

# 二战名城老重庆

最后的风景艺术影像志

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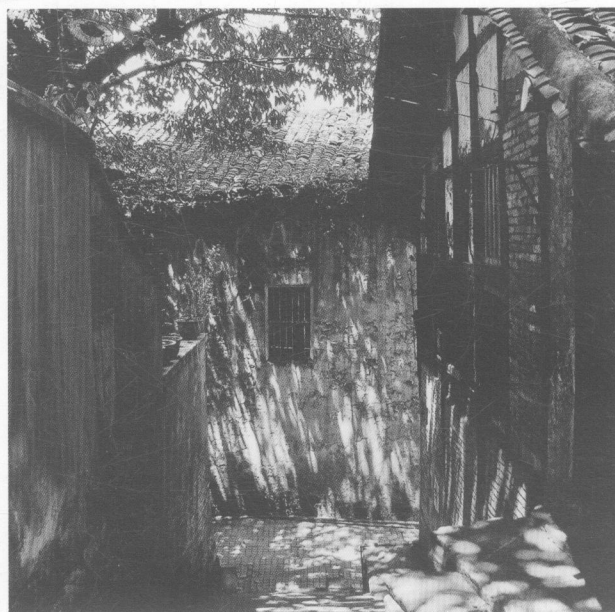
# 二战名城老重庆

渝 峰 摄影·编著

## CHONGQING — THE FAMOUS CITY IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR

*Photo Annals of Vanishing Sceneries*

PHOTOGRAPHED & COMPILED BY YU FENG



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重庆，一座江河环绕的山城半岛  
因处水陆要冲，遂成近代史上中国的“两河流域”  
时逢抗日烽火，时称中国最后的耶路撒冷  
因其苦撑远东战局，誉与华盛顿、伦敦、莫斯科齐名的“二战”名城  
一名健行者，怀使徒之虔敬  
耗费十年光阴，拍下这座城市最后的风光

Chongqing, a peninsula surrounded by rivers.

Situated at an important communications hub, Chongqing is the Mesopotamia in China's modern history.

The city was called China's Jerusalem during the Anti-Japanese War.

As one of the world famous cities like Washington D.C. London and Moscow in the Second World War, Chongqing proved its importance in the Far East during the war.

A traveller with a pious heart of disciple,

The photographer recorded the vanishing sceneries of the city with his photos taken in 10 years' time.



王 康

## 唯有瞬间不朽

当一位工匠第一次把一块普通玻璃打磨成凸透镜时，他不知道自己已成为历史的证人；当一位工程师偶然发明了感光胶卷时，他已隐约感到世界的奥秘终有破读的一刻。在人类层出不穷的行当中，唯有摄影师保留着从古代朝圣者到现代独行人专有的信念和悲情。他们深知万能的时间和无穷的空间皆系于那神秘的瞬间，他们是瞬间的俘虏，他们缔造了瞬间。

一名健行者，耗费十年光阴，穿行攀援，凝神遐目，于那烟波浩淼之间，晨钟暮鼓之际，高墙深宅之外，方生方逝之时，将一穷汉全部家当，他的行囊，他的宝贝，“成功人士”唾手可玩的照相器材，典给了这座城市。只因这里光景玄妙，节律起伏，色泽斑驳，旋律高远；只因这里故事密集，风物如歌，深纵的城堞一直拒绝一览无余的平庸；只因这里尘封着一个民族的沉郁顿挫整整一个甲子，那沉默已久的信、望、爱早已构成了最后的风景。

六十多年前，一位美国友人第一次飞临这座城市上空时，竟感叹说，这里完全不适合人类居住。然而，中国毕竟是中国，重庆毕竟是重庆。从白山黑水、黄河之滨翻越秦岭巴山；从淞沪平原、江汉泽国西溯洞庭三峡；从岭南丘陵、湖广沃野穿行乌蒙峻岭，士、农、工、商，千百万不愿做亡国顺民的父老乡亲，完成了以这座城市为终点的民族大迁徙。生不同骨相，操不同方言，秉不同习性的同胞共建了这座战争移民之都，这座不设防不设计不矫饰不炫耀的中国最后的陪都。

它曾荣幸地分享了一个伟大民族的光荣，也曾无辜地承受了一段重要历史的苦难。它是一部血肉文本，由战争之手排印后就封存至今，专待那灵犀相通的后来者批阅观览，流连忘返；它是一道序幕，拉开之后便再也没有关上，任凭舞台和主角顺江而去；它是一首即兴，从天而降，便音讯杳茫；它是一座废墟，久怀苍凉心境的静穆眼光见证着造化的奇妙。

我们已久违了神意和美感，我们已久昧了土地和人性，沧桑如此悲壮竟久久未能催生雄浑的韵律，山河如此奇秀竟迟迟未能召唤亲近的感念，这是我们的悲哀，这是我们的变形记。

是时候了，兄弟姐妹们。让我们走进这最后的风光，倾听祖父辈悠远的呼吸，回眸那凝固而飘逸的世界，领略那瞬息即逝的美景，屏神静气，只待那天纵的一刻，逝而复生的一切如潮音澎湃时，按下我们共同的快门。



By Wang Kang

## The Moments Which Last Forever

The craftsman didn't know that he had become a witness of history, when, for the first time in the world, he polished an ordinary glass into a concave mirror. The engineer, who invented photosensitive film by chance, might have vaguely realized that all world mysteries could be deciphered one day. Among all walks of life in human society, the only people who cling to the special faith and pathos of the ancient pilgrims and modern solitary travelers are photographers, they know perfectly well that each and every moment makes time omnipotent and space endless. For ever immortal are nothing but the moments. Dancing with moments all their life, photographers are both the captives and creators of moments.

Mr. Dai Qianfeng, an energetic hiker, spent 10 years walking, climbing and photographing, in the beauty of mist-covered water surface and the echoing bells of temples. Loitering outside of traditional residence rounded by high walls and witnessing life and death, he devoted all his belongings—his traveling bag and his beloved cameras that any successful businessmen can easily afford—to this city, only for the sake of its enchanting light and shadows, evocative rhythm, rich colors and fanciful life. To him, this is a city with too many stories and memorable history. Its high battlements, which have always been reluctant to show off to eager visitors, have withheld the profundity and strength of a nation for almost sixty years, harboring the last landscape made of faith, hope and love.

