

摄影家 PHOTOGRAPHERS

INTERNATIONAL



浙江摄影出版社

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摄影家 丛
书

PHOTOGRAPHERS
I N T E R N A T I O N A L

《摄影家》丛书第四辑



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第四辑

马丁·慕卡西

马丁·慕卡西是影响过一代摄影家的人。他的生命终止于不应有的遗忘中，以至于今天很少见其作品展览和出版。

亨利·卡蒂埃-布勒松当年就是看到了他那张“奔跑于沙滩上的孩子”的照片，顿悟了摄影的真谛，创造了他著名的“决定性瞬间”的理论。

本辑所刊载的马丁·慕卡西作品，是有史以来对他作品介绍最全面、最重要而且数量最多的。有关他一生的记载——由他女儿口述——亦是头一次。

寇特·理查特：肖像

寇特·理查特用 8 × 10 大型取景照相机拍摄肖像。

寇特·理查特用白金版相纸制作他的作品。

寇特·理查特的独特与乐趣就在于：这种拍摄是一种控制与不控制的组合。设定一个没有限制的架构，让它自行发挥，各自成形。

帕夫·史特恰：一位摄影家对捷克问题的贡献

帕夫·史特恰生于布拉格，1992 年获阿姆斯特丹世界新闻摄影奖。

帕夫·史特恰作为一位捷克摄影家的卓越贡献在于：让世界通过他的图象认识了捷克。

雅庇·罗宾逊：自拍像

雅庇·罗宾逊拍摄了一系列“自拍像”这个系列涵盖了将近 25 年的时间，而且仍然在持续的进行中。雅庇·罗宾逊打算一直拍到老朽得按不动快门为止。“自拍像”带有日记的意味，它主要是在探讨“摄影家 ↔ 照相机 ↔ 摄影家”之间的相互关系。

尚路普·谢夫和芭芭拉·丽丝

尚路普·谢夫和芭芭拉·丽丝是一对夫妻。从他们作品中你能互见对方，谢夫说：“男人最深刻的部分是他的女人”，而丽丝不思考深刻，她只以天真对待美丽。

罗杰·哈金斯

作为一名摄影记者的罗杰·哈金斯不断出没于人类灾难的前沿，他重视集体的影像和传播力量。他的照片从 1991 年开始，频频获得各种新闻大奖。

郑桑溪

郑桑溪是台湾老一代的摄影家，他对台湾社会和历史的最大贡献在于：他用影像记录了 60 年代台湾农业社会的转型。

由于他在台湾摄影史中很好地继承与开创，使他成为衔接台湾两代摄影人的重要摄影家而具有独特的地位。

拉方哥·哥伦波的珍藏

拉方哥·哥伦波创办和主持了“光圈”摄影家艺廊有 25 年之久。本辑选登的“光圈”艺廊部分作品，时间跨度为本世纪初至 80 年代。

侯登科、林永惠

侯登科、林永惠是始终关注中国农村及城市边缘的中国摄影家。他们有各自不同的风格和视点，但共同的是，他们都是生长于中国农村，而且终生抹不去农村情节。他们的图象强烈地体现着个人经历。

Book IV

Martin Munkacsi

Mr. Munkacsi influenced one generation of photographers. His life ended in undeserved oblivion, and even after his death, publications and exhibitions have been rare.

One of his reportage photographs(the one of three black boys)was noticed by a young French artist called Henri Cartier-Bresson and made him decide to take up photography as a profession. Later he developed the theory of "The Decisive Moment".

The selections from Mr. Munkacsi in this book are the largest, most complete and most significant ever published about his work in a photographic magazine. The account of his life story, as told by his daughter, is also a first.

Curt Richter: Portrait

He uses an 8" × 10" view camera for portraits.

He uses platinum printing for his works.

What he finds unique and interesting in photographing: It is the combination of controlling and not controlling. Set up a looser structure, and see how it develops on its own.

Pavel Stecha: A Photographer's Contribution to the Czech Question

Born in Prague in 1944, Mr. Stecha is the winner of World Press Photo, Amsterdam in 1992.

His outstanding contribution as a Czech photographer: Let the world get a closer view of Czech through his photos.

Abby Robinson: Autoworks

Autoworks by Mr. Robinson is a series that covers close to a 25-year period and is an ongoing project. He will continue this work until he is too old and feeble to hit the shutter. Though the series has diaristic elements, what he is doing is explaining the interaction between photographer ↔ camera ↔ photographer.

Jeanloup Sieff & Barbara Rix

Mr. Sieff and Madam Rix are man and wife. When you look at a selection of Jeanloup's photographs, you realize that everything also exists in those of Barbara. Jeanloup once said, "The deepest part of a man is his woman". But Barbara looks at beautiful things with a naive attitude.

Roger Hutchings

Mr. Hutchings is a reportage photographer often working on the front of war. He thinks that collectively images and reporting have immense power.

Since 1991, he has won one photo-journalism prize after another.

Cheng Shang-Hsi

Mr. Cheng is often associated with Taiwan's old generation of photographers. He has made the greatest contribution to Taiwan's society and history with his photographs about the transformation of Taiwan's agricultural society in the 1960's .

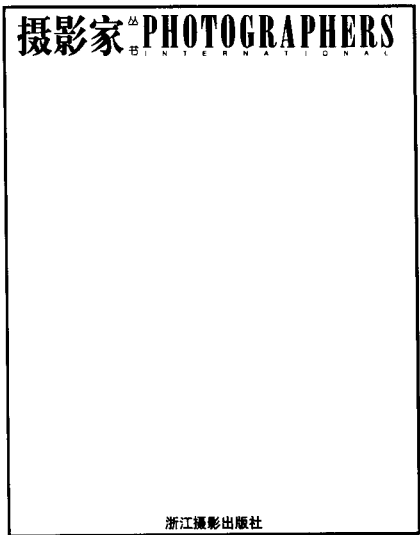
He occupies a special place in Taiwan's photographic history: He continued the realistic spirit of the previous generation of photographers, while initiating a flourishing period of reportage photography.

The Collection of Lanfranco Colombo

Mr. Colombo has directed his photographers' gallery "The Aperture" for 25 years. The photographs selected cover a period from the early 20th century to the 1980's .

Hou Dengke and Lin Yonghui

Mr. Hou and Mr. Lin are Chinese photographers with their consistent attention to the countryside and the city's suburbs. Despite their different styles and viewpoints, they both share something in common: They were brought up in China's rural areas with undiminished rural feeling. Their photographs truly reflect their own experiences.



