

工作简报

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【国家课题动态】 NATIONAL KEY PROJECT NEWS

国家社会科学重大项目课题组赴香格里拉释读翻译数字化的东巴古籍

2017年8月至9月，我促进会执行国家社会科学基金重大项目（12&ZD234）：“世界记忆遗产”东巴经典传承体系数字化国际共享平台建设研究，课题组成员再次赴纳西族东巴文化发源地香格里拉白地进行了又一年度的抢救工作。从2013年开始，这已经是促进会课题组执行此项目的第五个年头。这次的调研，唯一令成员们伤心的是，尽管促进会赵雪杉医生的厚善堂医生团队对老东巴们实施了多年的救治，并延续了老东巴祭司们的生命，但是今年，我们却再也见不到和志本老东巴祭司了，他于2017年春季以90岁的高龄离开了我们，他的离世等于带走了一个东巴文化的知识库，令我们惋惜和悲痛。

山野中，我们继续与目前唯一寻访到的习尚洪老东巴祭司一起，对采集于不同国家档案机构的东巴古籍手稿的数字化藏本进行了释读、研究、翻译并完成了全程音视频的历史性记录，预期使来自国际馆藏的东巴古籍手稿的数字化内容能在数字化国际平台上得以世人共享，并使这一数字记录的东巴古籍文献“世界记忆遗产”被赋予高科技力量的支持，从而得到深层保护和广泛传承。



2017年度执行国家社科重大项目团队在香格里拉最高海拔4000米的洗脸盆垭口
右起：将措、张旭、赵西伟、和丽娟、孔令楠、曹立君



调研与释读法国国家图书馆收藏的东巴古籍



法国国家图书馆东巴古籍藏本 (法国国家图书馆提供数字化版本)

时间倒流至 2016 年 6 月 27 日，在拥有东巴古籍藏本的法国国家图书馆，北京东巴文化促进会会长张旭女士代表国家项目课题组与法国国家图书馆东方文献部主任洛朗·艾黎舍 (Laurent Hélicher) 先生在巴黎会面，张旭向艾黎舍先生展示了老东巴祭司们在香格里拉白水台释读法国国家图书馆收藏的东巴古籍《创世纪》经书的音视频片断，这是 2014 年促进会在执行国家社科基金重大项目时在纳西族村庄中的真实记录。艾黎舍先生为我们抢救祖国文化遗产的执着精神所感动，向张旭会长展示了法国国家图书馆在巴黎拍卖会上最新购得的一册东巴古籍并迫切想知道其中的内容，表示法国国家图书馆会尽快提供数字化的古籍，并请求张旭女士将其带给东巴祭司进行释读。



法国国家图书馆东方文献部主任艾黎舍先生向张旭会长展示在拍卖会上购得的一册东巴古籍 罗怡梦 摄

2017 年 7 月，这册东巴古籍从法国国家图书馆通过网络传输，以其数字化的形式从法国回归了中国，并于 2017 年 8 月展现在了香格里拉老东巴祭司面前。经过习尚洪老东巴祭司的释读和纳西族专家和尚礼的协助，破译了古籍中象形文字的内容，被赋予了抢救东巴古籍工作的真实意义。经书名称为《用鸡祭鬼为人类偿债》，用于每年农历三月的祭风仪式和农民上高山放牧时所做的仪式。



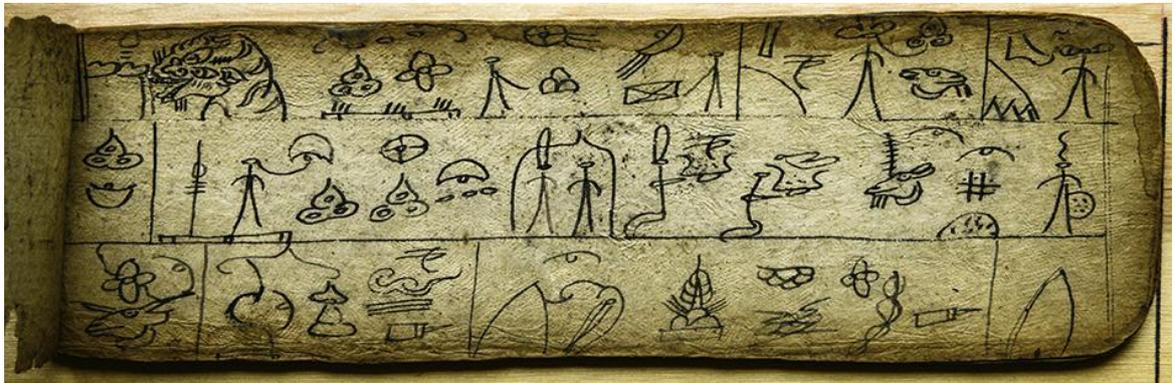
20170817 法国国家图书馆东巴古籍藏本翻译完毕，课题组在做正式释读音视频记录前的准备 曹立君 摄



习尚洪东巴祭司释读法国国家图书馆数字化的古籍藏本 曹立君 摄



调研与释读北京东巴文化促进会收藏的东巴古籍藏本



北京东巴文化促进会东巴古籍藏本《祈求神树赐予寿岁》 白枫 翻拍

这次田野调研中，课题组提供了一册收藏于促进会的有价值的关于求寿岁的东巴古籍，经过习尚洪东巴释读及和尚礼专家的协助翻译，得出本册古籍的书名为《祈求神树赐予寿岁》，用于求寿仪式和超度长寿者的仪式，是具有重要传承意义的东巴古籍。古籍的后记中，由书写这册古籍的东巴祭司用象形文写下：“这本书价值为三两白银，亦值 150 条白色的白麻布裤。祝大家长寿，把不长寿的日子丢掉。”书中有一段记载的大意为：“木里东”大神派白蝙蝠神和白色神风看守这棵“罕伊巴达”神树，坚决不让鬼怪来砍树；为此神灵还生出一个白蛋，孵化出一只大鹏金翅鸟，由它来永远守卫着神树。“木里东”大神栽种神树和保护神树直至白发千古。神树上的大鹏金翅鸟为神灵降临寿岁和福泽，从此，“木里东”大神和他的妻子“崇峥兹姆”一直活到了 1800 岁。”



20170818 习尚洪东巴祭司给张旭、将措讲解促进会收藏的东巴古籍藏本中的经文内容 赵西伟 摄



20170818 课题组对习尚洪东巴祭司释读和翻译促进会收藏的东巴古籍藏本进行音视频记录 赵西伟 摄



20170820~记录释读前赵西伟帮助习东巴戴上无线麦克

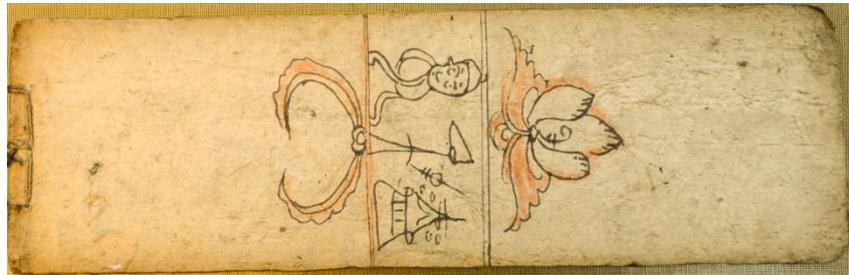


和丽娟医生帮助习东巴戴上了东巴五佛冠 张旭 摄



课题组对习尚洪东巴祭司释读数字化东巴古籍的全过程进行音视频记录 赵西伟 摄

调研与释读英国国家图书馆收藏的东巴古籍藏本



英国国家图书馆收藏的东巴古籍编号 OR.13073 《祭祀能者灵魂·设神坛》

课题组与习尚洪东巴祭司释读和研究了英国国家图书馆的古籍后发现，该古籍是用于超度亡灵仪式中的一个祭祀有技能的人的小仪式。仪式的主要内容是颂扬这位去世能者的生前功绩，经分析经文得出结论，该经书使用的仪式范围应界定为超度亡灵的仪式中的祭祀能者灵魂的仪式，经与纳西族研究者和尚礼先生反复讨论后，最终对 Or.13073 翻译的书名为《祭祀能者灵魂·设神坛》。这本经书内容完整，根据其内容确定与另外两本经书是一套。项目组请习尚洪东巴祭司完成了全册的释读，并逐字逐句地进行了翻译工作过程的音视频记录。当我们深度理解了古籍的文字以及该文字产生的历史背景和其使用的对象，就会使汉语的翻译和编辑更加贴切和详实。



20170823~课题组在香格里拉白地兹吾村正式释读英国国家图书馆的数字化东巴古籍藏本 曹立君 摄



调研与释读英国曼彻斯特大学图书馆收藏的东巴古籍藏本



课题组释读、翻译和音视频记录英国曼彻斯特大学收藏的东巴古籍 赵西伟 摄

英国曼彻斯特大学的东巴古籍藏本大多是来自藏区，而这套经书在葬仪仪式中非常重要，应该分为上中下三册。但是我们在 135 册古籍藏本中只找到了上册和下册，采访了习尚洪东巴后，知晓了中册在这一套经书中是最为重要的，然而为什么在这批古籍中没有发现中册？可以想象，一册具有更丰富的知识和更有价值的内容的经书，也是更经常地用于东巴仪式中，也是注定在东巴祭司眼中是最重要的读本之一。在往日的偏远的藏地山区，东巴祭司或许是由于生存问题而迫不得已出售自己祖辈传承的东巴经手稿。可以推测：当时，东巴祭司虽然处于生活所迫，忍痛出售了《降魔杵经》的上册和下册，但为了继承和传承，最终还是为自己保留了最舍不得的出售的，也是最珍贵的这本中册。

到目前为止，此套经书的中册究竟在何方已经无人知晓，而其中的上册和下册的数字古籍，却远渡重洋后回到了纳西族的故乡，并已经由课题组从曼彻斯特大学瑞兰兹图书馆收藏的 135 本东巴古籍中选出，进行了精读和翻译。此行，课题组对古籍的释读全程进行了音视频记录，目前已经完成《降魔杵经》的汉语内容提要的编写。



20170825~释读英国曼彻斯特大学数字化的东巴古籍和音视频记录 赵西伟 摄

通过项目组的调研与翻译和全程的音视频记录，我们研究并掌握了一些关于英国曼彻斯特大学收藏东巴古籍的来源信息和一些关于东巴古籍的特别的历史，得知一些外国人士早在 20 年代就曾尝试把曼彻斯特大学图书馆收藏的东巴古籍翻译成英语，这对我们研究这一批古籍的历史也是很重要的。