Sixty years ago, an American friend sighed for its extreme unsuitability for human life when he flew over the city for the first time. However, this was China and this was Chongqing. Hundreds of thousands of Chinese who refused to become the conquered, be they soldiers, farmers, workers or merchants, with different characters, accents and propensities, swarmed into this city, by different means of transport, through numerous difficulties and hardships and from all parts of the country. They built this immigrant city into China's wartime capital, the last frontier without defense, design, fancy decoration or panache.

It fortunately shared the glory of a great nation and innocently carried the burden of sufferings of an important historical moment. It is a book written in blood and flesh and compiled by the War, having been sealed up ever since, and waiting to be read and loved by its appreciators. It is like a great play that never ends, the prelude will take the audience to one story after another with various characters. It is a song from the heaven, beautiful and traceless. It is a relic with solemn heart and calm eyes, witnessing the magic of the Creator.

We have long forgotten the Deity and sense of beauty, slipping farther and farther from our land and humanity. It is our pity and distortion of mind that we have been so dumb and emotionless in front of such profound history and beautiful nature.

It is the right time now, my sisters and brothers, to walk into this last landscape, listening to the distant breathing of our forefathers, recalling the seemly frozen but still running world, and feeling its instantaneous beauty. Let's hold our breath and cameras ready, to click the shutters and catch the flash moments which shall give birth to another round of excitement.





作者：戴前锋（笔名渝峰，此为本书作者署名）肖像 Mr Dai Qianfeng

摄影：赵卫 By Zhao Wei

## 作者简介：

戴前锋（笔名渝峰，此为本书作者署名），1956年生于重庆，1975年上山下乡，1984年进入重庆出版社至今，从事摄影、美术、艺术理论类图书编辑工作。编辑出版了《世界摄影150年》等数十种相关作品，曾参加国家大型出版工程《中国石窟雕塑全集》的摄影、编辑、设计工作。作者初试摄影创作于1983年，《二战名城老重庆》成为他从1985年至1986年，1994年至2004年十余年间的重要拍摄专题。所拍作品6000余幅。

## About the Author/Photographer

Mr. Dai Qianfeng, pen-named Yu Feng, was born in 1956 in Chongqing. He went to the countryside as an "intellectual youth" in 1975 and joined Chongqing Publishing House in 1984. Mainly as an editor of the house, he has been working on photography, art and editing of theoretical books on art. He was the editor of *150 Years of World Photography* among dozens of other works and took part in the photography, editing and design of *Complete Collection of China's Grottos and Sculptures*, a major publishing program of the country.

He started photography in 1983 and has taken more than 6000 photos of the old city of Chongqing. Old Chongqing, the Famous City during the Second World War was the most important theme of his photos taken in the years from 1985 to 1986 and from 1994 to 2004.



渝 峰

## 断想中的城市履历

我拍摄重庆旧城的第一幅照片是在20世纪80年代中期，那是本职工作之需，结伴者是重庆出版社同行江东先生。严格地说，大规模的拍摄行动是从1994年开始的。是时，中国第二波商潮开始涌动，席卷之势前所未有，整个艺术界（尤其是视觉艺术）随着自“新时期”以来形成的反思、拯救、崇高、神圣精神的消解，以伤痕、批判、问题、乡土等为主题的创作路向从此改辕易辙，与本民族命运无关的“后现代”西洋把戏开始成为创作新潮。是时，由于一段不成功的社会生活，我对正义、道德、友谊赖以存在的人性开始怀疑、绝望。我正值人生的最低谷。

那是一个无所事事的夏天，我乘公交车沿下半城行驶，完全是由于心境的原因，车窗外的山城如同经历了一场巨大地震，到处都是瓦砾遍布的废墟。自“文革”结束以来就成为基建大工地的城市，为何还在无休止地开挖、拆建？整个城市就像一件破陋不堪的外套，永远有打不完的补丁。与其他城市不同的是，裸露的断壁残垣因山城特有的立体形致更显其一览无余的狰狞和满目疮痍的不幸，酷似当年日机大轰炸后的现场写照。然而成片的脚手架、林立的塔吊、笨重的气锤等建筑机械，成为寄托人们希望的时代景观。其实，直到21世纪的今天，相隔二十多年后，房地产、楼盘又何尝不是城市生活的中心话题。人类的野心迫使城市不断膨胀，百废待兴、方兴未艾永远是城市愿意接受的宿命。

公交车盘山而上，我坐在车窗旁与己无关地审视着夕照下的山城街景，想着雨果笔下法国大革命的巴黎：“全城都在搬家……”重庆，这座沉寂了半个多世纪的老山城，在拆迁、入住、开业、叫卖的繁忙中昼夜喧嚣，不辞辛劳的重庆人似乎正在从重新安排自己的归宿中找回六十多年前的自信。三年后，“直辖”的殊荣终于和历史接轨，重庆有了第三次“直辖”的记录。

1939年，“五三”“五四”大轰炸后的第二天——1939年5月5日，国民政府明令重庆升格为行政院直辖市，任命贺国光为市长。在愈炸愈勇、愈炸愈建的精神鼓舞下，城市建设步伐加速，炸不倒的山城成为中华国难当头、共度时艰的精神堡垒。

1946年，国民政府还都南京，法定重庆为中国永久性陪都，并制定了中国有史以来第一部城市建设规划《陪都十年建设计划草案》，计划在10年内把重庆建成西南工商重镇、中国内陆良港、现代化的大都市。然而接踵而来的内战爆发，这一未及实施的“草案”连同众多陪都遗址一起留给了重庆。

1949年，重庆又被定为中华人民共和国中央政府直辖市，并为西南军政委员会驻地。1954年重庆降格为四川省辖市。

1997年，重庆再度成为中央政府直辖市，城市建设日新月异，十年间，重庆成为全国特大城市。

真正促使我用镜头去描写老山城的原初冲动，并非出于对一度改变中国命运乃至世界格局的“抗战陪都史”的充分认知，而相反是长期尘封这段历史的历史神秘。因为在数十年的尘封史中，除了只有一部享誉全国的小说《红岩》为重庆定位外，就是邈邈远古的巴人传说和水远山高、不学少儒、皇恩难抵的亘古蛮荒。与朝代更迭、陈陈相因的中原正史相比，委实乏善可陈。而最能凸显重庆历史地位、最具国际资源、最体现民族大义、国共合作的八年战时首都史实成了人们三缄其口的机密档案。就是在以寻找地方历史文化定位，打造城市形象为时尚的今天，重庆人还在有意无意地绕开这个国共合作的大舞台，到长江中下游的湖北境内去寻找自己的历史符码，无奈中险些闹出让“美女”、“火锅”登堂入室成为重庆城市名片的笑话。正如一位思想家、学者所言：

