

# 寻路

## Groping Ahead

卢东尼 著 Tonny.Lu



盲人 无定河 道情

**The Blind  
Wuding River  
Daoqing**

中国摄影出版社  
China Photographic Publishing House

此书谨献给热爱生活的人们

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# 序

## Preface

结识东尼是多年前的事了。那是1983年，在一个年轻人自发组织的美学研修班上。那时，东尼20出头，是一个酷爱朦胧诗的小青年。穿着白得扎眼的警服，站在马路牙子上，一双大眼，转来转去，审视行人和车辆的来来往往。

那天，我和他不期而遇，套用了一句他酷爱的诗句——黑夜给了我黑色的眼睛，却让我穿着白色警服，在黑暗中寻找光明。

他笑了，我也笑了。后来，我去了报社工作，他进了政法学院深造。再后来，便是20年后躺在上海一家名叫玲珑的小宾馆的床上给我讲，如何在新西兰专程去寻找顾城隐居的故地，在凄美荒凉的小山包上，如何身影卓立默默吊唁顾城的诗魂。

2002年，我开始研究汉字学，他也从繁忙的商务工作中退休，正在寻找一种无利可图的事情来做。

于是，便有了这本呈现在大家面前的摄影画册，于是，便有了他在陕北雪地、在无定河畔、在陕北沙尘暴中的行走。

这本摄影画册的艺术水准如何，主题和拍摄手法如何，都不重要。关键在于能否应验了东尼时下的自勉之词：留住那些不经意的、正在我们身边默默流逝、永远不再的影像。

唐汉

2006年国庆节于长安

I came to know Lu Dongni many years ago. It was in 1983 that I met him in an aesthetics class organized by the youth themselves. He was then a young pointsman who was in his early twenties and enchanted with obscure poetry. Standing by the road, proud of his eye-catching uniform, he was always detecting the passersby and the traffic with alert eyes. On the very day we came across each other, I quoted his favorite lines—*In night, my eyes black; yet in white uniform, I'm searching for light in dark*. Then, he laughed and so did I. Later on, I worked for a newspaper and he furthered his study in the Northwest University of Politics and Law. It was twenty years later that we met again in a hotel called Linglong in Shanghai. Living in the same room, he told me how he went to New Zealand to look for the place where poet Gucheng once lived and killed himself, and how he stood on the bleak hillock alone to recall Gucheng and his poems.

Dongni is simple and enthusiastic. While he was traveling between Xi'an and Guangzhou busy with his clothing business, he was asked whether he felt tired and he replied "It doesn't matter as long as women and men will look great in my clothing" while he was developing real estate which was new and hard in China, he had his habitual tag "*Could I get mansions covering ten thousand miles, I'd house all scholars poor and make them beam with smiles.*"

In the year 2002, I dropped bookselling and picked up the study of Chinese characters while he stopped his work as a real estate developer and started a nonprofit business. Then, he traveled in snow, along the Wuding River and in sandstorm in Northern Shaanxi. Finally, it turns out to be this picture album.

It doesn't matter whether the photographing is professional or the theme is unique. But whether it will record these transient images we ignored unconsciously as Dongni expects counts a lot.

Tang Han

Xi'an, the National Day in 2006.

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行  
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**On Their Way  
for Performance**



# 行走

翻不完的山，爬不完的坡，  
走不尽的无定河……

在这片苍凉的黄土地上，年复一年，日复一日，游走着以说书为生的盲眼艺人。他们在一个明眼人的带领下，身背琴弦，手持盲杖，无论青天白日，还是乌云骤雨，无论沙尘翻飞，还是狂风怒吼，他们的身影总会定期出现在无定河的两岸，为岸边一百多个村村寨寨巡回说书，四十几载，从未间断……

苍山如海，时间被命运安排，演绎着意外中的意外。  
沉默年代，不该有太多思念，却期望相逢在你路上。

是谁在黑夜裡呼唤你绚烂的眼，滚热的炕上，热辣的情歌一唱就到天亮，倾诉衷肠。

是谁站在这高高的山坡上，思绪化成沙粒，被风吹散，无法记得你当初的模样。

雨默默地淌在脸上，渐渐凝结成霜。  
身影已化成了烛光，惆怅变得凄凉。

无法间断的影子，心常常跟随你走街串巷。  
无法忘记的绝唱，情夜夜跟随你黯然神伤。

不敢问日月沧桑是否还有人在你的身旁。  
不敢问以后你所有的黑夜是否情深意长。

生命已被这翻不完的山牵引，  
命运已被这爬不完的坡拥抱，

走不完的无定河啊！就这样漂泊，就这样诉说。

对我们来说，行走，是一种体验

对他们来说，行走，是一种生活





都到齐了，这就是盲宣队的全班人马。明眼人刘九超领路，不苟言笑的张晨祥殿后。  
All the members of the "Publicity Team of the Blind" are here. The guide is Liu Jiuchao  
who is a man of sight, while the last one is Zhang Chenxiang, a reserved blind man.