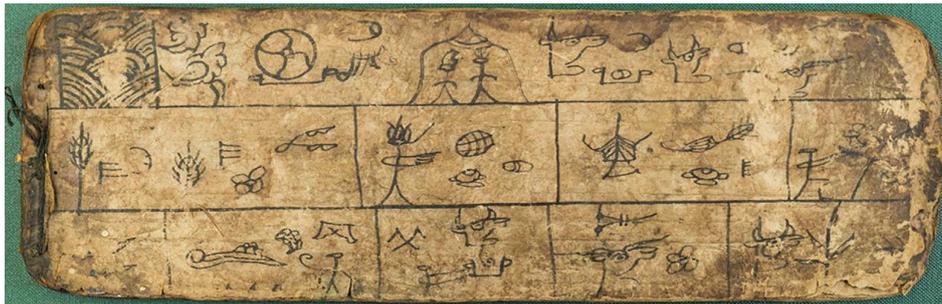


20170829 释读数字采集于英国曼彻斯特大学的东巴古籍藏本 曹立君 摄



习尚洪东巴祭司为法国远东学院收藏的东巴古籍藏本补写封面

法国远东学院（EFEO）东巴古籍藏本《智慧与技能之传承》已经于 2015 年完成数字采集，2016 年释读完毕。但是由于该古籍藏本遗失了经书封面，项目组向法国远东学院要来了经书的尺寸，在今天的田野调研期间，请习尚洪东巴祭司为其补写了这册经书的封面。



法国远东学院东巴古籍藏本《智慧与技能之传承》（无封面）



习尚洪东巴为法国远东学院东巴古籍藏本《智慧与技能之传承》剪裁土纸并补写了封面 曹立君 摄

习尚洪东巴祭司根据已经释读并破译的这册名为《智慧与技能之传承》的经书内容，确定了书名，并按照法国远东学院提供的经书尺寸，为其缺失的封面用东巴象形文字进行了补写，使得这册法国远东学院收藏的古老的东巴经书复原成为一册完整的古籍藏本。



习尚洪东巴祭司为各国档案机构签名

我课题组执行国家社科重大项目的五年来，每年都会邀请东巴祭司们为各国档案机构进行东巴古籍藏本进行签名留作历史记录。习尚洪东巴祭司在完成今年的释读工作之后，在火塘边为各收藏东巴古籍的机构一一签名。



项目简要信息 国家社科基金重大项目(批准号: 12&ZD234)
Project Information National Social Science Foundation Key Project
Government Approval No.: 12&ZD234

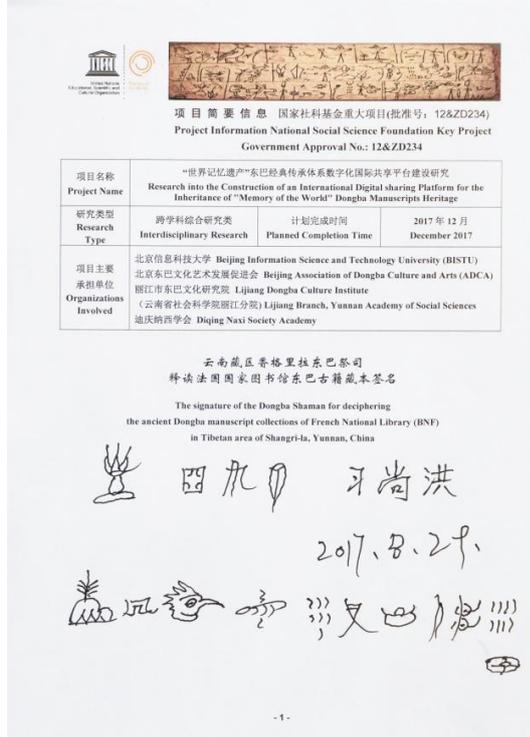
项目名称 Project Name	“世界记忆遗产”东巴经典传承体系数字化国际共享平台建设研究 Research into the Construction of an International Digital sharing Platform for the Inheritance of "Memory of the World" Dongba Manuscripts Heritage		
研究类型 Research Type	跨学科综合研究类 Interdisciplinary Research	计划完成时间 Planned Completion Time	2017年12月 December 2017
项目主要承担单位 Organizations Involved	北京信息科技大学 Beijing Information Science and Technology University (BISTU) 北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会 Beijing Association of Dongba Culture and Arts (ADCA) 丽江市东巴文化研究院 Lijiang Dongba Culture Institute (云南省社会科学院丽江分院) Lijiang Branch, Yunnan Academy of Social Sciences 迪庆纳西学会 Diqing Naxi Society Academy		

云南藏区香格里拉东巴祭司
释读英国国家图书馆东巴古籍藏本签名

The signature of the Dongba Shaman for deciphering the ancient Dongba manuscript collections of The British Library in Tibetan area of Shangri-la, Yunnan, China

习尚洪
2017.8.29

图瓦 习尚洪
2017.8.29



项目简要信息 国家社科基金重大项目(批准号: 12&ZD234)
Project Information National Social Science Foundation Key Project
Government Approval No.: 12&ZD234

项目名称 Project Name	“世界记忆遗产”东巴经典传承体系数字化国际共享平台建设研究 Research into the Construction of an International Digital sharing Platform for the Inheritance of "Memory of the World" Dongba Manuscripts Heritage		
研究类型 Research Type	跨学科综合研究类 Interdisciplinary Research	计划完成时间 Planned Completion Time	2017年12月 December 2017
项目主要承担单位 Organizations Involved	北京信息科技大学 Beijing Information Science and Technology University (BISTU) 北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会 Beijing Association of Dongba Culture and Arts (ADCA) 丽江市东巴文化研究院 Lijiang Dongba Culture Institute (云南省社会科学院丽江分院) Lijiang Branch, Yunnan Academy of Social Sciences 迪庆纳西学会 Diqing Naxi Society Academy		

云南藏区香格里拉东巴祭司
释读法国国家图书馆东巴古籍藏本签名

The signature of the Dongba Shaman for deciphering the ancient Dongba manuscript collections of French National Library (BNF) in Tibetan area of Shangri-la, Yunnan, China

习尚洪
2017.8.29

图瓦 习尚洪
2017.8.29



习尚洪东巴祭司为英国国家图书馆和法国国家图书馆东巴古籍藏本作释读后签名 (2017)

2017年，课题组与东巴祭司在香格里拉白水台纳西村对法国、英国、瑞典、中国等档案机构数字化的东巴古籍数进行了释读、翻译、校对和音视频记录。最后一天，习尚洪东巴祭司还用象形文字为于秋季将在北京举行的国际研讨会书写了名称。



2017 促进会课题组团队组照



2017 工作组照由课题组团队曹立君、孔令楠、赵西伟、将措、张旭 摄



护送习尚洪东巴祭司返家

张旭

释读东巴古籍的艰难任务在 2017 年夏季又告一段落，课题组从香格里拉白水台出发护送又一次为释读东巴经典古籍默默奉献了近二十天的习尚洪老东巴祭司返回深山中的家。车在有无数弯道的崎岖的路途上缓缓移动，一位组员晕车了，大家下车略作休整，习尚洪东巴祭司指向远方群山的深处，与课题组成员一起远眺那个依稀可见的蓝天白云下掩藏在绿树丛中的纳西族村庄。



崎岖的路途上远眺习尚洪东巴祭司居住的大山中的村庄。曹立君 摄



在绿色的深山中，终于看见了东坝村口的晒粮架，习尚洪东巴到家了。曹立君 摄

习尚洪东巴引领我们爬上二楼自己的小画室，向我演示在土纸上书写东巴经书的方式，他还指着一本纸张被熏得变黄的经书告诉我，那是他自己用象形文字书写的用于占卜的卦书，他还一幅一幅地向课题组成员展开自己在麻布上绘制的精彩的东巴神轴画。



习尚洪东巴向张旭演示自己裁剪书写东巴经书的纸张及抄写东巴象形文字 赵西伟 摄



习尚洪东巴祭司书写的东巴占卜经书 张旭 摄



习尚洪东巴向课题组成员展示自己在麻布上绘制的几幅精彩的东巴画。赵西伟 摄



习尚洪东巴祭司在家中吹奏葫芦笙 张旭 摄

山野木屋旁，习东巴怀抱孙子和孙女吹奏着自制的葫芦笙，其音悠扬，曲调婉转动人。

2017-8-30 于香格里拉东坝乡日树湾村



东巴经的传承与梦想

将 措

在迪庆藏族自治州白地村，这个宛如世外桃源般的僻静山村。由于地处偏远地区，白地依旧保持传统习俗。今年得益于塔尤拉姆会长的邀请，有幸加入北京东巴文文化艺术发展促进会执行国家社科重大项目的课题研究，参加对东巴古籍的释读抢救工作，与团队住在山谷深处的村庄，探寻古东巴文化的仪轨。

火车，飞机，高速公路的不断完善，使得我们离纳西族人世代居住的古村落的距离越来越近，但实际上祖国文化宝库中神秘的、璀璨的东巴文化却已与我们渐行渐远。随着老东巴祭司的不断逝去，伴随着纳西族漫长的历史发展而逐步形成和演化的活的形态文化，东巴经文悠久的、内在的人文意蕴，正逐渐被时代的浪潮冲击的支离破碎。

有幸能够承担课题组释读古籍的文字记录，听着习尚洪东巴读经讲经，心底时常会升起一阵敬畏和暖流。东巴文化是东巴家族世代口传心授的生存智慧，我尊崇老东巴们骨子里的贵族精神，他们带给我这个生活在都市的青年人深深的美好，使我对纳西人的生命哲学和生活态度由此平添了一份敬意。

那些能读懂象形文字，并掌握古老的祭祀礼仪，经验丰富，知识广博的东巴祭司也许会消失在不久的将来，习尚洪东巴祭司可能就是当地纳西族目前仅有的全能型东巴祭司了。这次释读工作期间，习老东巴愿意独自住在他好友的民居中，生活很不便，没有路灯，一路未干的泥土，紧挨着牛棚，屋里充满了酥油的味道，微弱的灯光星星点点般散落在村内，耳边不时传来几声犬吠。每晚可轻嗅带着泥土芬芳的清新空气，亦可在他简陋的木屋内闻那淡淡茶香，感受老东巴真实的生活状态和精神的富足，原汁原味的农耕文化和纳西人朴素的生活观。



习尚洪东巴祭司在住所吹奏葫芦笙 张旭 摄



习尚洪东巴祭司在释读期间居住的小木屋 张旭 摄

当习尚洪东巴看到我来了，很高兴的吹笛子给我听，笛子是习尚洪老东巴用牛骨做的，悠扬的笛声回响在深夜山谷中，时间仿佛也在这一刻静止。我感受到在勾勒星穹、牛羊、雪山和草原，怀抱音乐、经文和对传统的坚持与对梦想的守候中的习东巴灵魂的温度。这个小木屋虽然在公路旁，但却与现代文明隔绝，现代文明未曾触及它的纯粹，才得以让我读到这一真实的高尚精神的诠释。

