

摄影家 丛书 PHOTOGRAPHERS INTERNATIONAL



浙江摄影出版社

《摄影家》

丛书1-10辑

国家摄影大师精品集萃



浙江摄影出版社

摄影家 丛
书

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

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第九辑

约翰·菲利普

约翰·菲利普1914年11月13日出生于阿尔及利亚的布维拉。在法国完成了中学教育。1936年11月《生活》杂志创刊时他就是该刊的摄影记者，并在“二战”前后为世界最大的数本杂志供稿。从那时候起，他的足迹踏遍了欧洲、美洲及亚洲的52个国家。可以说，约翰·菲利普是这个世界一百年历史的见证者。

唐·麦库林的“黑暗的报告”

唐·麦库林1935年出生于英国伦敦。1952年任皇家空军侦察队摄影助理之后，几乎一直从事着新闻摄影的工作。当他成为伦敦《星期日泰晤士报》的摄影记者后，他便奔赴各国专题报道战争冲突。由于他艰苦卓绝的工作和出色的报道，曾获世界新闻摄影家奖。1992年阿尔勒国际摄影节为他举行了盛大的回顾展，他的照片被纽约现代美术馆、伦敦维多利亚与亚伯特博物馆、纽约国际摄影中心、罗切斯特·伊士曼博物馆等收藏。

艾瑞克·杜索

艾瑞克·杜索1963年在巴黎附近的一个小镇出生。他跟随自己的父亲学习的摄影，1992年加入了“杜弗”图片社。艾瑞克·杜索与许多自由摄影师一样经常在世界各地旅行拍摄，他尤其喜欢到葡萄牙与古巴这两个国家。他在古巴拍摄的大部分照片用一台自动对焦的Hexas Konica照相机拍摄，这些“照片将永远是今日古巴——古巴人民最为困苦的非正常时期——的有力见证”。喜爱古巴的人会感谢艾瑞克，因为他的艺术、诚实与勇气让我们感受到古巴的气氛。

西蒙·诺福克

西蒙·诺福克1989年于南威尔士纽波特受教于马格南图片社摄影家大卫·贺恩学习纪实摄影，毕业后为左翼杂志社工作。在遇见一位声称从未发生大屠杀的历史学家之后，他花了四年时间寻找大屠杀见证，进行“无言以对”专题的拍摄。选登的这一组“大屠杀的场景：LANDSCAPES OF GENOCIDE”就是“无言以对”专题的其中之一。

汤玛士·德沃查克

汤玛士·德沃查克1972年出生于德国。1991年获罗伯特·舒曼大学预科学士学位，主修英文、法文及历史。同年成为自由摄影师，赴东欧及中东地区为欧洲刊物拍摄。从1992年9月至1996年期间，他几乎以在一个战乱地区呆上一年的方式，对诸地区人民的生活及战争状况进行拍摄。1997年他拍摄的“高加索”摄影展于巴黎“同类”艺廊展出。

撒姆尔·莫达：与战争的约会

撒姆尔·莫达在文章中自述：“我的母亲是个知识分子，也是个诗人，父亲则是一位十分敏感的工程师。我的嬉笑童年在1973年10月突然给画上了休止符——我遭遇了生命中的第一场战争。”

童年的记忆使撒姆尔·莫达将现实呈现于那些黑白照片之中，使他通过摄影得以描述那些回忆。他说：“这些照片已经是我生命的一部分，也是我内在的情绪以及童年经验的化身。”

保罗·娄尔

保罗·娄尔1963年出生于英国。1983年于剑桥大学主修现代史与政治学，1986年于格温特高等教育学院学习纪实摄影。1989年加入“网络摄影家”图片社后成为自由摄影师。1993年以准会员的身份开始与马格南图片社合作。由于他对于图片故事独到的拍摄和组织能力，他在1992年至1994年间多次获新闻记者奖、尼康新闻摄影年度奖、世界新闻摄影新闻故事类首奖等奖项。

迈可·高华特

迈可·高华特1951年出生于英国。1972年于苏塞克斯大学物理系毕业，1979年开始专职新闻摄影工作。他是“网络摄影家”图片社的创办者，这个类似马格南图片社的经纪合作机构在毫无胜算的情况下生存下来，并且成功地造就了一群卓越的英国新闻摄影记者。迈可·高华特非常重视拍摄计划的准备，他的每一个选题都经过严密的计划和思考，所以他的拍摄计划总是完成得非常成功。1994年他的照片获得了世界新闻摄影新闻故事类首奖。

