



A TRIP BACK TO LUGU LAKE, THE LAST MATRIARCHAL SOCIETY

# 泸沽湖 LUGU LAKE

回归最后的母系家园





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## LUGU LAKE

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## 风情万种女儿国

### THE EXCEEDINGLY FASCINATING AND CHARMING WOMEN'S WORLD

当这个世界渐渐变成了网络覆盖的地球村,当你手中的鼠标轻轻点击,你就可以伸手捕捉你所需要的数字和信息时,如果有人告诉你,在地球的某一个隐秘的角落,留有一片女人统领的世界,至今,那里鲜活地演绎着男不娶、女不嫁的母系家庭生活,你也许会觉得不可思议,但她确实真实地存在着,并已存在了几千年,仍继续着那个古老的梦,仍用自己的视角凝视着渐渐变得陌生的世界。她就是滇西北高原上被世人称为“女儿国”的泸沽湖,这里是摩梭人生命的摇篮。那里的山叫女山,那里的湖叫母湖,那里的江叫摩梭江。这片土地,似乎成了一片外婆主宰的后花园,那里的炊烟好似女性的旗帜,永远在诉说一个个讲不完的故事。

泸沽湖位于云南省西北部和四川省西南部的两省交界处,属小凉山腹地。地理坐标为东经100度45分~100度51分,北纬27度41分~27度45分。主要自然景观泸沽湖面海拔2690.8米,为两省共辖,东部为四川省盐源县,西部为云南省宁蒗彝族自治县。泸沽湖所在地为永宁乡,距宁蒗县城73公里,人口为17936人,少数民族人口占74%,约13273人。土地面积641.90平方公里,泸沽湖平均水深40米,最深处为73米,能见度达12米,是没有污染的高原淡水湖。

独具特色的摩梭母系文化与景色秀丽、生态完好的泸沽湖,共同构筑了泸沽湖国家级旅游景区的迷人形象。摩梭文化是这一景区的灵魂和支柱,而神奇的自然景观则成为了这一文化的载体。

在那一片蓝色水晶般的湖畔,她牵着她的儿女们从远古走来,在多少岁月落叶般的流逝中,她们一直唱着自己独特

的歌。世外的喧嚣没能侵扰她的纯洁和宁静,外面风尘滚滚的文化没有淹没女儿国花楼的恋歌;只要火塘的火不灭,只要母亲的歌还在延续,她们依然在走着……

那里的山永远是这样葱绿,那里的水永远是这样湛蓝。女神山、母亲湖是千年至今的神话和诱惑。在这片魂牵梦绕的土地上,摩梭人坚韧地支撑着“母系文化”的天空,演绎着女儿国风情万种的故事……

At present, the world has gradually become an earth village covered by information network. You may obtain any needed information on the computer screen by simply operating the mouse. You would think it inconceivable if you are told that there is a matriarchal society on a piece of land in a concealed corner on earth, where women rule and men and women never get married. But it is a fact, and the matriarchal society has existed for several thousand years. This is Lugu Lake on the Northwestern Yunnan Plateau. The matriarchal society is called the Women's World. It is the life cradle of the Mosuo ethnic group. The mountain there is known as the Goddess Mountain; the lake, the Mother Lake; and the river, the Mosuo River.

Lugu Lake is located between 27°41'—27°45' north latitude, 100°45'—100°51' east longitude, in the interior part of the Xiaoliang Mountains, on the border between northwestern Yunnan and southwestern Sichuan provinces. It has an elevation of 2,690.8 meters. The lake area is under the dual jurisdiction of two provinces. The eastern part belongs to



Yanyuan County of Sichuan Province and the western part, to the Ninglang Yi Autonomous County of Yunnan Province. The lake is in Yongning Township, 73 kilometers from the Ninglang county seat. The township has a population of 17,936, of whom some 13,273 are people of ethnic groups, accounting for 74% of the total. It has an area of 641.90 square kilometers. The lake has an average depth of 40 meters, with the deepest spot being 73 meters. It is an alpine freshwater

lake free of pollution, and the visibility of the water is 12 meters.

The Lugu lake area features the Lugu Lake State Scenic Resort with a unique matriarchal culture of the Mosuo tribe, an enchanting landscape, and a well-protected ecosystem. The culture of the Mosuo tribe constitutes the soul and pillar of the scenic resort, while the miraculous natural landscape is the carrier of the culture. The lake and the area around it



remain clean and tranquil, free from the noisy outside world. Love songs from young women's rooms in the Women's World have not been buried by the worldly culture from the rest of the world. Fire in the stove is burning, and the songs are going on.