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马丁·慕卡西

Martin Munkacsi

我的父亲——马丁·慕卡西

裘安·慕卡西访问记

MY FATHER—MARTIN MUNKACSI

Interview with Joan Munkacsi

by Frank HORVAT

Editor of PHOTOGRAPHERS International(France)

法兰克·霍瓦

对大多数人而言，匈牙利的三大摄影家是安德烈·柯泰兹（André Kertész）、布拉塞（Brassai），以及罗伯特·卡帕（Robert Capa），很少人知道第四位大师——马丁·慕卡西（Martin Munkacsi）；其实在摄影史上的地位马丁·慕卡西与前三者同样重要，而在他一生的部分时光里，其实是四人当中最成功的。他有一张报道摄影（三个黑人小孩，照片见11页）就是被当年一名叫亨利·卡蒂埃—布勒松（Henri Cartier-Bresson）的年轻法籍艺术家所注意到，从而促使他以拍摄报道性照片为职责。理查·阿文东（Richard Avedon）和伊文·潘（Irving Penn）均受到马丁·慕卡西街头服装摄影的影响。

然而马丁·慕卡西的生命却终止于不应有的遗忘中，即使在他死后，也甚少见其作品出版和展览。

1990年我有幸得以会见马丁·慕卡西的女儿裘安（Joan），同时在她的帮助下在匈牙利第一次展出他的作品。目前在《摄影家》丛书中所刊载的马丁·慕卡西摄影作品专辑，是有史以来介绍他作品最庞大而且最重要的。有关他一生的记载——由他女儿口述——亦是头一次。

我们所遭遇的难题之一是：马丁·慕卡西的底片有很多都遗失了，而就算保存下来的，也有部分情况很糟。本书刊出的作品多亏皮尔·加斯曼（Pierre Gassmann）的技术；皮氏是巴黎Pictorial Service的创立人及所有者。他本人亦为当代名家，并且是柯特兹、布拉塞、卡帕、布勒松以及很多其他摄影大师之友。他目前仍然活跃于其巴黎的工作室，同时将大部分时间和精力用于拯救和保存马丁·慕卡西的作品，我们在此特别向他致谢。

To most people, the three great Hungarian photographers were Kertész, Brassai and Robert Capa. Few know of a fourth one, Martin Munkacsi, whose place in the history of photography should be equally important and who was in fact, during part of his lifetime, the most successful of the four. One of his reportage photographs (the one of three black boys reproduced on page 11) was noticed by a young French artist called Henri Cartier-Bresson and made him decide to take up reportage photography as a profession. Richard Avedon and Irving Penn have been influenced by Munkacsi's street photography of fashion.

Nevertheless, Munkacsi's life ended in undeserved oblivion, and even after his death, publications and exhibitions have been rare.

In 1990 I had the privilege to meet Munkacsi's daughter, Joan, and to obtain her help for the first exhibition of his work in Hungary, his native country. The present portfolio is the largest and most significant ever published about his work in a photographic magazine. The account of his life story, as told by his daughter, is also a first.

One of the difficulties we encountered is that many of Martin Munkacsi's negatives have been lost and that even some of the ones that are preserved are in a poor state. The prints reproduced here are due to the skill of Pierre Gassmann, founder and owner of Pictorial Service in Paris. Pierre Gassmann, who has been a contemporary and a friend of Kertész, Brassai, Capa, Cartier-Bresson and many other famous photographers, is still active in his lab in Paris and is presently devoting much of his time to the salvaging and the preservation of Munkacsi's work.



事业巅峰期的马丁·慕卡西在工作中 / Munkacsy at work during his full career

法兰克·霍瓦：在我们开始之前，我想提一下谈话的情况。我们是在布达佩斯（Budapest）的一间旅馆房间里，透过窗户看得到唐努贝（Danube）和布达山（Buda hill）。我的父亲和你父亲一样，是匈牙利人。事实上，他们两个都出生于同一年——1896年。另一方面，你的父亲对我而言多少是个摄影从业者的父亲角色，因为我多多少少是继承了他的志业，虽然是浑然不知地受了他的影响。因此，看上去很多事都凑在一块了。言归正传，我想问的第一个问题是：你对于你父亲最早的记忆是什么——你所记得的他的第一件事？

裘安·慕卡西：我知道我说的第一个字是：“达达”。别人也告诉我，直到我两岁大，我的英文一直带匈牙利腔。虽然我母亲并非匈牙利人，这似乎显示我对父亲的偏爱。我还记得他在我们乡下房子的厨房里烧饭，房子是他设计的。他赚了不少钱，于是决定盖栋他自己要的房子。当时那里还是纽约郊区，距市区差不多45分钟的路程。不过在当时已是相当的偏远，房子四周没有其他人家。我们的房子坐落于一块5英亩的土地上，有16个房间，对一个单身汉而言是相当大了；在建房子时他还是单身。屋内的装饰混合了英国印花棉布和古代大师的油画，鲁本斯（Rubens）和丁都莱多（Tintoretto）。

霍：你是说复制品？

慕：不，不，不！是真迹，小幅的。我是知道的，在当时它们的价值并不如现在这么高。他在美国工作的第一年是1934——不景气的谷底——那一年他赚了10万美元，比现在的100万还要多。因此他有足够的钱买所有那些东西。不过屋里也有匈牙利农家的家具、画了花的床铺、墙上挂的有匈牙利陶器，是相当匈牙利式的房屋；属于一个非常有品位的有钱人，同时充满了思乡情怀的一栋房子。我们吃早餐的那个房间小小的，在厨房隔壁，面对着花园。我只记得看他弄早点，和他坐在餐桌边聊天。我应该有2岁大了吧！

霍：我想这些财富对他来讲是新的东西，还有他即使在欧洲时也很有钱？

慕：他是在绝对的贫困中长大的，7个孩子中的老四。好像是三男四女，或者是四男三女。他父亲是油漆匠，也是镇上的魔术师兼醉鬼，对一个犹太人而言很不寻常的。那是柯里斯瓦（Kolesvar?）吧！在川西瓦尼亚（Transylvania?），一个名叫迪恰圣马东（Dicha Sent Marton?）的小乡镇，意思是圣马丁（Holy Saint Martin）。不过我得告诉你，我父亲最小的弟弟穆基（Muki）叔叔，今年约80岁，他说我父亲不是在迪恰圣马东生的，是在柯里斯瓦。我父亲还小的时候，全家搬到那小镇。不过我父亲总是说他生在迪恰圣马东，因为这个地名可以说个较好的故事。对很多事，我父亲都这么说，而我也就无从得知到底它们是否真的，还是他只是为了能说个较好的故事而这么说的。也许有部分是真的……

霍：那是他魔术师的一面。事实上身为魔术师之子这个事实

Frank Horvat： Before we begin I would like to mention the circumstances of this conversation. We are in a hotel room in Budapest. Through the window we can see the Danube and the Buda hills. My own father was Hungarian, like your father. Actually both were born the same year—1896. On the other hand, your father is a sort of photographic father-figure for me, because to some extent I have walked in his footsteps, though without being aware of his work. So there seem to be many things coming together. Anyhow, the first question I would like to ask you is: what is your most ancient memory of your father—the first thing you remember about him?