雅米·阿里·贾瓦狄扬

雅米·阿里·贾瓦狄扬1957年出生于伊朗，毕业于德黑兰大学美术系。1980年开始摄影之后，雅米·阿里·贾瓦狄扬对新闻及战争摄影发生了强烈的兴趣，并专注于这类题材的摄影。他曾三度获现代艺术博物馆举办的年度摄影最佳摄影家荣誉和数次战争摄影比赛首奖。

玛奴契·狄加帝

玛奴契·狄加帝1954年出生于伊朗。1974年他就读于罗马电影学校，1978年任“西巴”法国图片及伊朗《时代》杂志记者。1986至1987年于加州旧金山从事新闻工作，1991至1995年任法新社中东和非洲通讯员派驻埃及开罗，1996年至今任法新社驻巴黎通讯员。曾获“美国截稿新闻俱乐部”特别奖，世界新闻摄影首奖，世界新闻摄影三等奖，法国内幕新闻摄影首奖。

雷萨·狄加帝

雷萨·狄加帝1952年生于伊朗大布里士。1968年自学摄影。1971年于德黑兰大学学习建筑，1978年革命期间为法新社工作，1989年任联合国阿富汗人道救援计划顾问，1989至1996年为联合国儿童基金会做报道。雷萨·狄加帝从1978年之后，为美国《新闻周刊》、《时代》杂志、《国家地理杂志》等做过报道，1998年担任世界新闻摄影评委。他的摄影作品在世界五十多个国家发行。

Book IX

John Phillips

Mr. Phillips was born on November 13, 1914 in Bouira, Algeria. He finished high school in France. He joined LIFE Magazine and became its photojournalist in November 1936 when it was founded. He worked regularly for LIFE and cooperated with several biggest magazines in the world before and after World War II. Since then, he has traveled through 52 countries in Europe, America, and Asia. He is a living witness to the world history for over 100 years.

Don McCullin and His Reports of Darkness

Don McCullin was born in 1935 in London, England. Since 1952 that he became assistant photographer in the Royal Air Force reconnaissance unit, he has almost devoted himself to press photography. After becoming staff photographer of the Sunday Times, London, he went to many countries to cover the conflicts tearing the world. His hard work and outstanding reports won him a World Press Photographer Award in 1965. His Major Retrospective, Arles was held in 1992. His images are in the collections of the Museum of Modern Art, New York, I.C.P. New York, George Eastman House at Rochester...

Eric Dussaud

Mr. Dussaud was born in 1983 in a small town near Paris. He learned photography with his father and joined Rapho agency in 1992. Like many other freelance photographers, he loved to travel extensively in the world, particularly in Portugal and in Cuba. Most of his photographs of Cuba were taken without raising the camera --- an autofocus Hexa Konic --- at eye level. These "photographs will remain as a strong testimony of today's Cuba of the so-called 'special time' so difficult for the Cuban people". Those who like Cuba will thank Eric Dussaud whose art, history and courage managed to make us feel the atmosphere of Cuba.

Simon Norfolk

Simon Norfolk studied Documentary Photography in 1989 at Newport in South Wales where he was taught by Magnum photographer David Hurn. After leaving college he worked for left-wing magazines. The project For Most of It I Have No Words came out of encountering a Holocaust revisionist historian who said that the Holocaust never happened and has taken 4 years to produce. Selected from the project is LANDSCAPE OF GENOCIDE.

Thomas Dworzak

He was born in Germany in 1972. He took his baccalaureate in 1991 at Robert-Gymnasium, specialized in English, French and History. Then he became a freelance photographer for European publications in Eastern Europe and the Middle East. From September 1992 to 1996, he stayed each time in a wartime area for almost a year, covering the people's life and the war. The year 1997 saw the exhibition of his "The Caucasus" at gallery "Generiques" in Paris.

Samer Mohdad: Rendezvous with War

Samer Mohdad has written: "I grew up with an intellectual poet mother and a somewhat sensitive engineer father. My playful childhood years abruptly came to an end in October 1973 when I first encountered war.

