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27/11/1980

天山

TIANSHAN

新疆人民出版社

怀念天山（代序）

艾青

天下的名山大川很多，惟独天山和我的关系最深。最近我坐飞机从欧洲回来，在飞越中亚细亚之后，我问航空服务员：“什么时候到新疆？”我的目的是要从高空看天山。临到国境线上，我从一万公尺的上空看下界的万重山，时间是早晨，天山的雪峰映着初阳，象大海中的万顷波涛奔腾而过……

天山！雄伟的天山！壮阔的天山！

我就曾经在这茫茫无边的群山的脚下生活了十六年，占我的生命的四分之一的的时间。今天我看到它，怎能不激动呢？

我在一九五九年冬天到新疆。从那之后，我曾多次进出玉门关。我从星星峡、哈密到吐鲁番的路上看见了火焰山。远远看去，好象在燃烧着千年不灭之火，难怪古代的诗由它而产生了神话——孙悟空借了铁扇公主的扇子想扑灭火焰山。

我第一次到乌鲁木齐之后，接受了一个任务，写一个活动在天山一带的出色的驾驶员。我几次到天山里面的一个夹谷——后峡，从住帐篷开始到住楼房。那儿有一个新建立的钢铁厂，交识了不少人。我曾几次到一个四千多米高的明槽——南北疆分界的地方。那是个新辟开的山口，风很大，有一次还刮着风雪，而山下却是一片骄阳。

在明槽附近有一片永不消融的冰大坂，很大的银白色的平面，斜挂在北坡上，谁也不知道那儿的冰有多厚。

那时，我们所走的是一条解放后新开辟的公路。天山的路是难走的。公路有些段落很窄，而且大都是急转弯，汽车必须不断地按响喇叭，以便对面来的车找一个比较宽的地方等着，让这辆车过去了再走。路的旁边，上下都是陡直的崖壁。在灌林丛掩盖的深渊下，不断地传来山涧的流水声。那正是水獭出没的场所。

想当年筑路的人们该多么艰难。在公路经过的地方，峡口的平坦的处所，可以看见留着纪念碑，旁边有埋着死了的筑路人的坟墓。让我们过路的人采上一束野花向他们致敬吧。

在这条公路上，还可以看见牧民从这个草场搬到另一个草场，他们只要两匹骆驼就把帐篷和家具、全家男女老少都搬走了。他们走山路就象在平地上一样的安祥。听说这条公路如今已加宽了。

我也常常跟随热心于边疆建设的人们进入天山。天山里面有煤矿、铁矿，有石灰窑、水

泥厂、陶瓷厂、玻璃厂，有不少的居民点，有的已经形成村镇。

在天山的北坡，复盖着葱郁的云杉、塔松林。这些树种的生命力特别旺盛，它们常常依靠积雪融化的一点水，让种子发芽，把根扎入岩缝，紧紧地攀住岩石，枝杆直直的指向高空生长，既茂密又整齐，漫延几十公里，形成苍茫的林海。

我曾经到煤矿的路上看见无比巨大的红色的岩层，远远看去象古代的城堡，比什么建筑都更雄伟。我们的画家和建筑师可以从中得到启示。

天山里面的著名的紫泥泉种羊场，是培育细毛羊的基地，那儿有百年以上的榆树林构成幽美的风景。树林里长着蘑菇。这一地区的土壤肥沃，土豆也特别大——有的一个一公斤重。吃起来又甜又面。种羊场的主人很热情，我们曾经吃到非常丰美的晚餐。

天山里面，离石灰窑不远的地方发现有温泉。军垦农场的—一个师政委曾和我谈起，他想在温泉旁边盖一个疗养院，让军垦战士们有休假的地方。但他却没有实现计划之前，已被调到另外的省去工作了。

你要在天山南麓，到孔雀河畔的库尔勒，可以吃到世界上最好的梨。它们的个子不大，但水分充足，用不到削皮吃，核特别小。这种梨具有香、甜、脆三个长处。

我从乌鲁木齐到奇台，公路沿天山北麓向东伸延，天山象无比长的壁垒横列在南面，雪线是平直的，雪线以上群峰矗立，而五千多米高的博格达峰象银色的古寨在闪光，构成了出于神笔的画卷。

天山是新疆中部众河的母亲。

从天山群峰化雪的水流经夹谷，拦成大大小小的水库，或是砌起长达几百公里的水渠，灌溉农田，构成成百个商品粮基地，种植棉花和各种经济作物和瓜果，满足各族人民的需要。

新疆的哈密瓜自然是闻名中外；其实新疆的西瓜（小籽西瓜）也是最好的品种。

后来的岁月，从一九六八年夏天开始，我是在军垦农场的—一个连队里渡过的。那个连队离天山很远。但我无论在哪儿，只要是晴天，我都要朝南方寻找它的影子。有时它混在白色的云团一起，几乎分辨不出哪是云，哪是它的雪峰。而在万里无云的日子，它就象浮在空气里似的，向我露出和善的微笑。

使我感到遗憾的是：东面没有到吐鲁番盆地，那是产无核葡萄和长绒棉的地方；西面没有到伊犁地区，听说路上可以经过果子沟，是七十华里的一片野果林。我也没有到过天池。

感谢新疆人民出版社出版的《天山》提供了二百幅彩片摄影，对天山作了比较全面的介绍，热情的颂歌了祖国的大好河山，对有心作西北之游的人们是一个可信赖的伴侣。我也希望画家们为如此壮丽的景色多留下些笔墨，以丰富我国艺术的宝库。

一九七九年七月 北京

Remembering the Tianshan Mountains

(By way of introduction)

Ai Qing

Of the many famous mountains and rivers in the world, the Tianshan Mountains is of the greatest significance to me. On my way back home from a recent trip to Europe, after crossing central Asia, I asked the stewardess, "When shall we be over Xinjiang?" I was anxious to have a look at Tianshan. As we crossed the border in early morning, I looked down from 10,000 metres and saw the first lights on the rolling mountains which passed underneath like the waves of a surging sea.

