheng and presented to him personally a suggestion draughted by Mr. Xiao Jingzhi that a *Yunnan Pictorial* be published. The suggestion was approved in that month.

In 1978, I went to Guangzhou to visit the *Canadian National Photographic Exhibition*. For the first time, I watched aesthetic landscape pictures taken by Western photographers. I was very glad to have my horizons broadened.

From April to June, 1979, I took part in the last batch of work teams for “Emulate Dazhai in Agriculture” , going to Manpi Production Brigade of Bada Commune, Menghai County, living with a Bulang family who still farmed by the slash–and–burn method. We lived together, took meals together and worked together with the local people. I recorded the true scenes of my life and work there with a DF camera of Seagull brand. Going back to Kunming, I sent in my own name an investigation report, *Why Do the Forest in Xishuangbanna Keep on Burning*, to Deng Xiaoping, the Premier and some other leading comrades. In the following year, my report with the instructions of Deng Xiaoping and other leading comrades were sent to the Yunnan Provincial Committee and Xishuangbanna Prefectural Committee with special funds earmarked for protection and relief.

Towards the end of the year, Mr. Xiao Jingzhi succeeded in bringing to Kunming the third photo exhibition, *Nature`Society`Man*, conducted by the Photographers’ Conference in April from Beijing. Original photographic concepts were greatly challenged.

In January 1980, I went to Chengdu to take *Chen Fuli’s Large-scale Photo Exhibition* to be exhibited in Kunming. For the first time, I had contact with salon photo works showing artistic personality. In June, I organized and edited *Yunnan First News Photos Exhibition* under Xiao Jingzhi’ s guidance. The Exhibition was shown in the show windows in Wangfujing Avenue, Beijing and confirmed by Mr. Jiang, a senior member of China News Photography Society. I got to know Wang Zhiping and Wang Miao in Beijing and saw their slide works, *Short Poems Collected in the Field* and *Tibet*. Once again my photo concepts were greatly challenged.

In 1981, I became a member of Chinese Photographers Society. In April, my suite of photos *My Seniors and Country Fellows* were shown in *the First Exhibition of China Photographic Salons* in Zhongshan Park, Beijing. From September to October, I took part in the second photographers seminar at Gulangyu, Xiamen (Amoy), conducted by Chinese Photographers Society.

In 1982, I was transferred to reporting and editing office of Yunnan News Photo Agency as a photo reporter. In October, I was engaged in taking pictures for *the First Photographic Exhibition of Ethnic Lifestyles in Yunnan*, working like hell for two whole months.

In 1983, I continued to take pictures in frontier villages during the Spring Festival. In May, I went alone to Deqin County, Diqing Prefecture, shocked by the wonderful natural scenery and humanistic phenomena on the way. For the first time, I saw aged Tibetans kowtowing in full prostration to pay homage to Meili Snow Mountain. I was extremely moved by their purity, honesty and piety, enduring all the hardships of living in the open on the way. I learned from local inhabitants that some of them who did not want to go back at the end of the pilgrimage simply jumped into deep snow valleys to find Sukhavati (their Paradise). All of a sudden, I felt the insignificance of one’ s self. It dawned to me that an artist should take the same attitude toward art as Tibetans’ attitude toward their religion.

In the following morning, I went out of the door with a backpack of my photographic equipment and tripod and ran into a scheduled bus for the county town. I got on the bus, forgetting about my breakfast. When the bus arrived at the mountain pass of Baimang Snow Mountain, I got off. I saw a small earthen house over there, hoping to find somebody to show me the way. On hearing somebody’ s footfalls, a tall man came out to usher me in. It turned out that there was a high–altitude meteorological station here, 4500 meters above sea level, looked after by two weathermen of Naxi nationality. The tall man was one of them. This area was not inhabited and the county town lay 55 kilometers away. The weathermen worried about me for I was traveling alone. They saw quite a few people suffered from inadaptability to high altitude and fell down. In winter, the mountain pass was blocked up by snow and the