Samer's memories of his childhood enabled him to show reality in black and white and to express those memories through photography. He said, "These pictures are now a part of my life, the embodiment of my inner feelings and childhood experience".

Paul Lowe

He was born in England in 1963. He studied Modern History and Politics at Cambridge in 1986 and Documentary Photography at Gwent College of Higher Education in 1986. He became freelance photographer after joining Network Photographers in 1989. He began work with Magnum Photos as a nominee member in 1993. Thanks to his own original ability to shoot and organize pictures stories, he won from 1992 through 1994 many prizes, including those of news photographer and the Nikon Features Photographer of the Year Award, and the first prize of New Stories, World Press Photo.

Mike Goldwater

Born in England in 1951, Mr. Goldwater graduated from the Department of Physics in the University of Sussex. He began full-time career as a photojournalist in 1979. He co-founded Network Photographers in 1981, which was a cooperative agency on the lines of Magnum Photos. Network Photographers survived against the odds and its success has underwritten the careers of a remarkable number of British photojournalists. Goldwater attached great importance to the preparation of developing projects for himself. As he planned each project carefully and thought it over thoroughly, he completed it successfully. In 1994 he was awarded first prize in general news category, World Press Photo.

Amir Ali Javadian

Born in Iran in 1957, he graduated from the Department of Fine Arts at Tehran University. He started a career in photography in 1980, intensively engaged in journalistic and war photography. He was appointed three times the best artist of annual photography exhibition held by the Museum of Contemporary Arts and awarded first prizes of several contests of war photography.

Manoocher Deghati

He was born in Iran in 1954. He began to study at Rome Film School in 1974. He became a photojournalist in 1978 for Sipa (French Photo Agency) and Time Magazine in Tehran. In the years 1986-1987, he served as photojournalist based in Los Angeles, California. From 1991 to 1995 he worked with Agence France Presse as correspondent in the Middle East and Africa, based in Cairo, Egypt. From 1996 to the present he has been an AFP correspondent in Paris. He won respectively a special award from "American Deadline Press Club, the 1st Prize (1983) and the 3rd Prize (1986) of World Press Photo, and the 1st Prize of Festival Scoop in Anger (1997), France.

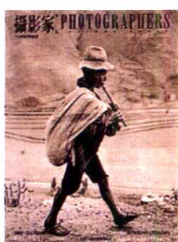
Reza Deghati

He was born in 1954 in Tabriz, Iran. In 1968 he began to teach himself the principles of photography. In 1971 he studied architecture at the University of Tehran. In 1978 he worked for Agence France Presse during the Revolution. In 1989 he served as consultant to the United Nations' humanitarian program in Afghanistan. From 1989 to 1996 he reported for UNICEF. Since 1978 he has reported for Newsweek, New York Times, National Geographic Magazine, etc.. In 1998 he was chosen as jury member of World Press Photo. His pictures are widely distributed in more than 50 countries around the world.

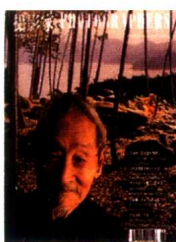
鉴于中国大陆与台湾地区在外国人名及地名的翻译方法上还存在诸多差异,一时尚难规范统一。在本丛书的编辑过程中我们仅就常见地名的翻译,还有个别国际摄影大师及其他个别艺术家的译名采用了大陆习惯的译法外,其余均尊重原著作者及台湾地区的翻译习惯而未作改动,以保持原作之风格。特此说明。

编者

2002年2月



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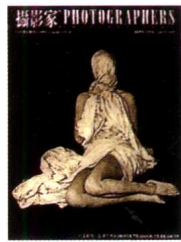
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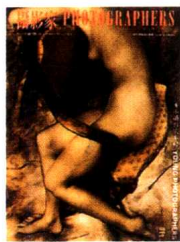
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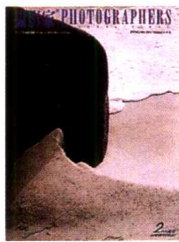
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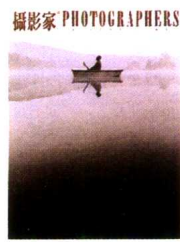
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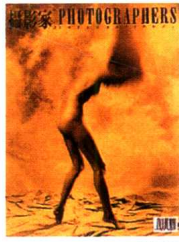
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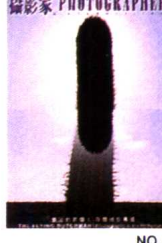
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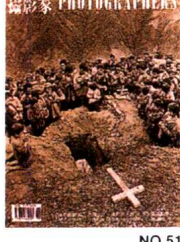
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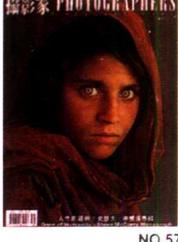
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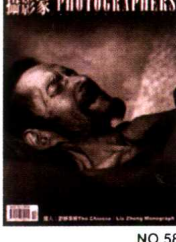
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约翰·菲利浦

