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# 西藏雨季

Tibet Rhythm in the Rain

凌军 著 by Ling Jun

中国摄影出版社

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雨中的一条孤帆，每一个节奏都在亢奋之中。

也不能阻止我投入她的怀抱，我心早已属于她，这是千年的渴望。

相信，只有飞起来，才能飞得更高。

奇怪，风雨四十天，我却没有一次想到故乡的古村落。

中有泪，用手拭去，心中有泪，我强咽下去，过一会儿就什么也没发生。

路难行，难得的高原探戈！

行天极，天书难读，四十天来，我只触及了西藏的一点皮毛。

མཁའ་ལྷོ་གློ་མཁའ་ལྷོ་གློ་

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第二顿饭。

玛尼堆取下这一刻有着驱魔咒语的牦牛头，拍完照片后，又小心地放回那里。接着，我向玛尼堆敬拜了三次，方才转身离去。

过一段险境，加羊扎西的弟弟却要大声念出驱魔咒语和：麻密码米红：，我也双手合掌，不停轻声地说着：扎西德勒。

狗又像狼的贪婪，是摄影家永不满足的本性所在。

晨五时起床，到下午五时，十二个小时粒米未进，回到招待所，头晕眼黑冒冷汗，差点栽倒在招待所的房间里。

的变成与艺术的执着，彼此没多大的区别，都是为着心中的一个信仰。





谨献给所有执著与纯真的追梦者

To all those clinging and naive  
dreamhunters



# 序

命中注定！

注定此生要与西藏这个雪域高原有着魂牵梦萦、生死别离的情愫！

每每谈及，每每想起，心灵深处的触角必然会伸向那里，去抚摸她，去体味她。即使在梦中，那意识也似冰雪一样的清澈，像烈火一般的炽热，使我激动不已……

终于，在2006年7月西藏高原的雨季，踏上了我人生注定要经历的旅程，去一个激情释放的驿站——西藏！

我，用真情拥抱了她，用心体验了她。数十个黎明与暮霭，无数次烈日与风雨，置身于海拔数千米高原极地的我，似一只双眼泛着蓝光的猎犬，竭力搜索着高原上的一切生灵；又似一匹贪得无厌的饿狼，将利爪狠狠地扑向所有可餐的猎物……

是的，那里有艰险与孤独。但高原始终审视着我，一个冲出战壕的战士，岂能有所退缩。苦旅洁净了灵魂，艺术需耐得寂寞。摄影家与艺术肝胆相照！

西藏，精深神秘、包容博大；藏胞，粗犷豪爽、纯朴热情。这一切是馈赠于我的所有的创作灵感，让我迸发出毕生的激情，使艰辛化为影像，梦想变为真实。西藏成就了我的艺术！

西藏，无疑是这个星球上最美最神奇最有魅力的地方。在即将离别西藏之前，我毅然跃下羊八井温泉，畅游了几个来回，继而又静躺在甘泉中，任温柔的甘露滋润着肌肤，梳理着思绪，涤荡着疲惫。此时，一只雄鹰正自由自在地翱翔在白云蓝天之上……

倏然，一种莫名的酸楚涌上心头：“我爱西藏！真不想回家！”

凌军

2007年元月



# Reflections on Tibet Preface

It must be fate!

I was destined to have this couple bound in life and death with Tibet, the plateau of snowland!

Every time I talk of and think of Tibet, something deep down in my heart so stirred within me, that I can't help but feel like to touch her, to sense her. Even in my dreams, Tibet can also make my sensation clear like ice and blazing like flame, which sends a thrill through me.

At last, during its rainy season of 2006, I started my journey to the Tibetan Plateau, a place where I was destined to visit, a stage where I would release my passion! I myself embraced Tibet with true love and experienced Tibet with my heart and soul. Between the several tens of dawns and dusks, in the burning sunlight and rainstorm, on this plateau rising to a height of several thousand meters above sea-level, like a hound, eyes shining with faint blue light, I spared no effort to search for all living creatures on the plateau; like an insatiable wolf, I jumped upon all the preys I could find and



凌军（苦行僧）

安徽绩溪人 1945年7月出生

中国摄影家协会会员

安徽省摄影家协会副主席

## Ling Jun

born in July, 1945 in Jixi County, Anhui Province, a member of China Photographers' Association and the vice chairmen of the Photographers' Association of Anhui Province.



seized them with my sharp paws.

The Tibetan Plateau watched over me when I was faced with difficulties and loneliness. But how could I, a soldier rushing out of trenches, even think of my own safety and suffering? The exhausting journey purified my soul, and being an artist, I should be able to endure the loneliness. A photographer was intimately bound up with his art!

Tibet has sparked all my passions and made my art! All my inspiration, aroused by the profoundness, mystery, tolerance and breadth of Tibet, awakened by the simplicity and hospitality of Tibetan folks, has been recorded as photo images, which made my dreams come true!

Tibet is undoubtedly a place of unparalleled beauty, unfathomable magic and unbelievable charm on this planet. Before I left Tibet, I jumped into the Yangbajing Spa resolutely, swimming back and forth for several times.

