

A Chinese Village in the Eyes of a Photographer

一个摄影家眼中的中国乡村 ①

南屏

Nanping
1995—2001

中国摄影出版社
China Photographic Publishing House

1995—2001
NAN PING VILLAGE

「南屏」

王 兴 亮

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这里的图片是1995年至2001年间在南屏村拍摄的……

All the photos here were taken from 1995 to 2001 in Nanping Village.





演绎真切

——写在王兴亮《南屏》画册前面

康诗纬

南屏，南屏？南屏。

是这里，一个象一件古董一样的村落。

徜徉此地，我的思绪和我的笔，象脚上穿着一双茫然牌旅游鞋，踏在这古村巷道高低不平的卵石小径。历史遗留了什么？我寻觅感觉？在这真切与虚幻掺杂的时空中游弋。

当一轮明月与孤云一同从飞檐翘角降下，如同眸子闪过惊心的一瞥，留下刻骨铭心的瞬间；那一抹朝霞的绯红飘移在斑驳的马头墙墙面上，又如一片红唇亲吻着亘古，几百年的热烈使之岁月留痕。

“四水归堂”，“肥水不外流”，“书中自有黄金屋”，“油多不坏菜”……等平直伦理与原始意识沿革至今，保持传统贞操的少妇用生命树起了贞节牌坊，然而那些怕别人与娘子偷情而又去寻花问柳的男人，造出深宅大院，构筑了独立王国思想基础，本以为可以放心地去经商，殊不知走出了同床异梦的徽州女人。精美的窗棂与榻扇里闪烁着少女灼亮的目光，在狭窄的黑漆大门缝中，掠过让她疯狂和温柔过的背膀，封建构筑了老宅的伦理框架，全是木质的，它会腐朽掉。

天井里的花厅，花梨木八仙桌如同心灵的平台，陈设过满面皱纹的老妪风花雪月与残年风烛的过程。顶覆瓦檐、阁内梁架的威严与翠竹碧桃、枇杷牡丹的小院情调，营造了文豪们追寻“静夜玩明月，闲朝饮碧泉”的意境。

文字构建了四维空间。历代儒家与官吏刚走出巷口不远，带着红领巾的少年从另一端走进古巷，脱下祖辈朝服牵着牛的农民，依然承袭了家族的遗传基因走进现实，于是纷繁复杂的历史铺就的鹅卵石路也被世俗的步履打磨得圆润而又光亮。还有，喜怒、哀乐、生死、情爱、烈女、石坊、妻妾、高官、文豪、祠堂、春夏、书斋、秋冬、风雪、古桥、雷电、癫狂、富贵、贫贱……不也是铺垫在时光隧道上的那一块块青石板吗？

不为我知的故事都留在画册里了，请你搁下现代文明的理念再走进村落，别去惊醒他们凌晨的梦，轻声的，悄悄的……

The Social Evolution of A Mountain Village

— Before the Preface to the Picture Album of Nanping Village

KangShiwei

It is Nanping Village, isn't it ? Yes, it is.

It is right located in the surrounding mountains just like a piece of antique in the eyes of the present-day people.

At the sight of the village, my mind and my pen immediately turned to it, as if I was wearing a pair of magic sneakers, wondering in the mixed time and space of the reality and the illusionary world, and strolling along the rough pebble covered paths in the lanes of the ancient village. What has the history left us? I am searching hard for the answer.

The bright moon accompanied by a piece of lonely cloud was descending past the protruding eaves, like a pair of dewy eyes glancing at you. The scene offers you a moment of pleasure that knows no bounds. A dark red morning cloud was floating and perching on the white-washed, horse-headed walls and it simply looked like a pair of red lips kissing the eternity, passionate and enthusiastic, which of course left some lasting marks of several hundreds years long.