The mountains surrounding Lugu Lake are green, and water in the lake is azure blue. The Goddess Mountain and the Mother Lake have remained a myth. People of the Mosuo

tribe have persistently carried on their matriarchal culture and created fascinating stories about the Women's World.

P4. 欢快的摩梭女

P4. Happy women of the Mosuo tribe

晚霞映红泸沽湖

The evening glory is mirrored on Lugu Lake







令人神往的泸沽湖

Lugou Lake with a breath-taking beautiful waterscape











翠色环绕泸沽湖

Lugu Lake is surrounded with a lush growth of plants



## 摄魂的湖山之光

### A SPELLBOUND LANDSCAPE OF THE LAKE AND MOUNTAINS

从丽江古城往北，走进“女儿国”的途中，人们说要经历“春、夏、秋、冬”四季才能到达。先是在极具喀斯特地貌的红土和怪石之间穿行，忽而就进入了苍茫雄奇的金沙江峡谷，虽有汽车的阵阵轰鸣，仍镇不住金沙江在山崖巨石间的咆哮，公路就在金沙江边的峡谷里盘旋，气候十分闷热，之后就进入了凉山，在一个套着一个的山谷间，有一丛丛高山的白杨，叶片呈金黄色，在一片秋光之中，闪动着一派秋声秋意，不要多大工夫，进入了生长云松和冷杉的高山林带，随着汽车的运引，每转过一个山湾，就能望见远处冷冷的雪山之巅，泛出一丝丝冬的寒意。一座座青山扑面而来，又一系列列向后退去，真像是沿着时光的隧道在往回走，一路风、一路细雨，云开处是山，山合处又生出云来。偶尔就在云的一条缝隙间，会立着一角潮野的山峰，慢慢飘动的是云，不走的是山。就在转入一个叫狗钻洞的丫口时，泸沽湖突然就撞进了游人的眼中，一片惊喜和惊叹是免不了的。此时一定是黄昏了，橘红的夕光点染一湖的金黄。山是铁青的，其上还飘着一层淡淡的山岚。云是白的，风来了，云变出各种姿态。湖岸边的村庄是黄的，因为庄稼已经成熟，给人的是一片色彩和线条的交响，怪不得有人说这是“上帝创造的最后—一个地方”。所有的游人面对这块上帝创造的秘境会掏出相机一阵狂拍，而我更愿意站在散发着松脂芬芳的松林里，更愿意用眼去凝视、用心去聆听，让心去消化和曝光这一时刻。这一生命灿烂而又宁静的时刻，不是机器可以领悟的。在这美得令人心醉，美得不忍触碰，美得令人窒息的瞬间，宁静成了主角，静得能听见青草的拔节声，静得能听到树木的年轮在呼吸，静得能听见山与湖的耳语，人好像觉得自己回到

了母胎，那生命开始发芽的时刻，好像是创世之初的那一刻寂静，一切都回到了原点。

这个令人措手不及的美就持续了20分钟，云彩渐渐从山谷浮升，金黄色的夕光渐渐淡下去，好像被湖水吸进了肚里。泸沽湖谢蒂了，山色渐渐凝重起来，水又复原为一片寒冷的蓝色，特别是湖岸的格姆女神山，在暮色中更是披上了一层神秘的色彩，恍惚之间更像一座爱的雕像，默默的凝视着泸沽湖上的七个小岛，那是女神撒出的七颗珍珠，至今镶嵌在玉盘一般的湖面上。为此，摩梭先民还为后人留下了一段令人心醉的故事呢！

传说，格姆女神有许多情人。其中，东边的男神瓦如卜拉是她最衷情的情侣。有一次，她们久别重逢，在湖畔彻夜畅谈，夜不能寐，醉入花丛。不觉间，黎明已经来临，男神怕被人发现，匆匆上马而去，女神立在湖边目送男神远去，瓦如卜拉也恋恋不舍，回马展望背后的情人，由于马缰绳勒得太紧，马失前蹄，踏出一个深深的大坑。此时，天已大亮了，男神回不到天上，凝固在东边，成了一座山；而格姆也流下了伤心的泪，泪水流满了那个大坑，形成了泸沽湖。女神从头上摘下七颗珍珠撒向湖面，变成了七个小岛，漂在湖面，而她自己化作了湖边的山脉，永远守护着这片湖水，遥望着东边的瓦如卜拉情人……