Joan Munkacsi： I know that the first word I said was “Dada”. And I have been told that until I was two years old I spoke English with a Hungarian accent—though my mother was not Hungarian, which seems to indicate that I had a preference for my father. I remember him cooking breakfast in the kitchen, in our house in the country. He had designed the house. He had made a lot of money, and he had decided to build a house as he wanted it. At the time it was a suburb of New York, about forty-five minutes from the city. But it was in a country field; there were no houses next to our house. Our house was on a property of five acres, and it was a sixteen-room house—rather large for a single man—which he was when he had it built. It was decorated in a combination of English chintz, with old-master paintings, Rubens’ and Tintoretto’s.

H： You mean reproductions?

M： No, no! I mean real. Little ones, you know. In those days they didn’t cost as much as they do now. The first year he worked in America was 1934—the bottom of the depression—and in that year he earned a hundred thousand dollars—much more than a million dollars today. So he had enough money to buy all those things. But the house had also all this Hungarian peasant furniture, beds with flowers painted on them, Hungarian pottery hanging on the walls. It was a very Hungarian house. The house of a rich man with a great deal of taste and a great deal of nostalgia for his country. The room in which we used to eat breakfast was a small room, off the kitchen and facing the garden. I just remember watching him cook breakfast, sitting at the table with him and talking. I must have been two years old.

H： I imagine all this wealth was something new to him, or had he been rich even in Europe?

M： He grew up in absolute poverty, as the middle child of seven children. I think there were three boys and four girls—or four boys and three girls. His father was a house-painter. He was also the town magician and the town drunk—which is very unusual for a Jewish man. This was in Kolesvar(?), in Transylvania, in a village called Dicha Sent Marton(?), which means Holy Saint Martin. Though I must tell you that my uncle Muki, who is my father’s younger brother, and who is now about eighty years old, says that my father was not born in Dicha Sent Marton(?), but in Kolesvar. The family moved to that village when my father was a child, but my father always said that he was born in Dicha Sent Marton because it made a better story which is the case of many things that my father used to say, and of which I shall never know whether they were real or whether he just told them that way because that made a better

非常吻合我自己对他的印象。就像在那张相片里，他在游泳池仰泳着，手里拿着那架大相机。那不折不扣的是个魔术师。

慕：的确。我祖父以前常让自己身上绑了铁链给锁在一个木箱子里，四周是稻草、再点上火。他总是逃得出来，这得谢谢他事先藏在嘴里的钥匙。不过我父亲又很恨他父亲，因为他父亲常常打小孩，也因为他每天晚餐吃的是肉，而小孩只有咖啡和面包，肉是一个星期只吃得到一次。他母亲非常慈爱，非常关心小孩，可是他们没有钱。他得穿母亲的旧鞋、旧大衣——起码他是这么告诉我们。

霍：他是否有很深的犹太背景？

慕：我不觉得他们很正统，不过他们信教。我父亲行过成人礼，他上犹太教堂，他母亲在安息日点蜡烛。就我知道的，我父亲不信上帝，不过他觉得自己很犹太。他小时候离家出走几次，至少在12岁的时候有那么一次。他以前说各式各样的故事，你对每件事都得存疑。他做过采蛇麻子的工作。又有一回，他替一个农家做事。他跟人家说他会说英语，其实他一窍不通。所以他每天编几个新字，教给那两个小男孩，慢慢地他创了一种全新的语言。几个月之后，这三个人说着一种不像任何众所知悉的语言的语言，不过这三人说得可带劲。16岁时他毅然决然地离家前往布达佩斯。当时的他非常爱好文艺，他写诗，但他的观察力还不够敏锐。他找了份体育记者的工作，我不清楚是哪家报纸。他自己也是个很棒的运动家，他爱足球，经常玩；他也赛摩托车，后来在美国还骑马。他也替那家报纸拍体育照片，像书里那张足球运动员那样的。他曾经把自己绑在赛车外面，就那么拍照。

霍：魔术师又现身了。

慕：是的。不过最精彩的魔术还是他如何变成摄影记者的。他的报社派他去布达佩斯采访一连串的足球赛。他有台新照相机，而正在把玩着。因此在去火车站的路上，他拍了各种街头景色。他在一个礼拜后(也许是一个月)回到布达佩斯，正好有一件审判，被告是个老人，被控谋杀了一个军人。我父亲冲洗照片的时候发现，无意中他拍了张照片，显示是那个军人挑衅老者而且先动手的。照片被采用为证据，老人只被以误杀罪判刑，而非预谋杀人。我父亲的编辑就说啦：“好，现在你是摄影师了。”像魔术般地，他成了摄影记者。

霍：那是第一次大战前的事。

慕：不是，应该是战后，好像是1923年。

霍：当然啦，战争爆发时，你父亲18岁，他必定参战了。

慕：他没有。我不知道他如何置身于外的。

霍：又是魔术般地！

story. They are probably based on some truth...

H: *It's his magician side. Actually the fact of being the son of a magician fits very well with my own image of him. As in that photograph of him floating on his back in a swimming pool, with that big camera in his hands. There was a magician.*

M: Absolutely. My grandfather used to have himself chained and locked into a wooden case, with straw around it, to which they would set fire. And he would escape, thanks to a key that he had hidden in his mouth. On the other hand my father hated his father, because his father used to beat his children, because he would have meat every day for dinner, while his children had coffee and bread and would get meat only once a week. His mother was very loving and very caring, but they had no money; he had to wear his mother's old shoes and coats — at least that is the story he told us.