John Phillips

text by JOHN PHILLIPS

约翰·菲利浦

我成了《生活》杂志的摄影记者

我相信命运，这可能跟我出生在伊斯兰的天空下有关。那里的人行事皆依据“密克图”——相信所有事情的发生都是无可避免的。现在回想起来，由那一连串不相干的事情隐约可见一些雏形：我的父母亲从老家阿尔及利亚搬到法国，我因此认识了瑞内·潘索先生。直到我和家人搬往伦敦之前，都是他教我怎么拍照的。由于没受过正式英国教育，年届二十一，却只能在伦敦打打零工。其中一件差事让我抢救了一捆过期的《时代》杂志。我完全没料到三个月内我的生命会因而改观。就在1936年11月2日这一天，一切都不一样了。“美国来的信！”邮差喊着，同时递给我一封《时代》杂志寄来的信。他们的编辑谢谢我毛遂自荐寄去的照片，虽然还没刊登，不过《时代》留下了那张照片。他们付我14块美金——稿费比在欧洲刊出时还高——还请我跟他们的伦敦办事处联络。时代公司准备发行《生活》杂志，在英国可能有些差事让我做。

我立刻给他们的伦敦办事处打了通电话，约定当天下

THE MAKING OF A LIFE PHOTOGRAPHER

I believe in Fate, possibly because I was born beneath the sky of Islam. There people are guided by *mektoub*, a conviction that whatever happens is inevitable. In retrospect I can see a pattern emerge from a series of unrelated circumstances: my parents moving from my native Algeria to France, which led to my meeting Monsieur Rene Pansier. He was the one who taught me photography before my family and I moved to England. With no formal English education, I wound up doing odd jobs in London at the age of twenty-one. On one of these I salvaged a bundle of old TIME magazines. I had no idea this would alter my life within three months. Everything changed on November 2, 1936.

"Mail from America," the postman called out, handing me a letter from TIME magazine. The editor thanked me for the unsolicited picture I had sent. Although it had not been used, TIME was keeping it. I was paid \$14 — more than I earned being published in Europe — and was advised to get in touch with their London bureau. Time Inc. was about to launch LIFE magazine and there might be work for me in England.

I promptly called TIME's London bureau and got an appointment that afternoon. David Ritchie, LIFE's assistant editor for Europe, showed me a dummy of the forthcoming magazine and took my telephone number.



我身穿大礼服、灰礼帽，准备参加大法官在伦敦举行的游园会
In my morning coat and gray topper before going off to attend the lord chief justice's garden party in London, 1937.

午见面。《生活》杂志驻欧洲助理编辑大卫·李奇把即将出刊的杂志样本让我看了看，并且记下了我的电话号码。

第二天电话就来了，他们要我去拍议会开幕的现场情况，不过用不着拍爱德华八世，新闻社会负责这部分工作。我的任务是拍些有创意的群众画面。“创意”是成败的关键。我很清楚自己在《生活》的前途，完全取决于我所交出去的照片，可是个性的腼腆让我无法对着别人的面孔拍照。因此我就从人们背后拍，结果拍了各式各样的背影，有年轻人愉快地弯腰，也有上了年纪痛苦的佝偻。

“我要的是有创意的东西，还真的给我拿到了。”我把照片交出去的时候，那位编辑难以置信地点着头表示。

我拍的那些背影给登在创刊号里。仿佛命运之神的安排，我一举命中了《生活》的风格。不到一个月，我成了正式工作人员。

维也纳(1938年)