重庆几乎在所有方面与中国其他大城市不同。“抗战”初期，中国主要大城市悉数沦陷之后，重庆却作了中国战时首都达八年之久而享誉世界；更不同的是重庆的受难和光荣，那段关乎中华民族存亡继绝的历史被尘封60年之久，至今鲜为人知。对于拥有悠久修史传统，又急欲在日益变化的当今世界实现国家统一、民族复兴并正面融入全球潮流的中国，这是令人惊讶的忘却；对于晋身中国直辖序列，又急欲在西部开发浪潮中一试身手的重庆，这是对自身巨大历史遗产难以理喻的漠视和流失。

我就是在对重庆知之甚少的年代开始拍摄的，其初衷是要寻找童年的故乡，以求自我拯救。

车窗外老城棚居的残片渐渐诱发出我童年时的若干幻象，以致在此后的某一片刻与童年的某一瞬间产生心身重合的通感把我带回陌生的故乡。只因生活在一个没有故事的城市，故乡就是童年本身。

显然是因为重庆是中国三大火炉城市之一，童年记忆的片段总是出现在最具风情的夏日，而冬季的大雾总是把城市锁在一片寒冷的虚无中，以致后来的拍摄大多在夏天完成。似乎重庆是一座只有夏天的城市。

应该是在20世纪的60年代初，这是我记忆可以付诸言说的开始。

那时荒岁刚刚过去，这在几十年后回想起当时情景，并没有如同父辈们讲述的那样骇人听闻。吃糠咽菜，饿殍遍野，从来都是电影中旧社会的黑暗影像，甚至记忆中身逢其时的所有家长们也都自若得理所当然，哪怕每天只有六两米的定量。也许正如哲人所言：“生存固然艰辛，但人们却诗意地生活。”那是一个火红的年代。

那时全球还没有变暖，17平米住房的窗外永远是夏日黄昏的瑰丽，入夜的苍穹永远是银河横空。于是，凭窗守望晚霞卷舒的幸福和仰卧水泥乒乓台遥看无极星空的恐慌，成为我童年最清晰的记忆定格，而夜行人的脚步声和江上传来的汽笛声把城市的庞大身躯变得遥远。梦醒时分，总觉得自己生活在城市边缘的旷野上……只是现在，我才终于理解为何在对宗教一无所知的岁月，我向一位画家朋友索求的第一幅油画竟然是布满十字架的灰色教堂。寻找家园的流浪是生命的内在本能和生命展开的基本事实。这是《福音》带来的启示。

几乎是在时间的一个临界点上，与自然同构的所有童年结束了。中国的“文化大革命”浪潮把连同婴儿在内的自然生命变成了人造历史的成员。乌托邦的社会使命像钢印一样烙在灵魂深处。小学停课后，最大的喜悦是不用花钱的大串联，走街串巷，满城散发不知哪个群众派别组织的传单；最令人心动的是大专院校中所有头梳短发、腰系宽大皮带的红卫兵女将；最懊恼的是无法加入街垒战的武斗行列。于是在那样的年月，革命成了心中的故乡，造反组织成了向往的家园。无奈年少，只能随家人逃难游走山乡。虽然壮丽人生没来得及展开，但野心勃勃的人生定位从此催生。即使在10年前，我在拍摄沙坪公园内全国唯一的红卫兵墓群时，心中也难以释怀。也是在“文革”中，由于武斗的话题让我从父辈那里得知了关于陪都的一些只言片语和惊悚故事《一双绣花鞋》的口传全本，比如上清寺的美军司令部，比如重庆春森路打更者的神秘敲梆声。这些记忆片段也是发生在“文革”中两个美丽的夏天。

“文革”后期，1975年，作为最后两批“知青”我去了农村，三年后去了异地一个小县城工作，开始学习摄影和暗房制作，启蒙人是余江先生和宿剑锋先生。

六年后，我回到重庆安身立命。和全国一样，山城已变成了建设大工地，金钱开始成为重庆人的生活主题，各种拉大旗作虎皮，巧立名目的文化组织、商贸公司在成立，在消失。我未能置身世外且积极投入，希望在社会改革大潮中创建自己的艺术帝国。然而命运特殊的方式重新安排了我的人生取向，壮阔的社会生活理想及心中的艺术殿堂，在一系列始料未及的人生事变中坍塌，不再是童年的心境矫情地投射于重庆无数废墟的苍凉，心物之间的互动移情让我面对人生的重新开发。

时间是万物的终结者，正如生命在完成它的岁月逗留后必然遁于无形。“最后的风景”同样是老重庆有生之年的终极光景，可以肯定，未来赠给这座小香港、小纽约似的新重庆的贺礼，仍然是崩坏后的大荒。皆因万般如此，“告别”就成了人类生命每个瞬间意义的本质，悲剧因此才永远统治着人类心灵的舞台；皆因万般如此，才有了“生活在别处”，才有了“生命即记忆，消灭记忆无异于



屠杀”，才有了“所谓哲学，就是怀着无尽的愁绪去寻找心灵的家园”……我们不能不寻找生命的来路，纷繁的生命历程可能远比庄严的墓地和墓地后面神秘的无限虚无更能成为人类有限智慧参悟终极起点的依据，成为寻找生命家园的途径，而童年似乎离它更近。不过我们还是更应该感谢废墟、墓地、十字架，它使我们更加珍视生命的同时为我们搭建起了关于“永恒”的启迪之门而成为前者的前提。我的镜头因此而开启，走进时空的深巷，用敬畏的眼光去注视所有的细节，用心灵去聆听历史深处的窃窃私语。