Villagers still hold those ethnic teachings and some traditional ideas to their hearts up till today, such as some popular sayings: The rich water does not fall to someone else's fields ("rich water"---metaphor for benefits and advantages); There is a golden house in book learning.(Learning could bring someone a good fortune.); Too much oil will not spoil the dish. (Nobody will blame you for your being too polite.) .Young widows strictly followed the feudal, moral code and they must remain loyal to their husbands even after their deaths and were not allowed to marry again so as to be crowned as model widows of chastity and honored to have some archways built in praise of their deeds. However, men, by contrast, who were very selfish and much afraid of their wives being seduced by others while they were away from homes, built big houses with large, spacious yards to lock their wives inside. On the other hand, they wondered about to dally with prostitutes or do some other indecent things at will. Men thought that they could go out to do business and left their wives and homes behind at ease. But in fact out of their expectations, the women of Huizhou were not content with their lot and acted their part although they shared the same beds but dreamed different dreams. One could often catch the bright eyes of the young ladies blinking behind those finely-carved screen windows, partition screens or even through the cracks of the thick doors. Peeping out of the narrow cracks of the big, black painted doors, they lingered on the broad, strong, robust bosom of the men , which once made them crazy with the passion and burning with love. Feudalism constructed the ethnic frame of those old houses. However, they were all made of wood and they are surely to decay.

The table made of pear wood seemed like a platform of soul , which usually was positioned in the middle of the small yard for the flower display. On the platform was staged a play of a life story of an old, wrinkled woman, both in her prime time and in her old-aged days. The houses are covered with grey tiles and structured by wooden beams inside, which seemed formidable and oppressive. But in contrast of the huge houses, their courtyards were arranged quite differently. There are green bamboo bushes in the corner, peach trees, loquat, and peony flowers here and there in the yards, all of those together create a heaven of peace on earth in that small world, in particular, for those so-called learned men to enjoy and pursue their idealized land where they could appreciate the moon on quiet night and sipping green tea in the morning.

Chinese characters have an effect of creating a four dimensional space. So disciples of Confucius and officials of many a generation just walked out of the lane from one end and young pioneers wearing their red scarves entered the lane from the other. Farmers took off their ancestors' official clothes, though inherited the genes of the family, but took their cows and entered the reality. Thus the pebble covered paths of the past are worn smooth and bright by those countless, worldly feet. So is true to the complex history of the human being to some extent. Still there also exists the following: happy, angry, sorrow, life, death, love, women paragons, stone archways, .wives, concubines, high-ranking officials, learned scholars, temples, studies, ancient bridges, thunders, lightning, wealth, and poverty. Aren't they pieces of stone plates that contribute to the creation of the time channel ?

All the stories unknown to me are presented here in the picture album. Please put aside your concept of modern civilization for a moment and enter the Nanping Village once more silently. Do not wake up them from their sweet morning dreams.



故园之光

朱彪军

认识王兴亮是很多年前的事情，当时社会上开始流行艺术摄影，人们在家里不挂明星照片而挂上自己的照片。我为了做一期关于摄影方面的直播节目，在摄影界寻找老、少两人当嘉宾，朋友们一致推荐安徽省摄影家协会主席袁廉民和名不见经传的王兴亮。那时候，他在大学当教员，见面时他很少言语。做完那档直播节目后，我们的接触时断时续，随着时间的推移，我们的交往渐渐频繁起来。他从不愿拿自己的摄影作品给我看，而只是对我说一次又一次的长途旅行中他经历到的感动。记得1995年，他拿了一本《走过西藏》的文稿，读后我有深刻的印象，他用平直的语言描述了他高原看到的万千气象。文中有一节写到：“早晨，点燃一小堆星光下拾来的柴草，烘干昨夜从抛锚在河中央的车中趟出来而弄湿的衣物。此刻，一道金红色太阳光线从厚厚的云层里钻出来投射在冈底斯山腰上，绵延几公里长。”他骑着摩托车到过中国很多地方，与他在无人区的了不起的探险比起来，他在皖南一个小小村落的经历显得不值一提。不过，也许正是万水千山的游历以及情感与人生经验的日益积累，才使得南屏这样一个皖南村落的存在在他的意识中被唤醒了。在他记录的南屏的那些微不足道的日常琐事和司空见惯的风物中，他表现出他对生活的原始情感和对世界的最初经验，命运借着日常生活隐隐地显示出活生生的力量。