communication to the county town stopped. Some old people who tried to go through the heavy snow were seen to die while clasping on electric wire poles. The weatherman knew I had not taken breakfast and invited me to share in his, a cake and a bowl of butter tea. I took leave with a lot of thanks and tried to find a higher visual angle for taking pictures of Meili Snow Mountain. After climbing for several dozens of meters, my heart suddenly beat wildly and I had to slow down. I walked toward the county town of Deqin, taking pictures on the way. One hour later, I began to have loose bowels, almost once half an hour, totally over ten times continually. The grandeur of Nature made me forget about fatigue, thirst, hunger and the danger of losing body fluids. I finally found the best angle to shoot Taizi (Royal Prince) Snow Mountain. I propped up the tripod and did not shoot until a belt of clouds appeared around the middle part of the snow mountain before sunset. The Royal Prince seemed to hold out his two arms toward me. Excitedly, I went on shooting and shooting, from normal lighting circumstances, to low warm lighting and then to a moment when dusk gathered and the Royal Prince was gradually veiled in dark clouds. Only when the radiance was too low for picture taking, I began to think what I could do. The county town lay some 40 kilometers away, a distance to be covered in about 10 hours walking. Fortunately, a crescent was peeping over there, making things on the ground slightly visible. Finally, I heard a dog barking and an old woman standing by. I went over to beg for something to eat or drink. We could not cross the language barrier. The old woman gave a warm and rough hand to me and led me to her house. I felt a sudden surge of warmth all over. It was pitch dark inside. The old woman told a man in darkness about what happened. The man shouted angrily. The old woman could not help but push me outside, giving me a hint to leave. I sensibly quitted the village and kept on walking for 3 hours in high nervous tension without seeing any lamplight from a village. For a whole day, I had nothing to eat, except that little bit given by the weatherman. When the path just made a turn, all of a sudden, four Tibetan mastiffs dashed to me, roaring with rage. I resisted them by swinging my tripod around me, moving backward. Stepping on a heap of cobblestones, I fell down. And the mastiffs were frightened and drew back. A Tibetan, their master, whistled and all of them ran up to him. I was badly shaken in a cold sweat and collapsed. It was clear to me that I should not fall down and I had to hurry to the guesthouse. I moved forward with great difficulty and finally knocked open the gate of the county's guesthouse at 4 o'clock in the morning. I fell down then on the ground, suffering from shock. The leader of a prospecting team, a roommate of mine brought me back to consciousness with local methods, and cooked for me a large meal—about half a kilogram of noodles and five eggs. I consumed them all.

The 8 rolls of reversal color films were sent to Shanghai to be developed, but all of them were ruined. With the ruined films in hand, I made up my mind within myself not to try to take any more scenic pictures because I was not equipped with necessary traffic facilities. Relying on my own feet, I could only take pictures of human figures.

In 1984, *Contemporary Photography* started publication in Shenzhen. It was what I enjoyed and supported. I knew only too well that Chinese photographic magazines could only have a bright future when the monopoly of one magazine was substituted by competitions of many. At that time, I was hospitalizing for acute appendicitis. Three days after the operation, I went to the streets in a patient's costume to put up the advertisement for the first issue of the magazine enthusiastically.

In October, *Wa Boys* (colored) appeared in the second issue of *Contemporary Photography*, drawing attentions from photographic circles.

In December 1985, the five portraits of *the Mountain People* were published in the seventh issue of *Contemporary Photography* with the photographer's note: "I was born in the highland of northeast Yunnan in Southwest China. My parents were among the mountain people. They were poor, but undaunted by repeated setbacks, having the most precious qualities of mankind, honesty and kindness. Owing to ignorance, my love for them had been twisted. While taking pictures for them, I compelled them to smile, although their life was distressful. I asked them to put on beautiful clothes borrowed from members of art troupes. They could not read and write,

but I asked them to hold bulky books in hand, seemingly reading…… One morning, I woke up from the nightmare of everything twisted and recognized my own hypocrisy. I began to carry on creative work in photography: to express normal and everyday life of my elders and brethren, and to express the intrinsic force of theirs in struggling against all sorts of hardships. Sincerity and intense love arose in my heart. Truthfulness that determines the path of life, is unavoidable, not free from uncovered pains but, at the same time, sweet and beautiful……"

In 1987, I attended the National Annual Conference on Photographic Theories at Zhuhai. Some 30 pictures from my series *the Mountain People* were exchanged at the meeting and drew wide attentions and criticisms. For the first time, I was acquainted to Jiang Qisheng, Hou Dengke, An Ge, Hu Wugong, Yu Deshui, Wang Zheng, Chen Xiaobo and others.