H: *Did he have a very Jewish background?*

M: I don't think they were orthodox, but they were religious. My father was bar-mitzvaed; he went to the synagogue; his mother lit the candles on Sabbath. As far as I know my father did not believe in God — but he felt Jewish. As a child he ran away from home several times, at least once when he was twelve. He used to tell all sorts of stories, you have to take everything with a grain of salt. Once he had a job picking hops. Another time he got a job with a farmer's family. He had told them that he spoke English — which he didn't speak at all. So every day he would make up a few new words and teach them to these two boys, and little by little he made up a whole new language. After a few months the three of them were speaking a language which didn't resemble any known language — but the three of them spoke it. At the age of sixteen he left home finally and went to Budapest. At that time he was very literary; he wrote poetry; he was not yet visual. He got a job as a sports-writer, I am not sure for which newspaper. He was also a great sportsman himself. He loved soccer and played it all the time. He also raced motor-cycles, and later on, in America, he rode horses. He also did some sports photography for that paper, like the one of soccer players in the book. Once he strapped himself to the side of a race car, and took photographs that way.

H: *The magician again!*

M: Yes. But the best magic trick was how he became a photo-journalist. His paper had sent him to cover a series of soccer matches outside of Budapest. He had a new camera with which he was toying, so on the way to the railway station he took photographs of various scenes in the street. When he returned to Budapest after a week (or maybe a month) there was a trial being held, against an old man who was accused of having murdered a soldier. When my father developed his film, he discovered that, without having been aware of it, he had taken a photograph showing that the soldier had provoked the old man and had started the fight. The photograph was introduced as evidence at the trial and instead of being sentenced for murder the man was only sentenced for manslaughter. So my father's editor said, "Fine, now you are a photographer." He had magically become a photo-journalist.

H: *That was before the first war.*

慕：我有张明信片，是1916年或是1917年的。就是那种军人的照片，不过那只是个幕布、上面有个洞，你得把头穿过去。明信片上我父亲是个军人，挥舞着一面旗。

霍：那是他的战争！

慕：那是他的战争。他是个反战分子。他对任何肢体暴力都很反对。我想这是因为他父亲一直很暴力。我不认为他懦弱，不过我知道他憎恨打杀之类的行为。

霍：我之所以怀疑那一点是因为我自己的父亲参加了那场战争。像很多经历过它的人，他在心理上给那场战争摧毁了。我对你父亲的印象不是这样的——他在我眼里是破碎人的相反。他是如此的——完整。

慕：他很疯，或者是神经质——不过，以你的观点而言，他是完整的。他没有那种沮丧和绝望的感觉。绝对没有。

霍：在成了摄影记者后，他去了柏林？

慕：他是1927年去的柏林。他在匈牙利很成功。在柏林，他走进乌尔斯坦出版社（Ullstein Verlag）的办公室，这家杂志的地位相当于美国的《时代》（Time）和《生活》（Life），一个钟头后他走出来，带着一份合约。他主要替《柏林人画报》（Die Berliner Illustrierte）工作，偶尔也替《女仕》（Die Dame）做事。

霍：那么他是已经拍过时装摄影罗？

慕：不，不是时装摄影。他常旅行，他曾说世上每个国家都去过，那绝对是谎话。他也许到过欧洲的每个国家。我晓得他去过土耳其。我确定他没到过日本或中国，他首度去美国是1933年，坐的是齐柏林飞船（Graf Zeppelin）的首航。

霍：就是那次他遇见了卡美尔·史诺（Carmel Snow）。

慕：我相信是1933年的11月或12月。他在纽约。纽约有个匈牙利插图画家；当然啦，所有在纽约的匈牙利人彼此都认识，他们上同一家餐馆、一起闲荡、说匈牙利语。这人曾替《哈泼时尚》（Harper's Bazaar）做过很多事；他告诉杂志的艺术指导，这位伟大的匈牙利摄影大师要在纽约逗留几天。

霍：波洛德维奇（Brodovich）是那时的艺术指导？

慕：我想是的，不过我相信史泰钦（Steichen）也参与了。卡美尔·史诺是总编辑，她说：“好，照这些泳装。”然后她给了我父亲几件泳装和几个模特儿。我父亲不喜欢在摄影棚工作——倒不是他没做过，他就是不喜欢这种工作方式。因此他带着模特儿到了海滩，长岛的笛岩海滩（Piping Rock Beach）。然后他说：“跑！”当时多数的时装照片都是在摄影棚里拍的，大家想的是贵妇淑女、有文化的女人、上流社会的女子。有些时装照是在户外拍的，不过都是摆个姿势，静

M: No, it must have been after the war, I think it was 1923.

H: Of course, when the war started your father was eighteen — so he must have been in the war.

M: He was not. I don't know how he got out of it —

H: Magically again!

M: I have a postcard, of 1916 or '17. It's one of those pictures of a soldier, but it's just a backdrop with a hole in it and people would stick their head through the hole. That was my father as a soldier, with a flag waving!

H: That was his war!

M: That was his war. He was a pacifist. He was very much against any kind of physical violence. I think this was because his father had been so violent. I don't think that he was a coward, but I know that the idea of fighting and killing was abhorrent to him.

H: The reason why I was wondering about that is that my own father was in that war. And like many people who had been in it, he was psychologically broken by it. Which is not how I imagine your father — I see him as quite the contrary of a broken person. He was so — intact.

M: He was crazy, or neurotic — but, in the sense that you mean, he was intact. He did not have that sense of depression and desperation. Definitely not.

H: And after having become a photo-journalist he went to Berlin?

M: He went to Berlin in 1927. He had been very successful in Hungary. In Berlin he walked into the offices of Ullstein Verlag, which was the equivalent of Time and Life in the US, and he walked out an hour later with a contract. He worked primarily for Die Berliner Illustrierte, but also occasionally for Die Dame.

H: So he already did fashion photography?

M: No, not fashion photography. He travelled much; he used to say that he had been in every country in the world, which was an absolute lie. He probably had been in every country in Europe. I know he was in Turkey. I am sure he was not in Japan or China. He first travelled to the US in 1933, on the first flight of the Graf Zeppelin.

H: And on that occasion he met Carmel Snow.

M: I believe it was November or December 1933. He was in New York. There was a Hungarian illustrator in New York — of course all the Hungarians in New York knew one another, ate in the same restaurants, hung out together and spoke Hungarian to each other. This man used to do a lot of work for Harper's Bazaar. So he told the art director about this great Hungarian photographer being in New York for a few days.

H: Was Brodovich the art director?