在泸沽湖畔的夜色中，回味着这个故事是别有风味的，晚潮轻轻的舔着湖岸，泊在岸边的猪槽船也在晚风中轻轻的摇动，好像婴儿躺在母亲的臂弯里。远处的小岛上，候鸟的叫声，高一声低一声的飘过来，一会儿远，一会儿近，好像是更夫的梆子，敲在夜的耳膜上。湖那边的山湾里，有几户

人家的火光，在夜的深处亮着，好似不眠人的目光，有点深邃，又有点迷茫。从村庄的那一头，传来一伙年轻人的歌声，在这寂静的夜色中，声音飘得很远，他们可能是去走婚的吧，这歌声是向花楼里的恋人传递一种心灵的密码。

睡在木楞房，听着一阵阵潮汐的私语，似乎听到了女神飞翔的翅羽声。泸沽湖的夜晚是一个童话，一个在时间的土罐中窖得太深的神话。而白天呢，不要急，明天的太阳依然会鲜明。

It is said that if one makes a trip north from Lijiang, an ancient town, to the Women's World, one would experience the four seasons. Our car ran through an area featuring a typical karst landform with red earth and jagged rocks of grotesque shapes before entering the verdant, magnificent Jinsha River Valley. The sound from the car engine was inferior when compared with the roaring river water cascading down over huge rocky masses by the mountainside. The highway snaked along the Jinsha River in Maocao Town. It was hot and suffocating. After entering the Liangshan Mountains, the car negotiated with the terrain in the mountain valleys flanked by alpine white poplars, whose golden leaves swayed to and fro in the autumn wind. Before long, we approached an alpine forest belt of spruce and fir trees. As the car moved around a hill, there was a snow-capped mountain towering in the distance. Green mountains appeared one after another and then were left behind. Whenever cloud appeared, there was a mountain coming into sight. After the car passed Gouzuan

Cave, Lugu Lake unfolded before the eyes. It was already dusk. Reddish orange rays of the sinking sun tinted the lake water golden. The imposing mountains were enveloped in floating clouds that formed various shapes in the wind. Villages on the lakesides turned yellow with ripening crops in the fields. No wonder people said, "This is the last piece of land created by god." All the visitors focused their cameras on the enchanting landscape. But I preferred to stand in a pine wood with resin fragrance floating in the air, gaze into the distance, and listen with my heart, because I did not believe cameras could really capture the enchanting landscape. At the moment, tranquility prevailed. It was so quiet that one even could hear the jointing of green grass, the breath of trees' growth rings, and the whispering between the mountains and the lake. It seemed that human beings had returned to the runimentary stage, and everything had been back to its original state.

It was about 20 minutes before clouds rose gradually from the mountain valleys, and the evening glow faded away, seemingly absorbed into the lake water. The landscape was imposing. Water in the lake looked cold blue. The Gemu Goddess Mountain that overlooked the lake, in particular, was enveloped in a mysterious color in the deepening dusk. Like a statue of love, the mountain gazed at the seven tiny islands in the lake. It is said that the seven islands are seven pearls cast down to the human world by the Gemu Goddess. Legend has it that the goddess had many lovers. Of whom Waru Shila, a god to the east, was the one the goddess loved



best. Once, the two met after being apart for a long time and had a long chat among flowers throughout the whole night. Without their notice, daybreak approached. Afraid of being discovered by others, Waru Shila mounted his horse and rode away in a hurry, while the goddess was standing on the lake side with her eyes gazing affectionately at her lover. Waru Shila felt reluctant to leave. He turned his horse and looked back at the goddess. Because he held the rein too tight, the horse stumbled and fell, leaving a deep hollow in the ground.

At that time, the day already broke. It was impossible for Waru Shila to return to heaven. He solidified himself and became a mountain to the east. Gemu wept in grief, and her tears filled the hollow and became Lugu Lake. The goddess took seven pearls from her head and spread them on to the lake surface that formed seven islands. She herself turned into a mountain to guard the lake water and looked at her lover to the east.