In 1988, I was interviewed by Zhang Zhaotang, a special commentator of a Taiwan magazine *Echo Magazine*. Later, more than 10 pictures from *the Mountain People* were published in the magazine with Mr. Zhang's comment.

I had the opportunity of seeing 44 pictures of French Photographic master Marc Riboud entitled *Seen in China* in the magazine *Photography* edited by Li Mei. My field of vision was greatly widened. Documentary photography is not merely a record of what has happened. Through subjective visual discoveries and through grasping typical moments of details, the pictures taken can reflect the spirit of an age, a society and a nationality! In May, I got over the Gaoligong Mountains and entered the Dulongjiang valley, "the most complicated and dangerous mountainous route in the world". I spent 5 days on the journey. For 3 days I walked through uninhabited areas. For half the journey I walked on mossy cobbles in streams. Every year, quite a few people disappeared on the way. When I went through a mountain pass, I saw about 100 trees, scores of meters tall, standing upstraight there with their barks peeled off by adverse circumstances. I felt that the life of a man was frail and Nature was marvelous and great! On the return journey, I went astray, falling into a pit full of soft snow and almost getting drowned. I struggled out in a flurry and saw dimly an electric wire pole far off, the only signpost all around. Then I gradually moved to Dongshaofang camp. In August, I edited *The South of Clouds*, a collection of 4 photographers' works for Yunnan News Photos Agency.

In April 1989, I spent 2 months in taking pictures along the Southern Silk Road for a Hong Kong magazine *Tourism in China*. I used up 156 rolls of 135 colored reversal films and 5 rolls of 135 black and white films, the largest amount ever since. In October, my photographic works *Travelling Far and Wide in Yunnan* were exhibited in Taibai and Gaoxiang.

On June 7, 1993, I was recommended to Marc Riboud by Yang Yankang and Xiao Quan in Shenzhen. The French photographic master enjoyed very much the pictures I brought to him for his advice and divided my pictures into 3 groups, A, B and C. We began to become close friends, exchanging new works divided in groups between us without interruption. In December, my photo album *Mountain People in Yunnan* was published. This is my maiden work for the world.

In 1994, ten of my works were shown in *the Main Land`Hong Kong`Taiwan Contemporary Photo Exhibition* at Hong Kong Art Center.

In February, 1996, I was invited to conduct a photo exhibition, *Mountain People in Yunnan* at the 7th FOTO FEST at Houston, U.S.A. The pictures were enlarged by myself at Rice University where I gave 2 speeches. I was also interviewed by reporters of CNN and *Sing Tao Daily*. More than 30 pictures of mine were collected by museums, exhibition halls and collectors. I was especially excited by the meetings of experts conducted by FOTO FEST, which reminded me of Marc Riboud's words in a letter, "The only way to make progress incessantly in photographing is to show one's works to other photographers. We need criticism. We need to know why this is a good picture and that one is not good. We should accumulate our knowledge like this." According to the arrangement of the organizational committee of FOTO FEST, I sat among the experts, giving comments on the works of more than 20 photographers. Toward the end of March, I went to Paris from Houston on the invitation of Marc Riboud with more than 80 pictures of *Mountain People in Yunnan*, applying to French National Photo Center for joining Paris

International Photo Festival. The French photographic master recommended me to the director of the National Photo Center, the president of Magnum Photo Agency, the inspector general of the National Geographic, European Photo Center and more than 10 photographic masters at Paris for friendly exchange. In November, I was invited to conduct the photo exhibition of *China in Yunnan* at the 9th International Photo Festival. At the opening ceremony, the Leica Company presented me a Leica M6 camera. Causing a sensation in Paris, the exhibition was renowned as one of the best among more than 100 photo exhibitions at the Festival.