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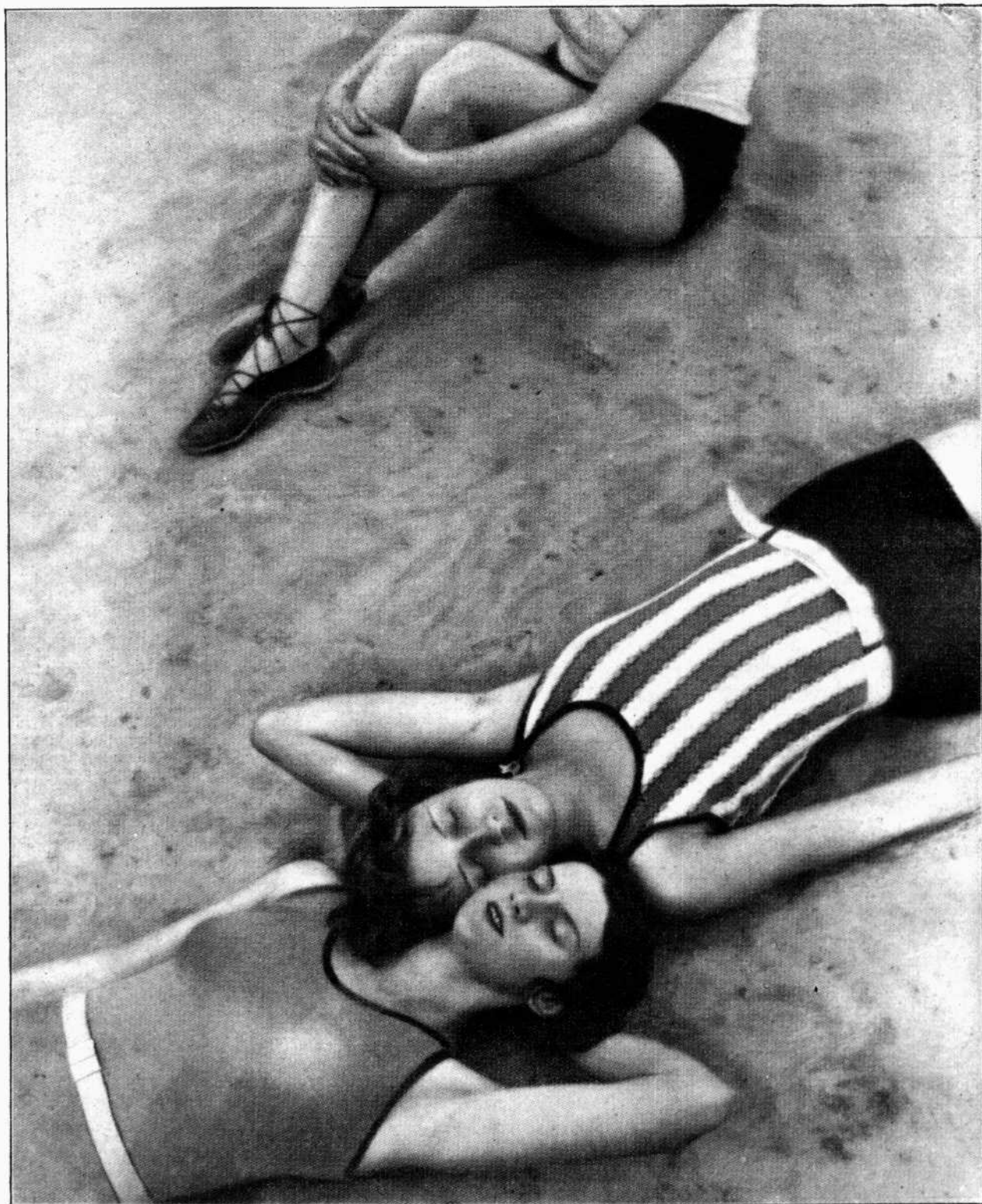
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Berliner

P r e i s
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20 Pfennig

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Der schöne Herbst: Die letzten warmen Sonnenstrahlen.

Aufnahme von Martin Munkácsi.

马丁·慕西卡的时装照登在《柏林画报》封面 / Fashion-photo on cover of 'Berliner'

态的，就跟当时所有的时装照一样。因此当他叫这些人跑时，她们身披小披风，浑身发抖，因为在那个季节确实是冷。他只是在用他所知道的摄影方式来做。卡美尔·史诺看到相片时爱极了。她下个周末要去加州，去见鲁道夫·赫斯特(Randolph Hearst)——《哈泼时尚》杂志的出版商。她邀我父亲去赫斯特在圣西米安(Saint Simian)的家和他见面。因为她打算跟他签份合约。他去了。我有些很精彩的照片，是在这大房子里聚会时参加的每个人——查理·卓别林(Charlie Chaplin)也是其中之一，而且显然是众人的焦点，正在说故事。赫斯特看了我父亲拍的照片，他很讨厌，觉得不过是些快照罢了。不过卡美尔·史诺还是给了我父亲一份合同，但是他拒绝了。因为他爱柏林，他在那里很成功，完全无意离开那里。于是他又回到家里。到了1934年的5月，杂志社所有犹太籍的员工都丢了工作，取而代之的是纳粹官员。总编辑库特·可夫(Kurt Korff)是我父亲的好友，决定前往美国。他们家有只猫，他们爱得很，可是猫不准带去，于是他们让它安乐死，不过先让我父亲替它照了张相。那只猫有着白而长的毛，他照时采用的是白色背景。他说这是他第一张高明亮调子的相片。这张一直是我父亲最爱的相片之一——虽然它并不是真的那么好，因为它背后的故事叙述了当时那个时代。其实我父亲本人并不曾受到影响。他是犹太人，可是似乎没有人知道或者在乎。事情真正发生是在1934年5月，他替《女仕》做了个故事，关于加工水果的。当他把开销报给新上任的总编时——这人是官员之一，这总编说：“好的，我们会补给你所有的钱，除了买香蕉的20分。”我父亲问道：“为什么？”那人答道：“香蕉不是亚利安人的食物。”我父亲说：“好。”他回到家，写了条分类广告，列出他公寓的内容，刻意地使字数的价钱刚好是20分，然后要对方把账单寄给他的总编。一个星期之后，他带着太太和孩子坐船前往纽约。船是预定1934年5月17日到岸。我父亲有点失望，因为他的生日是5月18日，而他实在想在过生日时，开始美国的新生活。船进纽约港时，港里有两条船相撞，一艘大客轮和一艘拖船什么的。每个人都忙着帮忙，我父亲却在甲板上拍起照来。这次碰撞的另一个结果是，我父亲的船直到18号才进了船坞。