真正对重庆历史的认知是从拍摄老城开始的，尤其是对八年战时首都历史遗迹的发现，不废初衷地使童年故乡的审美视觉有了一层深厚的历史笼罩，幽暗的民居、沉默的遗址所释放出来的抗战史实竟然毫不逊色于中外任何城市而成为世界性话题。虽然只有短短八年，它所产生的社会范式不啻于中华民族的划时代跨越。然而，重庆在完成了这段时艰充任之后，巨人般的身影又隐藏在了历史的冬雾之中。童年故乡终于有了话题——并不总是阳光灿烂，鸽哨盈空。透过长焦镜头我看到了重庆深梦中的光荣，同时窥见尘封历史的大门封条上赫然大字：“历史的局限、人性的狭隘。”

由于有了历史的支点，崇高、神圣的审美理想更有了雄浑的色调，可以说，镜头所到之处，没有哪座城市能像重庆这样，其景观形态与自身的多蹇命运统一得如此神形兼备。造物主为中华大地预设的江域半岛，在月涌大江孤帆，夕照雄关旌旗的旷古岁月中伫候，只等待民族“存亡继绝”的使命降临，它像生命方舟，维系了国脉，荫庇了积弱积贫的千万生灵，最后悲剧性地凯旋于功成身退的历史背影。无论史实被演义得如何怪诞，历史对真相的记忆持久而顽强：重庆，一座江河环绕的山城半岛，因处水陆要冲，遂成中国近代史上的“两河流域”；时逢抗战烽火，时称中国最后的耶路撒冷；因其苦撑远东战局，誉同华盛顿、伦敦、莫斯科齐名的“二战”名城。史有举世公认的“二战”英雄美国总统罗斯福赠予重庆市民卷轴书证：

我谨以美国人民的名义，向重庆市赠送一书卷，以表达我们对英勇的重庆男女老幼赞美之情。

在空袭的恐怖中，甚至在这种恐怖尚未为全世界所知悉的日子里，重庆及其人民一直表现出沉着和不可征服的气概，你们的这种表现，自豪地证明了恐怖手段绝不能摧折决心为自由战斗的人民意志，你们对自由事业的忠贞不渝，必将激起未来一代又一代人的勇气。

从单纯的自我拯救到历史“黑洞”的牵引，历时十余年间，在蔚成大观的数千幅作品中，我的心身得到前所未有的洗礼。开启的镜头不再关上，定格历史无数瞬间，见证历史真相，回归生命家园，注定成为终身事业。感谢人生多舛，感谢山城废墟，感谢1994年那个普通而美丽的夏日。

这部不仅仅为怀旧而出版的影集，希望如同一次历史招魂，让所有的重庆人知道，自己的故乡不是一个没有光荣历史而只有美女、火锅充盈的不夜城，它曾是国共合作、民族救亡的圣地；让“解放碑”下狂欢的男女青年知道，这座碑的前身是“抗日战争胜利纪功碑”，再前身是全中国人民的“精神堡垒”；让进出人民公园的休闲市民知道，那些掩隐于林阴深处的老宅，曾是成功参加开罗会议、废除不平等条约、晋身“二战”四大国地位、缔约联合国——时称成功的陪都外交之策源地；让莘莘学子知道，重庆沙磁地区曾是具有国际水准的文化学术高冈和中国文艺复兴基地；让那些“南山醉花”的旅游者知道，那没有墓碑、没有坟茔的松柏林地，仰卧着无数为保卫重庆战死长空的年轻生命；让十八梯的新旧居民不要忘记，大隧道中数以千计的无辜亡灵……

让中国唯一的一座“抗日战争胜利纪功碑”成为海峡两岸同胞共同的“精神堡垒”和胜利丰碑，让陪都史实成为重庆人堂而皇之的故事传世久远，让体现民族大义国共合作的重庆大舞台不再是历史迷雾中的记忆负担。

By Yu Feng

## The City in My Mind

The first photo I took of the old city of Chongqing was during the mid-1980s, motivated by my work and accompanied by Mr. Jiang Dong, my colleague in Chongqing Publishing House. But systematic photography had not started until 1994, when the second wave of engagement in trade came rushing through the whole country. Replaced by the so-called "Postmodern" ideas from the west, the sacred spirit of serious reflection on our art creation disappeared in the whole art circles and in visual arts in particular. That was also the low ebb in my life after a unsuccessful social experiences which led to my suspicious and hopeless attitude toward justice, virtue and friendship.

That was a dull summer day when I was riding through the lower parts of the city in a bus, everything passing by the window seemed nothing but ruins left by an earthquake, totally due to my bad mood. This mountain city had been turned into a huge construction site ever since the end of the Great Cultural Revolution in 1976, and I wondered why did these digging, dismantling and building never seemed to stop? The whole city just looked like a worn-out coat, there never ceased to be new patches on the old. Unlike other cities the ruins lay along the mountain slope appeared such a sad panoramic view that they reminded me of the picture of the city after the barbarous Japanese bombardment. But, unfortunately, rested on the countless scaffolds, cranes and heavy air impact hammers was the hope of the people for the better era. In fact even today in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, over 20 years later since the 1980s, real estate still remains the hot topic in the city's life. Ambitions of us human beings never fail to force on the city continuous expansion, and endless new construction on the site of the old has become the fate that our city has happily accepted.

Sitting idly by the window as the bus wound its way up the mountain, I scrutinized the streets in the twilight of the setting sun and thought of Hugo's Paris during the French Revolution where every home was moving. Chongqing, the old mountain city which had been silent for more than half a century, was now awakening with home moving and celebration of new highrises. What was more important was the long-lost self-confidence of the Chongqing people reshown in such relocation. Three years later the city was, once again, upgraded as the fourth municipality directly under the administration of the central government, the third time in its history.