看着老东巴的生活，我心里百感交集。来自祖国四面八方的志愿者，共同传承和保护着古老的东巴文化。看着外国人百年前，将古东巴经带到国外，如获至宝，并保存得如此完好，显然文化是没有国界的。由此我看到的是人们对宝贵的文化遗产发自内心的敬重和对现实的忐忑。我们陪伴着塔尤拉姆会长和老东巴们怀着单纯的憧憬和愿望，一直在尝试在老东巴还健在的时候，如何能够更多更快的整理经文及改善他们生活现状。



塔尤拉姆会长几十年如一日，致力于东巴文化的保护和传承。在她的身上，感受到根植于内心的信念与精神，这种高贵，是即便濒临死亡也要坚守原则，面临崩溃也要坚持理想。她20年的抢救和传承东巴文化的足迹就是文化交融时期的见证和缩影。唯有对于文化深深的热爱，才能感受周遭万物的灵性，唯有深深的愿力，才会产生出志同道合和的磁场及对信念坚持的希望，这不仅是希望，更是祈祷，祝福，和携手同行的善缘。当我们真正热爱一件事情的时候，孤独与痛苦只会是我们的武器。但它就像是在走钢丝一样，拿着一根平衡杆看着底下的万丈深渊，旁边有的人屏气凝神，有的人摇旗呐喊，你面对这一切，脑子里只想着用生命“走下去”，走下去才是更强大的自己，走不下去就是深不见底的失落。

清楚得记得在释读时有一本东巴经写的是“人鸡鬼情未了”，讲述Du鬼和Za鬼的故事，相互欠债，相互追债，又相互还债的故事。鸡可以为了人类的转世而放弃生命，描述了一种精神和担当，故事脉络清晰，意寓深远，敬佩古东巴祭司的智慧。东巴经还描绘游牧迁徙到人间的生活情景：“男子来搭建帐篷，女子来烧香。”相传那是纳西族祖先神从天上下凡之地。老东巴们的生活态度，不仅是浪漫主义的呈现，更体现了通达自然万物的平衡。仔细翻阅我曾记录过的英国和法国等机构的数字古东巴藏本，那都是协助仅有在世的能读懂象形文字的老东巴祭司，留给世人的故事，这就是最好的传承。



此行有幸住在纳西族专家和尚礼老师的家里，获尚礼老师的赠书，满满的收获。我们每日深夜对饮促膝长谈，得知他用30年的时间，曾经深入滇川藏纳西族聚居区的村村寨寨，进行民族文化的考察，这种价值和意义正是来源于他30余年来对本民族文化的热爱和脚踏实地的丈量，日月可知，星辰为伴。

记录习尚洪东巴祭司释读东巴古籍（左起：将措、张旭、习尚洪东巴、和尚礼） 赵西伟 摄

厚善堂的和丽娟医生每天都会给习尚洪东巴祭司做中医义诊，拔罐，放血，针灸等，这种陪伴也是一种耕耘，作为纳西族的女儿，小和医生的这种精神，从一个角度来看是奉献，从另外一个角度去解读，也可以说是一种担当，一种对于家乡的热爱和对文化的尊重。在她的身上，让我收获的是90后可贵的真诚和担当。

我自知个人能力与生命的时间有限，但众志成城，东巴文化的传承，需要更多人的参与，尤其是青年人的加入，所谓的人生使命，在于按照自己选择的生活方式、按照自己喜爱的方式自强不息地度过一生，既要追求目标，也需要一个充满艰辛而乐在其中的人生过程。拥有巨额财富不算圆满，拥有社会高位不算圆满，拥有名誉也谈不上成功，翻开历史，在纵向的历史长河与横向的时代洪流里，没有所谓最牛、最成功的人，一定有人比你更加成功、更牛，我们需要的只是获得走自己道路的自信与力量，面对宇宙的正能量，面对世人的真爱。



2017-12 于上海



【公益救助】PUBLIC WELFARE RESCUE ASSISTANCE

救助东巴祭司 传递人文关爱

2017年，张旭作为北京东巴文化促进会执行国家社科重大项目的课题组代表，再次邀请厚菩堂作为医疗援助组，于今年第四次赴香格里拉救助老东巴祭司们。从2013年起，到今年2017年，厚菩堂的创立者赵雪杉医生、伍汶医师、陈嘉敏医师先后远赴云南香格里拉白地纳西族山村，随国家社科重大项目课题组对老东巴祭司进行医疗援助，以中国传统医学的高超医技为老东巴们治愈病痛。

而这次由厚菩堂赵雪杉医生安排赴一线的医师竟然是由厚菩堂和赵雪杉医生亲手培养的纳西族本土的姑娘。那还是在2013年，赵医生第一次随课题组来到了香格里拉白地，当她见到老东巴的身体不好很焦虑，觉得有责任为纳西族培养自己的医生，听到这个建议的和尚礼先生立刻响应，安排了自己的孙女和丽娟赴厚菩堂学习至今，显然，厚菩堂与神秘的东巴文化结下了更加深厚的不解之缘。



2017年厚菩堂和丽娟医师在为身体虚弱的习尚洪老东巴用中国传统医学的能量罐进行治疗 张旭 摄

今年，和志本东巴祭司以90岁的高龄离开了我们，习尚洪老东巴虽只有70多岁，但他的身体状况不容乐观。所以，继续抢救东巴古籍，让老祭司们释读和翻译东巴文成为一件异常困难的工作，课题组不得不根据老东巴的健康状况而随时调整进度，这对东巴文化的传承形成了根本性的阻碍。所以，对纳西族地区老东巴祭司的医疗援助便成了促进会的重要担当和必修功课。



和丽娟医师为习尚洪老东巴用中国传统医学艾灸治疗 曹立君 摄

纳西族的女儿和丽娟医师不负众望，随课题组赴纳西地区进行医疗援助，同样践行着中医师的社会责任与使命，同时对乡里乡亲们怀着深厚的感情，对老东巴详细的问诊、仔细的辨证、认真的施治。



和丽娟医师在使用艾灸盒为习尚洪老进行治疗 曹立君 摄



和丽娟医师为治疗课题组成员的高原红疹摘选艾草 张旭 摄

课题组成员们对高海拔地区产生了过敏反应，年龄大些的成员都很快因水土不服而长出高原红疹，因为皮肤很痒，会影响睡眠以及影响工作。和丽娟医师得知后，在忙完自己医治老东巴的工作之后，几次上山摘来艾草，晚上为课题组成员煎熬艾草汤，并亲自将滚开的水端到大家的房间，她还为有突发疾病的成员采取各种传统医学的手段进行治疗，令全体成员非常感动。



张旭代表促进会和国家重大项目课题组为和丽娟医师颁发表彰证书 曹立君 摄

和丽娟医师对东巴老祭司们和纳西族研究者进行呵护的同时，还利用自己的休息时间为附近村民和慕名而来的乡亲们治疗疾病，为纳西村民们解除病痛，希望用其所能救助更多的纳西族同胞。



厚菩堂和丽娟医师为国家社会科学基金重大项目做成突出贡献的表彰荣誉证书



课题组成员在香格里拉白地白水西村与东巴祭司习尚洪合影-2017年
右起：曹立君、孔令楠、和丽娟、习尚洪东巴祭司、张旭、和尚礼、赵西伟、将措

【文化动态】CULTURAL ACTION

纳西族人文电影《云上石头城》首映式

2017年9月25日，大型丽江纳西族人文电影《云上石头城》首映式在人民大会堂隆重举行。影片讲述了在时代发展的今天中国，远在金沙江大峡谷中高山上一个纳西族村庄中，少数民族传统文化与外来文化的交融与冲突，以及在这背景下的爱情、亲情和友情。同时展示了石头村秀美的自然风光和丰富多彩的纳西风情。中宣部、广电总局、国家民委、中国作家协会、中国电影家协会、全国电影发行放映协会、中国电影评论协会、八一电影制片厂、云南省委宣传部和丽江市委市政府、中华民族文化促进会、北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会、中非商会、央视电影频道等多家媒体等单位的领导和专家出席了首映式。



纳西族国家一级美术师、八一厂军旅导演、我促进会副会长张春和先生携全体主演主创亮相首映式

出席首映式的各界领导还有中宣部新闻出版局副局长张凡，中国作家协会副主席吉狄马加、白庚胜，中国核工业集团公司党组成员、副总经理和自兴，中国电影家协会副主席、中国电影制片人协会理事长明振江，全国人大民委调研室主任彭建华等。



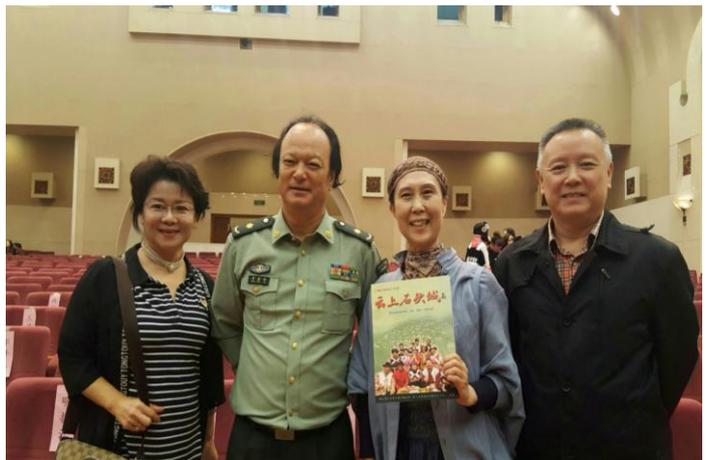
丽江市委副书记刘佳晨致辞说，丽江不仅在经济社会各项建设中取得了长足的发展，同时在文化艺术方面，也深受海内外有识之士青睐。在丽江拍摄的《千里走单骑》《一米阳光》《木府风云》等一批优秀电影、电视剧以丽江为题材，在丽江拍摄创作，在全国热映，引起巨大反响。这是文化强国战略背景下，我们立足丽江文化，讲好丽江故事的生动体现，它也充分说明丽江是一个可以创造奇迹、实现梦想的地方。

明振江代表中国电影家协会、中国制片人协会对首映式的举行表示祝贺。他说,《云上石头城》是一部选材独特、主题鲜明、艺术风格迥异、有情怀、有温度、有魅力的民族题材电影,讴歌了纳西族人民勤劳勇敢、忠贞坚定、朴素豪放、包容大爱的情怀,影片不仅展示了少数民族题材电影独特的人文风情和艺术魅力,而且超越了故事题材电影本身,在表达文化诉求和民族文化构建方面具有重要的价值和意义。



本片纳西族导演张春和(八一电影制片厂美术师、北京东巴文化促进会副会长)介绍:影片讲述在时代发展的今天中国,远在金沙江大峡谷中高山上一个纳西族村庄中,少数民族传统文化与外来文化的交融与冲突,以及在这背景下的爱情、亲情和友情的故事。同时展示了石头村秀美的自然风光和丰富多彩的纳西风情。

北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会成员与张春和导演在首映式上(右图左起:马雅莎、张春和、张旭、白枫)。促进会成员(下图左起:李力、李宁、王有才等)及相关文化团体的成员也一起参加了首映式。



张旭会长代表北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会发去了贺函:
张春和这位纳西族赤子,从战场上的普通一兵到军旅画家,从电影美术师到电影导演,他运用世界上各种艺术语言抒发他对民族和人生的感悟和热爱,他用东巴绘画表达纯情与境界,用人文电影展示思想与真诚。在他的最新作品《云上石头城》首映之际,我代表北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会为张春和多年来历经艰辛的奋斗而喝彩!为他取得的精彩成就而表示最热烈的祝贺!

