泸沽湖·母亲湖

摩 梭 文 化 探 秘

摄影 李跃波

撰文 拉木·嘎吐萨

THE LUGU LAKE MOTHER LAKE

AN EXPLORATION OF THE MOSUO ETHNIC CULTURE

泸沽湖・母亲湖

摩梭 文化 探 秘

THE LUGU LAKE · MOTHER LAKE
AN EXPLORATION OF
THE MOSUO ETHNIC CULTURE

摄影 李跃波 撰文 拉木·嘎吐萨

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

泸沽湖·母亲湖——摩梭文化探秘/李跃波 著.—昆明:

云南人民出版社; 2000.3 ISBN 7-222-02937-0

I.泸... Ⅱ.李... Ⅲ.纳西族-民族文化-研究 IV.K285.7

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2000)第 16350 号

责任编辑: 鞠洪深 特约编辑: 董 艾 图片编辑: 小 海 CONCEPT 设计工作室

平面设计: 鞠洪深 杨晓东

英文翻译: 何昌邑 韩跃新 刘汉玉

校 对: 班莲花

泸沽湖·母亲湖 摩梭文化探秘

摄影 李跃波

撰文 拉木·嘎吐萨

出版发行 云南人民出版社(昆明市书林街100号)

版 次 2000年3月第1版

印 次 2000年3月第1次印刷

开 本 850 × 1168mm 1/32

印 张 4.5

印 数 1-3000 册

制 版 深圳兴裕印刷制版有限公司

印 刷 深圳宝峰印刷有限公司

书 号 ISBN 7-222-02937-0/J·178

定 价 58.00元

有人说泸沽湖是诗和梦,是只能意会无法诉说的秘境,是常常让人产生奇思妙想的地方。也有人说,那是一个只能用音乐抒写,是最抽象、最缥缈又最心灵的居所。我说,那是一片灵魂长着翅膀飞翔的家园,是让一切美妙的梦想生根发芽的地方。在外地人的印象中,那是窖在时间深渊的一坛美酒,让所有的过客陶醉在往昔的岁月中,让怀旧者聆听消逝的脚步,让憧憬者领悟初升的太阳。在我的感觉中,那是一个黑色的土陶罐,里面装满了悠远过去的风声雨声、沧桑山湖的生命年轮,以及摩梭人的歌声、泪光、祈祷、犹豫、回忆、展望。

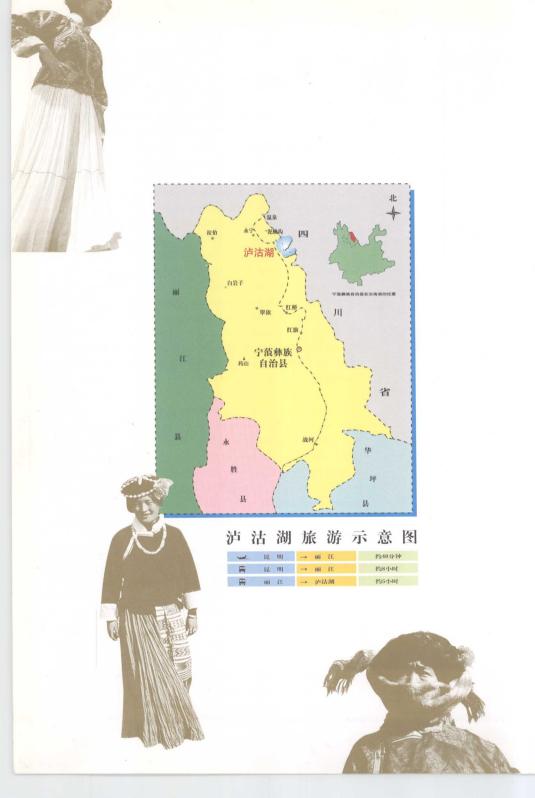
那里,母亲的阳光仍然温馨,走婚者的脚步不再迟疑;祭祀的香烟仍在袅袅;暮鼓晨钟撞击着过往的山风,赶马人的歌声和铜铃不再是醉醺醺的;母亲的钥匙不再是锈迹斑斑,打开着所有心灵的门扉,祭师的目光不再迷惘。山门已经打开了,有一个人把镜头伸进了那里,一次又一次的曝光,一次又一次的伸缩,试图凝固那里的每一个瞬间,把那里的秘密收在自己的目光中,通过画面朝世界发言,他就是李跃波。他多次进出泸沽湖,像一只常常飞临泸沽湖的候鸟,总是在一定的时候,飞临到那片令他痴迷的土地上。候鸟们是用鸣叫朝母亲湖絮语,他却沉默着坐在岸上,他用目光交流,他用镜头说话。等到一定的时候,他又像一个流浪的游子,回到喧嚣的都市,泸沽湖又成了他梦中的一片净土,成为他长久的思念和思念中的家园。