*On May 5<sup>th</sup>, 1939—the day immediately after the May 4<sup>th</sup>-5<sup>th</sup> bombardment raids by Japan, the nationalist government issued an order to upgrade Chongqing to the status of a municipality under the Administrative Yuan, and He Guoguang was appointed its mayor. The heavier the bombardment was the braver its people grew, the city's construction accelerated with more houses built up on the ruins of the burned down. The mountain city turned into the spiritual stronghold of the whole China which was deep in the hard time of national calamity.*

*In 1946 when it moved back to its original capital city of Nanjing, the nationalist government issued another order to make Chongqing the "permanent auxiliary capital of China", and the Draft of the 10-Year Construction Program for the Auxiliary Capital, first of its kind in China's history, was made. Which decided to build Chongqing, in 10 years' time, into an important commercial city in the southwest, a fine port of the inland and a modernized municipality in China. Unfortunately the program was never carried out with the following breakout of the civil war, left only as part of the heritage of the wartime capital.*

*In 1949 when the Chinese Communist Party of China established its government on the mainland, Chongqing was again decided upon as a municipality under the central government, and chosen, too, as the station for the Southwest*



*Military & Administrative Council, before it was degraded as a city under Sichuan Province years later.*

*In 1997 Chongqing, for the third time, became a municipality. Since then city construction boomed again and the city soon became one of the largest cities in China in 10 years' time.*

The original impulse to describe the old city with a camera was not out of any good understanding of the history of the wartime capital, which had certainly greatly influenced China's fate and the world pattern after the Second World War. On the contrary, it was done because I had known so little of the history that it had seemed like a mystery. During the dozens of years when it was neglected, the city was known for nothing but the famous novel of *The Red Crag* and the old folk tales of our ancestors. When compared with the rich history of the Central Plain area, that of Chongqing had been too poor to be proud of. There are people, even today, who believe that beautiful girls and hot pots are the best business card of the city, totally ignorant of its glory as the city which was once known as China's wartime capital as well as the place where the cooperation between the KMT and CPC took place. A thinker and learned man was correct to say that,

*In many ways, Chongqing was different from all major cities in China. At the beginning of the Anti-Japanese War when many large cities were lost to the hands of the invaders, Chongqing was chosen as the wartime capital, and lived up to its honour in the following eight years, which won the praise of the world. Its hardship and glory, though past for over 60 years, are the part in our history which we should keep in mind for ever, especially so when we are trying to take the lead in the development of the vast west area for the national rejuvenation of China.*

This is why I started taking photos of the city, meant to find the hometown I had lived in as a child and for the benefit of self-salvation.

The shabby shacks and huts passing by the bus window reminded me of my childhood, those broken pieces of memory of my early life and home. I suddenly had a strong surge of emotion to touch and feel the long-past childhood of mine.

Obviously because Chongqing was one of the three hottest cities in China, the pieces of memory of my childhood were always the shiny summer days, nothing of the winter fog which hid the city from people's view. Therefore most of my photography in the following days was done in summer, as if the city was one with no other seasons.

The beginning of 1960s was the start of my memory.

When recalling the "Three-Year Natural Disasters", people nowadays could hardly understand the hardships our forefathers had gone through. With a daily food quota of 300 grams, chaff and potherbs became the treasure food for many people and some even died of starvation. Nevertheless most people took it for granted since their memory was still fresh of their past life which had been even worse. That was really a time with hope, "the people lived a life like one in poetry, though it was really difficult", as some philosopher said.

Global warming didn't start at the time, the night sky was always beautiful with stars and the Milk Way when I saw them from the window of my 17-square-meter home. Frozen in my young mind were the excitement for and bewilderment of the fathomless galaxy, while the footsteps of passersby and sirens from the river made my city a seemingly distant blur. I often woke up dizzy and found, in my mind's eye, myself lying in the wildness away from the city. It was not until many years later when I realized what I was searching for—a permanent home with a better life.

My life as a child ended abruptly when the Great Cultural Revolution started in 1966, which engulfed all people, grown-ups or adolescents, in a society of Utopian believings. When schools suspended classes, we were left free to wander in streets, handing out leaflets for whatever "revolutionary organizations". How much we admired those college girls of the Red Guards with stylish short-cut hair and broad military belts! The deepest sorrow we felt was our being too young to battle in the streets. Chongqing became the best-known city for armed fights, with machine guns mounted on every strategic heights and tanks running about the city. Endless shooting, fancy light tracers at night, burning buildings and fleeing refugees became part of the city life. Finally I, too, had to run away for the countryside with my family, the exciting life I had dreamed of was ended before it was started. I could still feel the surge of emotion even 10 years ago, when I was taking pictures of the tombs of the Red Guards in Shapingba Park. It was also in those years that I learned pieces of stories from the grown-ups about the Wartime Capital and *A Pair of Embroidered Shoes*, a thriller about Chongqing in 1949. The headquarters of the US Army in Shangqingsi and echoing sound at night of the watchman's clappers along Chunsen Road have ever since remained constantly exciting in my mind.

I went to the countryside again at the last years of the Revolution, but this time as the "intellectual youth" to be re-educated by the peasants. Three years later I had my first job in a small county town away from Chongqing, and it was there I started learning photography with my teacher Mr. Yu Jiang.

It was not until another six years later when I was back in Chongqing which, like most other cities in China, was already turned into a huge site of construction. I didn't want to be left behind the times and jumped into the tide of reforms which I had hoped to bring me to my own empire of art, before I found out later that that was not the way of life decided in my fate. My dreams of the ideal social life and career as an artist fell into pieces, when a series of unexpected incidents happened between the end of the 1980s and the beginning of the 1990s. My heart, which was no longer young as it had been during the childhood, found the torn-down houses similarly pitiful, and I knew that I had to stand up to the challenge of the new life.

Time is both the terminator and creator of everything in this world, such as our life which shall disappear after its existence while the new shall be born. *The Vanishing Sceneries* records the most beautiful appearance of the old Chongqing, as my gift to this city nicknamed "Small Hong Kong" or "Small New York". Farewell, I believe, is part of life as tragedies are on the stage. This is why someone said that "life is memory, you kill your life when you kill your memory". Likewise, "philosophy is but looking for your home at heart with endless sorrows". We must find our future of life and live up to it instead of crying for the dead. Nevertheless we should feel grateful to the ruins that stand for the past, we shall never have our new future without the death of our past, which taught us to better appreciate every day in our life. Therefore I walked into the deep lane of time and space with my camera in hand, took in every detail on the film and listened attentively to the whispers of our history.

It was then when I started to understand the history of Chongqing, especially when I found those historic sites from the Wartime Capital in the eight years of the Anti-Japanese War. With an appreciation of my city much deeper than the one I had as a boy, I found Chongqing was equally comparable to any other well-known cities in the world, in terms of its historical significance and rich culture. The eight years, though short in history, enabled China to stand in the world as an



independent nation. The city seemed disappeared again in the mist of history after fulfilling its historic responsibilities after the War. Now I knew what would be the theme of my pictures, that was the glory of Chongqing I clearly saw through my telephoto lens.