张旭会长代表北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会发去了贺函:

张春和这位纳西族赤子,从战场上的普通一兵到军旅画家,从电影美术师到电影导演,他运用世界上各种艺术语言抒发他对民族和人生的感悟和热爱,他用东巴绘画表达纯情与境界,用人文电影展示思想与真诚。在他的最新作品《云上石头城》首映之际,我代表北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会为张春和多年来历经艰辛的奋斗而喝彩!为他取得的精彩成就而表示最热烈的祝贺!





2017年9月26日,《云上石头城》已成功摘取了今年第26届中国金鸡百花电影节“少数民族优秀新片”的桂冠。

《云上石头城》的首映,引起媒体广泛关注,中央电视台、中国教育电视台、新华社、人民网、新华网、腾讯、新浪、优酷、文艺网、每日文娱报及驻京各新闻媒体到场对首映式进行了全方位的报道。



相传迎降忽必烈大军之后,这里的纳西先人依山就势,在险峻天生的石堡上造门筑墙成就了一夫当关、万夫莫开的宝山石头城。

李 宁 马雅莎/图文



“云南丽江纳西族百卷东巴经手抄本”入藏国家博物馆

2017年12月7日，云南省丽江市委市政府向中国国家博物馆捐赠《云南丽江纳西族一百五十卷东巴经手抄本》及《纳西东巴古籍译注全集》（100卷）。



12月7日在中国国家博物馆拍摄的《云南丽江纳西族一百五十卷东巴经手抄本》



丽江市政协副主席杨一奔代表丽江市政府主持仪式 马雅莎 摄



中国国家博物馆馆长吕章申致辞

当日，《云南丽江纳西族一百五十卷东巴经手抄本》及《纳西东巴古籍译注全集》（100卷）入藏中国国家博物馆。吕章申馆长向捐赠方颁发了收藏证书。此次入藏的两件藏品由云南省丽江市委市政府向中国国家博物馆捐赠。纳西族东巴文化是中华优秀传统文化的重要组成部分，它经历了千余年的沉淀，保留了人类远古文明的完整形态和大量早期人类文化遗存，具有独特的文化价值。2003年8月，东巴古籍文献被联合国教科文组织列入世界记忆遗产名录。



丽江市委市政府向中国国家博物馆捐赠《云南丽江纳西族一百五十卷东巴经手抄本》及《纳西东巴古籍译注全集百卷》

《云南丽江纳西族一百五十卷东巴经手抄本》主要以《纳西东巴古籍译注全集》（100卷）为蓝本，并在此基础上收录了部分近年来新收集整理东巴经卷，其内容囊括了滇川两省纳西族地区的所有代表性东巴经籍，是研究古代纳西族乃至古代西南民族不可或缺的珍贵资料。



捐赠仪式现场 王林 摄



张旭和马雅莎与纳西文化学会杨国清会长交流 王林 摄 与和力民专家交流 (左: 王林、刘晓华、张旭) 马雅莎 摄



促进会成员与杨国清会长及纳西族朋友们合影 王林 摄 左起: 张旭、杨一奔、马雅莎在捐赠仪式 王林 摄



北京东巴文化促进会成员在捐赠仪式会场 (左起: 王林、马雅莎、张旭、刘晓华、木建华、和向东)

北京东巴文化促进会的部分成员，同时作为国家社会科学基金重大项目组的代表参加了这次捐赠仪式和“文化丽江建设”研讨会，并与专家们进行了学术交流。

刘晓华 供稿



【漫谈东巴文化】 DONGBA CULTURE

东巴文化漫谈 （三）东巴

2017-04-20 文化丽江

东巴是东巴教的祭司，自称“本补”，直译是“咏诵者”的意思，纳西族民间称他们为“东巴”。东巴意为“智者”、“上师”、“大师”。

在古代，东巴的政治和社会地位是很高的，他们是神与人之间的媒介，是部落酋长的军师、参谋。在人们的心目中，他们能知晓天上、地上的一切，能预测人间的祸福是非，能镇鬼驱邪，求吉祛灾，是非同寻常的“灵异”之人。

东巴教有许多被神化了的东巴。后来，由于纳西族社会不断受到外来政治体制、文化和宗教的影响，纳西族上层统治者对各种文化的取舍态度发生转变，东巴的政治地位随即逐渐衰落，参预政事者日益减少，只是在劳动之余为人祝吉祈福，请神送鬼，占卜治病。

东巴平时从事农牧业生产，是不脱产的农牧民，只有在受人所请时才举行法事，略得一些实物或现金报酬，但他们的家庭收入主要是靠生产劳动。



著名的丽江玉龙县鲁甸乡东巴和云彩在主持祭署（自然神）的仪式。（摄于1991年）

东巴没有像其他宗教一样的属于自己的宗教组织——教会，没有统一的教规教义，相互间没有统属和被统属的关系。那些学识渊博、精通各种技艺的东巴，被尊称为大东巴，出类拔萃者被尊称为东巴王，但这仅仅是一种尊号而已，与诸如藏传佛教那样的教徒等级制是不同的。



东巴全是男子，其传承主要是家庭或亲族世袭制，父传子，子传孙，无子则传于侄。也有一些东巴并无东巴家世而是投师学艺的。东巴生活在民众中，既受东巴教文化艺术的熏陶，也深受民间文化艺术的影响，因此既通晓东巴教典籍，也熟谙民情风俗，故事谣谚，有的还懂草医，他们是具有多种技能的纳西族早期知识分子。

很多东巴具有惊人的记忆力，能凭记忆咏诵数百部经典。永宁等地的“达巴”（东巴的异读）无经书，但能快速地背诵洋洋洒洒的长卷口诵经。东巴的博闻强记固然与一些东巴的天资聪颖有关，但长期的刻苦学习和训练是主要原因。

东巴是纳西族传统文化的大学问家，与东巴对话，有时犹如随之进入茫茫的知识森林，曲径通幽，没有止境。如问一个象形文古词，常常会引出一串长长的故事；问到某个典故，经常又引出很多其他的掌故。东巴们也喜欢“学术辩论”，讲经论典，常常各执一说，互不相让，争得面红耳赤是常有的事；有的东巴事后还会象小孩似地互不搭理三五天。这些白发老人对民族文化诠释的认真和执着，十分感人。

东巴是神巫，是人神之间的媒介，但又多是能工巧匠，不少东巴不仅会传统造纸术，做各种各样的法器和祭祀用品，还会木工活、石匠活，会盖房、做农具、编竹器。他们有很强的谋生能力，不是仅仅靠做东巴、做法事来糊口的人，不是终日打坐念经，靠信徒施舍过日子的宗教职业者，他们耕樵渔牧，无所不做，是地道的农夫。

东巴大都还有杰出的艺术天赋，传统书画、歌舞、雕塑，样样精通。他们的竹笔书画和雕塑，粗犷拙朴，浑然天成，成为后世艺术家摹仿的技法。



香格里拉县（原名中甸县）三坝乡的如卡东巴和占元（杨福泉 摄于 1991 年）



著名美术史学家李霖灿先生，曾在 20 世纪 40 年代深入纳西族地区，拜东巴为师，学习纳西象形文字。起初，他觉得自己是堂堂国立艺专的学生，向东巴学写几个东巴象形文字，岂不是小菜一碟。他苦心学习多年后，自以为可以登堂入室了，甚至有一点“青出于蓝”的沾沾自喜。于是，有一天他问他的东巴老师多格：“我写的象形文字好不好？”他满以为会受到多格老师的赞扬，不料老师却简单地回答：

“不好！”

“为什么？”

“因为你家写得太巧！”

李霖灿惊愕之余，又顿然觉悟，叹服东巴老师一语道出了他的毛病。在当代艺术高等学府严格地受过透视学、素描等训练的青年画家李霖灿，在学写纳西人的图画象形文字时，却未能将那种拙嫩质朴、浑然天成的韵味和丰采表现出来。他对此这样说：“这是凿破混沌之后的一种悲哀，我俯首承认不讳。”对于东巴的艺术天赋，李霖灿先生有过一番评论：

“麽些族(纳西族)的巫师，大都是生活在山林野箐中的自然人，从来没有机会去接受正式素描的艺术训练，然而他们不需要什么训练，不需要什么传授，远取诸物，近取诸身，一经撷取，便唯妙唯肖，直臻大匠堂奥。怪不得有人说：艺术家是生成的而不是做成的 (Artists are born not made) 麽些巫师中更有不少天生的大艺术家，只从线条的功力就可以证明无误。”



本文作者在采访在泸沽湖边举行小祭风仪式的四川省盐源县达住村东巴杨久阿(石高峰 摄于 2000 年)



这种现代艺术家与东巴艺术的美学差距，不只李霖灿先生有如此慨叹。中国著名舞蹈家戴爱莲也有同感。她在 20 世纪 80 年代初，古稀之年，万里迢迢来到丽江学习东巴舞，也惊叹于东巴跳舞时那种别人难以企及的神韵。东巴独特的艺术气质，应该是缘于他们深深根植于这片土地，与它血肉相连、融为一体的天性。

很多东巴也是当地著名的民歌手，而且由于东巴精通传统文化的各种典故轶闻，古谱古调，因此往往比民间歌手更胜一筹，乡间的赛歌、对歌、赛叙古谱，鲜有能斗赢东巴的。因此，纳西民间有“对歌调赢不了东巴”的谚语。



塔城乡署明村的东巴兄弟和顺、和训在为村民举行东巴教仪式。
(如今两兄弟都已去世，杨福泉摄于 1991 年)