霍：那他是如愿以偿了！

慕：他还拍到了唯一的有关撞船的相片。于是他在38岁生日当天到了纽约，进了《哈泼时尚》杂志的办公室，而且再度拿了张独家采访的合约走出办公室。他就是这么成了时装摄影师的。他爱时尚是真的。我还记得小时候，有时候我们坐下来，然后他会说：“好啦，我们来设计些衣服。”他说这些话就像别人的父亲说：“我们来下棋”或者“我们到后院打球去”。我们是设计衣服。那也许是他无意间发生的兴趣，不过跟时装确实有缘。尽管如此，我还是觉得他的初恋是新闻摄影。他喜爱惊喜，那种抓住一刹那的念头。虽然他也喜欢能掌握一切，创造属于自己的照片，首先在自己脑中看见它，如同在照时装照能做的。

霍：你告诉我的是个魔术师的故事，对他而言每样事似乎都是魔法变成的。我曾见过你父亲一次，在《哈泼时尚》的办

M：I think it was Brodovich, but I believe Steichen was also involved. Carmel Snow was the editor-in-chief, and she said, "All right, photograph these bathing suits." And she gave my father a few bathing-suits and a few models. My father did not feel like working in a studio—not that he had never done it, but it just wasn't the method of work he preferred. So he took them out to the beach, on Long Island, Piping Rock Beach. And he said, "Run!" At that time most fashion photographs were shot in studios, the idea being the Elegant Woman, the Woman of Culture, the Upper Class Woman. Some fashion photographs had been taken outside, but they were posed and static, as all fashion photographs were at the time. So when he told these women to run—they had little capes on, and they were shivering because it was really cold in that season—he was just doing the kind of photography he knew how to do. When Carmel Snow saw the photographs she loved them. She was going out the following weekend to California, to meet with Randolph Hearst, who was the publisher of *Harper's Bazaar*, and she invited my father to come to Saint Simian, Hearst's home, and meet him, because she wanted to offer him a contract. So he went. I have some wonderful photographs of everybody at this big house-party—Charlie Chaplin among others, who was obviously the center of attention, telling stories. Randolph Hearst saw my father's pictures and just hated them; he thought they were nothing but snapshots. Nevertheless Carmel Snow offered my father a contract—which he refused. Because he loved Berlin, he was very successful there and wasn't interested in leaving it. So he went back home again. By May '34 all the Jews on the staffs of the magazines were losing their jobs and being replaced by Nazi functionaries. Kurt Korff, the managing editor, who was a good friend of my father's, decided to leave for America. They had a cat that they loved very much, and that they were not allowed to take with them. So they had it euthanised, but first asked my father to take a photograph of it. It was a white long haired cat, and he photographed it against a white background. He said it was his first white on white photograph. It was one of my father's alltime favourites—though it wasn't really such a wonderful photograph—because the story said so much about the time. In fact my father wasn't really affected personally. He was a Jew, but nobody seemed to know or care. What happened was that in May 1934 he did a story for *Die Dame*, on preserving fruits. When he submitted his expenses to his new managing editor, who was one of the party members, the editor said, "Fine, we will reimburse you for everything, except for the 20 Pfennig for the bananas." When my father said, "What do you mean?" the man replied, "Bananas are not an Arian food." My father said, "Fine." He went home, he wrote a classified ad, listing the contents of his apartment. He worded it so that the charge for it would be exactly 20 Pfennig. He had the bill sent to his editor, and one week after this conversation he sailed for New York, with his wife and his child. Now the boat was supposed to land on May 17th of 1934, and my father was a little disappointed, because his birthday was May 18th, and he really wanted to start his new life in America on his birthday. As the boat came into New York harbour, there was a collision between two other boats in the harbour, a big liner with a tug boat or something. My father started taking photographs from the deck of his boat, while everyone was busy helping. The other result of the crash was that my father's boat couldn't dock until the 18th.

H：So he had it his way!

公室，是1960年还是1961年时；马文·以色列（Marvin Israel），当时的艺术指导，非常崇拜你父亲。他曾告诉我你父亲有很多困扰。我记忆中的他似乎是个生活不顺的人。

慕：从情绪方面来看，他的生活是很困苦。而到了他52岁左右，他的事业生活也变得很不顺遂。他有个多舛的童年，又早早地娶了个来自布达佩斯歌剧院的舞蹈演员。婚后几个礼拜，他回家发现她和别人在床上。她有个儿子，他从不相信是自己的——虽然有可能是的。离婚之后他又娶了个匈牙利女人，和她生了一个女儿，名叫阿西卡，也就是阿丽丝。他们一起到了美国，虽然这桩婚姻也是朝夕不保。阿西卡12岁的时候生了场病，就在我父亲带她去了帝国大厦顶楼的第二天。两周后她死于肺炎。这件事真让我父亲心碎。他是如此宠爱她。事实上，他从不带我去帝国大厦，他始终拒绝答应我这一件事。阿西卡一死，他的婚姻也结束了。他大约47岁时娶了我母亲，又是一桩处处摩擦的婚姻。我晓得部分原因。他对我母亲完全不忠，他的外遇不断。她说她不在意，我很怀疑这种开通的说法。

不过到了1946年，我母亲再也受不了了，于是她离开他，并且诉请离婚。判决生效的前一个周末两人妥协了。在他们结婚的头几年，我父亲不愿有小孩。他说：“我不年轻了，我不相信自己可以活到看另一个小孩长大成人。”因为他1941年时发过一次心脏病。那也是他和我母亲结婚的原因。她是他的秘书，她在他来美国后的第一年开始替他工作。他需要有人翻译，因为他只说德文和匈牙利文。她17岁而且会说犹太话。原本那工作只是几个礼拜的——我母亲学校放假——他付她一周30元，差不多是现在的1000元。她很喜欢这份工作的刺激。我父亲相当好玩，迷人、很潇洒、很有智慧。她再也没有回学校去，我猜她一开始就爱上他了。不过当时他结了婚，而她才17岁，所以什么事也没发生。不过1941年，我父亲心脏病发时，他不得不停止摄影一年。这期间根据在川西瓦尼亚的童年背景他写了本小说，叫做《愚人的徒弟》*Fool's Apprentice*。我母亲搬入了长岛的房子，打字和做其他有关的事。是那个时候两人才在一起的。

霍：《愚人的徒弟》？那愚人是他父亲？

慕：故事是说，他那小镇被选中作为无害经神失常人的门诊中心。这些疯人不住在疯人院，而是被准许和镇上人家同住。于是这个小男孩伊玛，和其中一个傻子有了非常亲密的关系——事实上是当了那个傻子的徒弟。当然啦！故事的主旨是这个老人并没疯，他非常的聪明、非常实际，别人眼里他是傻子，其实他不是的。