With better knowledge of history, I found the old city alive and beautiful with deeper aesthetic significance, and its natural appearance was so special that it seemed to imply its fateful hardships in history, which was rarely found elsewhere. This city built on the peninsula between two rivers looked just like an enormous ship, was it created to bear the heavy destiny of our country in the national crisis, like the Noah's Ark in the Christian world? The city was China's Mesopotamia in its modern history and the country's final Jerusalem in the Anti-Japanese War. It won for itself great fame and tribute from the world just like Washionton D.C., London and Moscow, as shown in the scroll sent to Chongqing by American President Franklin Roosevelt:

On behalf of the people of the United States, I send this scroll to Chongqing to convey our high praise to its brave people, man and woman, old and young. At the horror of bombing raids and even during the days when the horror was not even known by the world, Chongqing and its people displayed consistent calm and unyielding spirit. Your behavior proudly proved that terroristic means could never break the will of the people who are determined to fight for freedom. And your loyalty to the cause of freedom shall arouse the courage of the people in the future for one generation after another.

For 10 continuous years I had taken thousands of photos of the city, this was a purification of my mind from the simple self-salvation to the confident sense of pride for being part of Chongqing. Ever since then the lens of my camera have never been covered up again, it is decided that the rest of my life is to be spent on the cause of photography—to freeze, record and witness those important moments for the sake of my dear city. I sincerely appreciate my hard life and the ruins of our mountain city, especially that simple and beautiful summer day in 1994.

This photo book is not published for nostalgia, it is for the review of our history. As the people living in the city we should know more about it than the sleepless city with pretty girls and hot pots, such as the KMT-CPC cooperation for national salvation, the Spirit Stronghold and Monument to the Victory of the War of Resistance against Japan which is now called Jiefangbei(Monument to Liberation). When taking idle walks in the People's Park, our citizens should recognize the old building hidden in trees as the place of source of the wartime capital's successful diplomacy, and our college students should recall China's renaissance during the Anti-Japanese War when they visit the historic sites in Shapingba and Ciqikou. Tourists who enjoy the beautiful flowers in the Nanshan Mountain should pay enough tribute to the young pilots died for defending our city and residents in Shibati should never forget the vicious bombardment by Japan that caused the death of thousands of our people...

May China's only Monument to the Victory of the Anti-Japanese War be the common spirit stronghold for the people on both sides of the Taiwan Strait, may the history of the wartime capital be the historical story we—people of Chongqing—could proudly pass from one generation to another, and may Chongqing, the great arena in which the KMT-CPC cooperation displayed the unity and overall interest of the Chinese nation, remain ever so young and alive for continuous prosperity.

王大迟

## 沉潜磨洗六十年

——凭吊中国抗战首都

西谚曰：上帝造人，人造城。重庆是一座只需望上一眼便怦然心动而终身难忘的城市。无论洄溯三峡穿行千里江陵遂目朝天门大开大阖的山川形胜，抑或驰车黄花园大桥游览中国西部唯一直辖市街衢环绕、广厦错落的现代神韵，还是凭倚飞机舷窗俯瞰世界第一山城的万千气象，初来乍到者无不会涌上一句：好个重庆城！

重庆与中国其他大城市是如此的不同。最不同的是，抗战初期中国主要大城市悉数沦陷之后，原属内陆四川省乙级市的重庆却作了中国战时首都达八年之久而享誉世界。历史的吊诡之于重庆，尤令史家惘惑，重庆的受难和荣耀，那段关乎中华民族存亡继绝，深涉亚太乃至世界战争成败和战后格局的重大历史，已尘封六十余年，至今鲜为人知。对于拥有悠久修史传统，急欲在日益变化的当今世界实现国家统一和民族复兴的中国，这是令人惊讶的忘却；对于晋身中国直辖序列，急欲在西部开发浪潮中崭露头角的重庆，这是对自身独特历史遗产难以理喻的漠视。

中国有史以来曾迁都三百余次，中国几乎所有大中城市都作过不同朝代的首都。中国历代王朝选都、建都、迁都，其中对政治、经济、哲学、自然、地理乃至风水的运思和利用，都是中国人智慧和力量的凝结，其本身便构成中国历史一大特色，也堪称世界历史意味独具的奇观。

中国历代迁都，无一不是自西徂东，由北向南，无一不是中华民族内部不同民族、阶级、集团和地域之间权力嬗变、政权更迭和改朝换代所致。中国自夏商周以降实行的“双京制”、“多京制”，其“行都”、“陪都”的建制，也无一不是专制皇权以中原为中心的“天下”意识和权力分配的产物。尽管数千年来中国迁都史令人眼花缭乱，但其中无量数的权力消长和财富聚散，却大都不过是权欲涨滞、国运式微、民族衰败的结果或肇始。此中消息，早有赵孟頫诗句“南渡君臣轻社稷，中原父老望旌旗”为证。一部迁都史，即一部废都史，更是一部兴亡史。直到日本铁蹄东来，那垒垒“择天下之中，居天下之大”、“运于中央，临制四方”的大小都城，或陷落，或投降，或弃置，不过数月之间，更可为证。

抗战迁都与历朝历代迁都具有迥然不同的时代内涵和国际背景，除了历代迁都的所有要素外，抗战迁都必须具备足以抗衡中华民族共同的最穷凶极恶的敌人——日本帝国——灭亡中国的所有企图和手段的条件，足以坚持到世界反法西斯统一阵线的形成，

足以坚持到抗日战争和世界反法西斯战争的最后胜利。抗战首都必须成为战斗中国的象征，中国危而不亡的堡垒。

重庆西望青藏高原，享天府之国膏腴之利，北屏秦岭、巴山，东据长江三峡天险，南衔云贵高原，可谓控驭南北，气贯东西，为中国北方南方之分水、西部东部之泾渭，位居中国心脏，是日本军队逡巡叩关终无术克服入侵的大中国四塞之地。日本军队曾攻克湖北宜昌，只能怅望长江天堑而却步；又挥师至贵州独山，徒障磅礴乌蒙而偃旗。