1938年3月12日的傍晚，我和合众国际社的巴伯·贝士特在维也纳新布里斯朵旅馆我的房间里，看着窗外街头骚动的群众。当天黎明时分，德军入侵了奥地利。此刻，扩音器正命令着所有人到街上聆听“你们的领袖，希特勒”的广播(当天的第五或第六次)。希特勒粗厉的咆哮驱策着听众陷入一片狂乱。从我房间的阳台上望下去，微弱灯光下庞大的人潮泛滥在街道上，就像暴风雨夜波涛起伏的海洋。持续不断的欢呼声“德国胜利！”犹呼啸的风声，成千上万只伸直的手臂行着纳粹式敬礼，看上去像翻滚的浪花。目睹人类变成一股具毁灭性的自然力是吓人的。更糟的是，我必须走入那些激动的群众拍照。

捷克斯洛伐克(1938年)

希特勒占领了奥地利以后，把注意力转向捷克斯洛伐克的德意志少数民族。我在1938年的春夏之间，数度出入布拉格，真正理解到希特勒所编造之大谎言的效力。“德国人，”他怒吼着，“被人像黑奴般地对待。”一个苏台德人对我说：“我真搞不懂捷克人是怎么回事。我们过去一向相处得很好，而现在他们竟然要杀我们。”当我请他说得更具体一些时，他却只能引用一些道听途说。南方德国人民党已经开始升高煽动性活动，由此可见，要替整个民族洗脑实在是轻而易举的事。

美国(1938年)

捷克斯洛伐克的背叛行为着实令我沮丧。尊严已彻底被践踏，惟有暴力方能得逞。我在中欧所见所闻都显示着，只有彻底投降才能避开灾难。尽管张伯伦声称：“和平就在我们的时代”，欧洲却一步一步地陷入战火之中。

因此，我非常感激《生活》杂志让我有机会在1938年阴沉的冬季远离了欧洲。杂志社希望我到拉丁美洲转一转。我得

The call came next day. My assignment was to get atmosphere shots of the opening of Parliament. I was not to photograph Edward VIII, whom the agencies would cover. My job was to get crowd scenes in an original way. "Original" was the key word, I realized my future with LIFE depended on the pictures I would turn in, but I was so shy it prevented me from photographing people head on. I shot everybody from behind, getting every kind of back, from the cheerful slouch of youth to the painful stoop of old age.

"I asked for something original and I sure got it," the editor said, shaking his head in disbelief when I turned in my pictures.

My backs appeared in the first issue. As Fate would have it, I had hit upon the LIFE style. Within a month I was put on staff.

VIENNA 1938

On the evening of March 12, 1938, Bob Best, of the U.P., and I gazed down at the tumultuous crowd below my window at the New Bristol Hotel in Vienna. That morning at dawn the German army had invaded Austria. Now loudspeakers ordered everyone into the streets to listen to a broadcast of "your *Führer*, Adolf Hitler" for the fifth or sixth time that day. Hitler's raucous howls whipped his listeners into a frenzy. From my balcony the huge, dimly lit crowds seemed to overflow the streets like a surging ocean on a stormlashed night. The persistent chant "*Deutschland sieg heil*" was like the shrieking wind, and the thousands of outstretched arms in Nazi salute the rolling foam of the waves. To observe human beings turned into a destructive force of nature was terrifying. What made it even worse was that I had to go down into that seething mob and take pictures.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA 1938

After occupying Austria, Hitler turned his attention to Czechoslovakia's German minority. As I shuttled in and out of Prague throughout the spring and summer of 1938, I realized the effectiveness of Hitler's big lie.

"Germans," he howled, "are treated like niggers!" A Sudeten said to me, "I can't understand what has come over the Czechs. We always got on well. Now they're murdering us." When asked for specifics, he could only quote hearsay. The Southern German Party had stepped up its seditious activities, demonstrating how easy it was to brainwash an entire people.

USA 1938

The betrayal of Czechoslovakia had discouraged me deeply. Decency was being systematically trampled. Only brutality succeeded. It was obvious from what I had seen in central Europe that nothing short of total surrender could avert disaster. Though Chamberlain claimed "Peace in our time", Europe was slowly slipping into war.

Therefore I was grateful to LIFE for the opportunity to get away from Europe during that dismal winter of 1938. The magazine wanted me to travel around Latin America. I was to go via New York where I would meet LIFE's editors. A room had been reserved for me at the Lexington Hotel — the tallest building I had ever entered.