现在,由他的目光和镜头固定的一片片泸沽湖时间的光斑、一节节生活的片断、一块块母系文化的鳞片,即将展开在世人面前。我只作为一个当地的土著,说一些图片背后的故事,把那些隐藏在山影波光下的诗,把那些夜半星光下的梦,把那些欲说还休的情节写下来,对于所有在旅途中的过客,对于芸芸众生中仍拥有一份梦游情怀的人,对于那些有聆听和凝望习惯的人,共享那一片母土的深厚、母湖的絮语以及歌者的礼赞。你听,远方,在那重重山峦拥挤的地方,已经有动人的歌声层层叠叠的飘过来。

Some people regard the Lugu Lake as a poem, a dream and a mysterious land which is beyond description but will always arouse much interest and thinking. Others look upon it as a place like a wonderland or Utopia which can be described only in wonderful music from the bottom of your heart. I always regard the Lugu Lake as my hometown where my soul is forever wandering about and my beautiful dreams have taken root. In the eyes of the outsiders, the Lugu Lake is like a mellow wine brewed in the mysterious past with which the passing travelers will get intoxicated, where the disappearing past is audible to those who miss the glorious past and hope for a brighter future As for me, the Lugu Lake is like a black-colored earthen jar filled with the Mosuo's past: their songs, prayers, recollections, expectations, irresolution, misery and happiness which in fact have been inscribed in their hearts and their holy land --the Lugu Lake.

In the Lugu Lake area, the Mosuo matriarchal society still exists, and the traditional Mosuo religion and marriage custom have survived with the drums echoing at dusk and the bells at dawn. During the Reform Period of China, the Mosuo groom's songs and the bronze bells carry much more meanings than ever before, the Mosuo mothers know much more than they did in the past, and the Mosuo preachers are no longer puzzled. In this great period, Mr. Li Yuebo, a well-known photographer, has been to the Lugu Lake area scores of times. He wants to catch every important fraction of the history of the Mosuos with his camera and reveal its secrets to the outside world. Like a migratory bird, every year Mr. Li Yuebo will come to the Lugu Lake area on great occasions. When the migratory birds are talking to the Lugu lake in their own language, Mr. Li Yuebo, sitting quietly on the lakeshore, is talking like a wanderer to the Mother Lake with his camers and heart. When he is back to the noisy city, the Lugu Lake will become a holy place in his dreams and a homeland much missed.

Now, a valuable part of Lugu history with many meaningful fractions of the life of the Mosuos, and Mosuo matriarchal culture are revealed in the precious photographs by Mr. Li Yuebo. With much pleasure as a native of the Lugu Lake, I want to give a cultural interpretation of these photographs. I want to sing the Mosuo poems heard on the Lugu Lake and in the surrounding mountains. I want to record their life and moving stories. I want to share the intense and tender feelings and love of the Lugu Lake, the psalm of life of the Mosuos and the splendid culture of the Mother Lake with all the travelers, wanderers and thinkers who have been trying to understand the meaning of existence. O listen, the undulating mountains are overflowing with moving Mosuo songs, which I will always bear in my heart wherever I go.



目 录 CONTENTS

- 1 摩梭人的伊甸园 THE GARDEN OF EDEN OF THE MOSUOS
- 29 聆听泸沽湖 A CULTURAL APPROACH TO THE LUGU LAKE AREA
- 47 约会的女神 HUMANITARIAN GODDESS OF THE MOSUOS
- 63 金银岛?总管岛? 还是洛克岛? ROCK'S EXPERIENCES IN THE LUGU LAKE AREA
- 77 永远的玛尼堆 THE ETERNAL MANI PAGODA
- 85 摩梭女人 MOSUO WOMEN
- 99 梵天净土 MOSUOS' RELIGION
- 117 最后的赶马人 THE LAST MOSUO CARAVAN
- 136 心目中的女儿国