重庆与伦敦一样，是世界级雾城。正如1939年9月那场异乎寻常的大雾大雨与英国皇家空军共同阻遏了纳粹德国空军连续六个星期的轰炸一样，重庆特有的弥天大雾也魔术般地缓解了日本军队的毁灭性轰炸，以至陪都文艺界的才子佳人们居然创造了“雾季公演”，话剧、诗歌、电影、美展和群众歌咏好戏连台，蔚成大观。令外地人不适的从深秋到初春的浩茫雾霭，成为日本优势空军难以突破的空中屏障。温斯顿·丘吉尔曾盛赞伦敦大雾，向来讨厌重庆雾霭的浙江人氏蒋介石也终于感到这片天地造化的奇妙，而由衷感谢上苍的恩赐。

重庆又是中国乃至世界最大的山城。整个城市就是一座巨大的山岩，层峦叠嶂，恰好可供挖建规模庞大的防空洞，筑成难以摧毁的地下城池。可容纳数十万人的防空洞系统，是真正的铜墙铁壁，人类战争史上的一大奇观。

重庆还是长江、嘉陵江和全川江河汇集之地。取之不竭的水源足以支持所有军需民用和舟楫运输。浩荡川江给予栖息战斗于斯的陪都民众的馈赠和启示，曾在东北作家端木蕻良、上海音乐家贺绿汀合作的《嘉陵江上》升华为中华民族共同的忧愤诗和思乡曲。

重庆雄峻攸险，山高水长。沿江建门设渡，城内雄关错落，垣堞起伏，登高环顾，涂山、真武山、狮子峰、缙云山、华蓥山、歌乐山、铁山坪、平顶山诸峰苍黛耸翠，如罗屏障，形胜所至，无处不存“一夫当关，万夫莫开”之险，天地氤氲之间，云横雾纵之处，别有大气吞吐。

重庆自古世风淳厚，民气刚烈，从无割地求荣的变节耻史，只有巴蔓子将军“头可断，地不可失”的骨血禀赋；从无开关延敌的汉奸国贼，只有蒙古大汗折鞭殒身的“钓鱼城”。1858年，法国传教士凭借《中法天津条约》开始在重庆修建教堂；1876年，《中英烟台条约》规定英国可派员“驻寓”重庆；1890年、1895年《中



英烟台条约续增专条》和《马关条约》签订后，重庆正式成为对外通商口岸，成为西方列强通向四川乃至西南的“门户”，也成为“灭清、剿洋、兴汉”的义和团中坚和“点燃辛亥革命之火”的四川保路运动的重镇。重庆又是中国内地近代风气早开之地。20世纪20年代中国留日、赴法勤工俭学青年中，重庆便居全国之冠。1911年11月23日，重庆率先独立于清朝，成立“重庆蜀军政府”，孙中山曾撰文盛赞：“四川前后运动起义者甚众”，“唯蜀有材，奇俊瑰落，自邹（容）迄彭（家珍），一仆百作，宣力民国，厥功尤多。岷江泱泱，蜀山峨峨，奔放磅礴，磅礴江千狱，俊哲挺生，厥为世率。虜祚既斩，国徽永建，四亿兆众，同兹歆羨。”重庆、四川近代孕育了众多爱国志士和革命先驱：杨锐、刘光第（戊戌六君子），邹容（《革命军》作者，自称“革命军中马前卒”，孙中山追谥为中华民国陆军大将军），朱之洪、杨沧白、黄复生、熊克武、夏之时（重庆蜀军政府领导人），吴玉章、朱德、刘伯承、陈毅、聂荣臻、邓小平、赵世炎、杨闇公、张曙时、漆鲁鱼（中共革命家），廖平、吴虞、郭沫若、李劫人、巴金、张大千、蒋兆和（反帝反专制文化人），刘湘、饶国华、王铭章、李家钰、许国章（川军将领，阵亡或殉职抗战）。八年抗战，川、渝子弟三百余万奔赴前线，牺牲、负伤、失踪七十余万，中国军队阵亡将士中，川、渝籍将士居五分之一。

如此富于爱国传统、民族气节和英雄本色的人民，自不会惮于牺牲、陷于私利、溺于安乐。

并非不重要的一点是，重庆和四川人向来无狭隘地方主义和由此滋生的排外传统。自张献忠屠戮川人、“湖广填四川”后，四川人口流动一直居内陆各省之首。四川话属北方方言语系，川人与从东北到广东沦陷区迁川难民不难沟通。作为战时移民之都，重庆人在血缘、骨相、气质、习性、思维、生活方式上都兼有中国南北东西特性。凡当年寓居重庆的“下江人”（特指沦陷区民众与人士）无不称重庆是自己的“第二故乡”，称道重庆和四川人民的热忱、慷慨、坚忍、淳朴、勤劳和忠勇。

1898年，维新派领袖康有为上书光绪帝，力主迁都。他沉痛陈辞：面对日本帝国的“胁制”，中国若要免于亡国灭种之虞，必须迁都。

1912年，中国革命先行者孙中山将中华民国首都定于“虎踞龙蟠”的南京，却又担心这座六朝古都“一经国际战争不是一座

持久战的国都”，应在内地建立一个陆都。

1932年3月5日，国民党在洛阳召开中执委全会，曾通过《确定行都与陪都地点案》，案拟“以长安为陪都，以洛阳为行都”。日本全面侵华战争改变了一切。1937年9月12日大同失陷，11月9日太原不保，西安危若累卵。南京弃守前后，蒋介石盱衡日军“立体作战”和“制空权”优势及攻守兼顾各项因素，方最后确定四川为抗战大后方，择定重庆为国民政府驻地。

有近千年历史的重庆似乎就伫候着成为中国战时首都的历史一刻。历史表明，这是不幸中国之大幸，这是重庆的至高荣耀，这是天意。

1937年10月29日，淞沪会战失利、南京蒙尘之际，蒋介石在国防最高会议发表《国府迁渝与抗战前途》讲话，首次正式提议：国民政府迁都重庆，借以争取战略退却之主动地位，力避全盘溃败之忧。次日，国民政府举行国务会议，决定接受提议，迁都重庆。

11月7日，中国战时国家最高决策机构国防最高委员会最后在南京中山陵防空洞议决：为长期抵抗日本侵略，军事委员会驻节前线就近指挥抗日军事，国民政府远离战区，西驻重庆。