南屏村是长江以南、北纬30度附近的一个古老的小山村。我就是在此附近而且形貌相近的一个小村落里出生的，在离开家乡前，我对家乡的这些破败的华丽是没有感觉的。离开家乡后，家乡的风貌在我的心中慢慢成像：黑色的石头山峰从红土地里裸露出来，山峰上的松树清晰可辨，历历可数，山坡上的丛林则是葳蕤迷离。那些农舍象是从土地里长出来的。暴风雨时节，我站在山

坡上，虽然大地晦暗一片，我能看到撕裂长空的闪电一次又一次地将我童年的村庄照亮。在童年，我们曾经将硬糖的透明的塑料包装纸蒙在眼睛上，山河因之变色。

上完中学，我就离开皖南了。大致是在80年代中期，我还在北京上学，中国文化界出现了“寻根热”，在这种背景下，在北京的一些同学和老乡拉上我在课余时间做一些有关徽州以及徽州境内的黄山的推介工作。我搜集了很多资料，开始在纸上阅读徽州：徽州商人、徽州书院、方言、礼俗、戏剧、民居、谱牒……等。一阵热情过后，这件事不了了之。现在，徽州作为一种文化符号已相当普及，但关于徽州我不知道说些什么。离开皖南后，我曾很多次在皖南的这些村落游历过，眼前的这些民居大多存在几百年了，而且还要继续存在下去，这让人心生恍惚：这些古老的房子将永远存在下去，一切的变化和运动都不过是幻觉。但我以前在徽州听到的声音、看到的颜色、闻到的气味已经不再有了。“一个人不能两次踏入同一条河流”，这句话又似乎是对的，我曾经的徽州已不复存在。海明威在其小说《曙光示真》中关于非洲他写到：“曙光初现的片刻凡物皆真，到了中午，化为错觉，……”我们这一代人对于文化的概念并不固定，是模糊和机动的，并没有一个绝对的思维方式。在皖南，不计其数的雕刻中所有人物的面孔绝大多数都在“文化革命”中被毁去了，这似乎是一个寓意：从某种意义上说我们都是失去面孔的人。

关于皖南的那些村落，我的记忆是一大团一大团的，但在不经意的时刻一些物象又能显现出来：一张在田地的黑土里行进着的犁、休憩中的一双手和一张脸、收割后的稻田、长出小树和野草的门楼、小河水里一群游鱼突然隐去、爬满青藤的石桥、夕照中千万只飞翔着的红蜻蜓、一片古旧房子用新木修缮上去的一扇窗户闪闪发光、用晒干的向日葵杆照明的夜归的人、粘贴在木门上以期风干的各种兽皮、秋雨中落向黑色的屋顶和灰色的墙壁的红色树叶……建构皖南房屋的高大梁柱有不少用一根整木制作而成，上面清晰可辨的木纹象是众生向着莫

名的时空狂奔之后留下的痕迹，梁柱中心的年轮早已不再延展。

王兴亮与南屏村结缘是在1995年，那一年他在黄山拍摄风景照片。听说有位著名摄影家在黟县讲课，下山后他准备去听课，却偶然走进了南屏村。午后的阳光照耀大地，村子里杳无人影。他停下来，感到这个地方有一种特殊的氛围，虽然他还不知道该向什么具体物体按下相机的快门，但他知道在这个村落的斑驳光影之中，肯定有什么光彩照人的东西在等着他去拍摄。日后回忆起这个遥远的午后，王兴亮说，在此之前他就想完整地拍一个皖南村落，因为一方面中国主要是由乡村组成的，另一方面乡村是所有住在城市里的中国人的故园，所以拍好了一个乡村，也就是以某种方式触及了整个中国。

自1995年以来，王兴亮每年都要去南屏村拍摄，他努力听懂当地居民的方言，融入他们的生活，感受他们的沮丧和希望。他有的时候在南屏村住上几天，徜徉在石条铺就的村里的每一条巷道，他能感受到周围事物对他发出的“神秘的恳求与急切的呼吁”。这本书里收集的照片，是他在无距离状态下拍摄的。