摩梭人的伊甸园

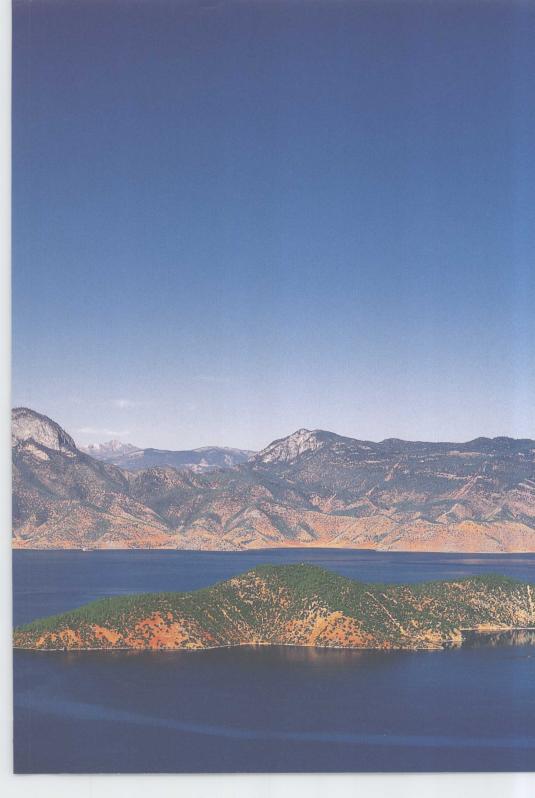
THE GARDEN OF EDEN OF THE MOSUOS

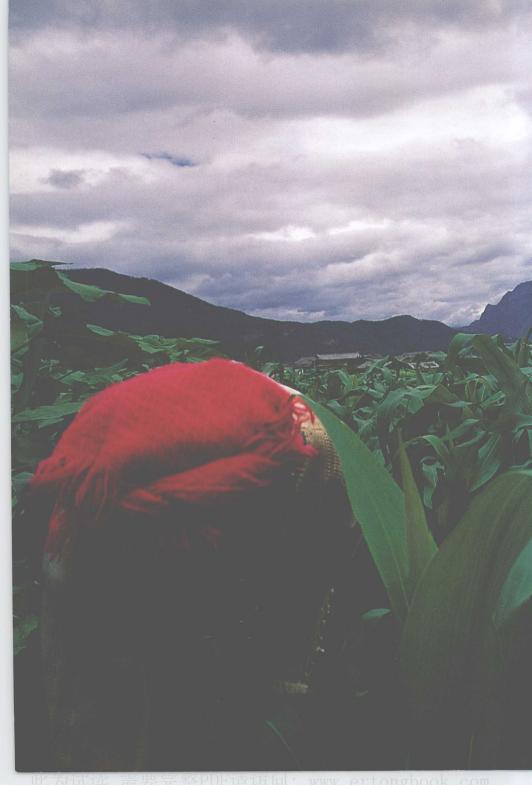
泸沽湖是摩梭人的伊甸园,那里的水 永远湛蓝,那里的山永远葱绿,尤其是那 里山月一般的摩梭女人,成为长久的神话 和诱惑。

这里记录的是梦幻一般的往昔岁月, 也有打开了山门之后的阵痛和变迁。月光 下的歌声是柔情的,山坡上的流云却无法 挽留,失去了祖母后的火塘边正在发生什 么故事?舅父的拴马桩,该设置在何处? 女儿国的故事仍然在继续。

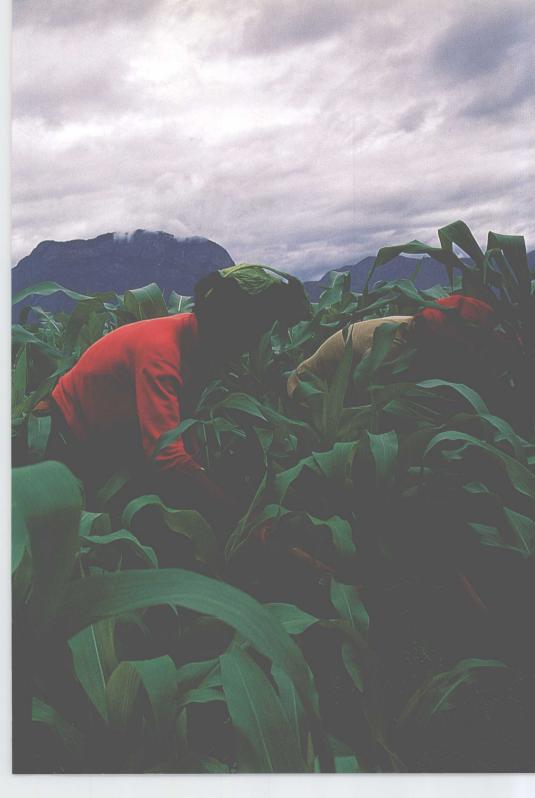
The Lugu Lake is the Garden of Eden of the Mosuos, where the water looks jade blue and the surrounding mountains are eternally green. The Mosuo women, like the moon rising in the mountains, have been an everlasting myth and temptation. This section centers on their dream-like past, their changing society and their puzzlement during the Reform Period. With the moon shining over them, their songs can express their tender feelings about the past, but history is always marching on. What has happened and what is happening to them? What should they do now and in the future? The stories of this matriarchal society have been a focus of attention in the world and will arouse more interest in the future.