中华民族现代历史上最重要的战略抉择——抗战迁都的法律程序终告完成。

1937年11月17日凌晨，南京。

在严密的保安措施和新闻封锁下，年逾古稀的国民政府主席林森率领一千余名官员，携带中华民国印信旗幡，穿过挹江门，漏夜登载内河装甲兵船“永绥舰”，撤离南京，首途重庆。

1937年11月28日，重庆市各界抗敌后援会发表《欢迎国府主席暨各委员莅渝告民众书》，对国府移渝表示衷心拥护，“誓率全市人民，以血与肉，拥护中央，抗战到底”，号召重庆各界“在长期抗战的决策下，有钱的出钱，有力的出力，去和倭鬼拼个死活，以争取国家民族最后生存的胜利”。

三日后，前方将士和中外各界从《国民政府移驻重庆宣言》中获悉：

国民政府兹为适应战况，统筹全局，长期抗战起见，本日移驻重庆。此后，将以最大之规模，从事更持久之战斗。以中华人民之众、土地之广，人人抱必死之决心，以其热血与土地凝结为一……任何暴力不能使之分离；外得国际之同情，内有民众之团

结继续抗战，必能达到维护国家民族生存独立之目的。

此前此后，国共两党领袖频繁发表讲话、声明，在西安、南京、上海、武汉、庐山、衡山等地频繁会晤，紧急共商前线战局、两党合作事宜和迁都大计，在抗日民族统一战线基础上达成国共第二次合作新局面。中国共产党派出以周恩来为首，久经考验、深明民族大义的革命家董必武、叶剑英、林伯渠、邓颖超、秦邦宪、吴玉章、陈绍禹以及八路军办事处和中国共产党在大后方的机关报《新华日报》先后移驻重庆，并发表社论宣告：

中国共产党绝不为一时的军事挫折而张皇，绝不为此些大城市之得失而动摇……将继续坚定地英勇地不屈不挠地进行持久的自卫抗战。在民族解放战争的洪流中，树立起独立自由幸福的新中国的根基。

此前此后，根据国民政府行政院“厂矿内迁”决议，来自华北、上海、济南、南京、长沙、武汉等地的钢铁、机械、军工、造船、纺织、化工等关乎战时军需民用的一千三百余家工业企业辗转迁渝，拉开了中国近代工业史上规模空前、意义深远的“工业西渐”的序幕，重庆因之被誉为“中国战时工业之家”。

此前此后，南京中央大学、国立政治大学、上海复旦大学、上海交通大学、国立国术体育专科学校、国立北平艺术专科学校、国立药学专科学校、天津南开大学经济研究所、青岛国立山东大学、私立东吴大学、蒙藏学校、国立中央职业学校、北平师范大学劳作专修科、私立武昌大学、国立江苏医政大学、国立上海音乐学院、私立沪江大学、私立立信会计专科学校、国立上海医学院、江苏省立教育学院、北平铁道管理学院、杭州私立三江文理学院、湖南长沙湘雅医学院、香港私立华侨工商学院、国立东方语文专科学校、中央图书馆、故宫博物院、中央电影制片厂、中国艺术剧社、中央广播电台、商务印书馆、中华书局、生活书店、大公报社、中央日报社、新华日报社、新民报社等中国著名高等学校、新闻出版机构和文化艺术团体相继移设重庆，成千上万名教授、学者、专家、诗人、记者、科学家、艺术家和几十万流亡学生颠沛流离，筚路蓝缕，踏上了孔夫子以来史所空前的中国文化教育重心由东向西转移的悲壮征程。重庆因之被誉为战时中国“齐之稷下”。

此前此后，世界反法西斯同盟美、苏、英、法、加、新、澳

等三十余国驻华使领馆驻节重庆，苏联塔斯社、英国路透社、美联社、合众社、法国哈瓦斯社、英国泰晤士报社、美国纽约时报社、时代周刊社、法国巴黎日报社、苏联消息报社等世界著名通讯社、报社以及几十个反法西斯反战国际机构、团体也先后在重庆派驻机构。

此前此后，从白山黑水到黄河两岸，从中原大地到苏杭沃野，从江汉平原到珠江三角洲，数以千万计不愿做亡国顺民的沦陷区同胞流离失所，扶老携幼，往重庆移动，往大后方移动。中国近代由于战乱频仍，天灾人祸，山东汉子“闯关东”、中原父老“走西口”、江南士绅“下南洋”的三条主要迁移流向，第一次汇聚成由东徂西、从沿海往内地的民族大迁徙<sup>①</sup>。

20世纪30年代中国国家政权于国家危急存亡之秋“衣冠西渡”——迁都重庆，在中国迁都史上乃是破天荒第一次。同时发生的民族救亡大迁徙，可与“出埃及记”媲美，可与“敦刻尔克撤退”争辉，成为中华民族转危为安、从积弱走向自强的历史转折点，成为国共合作、全民抗战、国家民族意志有史以来第一次超越阶级、党派、集团和个人之上的划时代事件，成为中国人民独撑东亚战局，直至正面参与世界反法西斯战争，为正义和平而战的世界性贡献，也成为中国国民党自辛亥革命和北伐战争以后对国家民族的主要贡献<sup>②</sup>。

自此，中国战时政略和战略指挥中枢全部移驻重庆。重庆从战前一普通省辖市跃升为中国战时首都；从一古老封闭的农产品集散港跃升为抗日大后方政治、军事、外交、经济、交通和文化中心；从一内陆山城跃升为与华盛顿、莫斯科、伦敦并列齐名的反法西斯国际名都，此乃中国历史之奇观，世界历史所罕见。从此，重庆与民族衰荣相依，与天下兴亡相系，其命运也艰险，其使命也远大。

根据日本天皇裕仁意旨，日本军部曾制定“大陆令第241号”、“大陆令第345号”、“大陆令第925号”、“大陆令第1252号”等大本营侵华战略方略，将“敌国战略及政略中枢”重庆确定为“航空进攻作战”首要目标。从1938年2月18日至1943年8月23日，日本陆海军航空部队根据“101作战令”、“102作战令”等作战方案，联合对重庆实施“航空战略轰炸”，为期五年半，史称“重庆大轰炸”。

日本曾再三公开声称，对重庆进行“战略轰炸”、“政略轰炸”、