In March 1997, invited by the 2nd French TV Station, I took part in the shooting of a TV documentary, *the Friendship between Marc Riboud and Wu Jialin* in Guangzhou and Shenzhen. In June, my series *the Mountain People* were given the International Realistic Photography Prize by the American Jones Mother Fund. I was invited to go to New York to receive the award. The awarded works were put on display in the UN Exhibition Hall. I was the first Chinese awarded this prize. In July, *Mountain People in Yunnan* were shown in ICP. Two of the exhibits were collected by the Center. I myself enlarged the pictures in the darkroom of ICP and New York Commercial Darkroom. In October, *Mountain People in Yunnan* were displayed in German Herzen International Photo Festival.

In February 1998, I was appointed Director of Yunnan News Photo Agency. In April, I wrote *the Collector's Commentaries* on the Chinese part of *the Perpetual Bresson Exhibition of Photographic Treasures* at British Victorian Art Museum at the invitation of Mark Haworth-Booth, the director of the Museum, according to Cartier-Bresson's suggestion. In the small hours of June 3, my youngest son, Wu Zhaoying, 25 years old, died in a traffic accident. In the middle of June, I traveled with my wife through 13 counties along the frontier, trying to banish the acute sorrow with photo taking. In July, Xiao Jingzhi, I myself and others, 16 people in all, made a statement in *Yunnan Radio and TV Journal* to withdraw from Yunnan Photographers Society automatically.

In April 1999, I took part in the large-scale photo exhibitions in underground railway stations, *Art Marching toward the Masses of People*, conducted by Stockholm Art Museum, Sweden. In June, I assumed the posts of the planner, the editor-in-chief and the executive editor of the Exhibition of Chinese Photo Art Treasures and an album bearing the same name. In October, six of my photo works were displayed in *China, the 50 years of the People's Republic*, a large-scale photo exhibition and an album edited by the APERTURE Fund, New York, U.S.A., shown all over the world. In November, as a special representative of the American side, I attended the press conference jointly sponsored by the Chinese Revolutionary History Museum and the American APERTURE Fund for the large-scale photo exhibition *China, the 50 years of the People's Republic*, giving an account of the exhibition. At the opening ceremony, I cut the ribbon and made a speech on behalf of the American side. It was the first time for me to cut the ribbon, done quite unwillingly. There had been innumerable ribbon cuttings in the past. None of them had any thing to do with me.

In 2000, I was awarded a New Zealand prize at excellent photo works on *Family Friendship Love* and a prize from Wang Zhong Cultural Prizes, Yunnan. In June, upon the invitation of *New York Times Weekly*, I took pictures of original fashions and dresses for the magazine.

In 2001, I conducted the photo exhibition *Between the Black and White People* successively at the International Photo Festival in Pingyao, Shanxi and T' CAFE/GALLERY in Kunming. In October, my father passed away.

In 2002, the Chief Art Inspector of the International Photo Art Festival in Houston selected 10 photographers from among over 1000 ones whose works were shown in the past 10 festivals to be recommended to the British Phaidon Press. I was included. Nine of my works appeared in an album BLINK, *the World's 100 Avant-garde Photographers*, recommended by famous critics. In August, I conducted the 2002 Photo Exhibition on *Man and Nature* at Nordica, Kunming. In October, I retired and became a free photographer.

In 2003, my representative work, *Chatting in Chengdu, 1999* was included in the exhibition and an album bearing the same title, *Bresson's Selections*. The great photo master of the world Bresson made the selection from among 85 of the world's photo masters from 1888 to 1999 whom

he enjoyed most. Among them, 46 had already passed away and only 39 lived in good health. In June, FOTOFEST 1992–2002 was displayed in the Russian SAMARA Art Gallery, including works carefully selected from 13 photographers. I was one of them. In October, as arranged and supported by Wu Kun, director of the Manufacturing Center of Publicity Materials for Foreign Exchange under the propaganda department, Yunnan Provincial Committee, I traveled in Nujiang, Dehong, Baoshan and Lincang Prefectures along the frontier, covering 11 counties and over 100 villages in 55 days. The total distance was over 5,000 kilometers. A large number of pictures were taken.