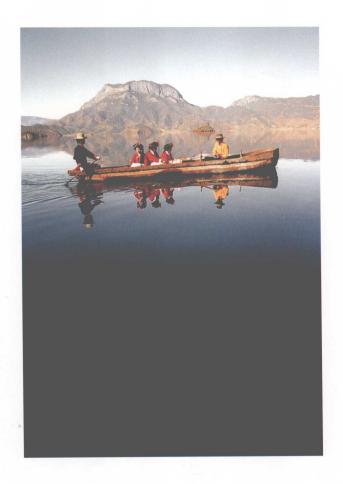






此为试读, 需要完整PDF请访问: www.ertongbook.com





亚当和夏娃的那个伊甸园, 被人们传颂了千百年, 把他们的 家园视为情爱的乌托邦。在更大 的程度上, 人们总用想象和传说 弥补着那个早已消逝的故事。实 际上,他们挺可怜的。因为,他们 只能悄悄地偷吃禁果。如果有人 告诉你, 在横断山脉众山扭结的 深处,在遥远的滇西北高原,有一 片情人的伊甸园, 你也许会觉得 那是海外奇谈。因为在你的印象 中, 那里让人联想到的总是荒凉、 古老、粗犷,甚至是有点野蛮。可 是,世事就这么蹊跷,那里的确有 一片情爱的乐园。在那里, 泸沽湖 的摩梭人从不设禁果, 也就没有 必要偷吃, 只要还有歌声, 只要还 有竹笛,只要还有火辣辣的目光, 爱情便在月夜开放。花楼里的门 扉从来都洞开着,还有暖融融的 火塘,还有香醇的苏里玛。你不必 担心跟踪的目光, 你不必防范异 样的表情, 因为那里的一切都像 泸沽湖水一样透明。

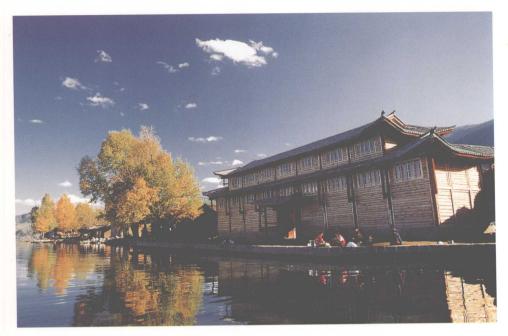
如果你是一只翱翔的鹰,栖 落在狗钻洞丫口上,从那个高高 的山之巅俯瞰下去,展开在你眼 前的泸沽湖,像一只蓝色的蝴蝶, 撑翅在众山之怀。那里有云起云 落,那里有雁落雁飞。当然你不是 鹰, 但为何不可以从鹰的视角去 瞭望一下呢? 横看成岭, 侧看成 峰, 也不过是从不同的视角观望 的结果罢了。从那个丫口, 你就能 感觉到,一片片绿波朝你涌来,那 绿意容不得你思索, 连你的感觉 都被染绿了。那些散落在水中的 小岛, 好像是遗落在玉盘中的珍 珠。是水托拥着岛,还是岛在镇着 水? 你无法辨明那水天之间的一 汪奇幻,只想化成一尾鱼,去探一 探那里的秘密。而湖畔那一片村 庄,像一扇画着山水画的屏风,静 静地嵌在蓝色湖波与青山之间, 炊烟终日袅袅升腾, 像是这里永 远平静的旗帜, 鸡鸣狗吠此起彼 落, 渲染着一分乡村的情趣。猪槽 船系在岸边,随着水浪轻轻摇晃, 日光暖暖地照着, 经幡在懒洋洋 的山风中, 轻轻地诉说着什么。那 些印在白布上的经文, 永远恪守 着先祖的诺言,不再是喧哗或乞 求,似乎是一种固守,一种心领神 会的沉默。

在这片摩梭部落栖居了千年的土地上,多少岁月就像湖畔的

暮色悄然来临,远方有篝 火,有竹笛,有歌声……

A night scene with bonfires in the distance and overflowing with Mosuo music and songs.