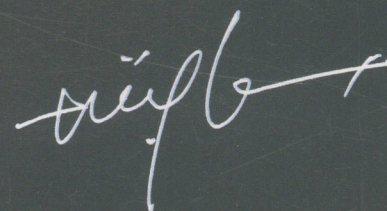
Then I lay on my back peacefully in the sweet spring and let the tender water moisten my skin, and my fatigue was washed away by the offer of the nature. At this moment, I saw an eagle soaring freely high above in the blue sky between white clouds.

Slight sentiment stole over me, as the departure would be a farewell to my beloved Tibet!

“I love Tibet!”

“I feel so reluctant to go back home!”

Ling Jun  
January, 2007

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Ling Jun', with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.





念青唐古拉山雪峰洁白连绵，像一条玉龙俯卧在蓝天之下，纳木措湖水湛蓝清澈，轻纱一般的柔滑，好一幅天开图画！……为等这个镜头，在烈日下，整整曝晒了二个小时！













西藏，无时无刻不蕴藏着神奇与悬秘，当高原的大门轻轻开启时，震撼心灵的千年传说会娓娓向你道来……



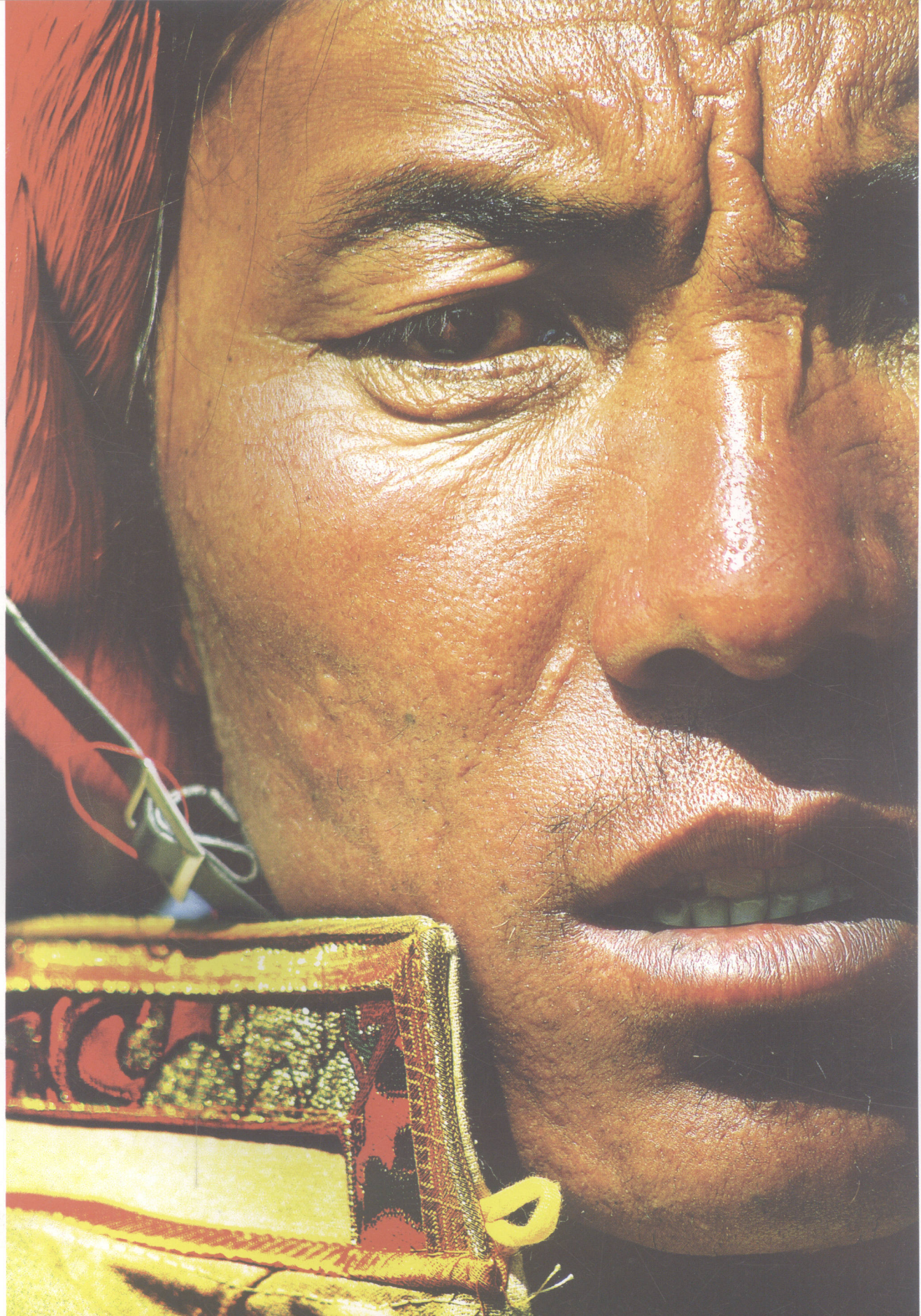
缕缕银发，转动的经筒，老阿妈有着一颗无比虔诚的心。







艺术家刘开渠先生说：人生是可以雕塑的。这句话在西藏之旅中体验更加深刻。















很奇怪，风雨四十天，我却没有一次想念自己的家乡。