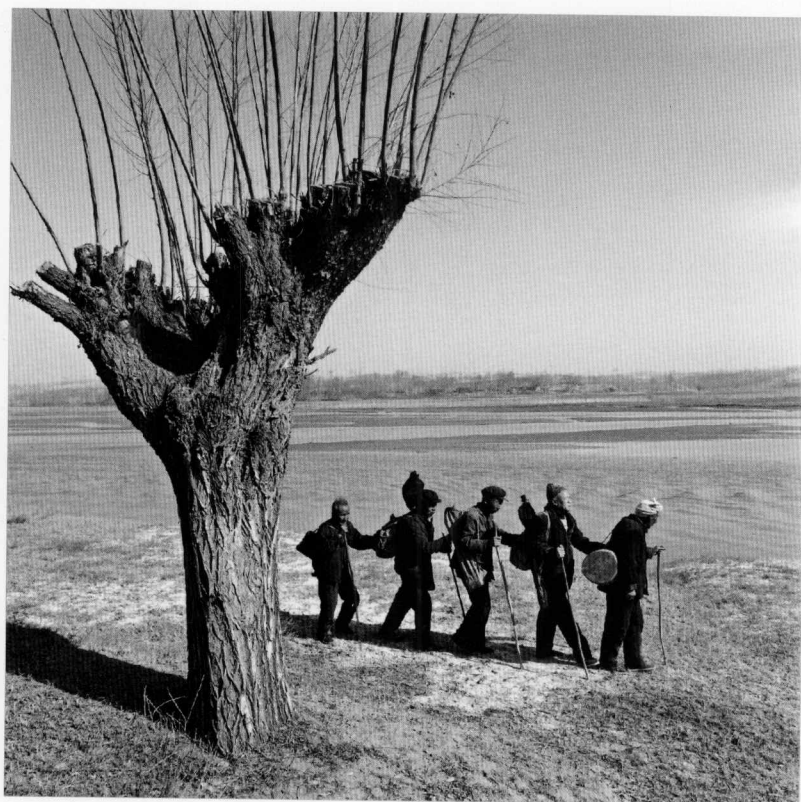
▲ 无定河畔不屈的砍头柳，像一座穿过时光的世纪之门。  
The willows along the Wuding River have been there witnessing how time flies.



黄土丘壑与人。  
Human and nature.



▼ 盲宣队行走在无定河畔。  
Walking along the banks of Wu Ding River.





▲ 为了省钱，盲宣队从不买票乘车，路在自己脚下，走累了，歇歇脚，再走。

In order to save money, Publicity Team of the Blind never travel by bus but on foot. When tired, they have a rest and march on again.

# On Their Way for Performance

## **Up mountains, down slopes and over Wuding River.**

On this bleak loess land, year after year, drifting are those blind artists, to make a living by story-telling. Led by a man with sight, *sanxin* on back, blind cane in hand, in sunshine, in downpour, in sandstorm, in hurricane, they will be there as expected, to stage story-telling in villages along the Wuding River. Over forty years, without fail. Continuous mountains, fate disposed by God, witness incredible happenings. In the time of coldness, passionate as I am, expect the meeting with you. Who is longing for your sight? Who is singing the ardent love songs all night long?

Who is standing on the hillside, off with the wind is the thought, but no more is your form.

Raindrops on your face have been solidified as frost.

Desolation is revealed from your figure against candlelight.

Unforgettable is your image, following your steps is my heart.

Lingering is your singing, melancholy you bring to me every night.

Whether you are still accompanied as time goes by.

Whether you are still consoled by love at night.

You are there among mountains, you are there along slopes.

The Wuding River is flowing all the time, telling stories of you drifting men.