木楞房给人的是远古感觉。 现在,已经有了现代木楞 房。

Mosuo wooden house by the lake, which may take you back thousands of years.

在摩梭人的伊甸园里、是女 人支撑着天下。别看她们的 物质生活并不富裕、但那种 独立的精神,那种无法替代 的自信。那种无法模仿的微 笑、常常让人惊叹。

In the Garden of Eden of the Mosuos, it is the Mosuo women that support the family. Though they are not materially rich, their independent spirit, perfect confidence and unaffected smiles have won the admiration of all the people who have been to the Mosuo society.





只有见了这大自然隐藏的灵 光,你才明白什么叫水,什 么叫云。

Only after you have seen this miraculous brightness can you understand what is water and what are clouds.

> 海棠,发芽了、开花了、结果了、 又凋谢了, 岁月的潮水还是犹如 高原湖的涟漪,不满也不溢。面对 神山, 他们如期祈祷; 面对湖水, 他们悠悠歌唱, 不怕世界遗忘了 自己, 也不企望走出大山, 为了足 下的土地, 母亲的火塘, 他们近乎 坚韧地支撑着"母系王国"的声 名。除了每年如期来到的候鸟和 出外经商的赶马人, 他们守护着 一个古老的梦, 聆听着四时更新 的万物,聆听着母亲湖的声音,倾 听远方祖魂飞翔的翅羽声。宁静、 深邃、封闭, 好像是一段冻结的传 说,好像是一片凝固的神话。日出 而作, 日落而息, 上山砍柴, 下湖 捕鱼,与世无争,多少世纪就这么 过去了。

当月光姗姗而来,男人们骑 马而去,紧紧握着马缰绳,朝自己 心爱的花楼走去。在夜的深处,用 恋歌去开启另一扇等候已久的心 门。到了黎明时分,他们又跨上骏 马回到母屋。这种充满了浪漫情 趣的婚恋习俗,当地人叫"色色",即走婚。通过走访的方式,实践着 一种盟约,他们从不信誓旦旦,海 誓山盟,而是因双方的情谊维系 着共同拥有的时间。所以,当男人 们即将踏着黎明前的冷霜而去时, 痴心的女人就唱到:

"阿哥啊阿哥

月亮才到西山头

你可以缓缓地走……"

在那块使人魂牵梦萦的土地上,女山、母湖、母亲、女人,构筑了一方自己的伊甸园。在女性的天空下,仙乐般的歌声飘飘而来。

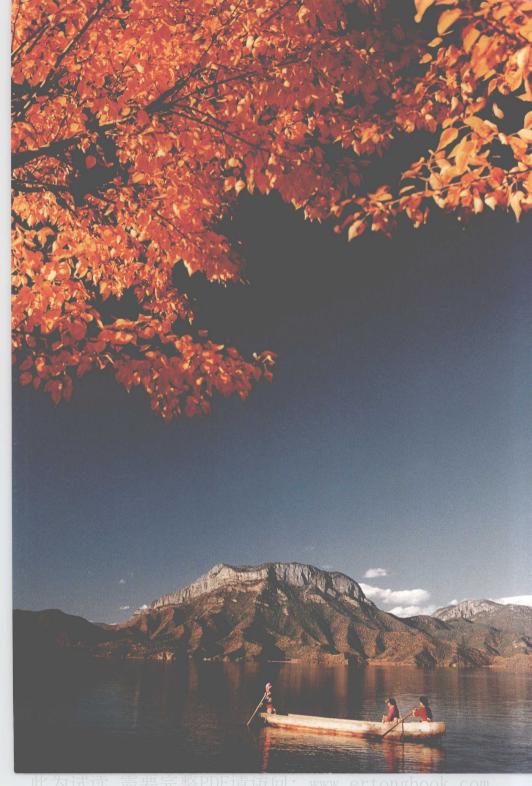
"失去了心爱的骏马 我可以再用金钱买到 失去了恩深的母亲 我无法在世间寻找" 这是对那些含辛茹苦的母亲 们的歌咏。

"失落在木里大山的骏马还可能找到那条马缰 失去了母亲的那个村庄 只有阴影弥漫在大山间" 这是游子对慈母的呼唤。 在摩梭人那高亢的一唱三叹 的歌中,永远飘荡着母亲的形象。

"阿哥啊阿哥

人世茫茫难相逢 相逢就该到永久

看见了大海你别忘了小溪"



此为试读,需要完整PDF请访问: www.ertongbook.com