随着时代的变迁，现在，纳西族社会的大东巴已寥若星辰，而且大都年事已高，慢慢地，他们将如纳西民歌所唱的那样：“化作白鹤飞回祖先的地方。”所幸的是，近些年，纳西族地区培养了一批优秀的中青年东巴，他们正在成长中。

作者：中国民族学学会副会长，
云南纳西学会会长，
云南大学博士生导师杨福泉



【国际交流】INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE

2017 东巴古籍及东巴文化遗产数字化保护国际研讨会

2017年10月16日至17日在京举办了“东巴古籍及东巴文化遗产的数字化保护国际研讨会”，会议由北京信息科技大学主办，北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会承办。来自国际纳西学界的著名学者奥皮茨教授以及来自德国、法国、英国的各界专家和 researchers 们前往北京，与国家社科基金重大项目的在京课题组成员们进行了国际学术研讨和交流。



研讨会上，王红军教授主持会议，项目首席专家徐小力教授致辞

研讨会融合专题报告、成果展示与技术交流为一体，全方位展示东巴古籍及东巴传统文化遗产数字化保护的最新进展，关注实际应用的关键技术和解决方案。

与会专家和国内外收藏东巴古籍的档案机构的代表进行了广泛交流，首席专家徐小力教授代表项目组与各国国际档案机构代表签署了为进一步推进国际研究的学术合作协议。



项目首席专家徐小力教授与外国专家们共同签署了关于国家社会科学基金重大项目的学术合作协议



原瑞士苏黎世大学民族学博物馆馆长奥皮茨教授 (Michael Oppitz)、英国国家图书馆中国部主任萨拉 (Sara Chiesura)、法国巴黎语言文化大学亚洲部负责人苏灵教授 (Soline Lau-Suchet)、法国远东学院中国部负责人刘达威先生 (Dat-Wei Lau)、香港中文大学翻译系邓肯教授 (Duncan Poupard)、北京东巴文化促进会会长、子课题 1

组负责人张旭研究员代表文科组、北京信息科技大学研究员、子课题 4 组负责人吴国新先生和子课题 3 组陈若愚研究员代表理科组，知识产权出版社编辑、项目组负责知识产权研究的龙文先生等分别就东巴古籍数字化以及东巴文化遗产在跨学科领域的研究进行了演讲。



各国专家以 PPT 形式就项目研究进行演讲和研讨



为了缅怀和纪念 2017 年过世的和志本老东巴，在研讨会期间专门放映了由北京东巴文化促进会摄制的影视人类学纪录片《纳西族传统造纸术与其传承的文化》，展示了和志本东巴自制几乎失传的东巴经书所用的土纸及书写东巴象形文的过程。该片曾作为国家项目组的代表性作品参加 2015 年巴黎中国电影节，并荣获最佳人文纪录片奖。



张旭和白枫代表项目在研讨会上演示东巴祭司释读东巴古籍的过程和完成的音视频记录任务



奥皮茨教授高度评价在项目组纳西地区执行田野调查的工作

奥皮茨教授在看过张旭和白枫代表项目团队演示的拍摄老东巴祭司释读东巴古籍的音视频记录后，高度评价项目组在纳西地区的田野调查的团队，他说：“张旭和她的团队所做的一切对我来说是非常印象深刻的，他们在田野上使用肮脏的手指与东巴祭司一起工作。而这些行为就意味着你们对这些本土的人们很有责任感。当然，你们在做的工作本身也是一种新的途径，正如你们所知，这些老东巴祭司，他们年轻时只会在自己举行的仪式中诵读东巴经书，但现在他们之所以在这里释读经书则是因为东巴的仪式正在消失。所以你们至少抢救了他们的声音，保存了如何释读象形文字经书所形成的思维图像，我发现你们的所为是非常有价值的而且对未来将是非常重要的事情。”



左图：张旭在研讨会上赠送给法国远东学院刘达威由习尚洪东巴补写的其东巴古籍藏本遗失的封面
右图：张旭把由习尚洪东巴祭司在释读古籍藏本后为收藏机构签名的复印件送给各国档案机构代表



左图：徐小力教授与奥皮茨教授探讨关于项目组如何在欧洲进行数字采集的工作（姜可老师翻译）
右图：奥皮茨教授接受张旭会长代表北京东巴文化促进会颁发给他的作为促进会国际事务委员会顾问的证书



与会的中外专家及在京部分项目组成员在 2017 年国际研讨会

【东巴故事】 STORY OF DONGBA SHAMAN

A Hero's Funeral

By NiuGengqin, translated by Duncan Poupard



It was in the eleventh month of the lunar calendar, on a day which the Naxi believed was fortuitous for the passing on of the souls of the dead.

YuqSso² the Dongba was to help guide the soul of the deceased county magistrate to its resting place. He was a man who had expended every effort to save the native culture of the Naxi people. He was a Han Chinese, and he was dead; his bones buried in the sacred soil of the Jade Dragon mountains.

In the centre of the courtyard was a plow-shaped object, a ritual tool representing the holy mountain, propped up atop a pinewood beam. The Naxi called it the “Xi NgvCiq”.

It was triangular, like a plow; nine feet high and eight feet across. The frame was made from wood, tied together by purple woollen fabric. Inside the triangle were ten bamboo poles, criss-crossed, with their edges sticking out of the sides. Reed flowers on the ends of the poles blew gently in the mountain breeze. The face of the “plow” was covered in a white cloth, dazzling like pure snow in the warm winter sun. In the middle of the cloth was a bronze mirror, the heart of the “plow”, reflecting a golden light into the pine forest beyond the village. Atop the triangle, and representing the deceased man, was a white flag bearing a single pictographic



character - – the sun, fluttering in the wind.

Beneath the “plow” was a rectangular table, adorned with grain spirits, tea, meats, fried grains, and a tassel made from five differently coloured cloths. Before the table was a bamboo tray with a black woollen cushion on top of it. On the cushion was a ball of black wool, a curved bow, and a gourd filled with goat’s milk.

The courtyard was encircled by teak tree branches, with a gap in front of the table. The people in the village were looking at the YuqSso’s “masterpiece” as if it had dropped out of the sky, pointing at it and talking amongst themselves like a flock of excitable swallows.

¹ The three characters read: Ddaiqddeeqngvl, which means “funeral of a great hero” in Naxi.

² Literally, “son of the goat”, YuqSso is also the name of a legendary Dongba in Naxi mythology.



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YuqSso had asked for a pine tree to be cut down. The top of the tree was left intact, but the rest of the branches and the bark had all been stripped away. It was placed to the left of the main gate, which indicated that the deceased was male. If the deceased were female, the tree would have been on the right hand side. Three flags flew from the top of the tree, and there was a lit oil lamp hanging from one of the upper branches.

The Naxi believe that when a good person dies, their soul lives on forever, and it is the Dongba's duty to guide their soul to the next life. YuqSso the Dongba then made a wood effigy of the deceased magistrate. His assistant brought him a pinewood branch around three feet long, with three twigs protruding from it. In the main room of the household, beside the fire, YuqSso cut away all the leaves, but left the twigs. The middle twig, at the top of the branch, was only a few inches long, and the Dongba used a sharp knife to carve eyes, a mouth and a nose into it. This was the head of the wood effigy. The twigs to the left and right side were the arms. YuqSso picked up all the leaves and stuck them onto the branch for the effigy's body hair, and wrapped it in a cloth in place of its clothes. He even added a small piece of woollen fabric as its "wool cloak".

YuqSso the Dongba brushed the five-coloured tassel over the wood effigy as he chanted:

"If we do not relieve the deceased's soul of its sickness and pain, then it will find no rest; when the soul is relieved of sickness and pain, it can safely make its way to the heavenly kingdom."

He took up a conifer branch, and dipped it into the gourd filled with goat's milk. The goat's milk, representing a magical panacea, was then dripped over the wood effigy. Afterwards, and with great solemnity, the effigy was placed inside the house, on the seat of honour³, where the magistrate once sat. Offerings of alcohol, tea, walnuts and pine cones were then made. With tears in his eyes, YuqSso began sobbing.

"Oh magistrate! On this day of days, we Naxi deliver your eternal soul to its resting place. Now that we have covered your body with our traditional woollen cloak, you will no longer feel the cold. Please sit in this wooden house, on your most favoured seat, and warm yourself beside the fire."

Tears streamed down his face like a broken string of pearls. This old Dongba from a mountain village would never forget the county magistrate...

That day he did not have any ceremonies to perform, and he was on the slope outside his house burning leaves and grass cuttings for compost. As he prodded the fire, he thought back to the dream he had had the night before. DongbaSheel'loq, the ancestor god of the Dongba, had given him a handwritten sacred book. It was then that YuqSso's son, Gel Gga, came running up from behind the house. "Father! There's a Han outsider come looking for you!"

³ The main room in a traditional Naxi house would feature a raised wooden platform to the right of the entrance, with two beds arranged in an L shape around a central stove. The two beds are separated between "male" and "female", and serve as seats as well as beds; the seat of honour would be at the wall-end of the "male bed", close to a shelf where the effigies of the gods of the hearth are traditionally kept. The raised platform is known in Naxi as the "ggegglv lv". Such traditional architecture can still be found in the eastern regions of the Lijiang municipality.



YuqSso's left eye twitched as he heard the good news.

He put down his hoe, brushed the ash off his hands, and patted down his sheepskin cloak. Looking over at the people that had appeared in his courtyard, he strode down the slope to greet them. YuqSso would never have guessed, but the visitor was a county official. YuqSso's blood pumped with excitement.

"We've never had an official as important as you here in El-ka-le⁴ village, come, take a seat and have some tea."

One of the official's attendants spoke up. "The magistrate is a university graduate. An educated man. In his spare time, he has read all kinds of books about the Naxi people, in Chinese and other languages. He knows a lot about our culture and history. Each year he allocates over ten thousand yuan to invite learned Dongba from all over to Black Dragon Pool, where they translate sacred Naxi books. He says that to promote the local ethnic culture, you need to know the local language, so he also studies the spoken Naxi language."

The official pointed at the younger man. "He's my Naxi teacher." He turned to YuqSso. "I've heard you are a great Dongba master, do you know the greater ceremony for averting disaster, DdolNaqKe?"

"I do," replied YuqSso. "You need to sacrifice a cow for that ceremony, so only rich families can afford to perform it. I've conducted it with my master, and I did it myself once too."

"Is your master still alive?"

"No. He was one of the most well-known Dongba in these mountains. He passed three years ago, and I personally conducted the funeral and soul-freeing ceremonies.

"So that's to say you can perform the sacrifice to the sky, to the nature gods, to the village and family gods, as well as the sacrifice to the wind? All of the ceremonies? What about divination, can you do that?"