占这本书的一半篇幅是南屏村的风物的拍摄。相机镜头象是脱离了他的手，在这个村落的深处狂迷地流连。我翻看南屏村的这部分照片，这个村落的万物都在我的眼前流转起来，我能在精神上感受到这个小小村落永无休止的无限空间。版画家应天齐曾以皖南的西递村为题材创作出大量作品，这些作品呈现出一种冷峻、空寂的氛围，大的直线概括了繁琐的细节，零散的世界变成错落有致的整体。而王兴亮并不刻意地表现文化上的意义，他拍摄的作品努力将生命的律动还原给斑驳的马头墙、雕花的窗户、斗拱与飞檐、寂无一人的巷道……

王兴亮曾设想将这个村子所有人家的祖先画像集中起来做一个合影，但却没能如愿。他仔细审视在现实的南屏村中看到的一张张面孔，这些面孔是软弱的，而这种软弱让我怀念，让我感到温

暖。从这些拍下的众多的面孔上面，我看到许多人的脸谱都隐现在其中，在这些脸谱中间，我看到我自己。

在安徽南部，有许多类似南屏村风格的村落，有的还更能体现皖南民居特征因而也更有名气，但王兴亮选择了南屏村，一是因为这个村落相对而言保存着更多的质朴元素，另外还因为那些有名的村落被更多的人解读或误读过，其作为“中国标志”的影像和图文资料已经广为流传，避开拍摄这些著名村落，也就避免了拍摄过程中的观念先入的弊端。有位电影导演评论他的电影说：“这不是正确的影像，这只是一个影像。”

南屏村叶氏宗祠“叙秩堂”曾被电影导演张艺谋加工布置成其电影《菊豆》中的“老杨家染坊”，被染成的色彩斑斓的布匹挂在空旷的高大厅堂里的电影画面自有其视觉冲击力，但王兴亮的南屏村黑白影像却让我想起伊朗古歌：“众生皆如颜料，渲染大千世界。”

阳光有着足够的力量将村民们的皮肤晒黑、让他们身上的织物褪去颜色、让他们和他们身边万物的影像定格在胶片上。而由这些凡人和琐事构成的影像，能够牵引我们穿州过省、返回故园。



The Light of My Homeland

ZhuBiaojun

I got to know Mr. Wang Xinliang many years ago. At that time the artistic photography began to catch on. People would rather hang their own pictures instead of those film stars. I was then looking for two guest speakers, one veteran photographer and the other a young beginner, in the circle of photography to participate in my TV program about the photography. Friends all recommended Mr. Yuan Lianmin, chairman of Anhui Provincial Photographers Society, and Mr. Wang Xinliang, a new comer little known in the field. He was then working at college and was a man of a few words when we first met each other. After the program was done we still keep in touch on an irregular basis. But with the passage of time we gradually increased our contacts. Strange to say, he never showed me any of his photos. Instead, he would like to talk about his first-hand experience and personal gains from his many adventurous journeys. I remember that he once gave me a copy of manuscripts of *Travel Notes in Tibet* in 1995. After reading the manuscripts I was deeply impressed. He described the ever-changing majestic scenery of the Tibet Plateau in simple, plain language. There is a paragraph which goes like this, "In the morning I built a fire with the wood and grass I picked up under the starlight at night. I had to wring my clothes for my motorcycle got stuck in the middle of the river. Just at that moment, red, golden rays of the morning sun that extended several kilometers pierced through the thick clouds and shone on the Gandise Mountains." He has traveled to many places in China by motorcycle. But compared with his adventures in the uninhibited zone, his experience in that little village of southern Anhui Province is really not worth mentioning. Maybe just because of his increasing accumulation of life, travels and passion, Nanping Village, one of the many ordinary villages in southern Anhui, draws his attention to it and, what's more, arouses something from his inner world. He has recorded those happenings of routine life, usual, familiar trivial matters of the village. He tries to express his innocent feeling towards life and his naive experience for the world. Based on the daily life, fate reveals its force of vigor and vitality.