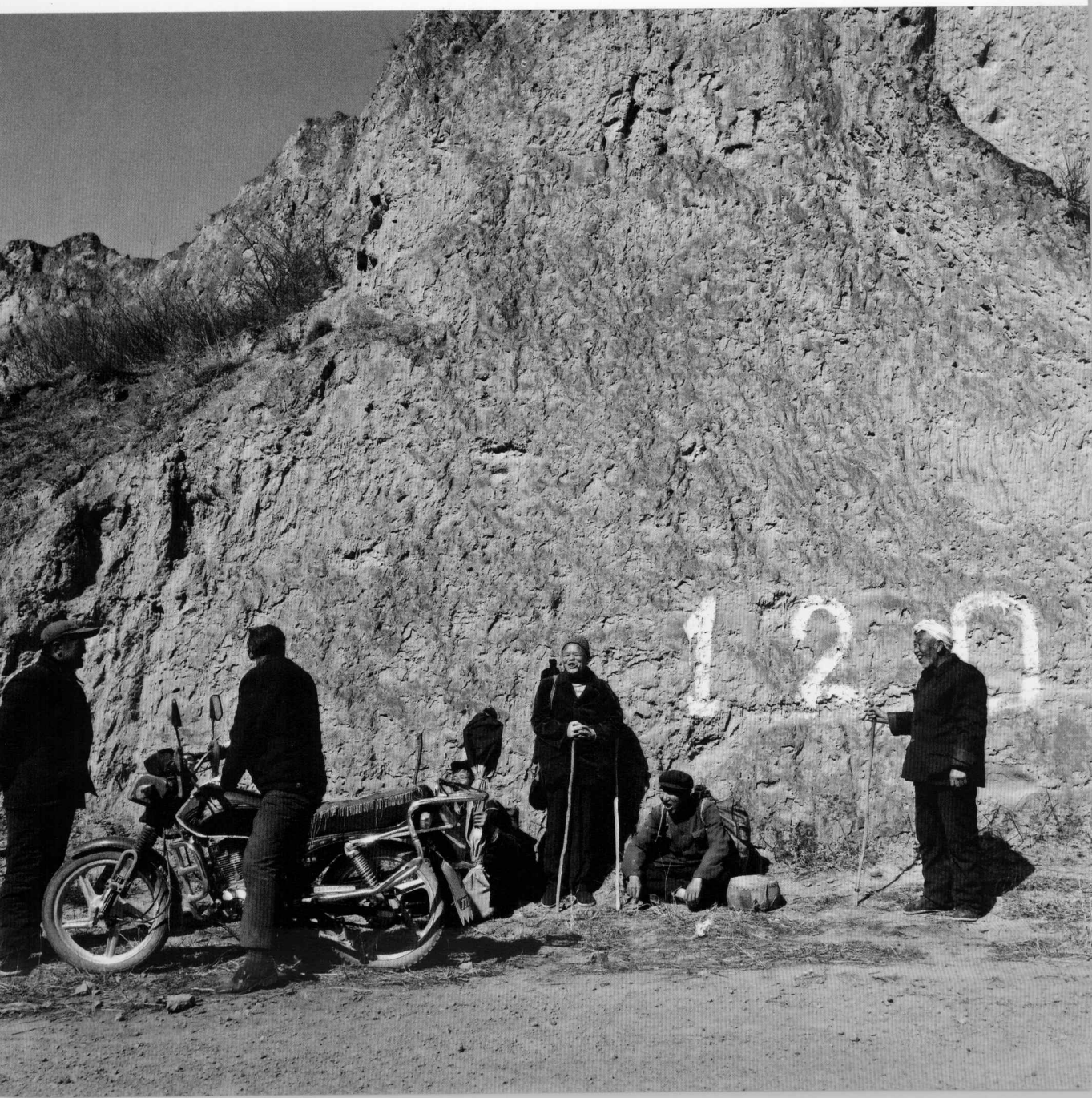
**To us, drifting is to experience.**

**To them, drifting is for living.**



▼ 骑摩托车的老乡停下来问：“啥时候到我们村演出？”

The country fellow riding a motorcycle stopped and asked:  
“when will you give performance in our village?”





► 盲宣队从不花钱住店，晚上分头住在老乡家中。  
大清早，刘九超带着去村头集合，走往下一个  
村子。

Publicity Team of the Blind never live in hotels but  
stay with the fellow-townsmen. In the early  
morning, Liu Jiuchao musters them at the village  
entrance and travels to another village.