"I can," said YuqSso. "When I was twelve, my grandfather made me find a teacher and become an apprentice Dongba. I come from a family of Dongba."

"If you're from a Dongba family, why did you have to find a teacher?" the official asked with interest.

"We don't carry on the practice of passing from father to son here. Even those whose fathers are Dongbas have to find another teacher. In the evenings, we'd take our torches and make our way to the teacher's house. He'd be sitting on the seat of honour by the fire, and we'd sit beneath him, with the sacred books laid out on the ground in front of us. He'd read a line, and we'd repeat after him..."

"Oh, so you had to memorise all of them? Is that right?" asked the official. YuqSso nodded.

"Do you have a copy of *HeiqReePiq*, the Path of the Gods? Do you have all the ritual books?"

"I do."

YuqSso held this Han Chinese visitor in high esteem. He knew a lot about Dongba culture, and he was an important official, too.

However, the minor official, who wasn't even thirty years old, was getting bored of the conversation. He

⁴Literally, "the place where the bitter buckwheat grows".



made his excuses and left, saying he had something to take care of at home.

“Can you write all the books? Draw all the ritual banners? What about arranging all the ritual altars?”

“I’ve done it all. If all you can do is recite a few rituals, and if you haven’t conducted all of the major rites, then you can’t be considered a great Dongba master here in these mountains.”

“From your name, YuqSso – goat son – you must have been born in the year of the goat? That means you’re under forty. Amazing! How about you come with me down the mountain tomorrow, to Black Dragon Pool, and help me translate some ritual books?”

His dream had foretold all this. DongbaSheel’loq was looking out for him. YuqSso had never met a county official who knew so much about Dongba culture – and he wasn’t even a Naxi. It was a rare opportunity; it was fate, arranged by DongbaSheel’loq himself. He had to go down the mountain and make the most of this chance to share all that Dongba knowledge tucked away in his brain, morsel by morsel.

That afternoon he pulled a plump sheep out of the pen, drained its blood with a sharp knife, and prepared a blood sausage for his guest. Then he stuffed the sheep’s lung with various ingredients, such as egg, *caoguo*, star anise and spicy peppers. He boiled the lung, sliced it into pieces, and fried it before finally serving it to the official. Last but not least, he cooked a pot of boiled lamb over the stove. YuqSso the Dongba and the unusual county official sat by the fire and talked late into the night. Their talk led YuqSso to understand how far and wide the influence of Dongba culture had spread, and to realise the true value of this culture and its precious proponents, the Dongba themselves. This man who’d grown up in the mountains, the descendant of generation after generation of Dongba, couldn’t have dreamed of a more fortuitous meeting of minds. That night his mind raced, and sleep evaded him.

When the cockerel announced the dawning of the day, he felt his blood racing through his veins, and his head was engulfed by a wave of dizziness. The world seemed to turn upside-down, and his stomach churned violently, as if wishing to escape through his mouth. He slipped out of consciousness...

When he awoke, there was something unusual hanging by the fire...an intravenous drip. A doctor in a white coat was observing him intently. His wife was sobbing quietly to herself, and his son, almost fully grown up, was sniveling. Only later did he learn that it was that talented and knowledgeable county magistrate that had called the doctor, and asked that the physician do everything in his power to save this young “living treasure”, as he called him.

YuqSso was wearing a felt hat decorated with the tail feather of a wild chicken and a flight feather of an eagle. Hedgehog spines protruded from both the front and the back of the hat, and there was a three-pronged iron decoration on its brow. Red ribbons dangled down from either side, covering his ears. He had on a red ceremonial robe, embroidered with a tiger on the front, a leopard on the back, and a green dragon soared through clouds around his waist. On one shoulder there was a white crane, and a black eagle was embroidered on the other. A white conch necklace hung round his neck, comprised of 104 beads, interspersed with red agate, and green and black jade. On his feet he wore half-length black leather boots. This was the costume of Lolchuq-Ddaheeq.⁵

⁵Lolchuq-Ddaheeq is a name of a mythical Dongba, who was said to be expert at performing funereal rituals. Any Dongba conducting a funereal rite will dress up in the clothes of Lolchuq-Ddaheeq, and will take on his name, and hence, some of his power, for the duration of the ceremony. Here the author provides a detailed description of this traditional dress.



As YuqSso adjusted his robes and hat, he heard the sounds of ritual drums and cymbals coming from outside. He went into the courtyard, gathered the eighteen Dongba and asked them to put on their ritual attire. They wore robes in bright shades of red and green, and traditional five-lobed crowns. Some held up the paintings of DongbaSheel'loq, others held gleaming metal swords, and yet others shook cymbals and rattle-drums, or blew on yak horns. Out they went, to meet with the thirty-six other dancing Dongba who had gathered in the clearing.

The two groups of dancing Dongbas strode purposefully, flinging out their arms and legs amidst the clanging of flat bells and the banging of the drums. They were following the lead of the chief Dongba YuqSso, who held a ritual effigy in one hand and a staff decorated with dragons and multicoloured ribbons in the other. They stepped down on the drumbeats, and kicked up dust as they danced into the house, circling the plow-shaped Xi NgvlCiq three times with their lusty steps. The dancing Dongbas lined up in front of the altar, turned, and lifted their left legs three times. Three times they stamped down, and then the drums came to a halt.

YuqSso sat down on the bamboo mat before the altar and began to chant in a loud voice:

"The county magistrate's soul needs to be shown the way to the heavenly kingdom; but where does his soul now reside? Let us ring our instruments and wake his soul from its slumber."

The Dongbas danced, and searched for the soul of the deceased...

YuqSso stood up excitedly. As he leaned on his ritual staff, the mountain sunshine cast him in a golden halo. He thought he had caught a fleeting glimpse of the county official's handsome features; he thought he had heard his voice on the wind. A light flashed in his eyes and his lips began to tremble. "Ah! The spirit of the deceased, which we have searched for all over, has lit a fire for us and sits peacefully on the yellow mat of the very home where the ceremony is being held!"

YuqSso then chanted in solemn tones: "In the hearts of the Naxi people you stand taller even than the great Jade Dragon Mountain, mightier even than the vast River of Golden Sand. We will honour you with the grandest of ceremonies, and offer up the most precious sacrifices to you."

The second time YuqSso met the county magistrate was on a small village path, which wound and twisted like a sheep's intestine. At first he mistook the official for a Dongba from another village. He was wearing the five-lobed crown and a black Dongba robe. He even had a necklace of red and white pearls, a ritual drum in his left hand and a flat bell in his right.

Is this a Dongba come to borrow a ceremonial book, or perhaps discuss something with me? But why was there a large piece of paper stuck to his chest, and why was he accompanied by a rabble of people, led by the village official? They were shouting and whooping, hoisting sticks up into the air as they walked. As YuqSso pondered, he realized that the man in the Dongba robe was none other than the county magistrate that had saved his life, the man he'd dearly wanted to meet again. He instantly understood. He'd been made to wear the Dongba robes, and was being paraded around the streets as a means of politically denouncing him.

"You can't do that with no thought to right and wrong!" YuqSso shouted. Anger made him pounce forward like a snow leopard, and he grabbed hold of the county magistrate. Whether out of fury or sadness, tears dropped down from his eyes.



“Down ... down with DongbaYuqSso, down with ox demons and snake spirits and all superstition!” shouted the younger official whom had accompanied the magistrate on their first visit to YuqSso. He was leading the group’s chants as he pulled YuqSso away, and ordered him to bring out all his ritual books and artwork. YuqSso wouldn’t do it, of course. The mountains gave him courage, gave him strength. Hereached down and picked up a lump of firewood, and lifted it above his head, eyes sparkling with fury. “If any of you dares touch my books, I will beat you down to the ground, each and every one,” he shouted.

He was incensed. These worthless fools, worse than cats or dogs; these sons of the devil Meeleel-Shvzzee⁶himself. *If I don’t fight them with every last breath, then I won’t be able to call myself a man.* He really was going to fight them too, but that old head of his wasn’t cooperating. He felt dizzy, and his illness was about to overcome him once again. He propped himself up with the firewood in one hand, and clutched his head with the other.

“YuqSso, DongbaYuqSso!” said the county magistrate, rushing to help him. He took a bottle of some kind of medicine from the pocket of the Mao suit he was wearing under those robes, and shook out two pills, which he promptly stuffed into YuqSso’s mouth. The rabble had made their way into YuqSso’s house and uncovered all his Dongba books, yellowed by the smoke of countless ritual fires and tied into bundles with fine linen cords, and all his paintings, fine brushwork on white linen cloth. They put everything into two bamboo baskets, and carried them outside.

“Tell those two to each take a basket back, and make them burn everything in front of the crowd!” YuqSso, who was already feeling a lot better after taking the medicine, felt the anger course up to his head once more when he heard that petty official say those words.

“DongbaYuqSso, in your condition you can’t get anxious or angry. I brought this medicine from the city especially for you, take two pills whenever you feel uncomfortable,” said the county magistrate hurriedly. “They’re telling us to carry these baskets full of Dongba books back to the village, so that’s what we’ll do. I’ll go in front, you follow behind.”

YuqSso looked at him in confusion. The last time they’d met, this man had praised Dongba culture to high heaven! Now, all of a sudden, he’d completely changed his tune. It just went to show how difficult it is see into someone’s heart.

“Take it slow; don’t aggravate your condition!”

Against his will, the Dongba picked up that basket of books, all of which were destined for the bonfire. They weighed as much as a mountain, but what could he do?

The county magistratestretched his neck and wheezed like an accordion, as the hot mountain sun shone down on the ceremonial books on his back. He was bent almost double, and the slightest stumble would send him down into the steep ravine below.

Just when YuqSso was about to tell him to be careful, the magistrate tripped over on the mountain path, and all the books he was carrying tumbled down the cliffside. If he had fallen down with them, he’d have been killed. YuqSsoinstantly broke out in a sweat. He rushed up to the magistrate and moved to help him up. As YuqSso leaned over, all his books slipped out of the basket and bounced down the mountain to the valley floor. One end of the several metre-long painting, the *Path of the Gods*, was caught on a tree branch. It

⁶The third king of the ghosts in Naxi mythology, after Yiggvq-dinal and Mimaq-seiqddei.



hung there for a moment like a coloured streamer before slipping down into the depths of the ravine.

That's it. All gone. DongbaSheel'loq – am I dreaming? Are you punishing me? YuqSso clutched at his head. The shock had made him dizzy, and the mountains were starting to spin around him. The magistrate turned to look at him, with no mind to his own injuries.

“Has the scare made your illness worse?”

The magistrate helped him to the side of the path, and turned to the village headman. “Let YuqSso go home. All the books are lost to the ravine anyway, so what's left for you to do with him? He's got high blood pressure. If you take him with you and something happens, it'll just be a cause of trouble. Anyway, I supported him in his profession of being a Dongba, so if anyone's to blame, it's me.”