Nanping Village, an ancient mountain village, lies on a latitude of near 30° north on the south bank of the Yangtze River. I was born in a nearby small village, very similar to Nanping Village in appearance. Before I left my hometown, I failed to notice the beauty of those old, weather-beaten houses, let alone those ones in a dilapidated conditions. After I left my hometown the impression of my home somewhat gradually became a clear picture in my mind: Black rocky peaks grow out of red soil; Pine trees are clearly seen with in the reach of sight; Thick bushes on the slopes are scattered here and there; Those farmers' houses seem to be just born from the earth in the far distance; In the storm, I am standing

on the slope, I see the terrible lightning lights my village time and again; In my childhood, my little friends and I once used some transparent wrappers of candy to cover our eyes and thus changed the whole world into a totally different one by seeing through those colored wrappers.

When I finished my middle school, I left my hometown in the south Anhui. It was about in the middle of 1980s when the drive of Searching for Roots appeared and reached at the peak in the cultural circles in China. At that time I was still a college student in Beijing. Being influenced and with this background, some of my schoolmates and I, together with some of my country folks, joined our efforts and plunged into the work in publicizing Huizhou and Mt. Huangshan in our spare time. I collected a lot of data and began reading extensively about Huizhou: such as Huizhou merchants, Huizhou Academy, dialects, folk custom and etiquettes, drama, local-style houses, genealogy, etc. However, in one reason or another, both of my interest and zest about Huizhou did not last long. And all my studies came to an end without producing any desired results. Now Huizhou has become a cultural symbol and a popular study in China. As for me I'm really puzzled and do not know what to say about Huizhou owing to my limited knowledge. Since my departure from south Anhui, many a time I have visited these villages, similar or different, in those areas. The local-style houses in front of me have lasted for several hundreds of years and will continue to exist there. And naturally one might misinterpret that these ancient houses will forever be there and all the changes and movements are nothing but one's illusions. Nevertheless, the sound I heard, the color I saw and the smell I sensed in Huizhou are no longer there. "A man cannot enter the same river twice." The old saying seems quite right to some degree. Huizhou, I once held it so dear in my heart, is gone forever. Earnest Hemingway once wrote about Africa in his novel, *The Revelation of the First Light of Dawn*, "Everything is real the moment the first light of dawn appears. When it approaches noon, everything turns into illusion." We define the concept of culture vaguely and flexibly and even hold that there is not an absolute, rigid way of thinking. In southern Anhui, the majority of the faces of countless wooden figures were either ruined or damaged in the so-called Cultural Revolution. This might bear an implied meaning: In a sense we are human beings who have all lost their faces.

My memories of those villages in southern Anhui are unclear and even blurring. But occasionally, some of them reappear in my subconscious: a plow sliding in the black fields; a pair of hands and a face during the break; a plot of rice-paddy field after the harvest; arches with small trees and grass growing on; a shoal of fish suddenly disappearing in the small river; the stone bridge covered with green ivy; thousands upon thousands of red dragonflies flying about in the sunset; a newly-mounted window glittering in the old house; people going home at night holding the lit sunflower stem to light the path; animal skins nailed on the doors to dry; red

leaves falling to the black roofs and walls in the autumn rain . Farmers built their houses by using long logs as beams. The clear grain of those logs look like a mob of people running wildly towards the unknown time and space and leaving their marks behind them there. The annual rings in the center of the log beams have long ceased extending.

Mr. Wang Xinliang became attached to Nanping Village in 1995. He was then busy with taking pictures of scenery in Mt. Huangshan when he happened to hear that a famous photographer was giving lectures in Yixian county. He could lose no time for this hard-to-find opportunity. As soon as he climbed down the mountain he was on his way heading for the county. By accident, he entered Nanping Village along his way. It was in the afternoon, and the sun was shining brightly. There was not a single soul in the village. He stopped and by instinct he sensed something special in the atmosphere all around him here. Although he did not know what picture he should take, he did know clearly that right in the village there was something waiting somewhere for him to discover, explore with his camera. After that long-passed , unforgettable afternoon, Mr. Wang recalled and said that he had planned to shoot a series of pictures about a village in southern Anhui before. He thinks, on the one hand, that China is mainly composed of many villages and on the other hand, villages are the homeland of all the city dwellers. Therefore, he believes that if he does a good job in this respect as he wishes , in a way, what he has done can help people get a far better understanding of the whole country.