In March, 2004, I continued to travel over 5,000 kilometers in 13 counties in Simao, Xishuangbanna, Honghe and Wenshan Prefectures within 45 days. The party consisted of 3 people, Wu Kun, his wife and me. Wu Kun drove the car himself. His wife cooked for the three. I concentrated my energy in photo taking. I edited an album named *Moments along the Frontier* with the pictures taken in the 2 journeys. The inscriptions by Marc Riboud read: "This album reveals before us a beautiful world already forgotten by us. At the same time, it provides for us a dose of effective cure for extravagant urban decadence." In July, *Wu Jialin's Photo Exhibition* was shown at Moscow Modern Art Museum. In September, *Times - a Collection of Wu Jialin's Photo Works* went off press. In October, *Animals in Wu Jialin's Humanistic World* were exhibited at Fabre Art Museum in Montpellier, France. In November, I paid a visit to Bresson Art Gallery and met Bresson's widow Martine Franck, chairman of the Getty Fund, Weston Naef, and others. At Marc Riboud's home, I got acquainted with Josef Koudelka. Looking at the pictures in *Moments along the Frontier*, he asked, "How long did it take you to complete all these?" "Three months," I replied. Koudelka said, "It's amazing. So many exquisite pictures were taken within such a short period of time!" The most important thing was the meeting with Robert Delpire, chairman of the Bresson Fund. He went over the manuscripts of *Mountain People in Yunnan*, *Times*, *Moments along the Frontier*, and resolutely decided to include them into his publishing plan of the Black Paper. This decision is doubtless of epoch making significance to Chinese photographers.

In June 2005, *Moments along the Frontier - a Collection of Wu Jialin's Pictures* was published. A photo show of *Animals in Wu Jialin's Humanistic World* was held at Tainan Art University, Taiwan. Then, I was invited to go to Hamburg, taking part in 2005 BFF (German Free Photographers Society) Annual Meeting, giving a photo show of 60 pictures from *Wu Jialin's Photographic Works*. In July, 175 photographers were contending for 2005 H • C • B prizes. I was among the first 5. In October, *Chatting in Chengdu 1999* was chosen by the French Flammarion Publishing House to be included in *Cats Seen by Great Photographic Masters*. In November, *Animals in Wu Jialin's Humanistic Environment* were exhibited in the First Lianzhou Annual International Photographic Exhibition.

In April, 2006, *Wu Jialin in Baoshan*, an album, was published. In May, *Wu Jialin's Photographic Exhibition* was held at Dashanzi 798 Centennial Impressions Gallery, Beijing. In June, my photographic exhibition, *Familiar and Unfamiliar Friends*, was held at Shanghai Art Gallery. In November, my *Chinese Borderland* was shown at Paris International Photo Festival. *Chinese Borderland* was published in Paris as one of the series *of the World Great Photographers' Albums*, the French Pocket-size Photographic *Black Paper*. From March 29 to June 11, 2007, in order to express my heartfelt thanks to my native place at the age of 65, I visited many districts and county towns of Daguan, Yiliang, Zhenxiong, Weixin, Yanjin, Shuifu, Suijiang, Yongshan, Qiaojia, Ludian and Zhaoyang, spending 5 or 6 days in a country. In August, Frederick C. Baldwin, chairman of Houston International FOTOFEST U.S.A. and Wendy Watriss, chief art supervisor made a special trip to Kunming to meet me for 3 days, making arrangements for my retrospective photo exhibition at 2008 FOTOFEST, including 29 pictures I recently took in my homeland Zhaotong. In September, as one book of the Chinese Photographers Research Series, *Wu Jialin in the Borderland* was published by the Chinese People's University Publishing House.

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(English translator Li Xiwen)