The little village headman, whose face closely resembled a lump of charcoal, shook his head for several moments. If he took the Dongba off for a public denouncing and he were to die, that'd be a tricky one to handle. And so he decided to send YuqSso home.

YuqSso collapsed onto the bed by his fireplace, declining to eat or drink anything. When it got dark, he leapt out of the wooden bed. He wanted to see the county magistrate. In the dark, dirty and smelly animal pen behind the village office where he was being kept, the country magistrate had a beaming smile on his face as he greeted YuqSso.

“I knew you'd come. Do you know how important it is that you're here?”

He took out an oilskin cloth and passed it to YuqSso. “Hurry back and find all those books that fell down the side of the mountain today. Wrap them up in this cloth, and hide them away in a cave. They are treasures, and as a Dongba, so are you. Not to mention, the ritual books written in these parts do not contain very many pictographs, yet still tend to be very long when they are read out. That makes them extra precious. As an example, the first sentence is written with just one pictograph – a tiger, “la”, but the whole sentence is read with five words, “e ni la sherlni”, which means “a long, long time ago...”. It's a pictograph that jogs the memory. And you also have some rituals and books that you can't find elsewhere.”

This country magistrate really knew a lot about Dongba culture, and YuqSso nodded in agreement at everything he said. He thought for a moment, then said:

“You can't find the ‘Bbixul-Leiqxul’⁷ ritual anywhere else, and we also have some books that contain the secrets of Dongba medicine too.” The official held YuqSso's hand tight.

“YuqSso! My living treasure! Promise me that you'll keep them safe! They don't just belong to the Naxi, but to the whole world, too.” He patted the Dongba on the shoulder. “Go now, go back before you wear yourself out, and before anyone spots you here. Don't forget to take two pills first...as for me, don't worry; we will meet again.”

As YuqSso was reluctantly taking his leave, the official grabbed hold of him once more. “There's one more

⁷Literally, ‘kill the sun and kill the moon’, it recounts the story of how, in times of legend, there used to be nine suns during the day and seven moons at night, making the daytime unbearably hot and the nighttime unbearably cold, so they had to be shot from the sky by a Naxi hero with a bow and arrow. This ritual cannot be found in the official compilations of Dongba texts, and while some old Dongba have indeed heard of the book's existence, none possess a copy of it.



thing. Don't you have a son in junior middle school? You need to teach him to read the Dongba books, and train him to be a little Dongba."

"We don't teach our sons to be Dongba in our village," YuqSso said.

"It's time to make an exception," said the magistrate, a serious expression on his face. YuqSso nodded gravely. The magistrate took out a notepad and pulled a photograph out from inside it. "This is the photo we took together last time I went to visit you. I never sent it, but I have it with me now. Take it. Look after yourself. And never forget: life is victory!" he said.

YuqSso tucked the yellowed cloth that smelled of tung oil under his arm, and, holding the photo of the two of them standing in front of his wooden house, he strode off into the mountain valley...

YuqSso dreamed that his Dongbamaster had excitedly said to him, "The magistrate has come to see you!" It was true. The next day, he saw the magistrate approaching his wooden house.

Was it true? He thought back, counting how many days it had been since he'd seen the magistrate in that stinking animal pen, on that night when the moon was bright and the stars were few. It had been over ten years.⁸ He heard the dog barking, and put down the cup of tea that was he was holding by his mouth. He got down from the bed, and bent down to exit the house by the low front door, the frame so low that nobody dared not bow before it. YuqSso's eyes widened. Was the magistrate really here?

The fire in the stove burned bright. The magistrate sat on the seat of honour once more, as YuqSso's wife busied herself looking after the guest. The reflections of the orange flames danced over the magistrate's grey hair and hollow, reddened cheeks. He'd made a special trip to visit YuqSso after being reinstated to his position. He'd asked his superiors to put him in charge of saving Dongba culture, of bringing this special ethnic culture back from the brink of extinction, and helping it to be recognized far and wide – beyond the Jade Dragon mountain, to the whole world. They exchanged some pleasantries, and then the magistrate asked YuqSso, "Have you kept all those books and ritual implements that fell down the mountainside that day?"

How could he tell the magistrate that his useless son had stopped him from keeping them safe? How could he look him in the eye? YuqSso opened his mouth as if to speak, but the words got stuck in his mouth. The magistrate was a shrewd man, and he read the expression on the simple mountain dweller's face.

"YuqSso, if you have something to say, just say it. We're like family, you and I; you don't need to keep anything bottled up."

YuqSso had no other option but to say what was on his mind. "I'm sorry, magistrate, even though I managed to recover all the sacred books, after I took them all home, my good-for-nothing son waited until I was gone one day and sold them all for twenty thousand yuan. He even said he'd got a good price for them!"

"What? He sold all the books? For twenty thousand? I'll pay forty...sixty thousand to buy them back!" shouted the magistrate agitatedly, his porcelain cup clinking as he slammed it down a bit too forcefully onto the stove top.

"Don't get worked up...be careful of your health," said one of his attendants.

⁸The implication here is that the magistrate is coming to visit after the decade-long Cultural Revolution, during which the Dongba and their religion were persecuted, has ended.



The magistrate spoke to his entourage. "Call YuqSso's son here. I want to teach him that what he did was a crime! He got rid of the priceless family inheritance! How can priceless treasures be sold for only twenty thousand?"

"My son isn't at home; he's gone down the mountain to do business," said YuqSso.

"The preservation and rescue of ethnic culture is such a difficult task. Fools only think about money. They think that with money they can buy anything, but the reality is different. YuqSso, you know I say you are a "living treasure". If you don't mind me saying, when you die, you'll take the Dongba culture of this place with you. There'll be nothing left. Who will carry on this tradition? I'll say it again: living is more important than anything." The magistrate paused for a moment, before continuing. "YuqSso, compared with all the remaining Dongba, you are still young. But you are beset by illness, so you need to take extra care of yourself. How about this: try to write down all those sacred books from your memory. And those orally handed-down songs you once told me about, you need to copy them down too. I should tell you: when my request has been granted, I will take you away from here, down the mountain and into the town, where there are good doctors. If it doesn't work out, then I'll send someone to stay here for however long it takes; eight years, ten years...to get every ounce of Dongba culture out of your head and down onto the page, together with direct translations and more readable ones too. If all else fails, we can record you singing the epic books onto cassettes, oh, and we need you to train someone to take on your mantle, a young Dongba. If there are no young Dongba, then the world's only living pictographic script will die out. And what of the vast field of learning that is Dongba culture? It will forever remain a mystery. This would not just be a great loss for the Naxi people, but for the people of the whole world."

YuqSso was nodding, his eyes narrowed in thought. A strange light shone from his pupils as he carefully studied this weathered, world-weary man; a man steeped in Chinese culture, who also knew the strange chicken-scratch of foreign languages and whose mind was full to the brim with Dongba knowledge. He seemed to possess a power gifted to him by the Dongba ancestors. He seemed then to YuqSso as the incarnation of DongbaSheel'loq himself. For only he could save his minority culture, to help it to live on, stronger than before.

"Magistrate, you're a Han Chinese, and yet you have put so much of your blood and sweat into saving our Dongba culture; as a Dongba myself, it is the least I can do to offer as much as I can. If someone can take up my mantle, then I will not have failed you, the incarnation of DongbaSheel'loq!" said YuqSsoq, his words brimming with emotion.

"YuqSso, you and I don't have much time left in this life, but there is still so much work for us to do. We must do all we can to save this culture, to ensure we do not let the Naxi people down, and to ensure we do not let later generations down. We must put our own lives on the line for this cause."

YuqSso couldn't have known that these words, spoken by the fire in that little mountain household, were the last that the magistrate would say to him.

Not long after, YuqSso received the dreaded news. The magistrate had worked himself to death, passing away in a jeep on the way to a remote village.

"Magistrate! Ah, DongbaSheel'loq!" When he heard the news, he looked out at the Jade Dragon Snow Mountain, its peaks gleaming in the distance. Tears fell down his furrowed face, and he began to cry out in sorrow. His wails seemed to shake El-ka-le village, and the very mountains beyond.



The magistrate had lived to be sixty years old, which can be considered a long life among the Naxi. Beside the altar for the passing on of the worthy soul, YuqSso arranged an altar for the passing on of a long-lived soul. Here he placed the wood effigy, and an effigy of the sacred roc, made from flour. To the left and right he put a grass-woven deer and silver pheasant. In the middle was a copper pot, and beside the wood effigy were thirteen different twigs that he had collected from the mountainside: among them birch, pine and bamboo. YuqSso sat cross-legged on a yellow bamboo mat before the altars. He wanted to sing the praises of the county magistrate, to make people remember the great man, and to make sure his spirit would be passed down amongst those who lived at the foot of the Jade Dragon Mountain.

“O, magistrate! You wear the plumed cap and fear no lightning; you take with you the tiger’s tail and fear no hurricane. You have not climbed the holy mountain Jjuqnalsheel’loq, yet you know its heights; you have not walked the path taken by the Naxi ancestors that brought them here to Lijiang, yet you know the way. You have not sailed across the sacred lake Meeleeldajjiqheel, yet you know its depths; you have not visited the holy land of the Gods O and Hei, yet you know of its customs.”

“You helped solve ninety problems for the Naxi people, and resolve seventy disputes for them too. You have scaled ninety-nine mountainsides, and been respected by the people on each of them. You have been to seventy-seven places, and been praised by the people from each of them. In their minds, you stand as tall as the Jade Dragon mountain itself!”

YuqSso stood, picked up the “tiger skin”, which was in fact a piece of linen painted to resemble a tiger’s skin, and began to chant the “Dividing the tiger’s skin” ritual.⁹ He used scissors to cut the “skin”, which represents the spirit and vitality of the deceased, and gave it to the younger generation of the village who had gathered at the ceremony. And so the village would remember the magistrate, and his spirit would remain in the mountains, passed down to the next generation of the Naxi who lived there.

YuqSso burned the stick of heavenly incense - a cypress twig - at the altar beneath the plow-shaped Xi NgviCiq, and opened up his four metre-long scroll, the *Path of the Gods*. The scroll was comprised of three main sections, representing the realm of hell, the mortal world, and the abode of the gods. The top of the scroll was placed on the altar, and the bottom end lay on the ground in the courtyard. YuqSso chanted the scripture, losing himself in the moment. He guided the magistrate’s soul from the realm of hell into the mortal world, and from there to the realm of the gods. As he sang, he could actually see the magistrate on a tuft of pure white cloud, flying toward the abode of the gods in the thirty-three heavens. When the deceased man reached the great hall of the gods, the all-powerful DongabSheel’loq himself came out to greet the Han Chinese official, with a wide smile on his face...