Since 1995, Mr. Wang goes to photo in Nanping Village every year keeping this ambition in mind. He tries his best to learn and understand the dialect of the villagers, get involved in their daily life, and share weal and woe with them. Sometimes he stays there a few days, roams leisurely about along each and every one of those seventy-two lanes covered with either stone plates or pebbles in the village. He could tell and feel that everything around him is imploring mysteriously and calling out urgently. All the pictures in this album are taken by him as if he was truly one of the villagers.

Half of the pictures in the album are about the typical scenery of Nanping Village. Pictures are shot automatically here and there in the village as if the camera was out of his control. When I leaf through the album, everything in the village seems to be back to life in front of me. I could feel, spiritually speaking, the endless indefinite space and time within this small village. Mr. Ying Tianqi, a famous engraver, once took Xidi Village as his subject matter, created a lot of engravings. All his works just show us a sort of coldness and emptiness. Straight lines have replaced those complex details and a disordered world turns out to be a well-planned one. However, Mr. Wang Xinliang is not meticulous about expressing the cultural meanings. He makes painstaking efforts in bringing back to life the following lifeless things: mottled horse-headed walls, carved screen windows, brackets and upturned eaves, empty lanes...

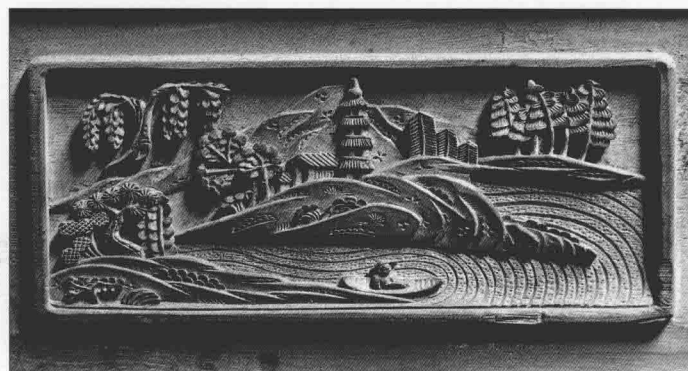
Mr. Wang once even wanted to gather those ancestors' photos of

the villagers and took a group picture of them. But he failed to do so somehow. He carefully examined every face he has seen in the present-day village. These frail-looking faces make me miss them even more, and also bring the warmth to my heart. From these faces taken by him I can see the faces of many others' dimly visible among them, including mine.

In southern Anhui, there are a number of villages like Nanping in style. Some of them are characterized by their typical, local-style houses so they are even more widely known. Mr. Wang chooses Nanping Village little known to the outside world mainly for the following two reasons: The village , comparatively speaking, still keeps many simple, plain elements rarely to be found elsewhere; Because of this, he could avoid following in the others' footsteps and being influenced by them in the hope of discovering something new. In addition, those well-known villages have long been introduced or somewhat misinterpreted. Those images served as Chinese land-marks, including their written materials have been widely spread already. So people might have lost their interests in them. A film director comments on his film like this, "This is not a correct image but it is the image only.:" Mr. Wang blazes his paths and makes his own endeavors in his black and white world of photography.

The Xuzhi Temple, which belongs to the Ye family in Nanping Village, was rearranged and turned into the Old Yang's Dyehouse, by Mr. Zhang Yimou, a world-famous film director, when his film, *Judou*, was taken here. In the film the huge temple was decorated with colorful cloths hanging down from the beams, which has its own impact on the sense of the sight, of course. While the black and white images of Nanping created by Mr. Wang Xinliang remind me of an old Iranian song, " All living creatures are like painting colors, which are helpful to paint this great world."

Sunlight has enough power to get the villagers tanned, make their colorful clothes fade and more import of all, help their images fix on the film. And these images composed of those common people and their trifles could guide us to go through the ordeal and return to our homeland.