霍：那是本好小说吗？

慕：开头的部分很好，那是根据他实际的经历。小说在美国和英国出版，反应非常好。在1947年我父母亲又合好之后，我父亲决定要个孩子，我就这么出生了。在1948年。我最早的记忆之一是住在我祖母家的时候。还有在我阿姨家。由于我母亲经常离开我父亲，他常说：“你母亲离开我16次，

M：And he had taken the only photographs of the collision！ So he arrived in New York on his 38th birthday, walked into *Harper's Bazaar* offices, and again walked out with an exclusive contract. That is how he became a fashion photographer. It is true that he loved fashion. I remember that when I was a kid we would sometimes sit down and he would say, “OK, let's design dresses.” Just like someone else's father would say, “Let's play checkers” or “Let's go out in the backyard and play baseball.” We designed dresses. It may have been something that he had fallen into by accident—but he did have an affinity for it. Still I think his first love was photo-journalism. He loved the idea of surprise, of catching a moment—although he also loved being in control of everything, creating one's own picture, seeing it inside one's head first—as one can do in fashion photography.

H：The story you are telling me is the story of a magician, for whom everything seems to work as if by miracle. But the other hand, I met your father once, between doors, at the offices of *Harper's Bazaar*, in 1960 or '61. Marvin Israel, who was then the art director and who had a great admiration for your father, used to tell me that he had many problems. I remember him as someone who seemed to have had a difficult life.

M：His life was very difficult on an emotional level. And by the time he reached the age of 52 or so, it became difficult professionally as well. He had a difficult childhood to begin with. He married quite young, with a dancer from the Opera in Budapest. A few weeks after the wedding, he came home and found her in bed with someone else. She had a son, whom he never believed was his—though he possibly was. After divorcing his first wife he married again, a Hungarian woman, from whom he had a daughter, named Acika, Alice. They all went to America together, though again the marriage was shaky. When Acika was twelve years old, she became sick—one day after my father had taken her up to the top of the Empire State Building. She died two weeks later of leukemia. It broke my father's heart; he adored her. In fact he would never take me to the Empire State Building. That was the one thing he refused me. After Acika's death his second marriage ended. He married my mother when he was about 47. Again the marriage was full of frictions. I know in part why that was. He was totally unfaithful to my mother; he was always having affairs. She said that she never minded, which I find suspiciously civilized. But in 1946 it just became too much for my mother to bear. So she left him and filed for divorce. They reconciled the weekend before the decree was to become final. In the first years of their marriage, my father did not want to have children. He said, “I am not so young, I don't believe that I shall live long enough to see another child grow up.” Because he had a heart attack in 1941, which is why he and my mother had gotten married. She was his secretary; she had started working for him during his first year in America. He needed someone to translate, because he only spoke German and Hungarian. She was 17 years old and spoke Yiddish. Originally the job was only supposed to last for a couple of weeks—it was my mother's school vacation—he was paying her thirty dollars a week, which was like thousand dollars a week now. She loved the excitement of it; my father was very funny, very charming, very cosmopolitan, very intelligent. So she never went back to school. I think she fell in love with him from the beginning. But at the time he was married and she was seventeen years old and nothing happened.

只回来过15次。”因此我小时候常常被迫离开我亲爱的父亲。1956年有一天她说：“我们要去看舅舅。”然后我们上了飞机，她说我们要去迪斯尼乐园。在飞机上她告诉我，我们要去拉斯维加斯，她要办离婚。我最早的记忆中有些是我父母亲吵架，多半是我母亲对着我父亲叫喊。很好笑，因为我父亲是出了名的坏脾气，模特儿都怕他。不过我从没听他吼过。有一回，我大概5岁吧，我在他打电话时变得很不听话，结果他打了我屁股；他打了一巴掌，可是马上就掉了眼泪，要我原谅他。总之，她把我拐到拉斯维加斯，而他不知道。我还是要回答你，为什么他不再成功了。我母亲的说法是，1948年《哈泼时尚》要他去拍汤玛斯·杜威(Thomas Dewey)，当时他正和哈利·杜鲁门(Harry Truman)竞选美国总统。杜鲁门是民主党员，而我父亲极为崇拜罗斯福(F.D.Roosevelt)，他要是会做任何有利于杜威的事才怪呢。因此他拒绝去拍。我母亲说编辑们火大了，从那以后就不常用他了。我觉得婚姻的不幸，还有他几乎着了魔似的要找我回去也有些关系。还有他的心脏情况。毕竟时尚是变化无常的，而他也不年轻了，又非新人，他也可能蛮难相处，他的精力也确实不能全部集中在工作上，就是这么回事了。在我成长过程中，他总是说他是举世闻名的摄影家。不仅仅闻名，而是“举世闻名”的。不过回想起来，尽管他在土德城(Tudor City)有个三层的工作室，我不记得他经常工作。年复一年，他的工作室越来越小，直到完全消失，于是他在公寓的浴室做了间暗室。他的相机也逐个不见，被我们当掉了。他1963年死的时候，真的是一文不名。我当时15岁，正在加州的一个夏令营。我的提伯叔叔，另外有个摄影师，是我父亲非常要好的朋友，加上我母亲一起去清理父亲的公寓。冰箱里只剩下一盘冷面条，和一把叉子在上面。

他死前不久替《哈泼时尚》做了最后一个工作——《哈斯敦的帽子》*the halston hat*。我不晓得地点是不是拍那些泳装的同个海滩，不过是在长岛。这似乎是他替《哈泼时尚》最初拍的那些相片的回响。那些相片就在他死前不久出版的。

But when, in 1941, my father had his heart attack, he had to stop photographing for a year. So he wrote a novel, called "Fool's Apprentice", which was based on his childhood in Transylvania. And my mother moved into the house in Long Island to type it and to work on it. It was then that they came together.

H: "Fool's Apprentice"? The fool being his father?

M: No. The story is that his little town had been chosen as a sort of outpatient clinic for the harmlessly insane. Instead of keeping these crazy people in an asylum, they allowed them to live with families in town. So this little boy Imre had a very close relationship—in fact had apprenticed himself to one of the fools. The idea of the book, of course, is that this old man is not crazy, that he is very wise, very practical. He seems a fool to others, but in fact he is not.