Afterwards, YuqSso took the wood effigy to a cave near the village, which would be the official’s final resting place. YuqSso covered the cave entrance with stones, and placed flags at either side, as well as a gourd filled with the “magical medicine” of goat’s milk.

Now that the lavish funeral was over, YuqSso felt a sense of great relief, and he let out a long sigh. He looked up at the cloudy peaks of the Jade Dragon Mountain, which soared in the heavens like a silver dragon, and thought back to the last words the magistrate had spoken to him. Those words hung like a millstone around his neck...

⁹The Naxi “La eebiu” ritual (Dividing the tiger’s skin) is performed only for Naxi men who have passed away (from natural causes) over the age of sixty. The dividing of the tiger’s skin is symbolic of the passing on of the deceased’s material and spiritual wealth to the next generation.



【社团活动】 Social Science Activities

参加北京市社科联党建工作会议

【清风堂·记事】 [2017.11.29](#)

社科联党组书记

张淼谈19大精神



- 1,从全面治党入手。
- 2,依法治国。促进社会稳定。
- 3,加强意识形态教育。这不仅是宣传部门的事，全社会都要重视。不能忘记老祖宗，加强对我们自己文化的自信。
- 6,加强对生态环境的治理。必须遏制破坏生态情况。
- 7,提高发展的质量。由规模发展到质量发展。我们人均效益不到20%，是发达国家不到一半的水平。

“新时代”的意义

人类社会进步的伟大意义

发展中国家进步指导意义

国家破题进步是个很难的事，“变异”的东西很多！例如工程外包泛滥至极。

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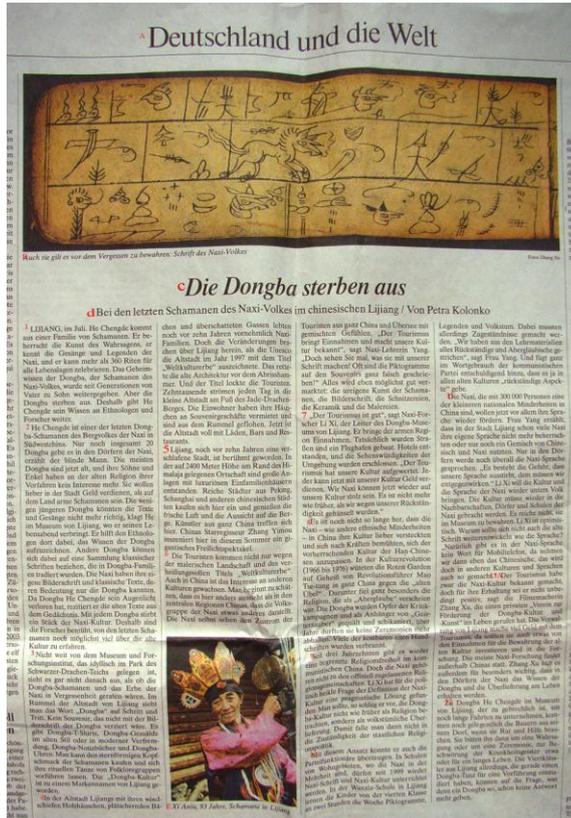
ADCA 新会员介绍

奥斯卡·贝尔博士 (Dr. Beer Oskar Erwin)

原德国西门子公司驻京某部门负责人,自90年代开始协助东巴文化艺术在德国展出。退休后加入本会,希望继续帮助促进会联络中国与德国在东巴文化方面的合作。

裴珂珑博士 (Dr. Petra Kolonko)

德国“法兰克福汇报”驻京首席记者,曾多次赴纳西族地区调研,并两次在其德国“法兰克福汇报”报道东巴文化的历史与现状。报道摘录:“旅游虽然使得纳西文化越来越有名,但对保护这个文化不一定有利。张旭说,她建立了一个民间的社团组织“北京东巴文化促进会”,用于保护这个文化。”



“在中国见纳西族最后的东巴祭司”德国法兰克福汇报裴珂珑报道 (2007-6-6)

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迟佳先生,

1981年出生,2009-2012 博纳影业营运经理 2012-2015 广东明家联合移动科技股份有限公司 (300242) 北京办事处主任。

2015 至今北京宏拓投资有限公司总经理。他认为民族的就是世界的,愿为推广东巴文化尽一份微薄之力。



【工作简讯】 WORK NEWSLETTER

海外寻找流失的东巴古籍的工作又有了新进展

五年来，本促进会承担着国家社会科学基金重大项目，对散落在世界各地的东巴古籍藏本进行寻觅和调研以及进行数字化采集的重任。通过不懈的努力，今年夏天，在世界著名探险家、瑞典的斯文·赫定先生的藏品中又发现了一批珍贵的东巴古籍，该藏品的数字版本已经由与我促进会友好合作的瑞典国家世界文化博物馆于 2017 年 9 月正式提供，成为我们执行的国家社科基金重大项目：《“世界记忆遗产”东巴古籍传承体系数字化国际共享平台建设研究》中的又一东巴古籍数字化的最新成果。



1935.50.3928 :: bok, handskrift, manuskript

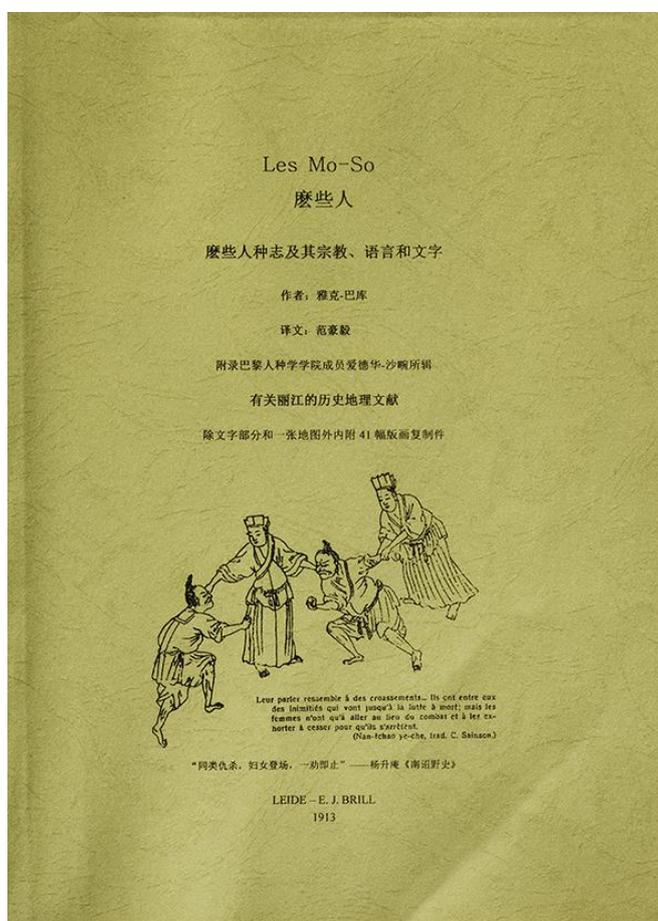
Rar bildskriftsbok (manuskript) från Naxi (alternativ stavning Naxi, Naqxi, Na-khi, Nashi, Nahi, Moxiayi och Mosha), en erkänd minoritet i Kina. Manuskript är i det nästan helt utdöda piktografiska skriftspråket dongba, som funnits i över tusen år, som använts av schamaner tillhörande naxi.

I katalog uppges manuskripten vara mo-ssu-handskrift. Troligen syftar mo-ssu på minoriteten Mosuo (alternativ stavning Moso eller Musuo), som räknas som undergrupp av minoriteten Naxi. Mosuo är kulturellt distinkta från Naxi, men delar av trosutövandet är gemensamt.

在本次数字采集东巴古籍藏本的新进展中，要特别感谢瑞典世界国家文化博物馆东方博物馆的李东研究员以及该馆的馆员们所给予的真诚帮助和大力支持！感谢我促进会所有幕后支持者们和大家共同付出的多年的努力！目前这批纳西族东巴古籍已经以数字化形式回归了祖国，成为我们对 2017 年国庆的一份闪光的献礼。

著名国际研究专著《麽些人》译稿完成

作为本北京东巴文化促进会的志愿者、资深翻译家范豪毅先生，为了推动东巴文化的国际研究，翻译了由法国人雅克·巴库撰写的《麽些人》（Les Mo-So）。这部纳西学史上最早的著名法语研究专著。对人种志和宗教、语言及文字和历史及地理文献的三个部分进行了主要研究，在其后还附有爱德华·沙畹的关于丽江《木氏宦谱》的分析。最有价值的部分应该是巴克在书中记载的他对东巴古籍的综合考证以及他对古籍中使用的象形文字的语法分析和法语翻译。



《麽些人》（Les Mo-So）作者：雅克·巴库 译者：范豪毅

巴库的这部专著《麽些人》在纳西学研究史上有着重要的学术地位，无疑历史性地启蒙了西方和中国的纳西学研究。巴库在《麽些人》一书中，用法语翻译了用于祭祀东巴神罗仪式的东巴古籍中的一个段落。现在其中这段法语译文已经由范豪毅先生翻译成了精彩的汉语。

目前，这部译著的样书，已被英国国家图书馆、法国巴黎语言文化大学和法国远东学院收藏。



【北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会二十周年工作回顾】

北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会成立大会-1997

新当选会长宣布北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会成立-1997

北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会第三届会员大会-2010

北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会会标

北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会
BEIJING ASSOCIATION OF DONGBA CULTURE AND ARTS

北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会二十周年纪念册

東巴文化

DONGBA CULTURE

促進會二十周年工作回顧

北京東巴文化藝術發展促進會

Beijing Association of Dongba Culture and Arts

E-mail: dongba@public.bta.net.cn



2017年11月28日备忘录

从1997年11月28日至2017年11月28日，今天是我北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会成立二十周年的日子。在此诚挚感谢全体会员为抢救、保护和传承东巴文化所付出的艰苦努力和无私奉献！

张旭 塔尤拉姆

@塔尤拉姆，忆起20年前的成立时的场景。

高存令

祝贺东巴文化艺术发展促进会廿年华诞生日快乐！

向张会长及全体会员致敬！

王彦京

执着不懈二十载，
微力抢救为图忧。
古籍归释获共享，
功在当代利千秋。

马雅莎

祝贺东巴文化艺术发展促进会廿年华诞生日快乐！

姚进

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Zhang Xu Tayoulamu' s works

祝大家 2018 年新年好!

Happy New Year of 2018!



北京东巴文化艺术发展促进会

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Beijing Association of Dongba Culture and Arts

(ADCA)