南屏村现有900余人，三百余户，外来人口占村20%，叶、程、李三大姓构成村里人员结构，叶姓人员最多。村中现有老房子二百余幢，人们绝大多数从事农业生产，人均土地一亩；南屏村又号称“翰林村”，出过好几个翰林学士。位于黄山、白岳之间的黟县，四面环山，恬静而且神奇，溪水潺潺，空气清新，古居成片，古风依存，黟县西南五公里的南屏，便是“桃花源里人家”的又一村落。

南屏，曾名叶村，因古代建制属黟县五都，初名五都叶村，后又因村西南背依南屏山，遂更名南屏村至今。村史追唐宋，原为杂姓群居的小山村，自元朝末年叶姓从祁门白马山迁来后，南屏村便快速发展，到了明代，相当规模，形成叶、程、李三大姓。

清代中叶，南屏人对程、朱理学推崇，三大姓竞比，私塾书院兴起。做官、经商增加，南屏鼎盛时期，全村人1千余人，有72条巷，36眼井，300多幢成套民居，还建有相当规模的宗祠、支祠、家祠、水口园林、神坛、寺庙，是黟县一个很大的村落。

背依金竹山、淋漓山、南屏山。金竹山庵堂已毁，金竹浸山、淋漓山至玉虹山，三国古战场；南屏居二山之间，有“南屏山八景”，武陵溪，教干溪，环抱村庄东流而去。逆武陵水而上三五里便为陶岭，有陶村，东晋大诗人陶渊明五柳先生的后裔居于此，曾有五柳舍、节里等名胜，发现“陶氏宗谱”，学术界提出《桃花源记》素材自古黟地。72深巷纵横交错，长短深浅，拐弯抹角，犹如迷宫一座，36眼水井或圆或方，或石栏或井圈，三眼井构成完整水系，门口下水相通。

而今，步入南屏，仿佛又置身于那古老的年代，鳞次栉比的明清民宅，密密匝匝，户户民风雅致，幢幢古韵飘逸，精美绝伦的石雕、木雕、砖雕，无不显示出古人的智慧，亦将感受到徽文化的深厚积淀。

黟县十二都：1、县城 2、龙江乡 3、碧山乡 4、古筑 5、南屏 6、西递、外横岗 7、渔亭 8、叶村、潭口 9、屏山 10、宏村 11、际村 12、丰口



南屏名胜示意图

Nanping Village has now over three hundred households and a population of more than nine hundred people. Nonnative villagers make up 20% of the total population in the village. Almost all the villagers bear their surnames as Ye, Cheng and Li, the majority of which bear the surname Ye. There are two hundred or so old houses. Most of the villagers are engaged in farming with an average of one mu farmland per person. Nanping Village is also boasted as Hanlin Village in history (Little Imperial Academy) because several scholars who came from the village were members of the Imperial Academy in the feudal China. Yixian county surrounded by mountains from all sides is located between Mt Huangshan and Baiyue Mountains. The location is blessed with quiet environment, fresh air and little streams burbling. Lots of ancient local-style houses are kept intact there and folk custom and traditional ways of life inherited and passed down from generation to generation. Nanping Village, five kilometers away from the county proper, lies in the southwest of it and is considered another village in the Peach-Blossom Land.

Nanping, once named Ye Village, was first called Wudu Ye Village, because it ranked the fifth according to serial order of the twelve administrative divisions of Yixian county in ancient times. Later on it was changed to its present name Nanping for there is a Nanping Mountain behind it in the southwest. The history of the village can be traced back as far as Tang Dynasty (618-907) and Song Dynasty (960-1279). Originally the villagers had various surnames. But since Yuan Dynasty (1271-1368) Ye families moved to here from White Horse Mountain, in Qimen county. Later Nanping Village grew very rapidly. Up to the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644) the village was expanded and developed on a large scale. Villagers with surnames of Ye, Cheng and Li are dominant in number in the village gradually.