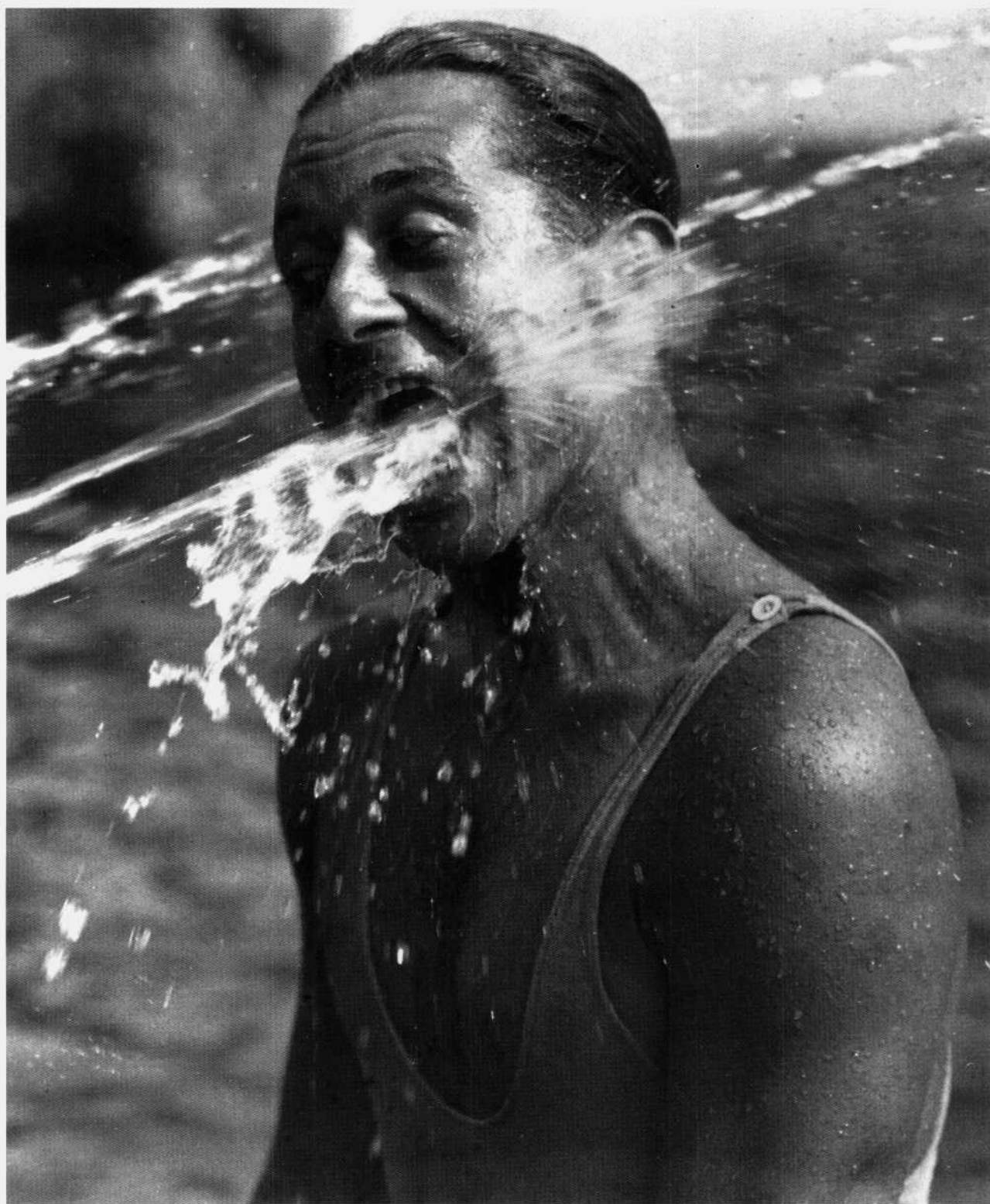
H: Is it a good novel?

M: The first part of it, which is based on his actual experience, is very good. It was published in the US and in Great Britain and was very well received. Anyhow it was after my parents reconciled, in 1947, that my father decided that he wanted to have a child. So I was born in 1948. One of my earliest memories is staying at my grandmother's house. And at my aunt's house, because my mother constantly left my father. He always used to say, "Your mother left me sixteen times and she only came back fifteen." So I was always being pulled away from my father, whom I was much closer to, when I was a child. One day, in 1956, she said, "We are going to visit your uncle." And she got me on an airplane saying that we were going to Disneyland, and when we were on the plane she told me that we were flying to Las Vegas and that she was getting a divorce. One of my earliest memories is of my parents fighting, mostly my mother screaming at my father. It's funny, because my father had the reputation of having a terrible temper. Models were afraid of him. But I never heard him yell. Once, when I was about five years old, he slapped me on the behind, because he was on the telephone and I was being obnoxious. He gave me a smack, but immediately he burst into tears and asked me to forgive him. Anyhow after she kidnapped me to Las Vegas he did not know where I was. But I shall try to answer your question why he was no longer successful. My mother's story was that in 1948 he was asked by *Harper's Bazaar* to photograph Thomas Dewey, who was running for President of the US, against Harry Truman. Truman was a Democrat, my father had been a great admirer of F. D. Roosevelt, and he was damned if he would do anything to make Dewey look good. So he refused to photograph him. My mother said the editors were infuriated, and from that point on used him less frequently. I also think that the turbulence of the marriage, and the fact that he became really obsessed with finding me and getting me back had something to do with it. His heart condition had also to do with it. Above all, fashion is pretty fickle, and he wasn't so young and wasn't a new name and he may have been difficult to work for and his energies were not really focused on his work and that was it. I know that when I was growing up he would always speak of himself as a world-famous photographer. Not just "famous", but "world-famous". But when I think back, though he had a beautiful triplex studio in Tudor City, I don't remember him working that much. And as the years went on, his studios got smaller until they finally disappeared, and he made a darkroom in the bathroom of his apartment. His cameras began to disappear one by one as we would pawn them. And by the time he died, in 1963, he was really completely broke. When he died, I was fifteen and I was away at summer camp in Florida. My uncle Tibor, and another photographer who was my father's very good friend, and my mother went into my father's apartment to clear it out. The only food in the refrigerator was a plate of cold noodles, with a fork in it.

He had done his last work for *Harper's Bazaar* shortly before he died—the picture of the Halston hat. I don't know whether it was the same beach, but it was on Long Island, as that for the bathing suits. It was a sort of echo of those first photographs he had taken for *Harper's Bazaar*. They were published right before he died.



三个黑人小孩，赖比瑞亚，1932 / Three Black Boys, Liberia, 1932



鲁拉贝游泳池，柏林，1929/Luna Bad Swimming Pool, Berlin, 1929