The mighty Tianshan! The magnificent Tianshan!

I had lived in the foothills of Tianshan for 16 years. I was very happy to see it again.

I came to Xinjiang in the winter of 1959. In the following years, I passed the Yumen Pass several times. I started from the Star Gorge and reached Turpan through Hami. I saw Flaming Mountain on my way. From afar, it looked like a blazing fire burning away for ever. No wonder it was the background of an ancient fairy tale — Monkey King borrowed the fan from Princess Iron Fan to put out the fire.

The first time I was in Urumqi, I was told to write a story about an outstanding truck driver who worked around Tianshan. I went several times to the Rear Canyon. I first lived in tents, then in a tall building. An iron and steel mill had recently been built. I made many friends there. I had been to the 4,000-metre-high Aqueduct, the dividing line of northern and southern Xinjiang. It was situated in a newly-opened mountain pass and was windy. Once I was caught in a snowstorm while the sun shone brightly on the foothills.

Around the Aqueduct there was a huge sheet of ice. No one knew how thick it was.

We were following a highway built after liberation. Traffic was difficult in Tianshan. Some sections of the highway were narrow with sharp turns and would allow for only one car. Our driver kept using the horn to warn the on-coming car to stop at a more spacious place to wait for us to pass. On both sides of the road were sheer cliffs. Deep ravines were under cover of shrubs. The gurgling of mountain streams often reached us. This was a place frequented by otters.

The road builders had to work under difficult conditions. When the highway passed some open space we saw tablets in memory of the builders. Let us lay a wreath of wild flowers and pay our tribute.

Sometimes we met on our way herdsmen moving from one pasture to another. Two camels carried a whole family, plus the yurt and belongings. They travelled on the mountain path with great ease as if on flat land. Some one said the highway had been broadened.

I often went into Tianshan with builders of this border area. I visited coal mines, iron mines, limekilns, cement plants, ceramic works and glass factories. There were quite a number of settlements, some had expanded into towns.

The northern slope of Tianshan was covered with fir trees. This type was full of vitality. Their seed germinated with the slightest amount of snow melt. Their roots reached deep into the crevices to support the long, straight trunks. The dense fir forests looked like a surging sea extending dozens of kilometres.

On my way to a coal mine, I saw layers of gigantic red rocks, looking like magnificent ancient castles. They were sure to enlighten our artists and architects.

The Purple Soil Fountain Stud Farm in Tianshan bred fine-wool sheep. A forest of hundred-year-old elm trees added beauty to the scenery. In the woods there were mushrooms. The region had rich soil and was also known for its potatoes, some weighing over a kilogramme and was sweet to the taste. Our hospitable host treated us to a good supper.

Not far from the limekiln were some hot springs. A divisional commissar of the army farm told me that he was planning to set up a sanatorium there for the farm workers. However, before his plan worked, he was transferred to some other province.

At Korla beside the Peacock River on the southern side of Tianshan we came across the best pear in the world. It was not big but was juicy, fragrant, sweet and crisp, with tiny stones.

I left Urumqi for Qitai. The highway skirted along the northern side of Tianshan towards the east. Tianshan straddled the south like a gigantic barrier. Above the straight snow line were towering peaks. Mount Bogda, over 5,000 metres high, glistened like an ancient castle. The magnificent scene was like a painting from a magic brush.

Tianshan is the mother of all the rivers in central Xinjiang.

Snow melt flows through ravines into reservoirs and channels several hundred kilometres long to nourish the fields. Hundreds of grain-producing centres have been formed, as well as cotton and industrial crops fields and orchards.

The Hami melon of Xinjiang is known far and wide. However, the Xinjiang watermelon with small seeds is also a fine variety.

Later, I went to work on an army farm in the summer of 1968. I was far away from Tianshan. However, on fine days I would often gaze towards the south, hoping to see the shadow of the mountain range. Sometimes it was enshrouded in white clouds and I was hardly able to distinguish the snow-covered peaks from the clouds. On a cloudless day, it looked as if floating in the air and smiling at me.

To my great regret, I haven't been to the Turpan Basin in the east. It is the native place of the seedless grape and long-staple cotton. In the west, I haven't been to the Ili region. I was told that the road passed through a ravine which was 35 kilometres long and was covered with forests of wild fruit trees. I also haven't been to Sky Lake.

I am grateful to the Xinjiang People's Publishing House for this pictorial album which gives unique presentation of the Tianshan Mountains in 200 pictures and sings the praise of the beauty of our motherland. It will be a good guide to tourists. I hope that our artists would do credit to these splendid scenes to enrich China's treasure-house of arts.

July 20, 1979 Beijing

天山示意图

A SKETCH MAP OF THE
TIANSHAN MOUNTAINS



斯騰湖
ten

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The Tianshan Mountains

编辑出版：新疆人民出版社
乌鲁木齐

印刷：北京新华印刷厂
北京车公庄

发行：中国国际书店
北京399信箱

Edited and Published by the Xinjiang People's Publishing House

Printed by the Beijing Xinhua Printing House, Chegongzhuang,
Beijing

Distributed by Guozi Shudian P. O. Box 399, Beijing, China.