It had a particular flavor to stand by the lake and enjoy in

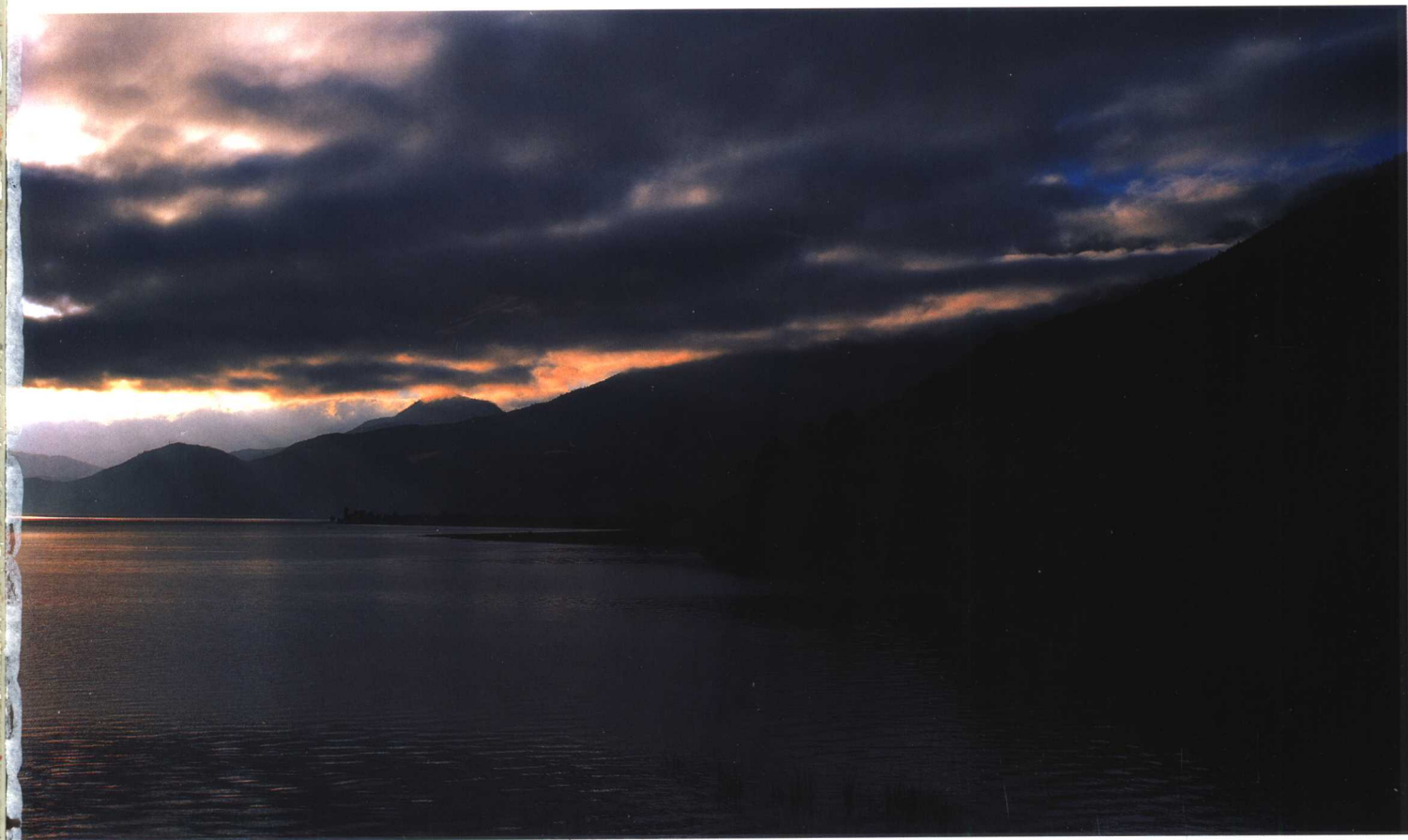


It had a particular flavor to stand by the lake and enjoy in retrospection the story in the twilight of night, with the evening tides lightly licking the shores and boats at anchor were swaying in the evening breeze. Chirrupings of migrant birds on the islands were floating in the air, now louder and then lower, as if the sound from a watchman's clappers was striking at the tympanic membrane of the night. On the level ground in a mountain by the lake, there were lights from several households in a village. Songs sung by young men at the other end

of the village could be heard from a distance in the calm night. They were probably on their way to call on their lovers. The songs conveyed their affectionate feelings for their lovers waiting their arrival at home.

I stayed in a log-cabin for the night. Tides in the lake sounded like the soaring wings of the goddess. Night at Lugu Lake was a fairy tale.

静静的泸沽湖  
Lugu Lake, calm and quiet







斜阳照射泸沽湖  
The setting sun shines over Lugu Lake



湖心岛

Mid-water islands

静静的泸沽湖

Lugo Lake, calm and quiet





梦境中的泸沽湖  
Lugu Lake, a dreamland