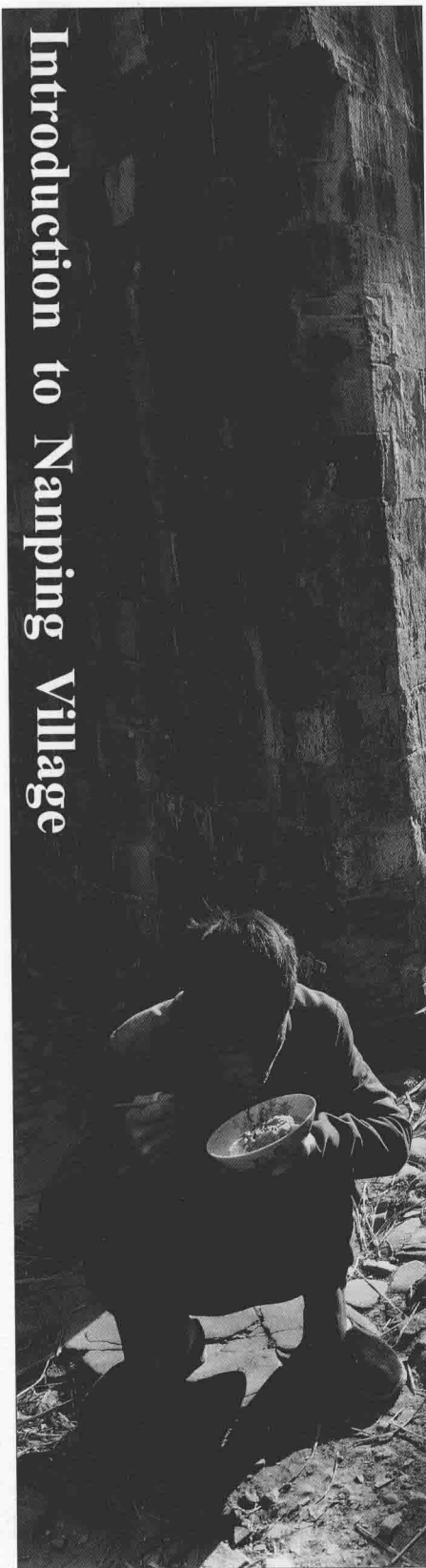
In the middle of the Qing Dynasty in about 1877 people of Nanping worshiped and took great interest in Neo-Confucianism put forward and developed by Cheng Hao, Cheng Yi and Zhu Xi, famous philosophers and educators in the Song Dynasty (960-1279). The three big families competed against each other and established quite a few primary schools in the village. The numbers of people who became either officials or merchants were on the increase. In its prime time of the developments, Nanping had a population of over one thousand people, seventy-two lanes, thirty-six wells, three hundred or so houses, in addition to those ancestral temples of various sizes and gardens along the rivers and streams. Nanping Village was then the fourth biggest village among the other three, namely, Bishan Village, Xidi Village and Waihenggang, and Longshan Village in Yixian county.

Nanping Village is surrounded by Jinzhu Mountain, Linli Mountain and Nanping Mountain from three sides. The nunnery in Jinzhu Mountain was destroyed but is now covered with bamboo bushes all over. Linli Mountain extends to Yuhong Mountain. The very place was once the ancient battle field in the period of Three Kingdoms (220-280). Wuling stream and Jiaogan stream flow across the village and continue eastward. Tao Village is about three kilometers away from here upper stream of Wuling stream, where the descendants of the famous poet, Tao Yuanming of the Eastern Jin Dynasty (317-420) live there. There are some places of historical interests around such as Tao Yuanming's houses, Jieli, etc.. Besides the genealogy of Tao family is discovered here so some scholars in the academic circles even boldly proposed that the poem, Peach-Blossom Village by Tao Yuanming actually described the scenery here in Yixian county. The seventy-two lanes form a traffic network in the village, some long, some short and look like a labyrinth indeed. Thirty-six wells make up a complete system of water supply for the villagers. The sewage system under the ground connects each house and works efficiently.

Today, walking in Nanping Village, one cannot help feeling that he or she was back to the ancient time. For row upon row of local-style houses in the architectural styles of Ming and Qing dynasties are all around you. And each house has its own unique beauty. There are stone carvings, wood carvings and brick carvings, exquisite and extraordinary. Everything here shows the wisdom of our ancestors and everyone comes to realize here the strong impact of the Huizhou culture on them.

There are now twelve administrative divisions in Yixian county: 1. County proper; 2. Longjiang Village; 3. Bishan Village; 4. Guzhu; 5. Nanping Village; 6. Xidi and Waihenggang; 7. Yuting; 8. Ye Village and Tankou; 9. Pingshan; 10. Chong Village; 11. Ji Village; 12. Fengkou.

Introduction to Nanping Village





周廟

奎星樓

曲水園

敦仁堂

奎光堂

圖