I stopped at a drugstore for a cup of coffee. A big fellow who had been tearing up the street with a pneumatic drill walked in and sat down next to a lady in a mink coat. In England this burly workman would have been called a "navvy" and the coffee break he was taking, his "elevenses". A navvy would sit on a pile of stones and eat his lunch from a greasy paper bag. He did not perch on a bar stool next to a lady in mink — but here was his American coun-

先去纽约，跟《生活》杂志的编辑们见见面。他们已经在列克星顿饭店帮我订了房间，这是我所去过的最高一座建筑。

我路过一家药房，停下来喝杯咖啡。一个手拿着压缩气钻分解街道的大个子走了进来，在一位身穿貂皮大衣的贵妇旁坐下。在英国，这个粗壮汉子是被称为“苦工”，而他正在享用的咖啡时间被称为“11时点心”。一个“苦工”会坐在一堆石头上，从一个油腻腻的纸袋里拿午餐吃，而不会坐在吧台的高脚凳上，旁边是着貂皮衣的贵妇。此时此地，一个身份和他一样的美国人，却正在一份厚厚的火鸡三明治上涂着蛋黄酱。

在美国工作的那些年里，我一共拍摄了172个故事，结了两度婚。从那些千奇百怪的照片里，我见到这个国家的部分面貌，两次的婚姻让我进一步了解了自已。在拉丁美洲那些幅员辽阔、人烟稀少的国家待了八个月之后，美国的面积也就不那么令我吃惊了。印象深刻的反而是，美国人竟然克服了长距离沟通的障碍——这是其他疆域横跨一个大陆的国家都无法解决的问题。美国人有办法让全国人民产生一种共识，俄国人尽管有个中央集权的政府，却始终无法有这种成就。《生活》杂志刊出的醒目照片，在杂志问世的那个礼拜，从纽约到旧金山都受到同样的重视。和欧洲相较之下，在美国工作容易多了。《生活》的摄影记者很受美国人欢迎，他们也不在意摆些欧洲人认为有损尊严的姿势让人拍照。当时《生活》的摄影记者被认为是世界上最好的。不过也有个缺点，就是每家新闻社的摄影记者都明目张胆地依样画葫芦——《生活》记者拍什么，他就拍什么。由于这些抄袭专家的东西都是隔天就见报，经常坏了《生活》摄影记者的故事。我的应变之道是，拿架没装底片的相机，拍上一大堆平凡无奇的东西，然后再偷偷地用另一架相机拍些我真正感兴趣的東西。

德黑兰(1943年)

1943年11月29日星期一，我替在伊朗举行首次高峰会议的邱吉尔、罗斯福和斯大林拍照。这张“具历史性的照片”的背景是俄国大使馆的前廊，那是一座集希腊和苏联式的殿堂建筑，六根白柱顶端矗立着一把铁锤和镰刀。

阿克迪耶夫上校是斯大林的保安局长，他的态度傲慢，身穿上好料子的制服，一眼看上去就知道是个重要人物。他到英国公使馆接我，领着我过街前往俄国大使馆，大使馆藏在12英尺高的围墙后面，由一群身穿黑衣的俄国人守卫着。我们沿着一条弯弯曲曲的路走了几百码，进入了由宪兵警戒的美国区，之后才到达目的地。

斯大林为尽地主之谊，把官邸让给美国总统，自己搬到另一头的一间小房子里。这项非正式的安排使罗斯福免于来回奔波于俄国使馆与距离相当远的美国公使馆之间。这么一来，不但简化了安全措施，三位政府首脑也能经常私下会面。

通往俄使馆前廊的十三级石阶底是条碎石子铺的车道，一

terpart smearing mayonnaise on a fat turkey sandwich.

During the years I worked in the States I shot 172 stories and got married twice. Through the kaleidoscope of pictures I took I got to see something of the country. Through my marriages I learned something of myself. After eight months in the vast and underpopulated countries of Latin America, I was less surprised by the size of the United States than impressed by how Americans had overcome the barriers of long-distance communication, a problem whose solution had eluded all other countries that were large enough to stretch across a continent. Americans had managed to create a sense of national unity — a feat the Russians have never achieved in spite of their centralized government. A striking picture in LIFE attracted the same attention from New York to San Francisco the week the issue appeared. Working in the States was much easier than working in Europe. Americans welcomed the LIFE photographer and allowed themselves to be photographed in poses Europeans would consider undignified. If you were a LIFE photographer in those days, you were considered the best in the world. There was a disadvantage, however. Each news agency cameraman blatantly duplicated whatever he saw a LIFE photographer shoot. Since the plagiarist's work appeared the next day, it frequently spoiled the story for the LIFE photographer. My defense was to overshoot banal pictures with a camera that had no film, then sneak whatever really interested me with another camera.

TEHERAN 1943

On Monday, November 29, 1943, I photographed Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin at their first summit meeting in Teheran. The setting for this "historic picture" was the front porch of the Russian embassy, a Greco-Russian temple with six white columns topped by a hammer and sickle.

Colonel General Arkadiev, Stalin's chief security officer whose importance was immediately apparent by his imperious manner and the high quality of his uniform, picked me up at the British legation and led me across the street to the Russian embassy, tucked behind a twelve-foot wall guarded by Russians in funeral black. A few hundred yards along a winding road we entered the American zone, guarded by MPs, which led to the main building.

In a burst of hospitality Stalin had turned over the residence to the American president while he himself moved to a small house on the other end of the grounds. Due to this unorthodox arrangement, Roosevelt did not have to commute to and from the American legation, which was out of the way. Not only were security measures simplified, but the three statesmen could meet more frequently and informally.

At the foot of the thirteen steps that led to the front porch of the Russian embassy was a gravel driveway where lesser members of the conference who had yet to see Stalin hung around. Stalin himself showed up unobtrusively through a side door. What immediately struck me about him was his small stature and the rigid way he moved, almost to the point of clumsiness. His pockmarked face had the equality of rough-hewn granite. His hands were those of a laborer. Only the fingers of his shriveled left arm peeked out from under the wide cuffs of his beige uniform, which hung on him stiffly. Unlike his marshals, who were festooned with decorations, Stalin was satisfied with Russia's highest award, the Order of Lenin. He mingled with the onlookers, seemingly unaware of the curiosity he awoke. Watching him I was reminded of an Eastern European peasant in his Sunday best strolling through a market, slow-footed but shrewd. "Delightful old gentleman," a British officer behind me observed.

些身份较低、尚未见到斯大林面的与会代表在那里徘徊着。斯大林谦虚地由边门现身。我吃惊地发现他个头很小，动作僵硬得近乎笨拙。他那张长了痘疮的脸犹如粗糙的花岗岩，一双手像干粗活的，笔挺的卡其制服挂在身上，只见干枯的左手五指露在宽宽的袖口之下，斯大林的将领个个身披勋章饰物，他自己却佩戴了象征俄国最高荣誉的列宁勋章。他和旁观者闲话家常，显然不晓得自己在人群中所引发的好奇心。他那副模样让我想到在周日穿大礼服的东欧农民，漫步于市场之上，步履缓慢却敏捷。“真是位可爱的老先生。”我背后有位英国官员这么表示。

南斯拉夫(1944年)

我第一次会见铁托是他起义的第三年。他的总部在维斯岛的一座岩穴里，距离德国人控制的南斯拉夫大陆有30英里。岩穴位于岛的最高点，通路只有一条步道，沿途尽是凹凸不平的圆石和满布尘埃的灌木丛。那是1944年7月的一个大热天。一路上不见半个人影，只碰到一个哨兵查我的证件。我是亲铁托党人（或像这些人自称的“人民解放军”）的美国摄影家。前面不远就是铁托的岩穴，洞穴上方是块突出于天然高地的崖壁，四周围着沙袋和堆得整整齐齐的石头。入口处站着—个传令兵。

从入口处半开的防水布望进去，我见到了铁托的第一面。他瘦削的脸颊更突显了宽阔的额头和夸张的鹰钩鼻，一头金发里夹着几道银丝，一身装扮潇洒得跟军官一样。在这么个令人汗流浹背的天气里，他竟然穿着厚重的冬天制服——后来我才晓得，他只有这么一套制服。暑热丝毫影响不了他的专注。他戴了一只金表，左手上是一只镶了颗大钻石的金戒子。（34年后，我最后一次见到铁托，他依然戴着这只钻戒。）他坐在一张大桌前，桌上铺了一条军用毯，身后墙壁上钉着一张褪了色的战前南斯拉夫地图，是皇家汽车俱乐部印制的。头上方有两卷捕蝇纸和两个25瓦的灯泡在横过洞穴的电线上晃荡着，旁边一张椅子上搁了个肚子鼓鼓的、塞满文件的旧皮箱。我原以为会见到一个英武的革命分子，可是眼前看到的分明是位头脑冷静的委员会主席。一只德国牧羊犬躺在铁托脚边，听到脚步声，发出低吼。铁托抬起头来，一对蓝眼使那张坚毅英俊的脸庞显得冷淡而疏离，然而当他微笑的时候，冷漠立刻消失不见。

回想起来，他是我见过的领导人里惟一有幽默感的。

耶路撒冷(1948年)

15日清晨，我开车穿过阿伦比桥，进入巴勒斯坦。我终于可以无忧无虑地拍照了。阿拉伯人误以为我是英国军官，没有理我。头三天军团在耶路撒冷旧城的每一处堡垒都布了人。第三天夜里，以色列人在锡安门突破了敌阵，重新开始

YUGOSLAVIA 1944

I first met Tito on the third anniversary of his uprising. His headquarters were located in a cave on the island of Vis, thirty miles from the German-controlled Yugoslav mainland. The cave was on the island's highest peak, accessible only by a footpath that skirted pockmarked boulders and clumps of dusty shrubbery. It was a hot July day in 1944. There was no one in sight until I came upon a sentry, who checked my credentials. I was the American pool photographer attached to Tito's partisans, or as they called themselves, the People's Liberation Army. Ahead I could see Tito's cave beneath an overhanging cliff on a natural plateau enclosed by sandbags and neatly stacked rocks. An orderly sat by the entrance.

I got my first glimpse of Tito through the half-open tarpaulin at the entrance to the cave. His face was gaunt, accentuating a wide brow and a strong aquiline nose. His blond hair was streaked with white. He was dressed as smartly as any staff officer. On this sweltering day he wore a heavy winter uniform — the only one he owned, I later learned. The heat did not affect his concentration. He wore a gold watch and, on his left hand, a gold ring with a good-sized diamond. (Thirty-four years later, when I last saw Tito, he was still wearing his diamond.) He was seated at a large table over which was spread an army blanket. Behind him a faded prewar map of Yugoslavia issued by the Royal Automobile Club was tacked to the wall. Above him two rolls of flypaper and two 25-watt bulbs dangled from a cord stretched across the cave. A worn leather briefcase bulging with papers rested on a nearby chair. I had expected to meet a dashing revolutionary, but the man I observed was a cool-headed chairman of the board. A German Shepherd slept at Tito's side. Hearing footsteps, the dog growled. Tito looked up. His blue eyes gave his strong, handsome face a cold, detached look that vanished when he smiled.

Now that I think about it, he was the only leader I ever met with a sense of humor.

JERUSALEM 1948

At dawn on the fifteenth, my red-and-white *kouffieh* flapping in the wind, I rode across Allenby Bridge into Palestine. At last I was able to take pictures without fear. Mistaking me for a British officer, the Arabs left me alone. For the first three days the Legion manned the ramparts of the Old City of Jerusalem. On the third night the Israelis made a breakthrough at Zion Gate, reopened communications with the besieged Jewish quarter, and brought in an unknown quantity of supplies and reinforcements.

The sound of incessant gunfire which had bounced off the thick stone walls of the city's narrow streets had numbed my mind. After the electric power failed, I shamelessly walked into the Holy Sepulchre and took a lit candle in order to find my way back in the dark to the Austrian hospice where I was staying.

REFLEXIONS AT SEVENTY

At seventy, I can now look back on half a century and, thanks to the perspective time gives to events, can clearly bring into focus much that once seemed indistinct and only vaguely threatening. What is troubling the world today has its origins in the past fifty years. Owing to the nature of my work, I had occasion

和被围困的犹太区谈判，也带来数不清的补给品和援军。

枪炮声不曾中断过，在城里窄街的石墙上来回反弹着，我的人已麻木。电力中断以后我厚着脸皮走进圣墓(耶稣基督的坟墓)，拿了一根燃着的蜡烛，以便在黑暗中找路回我住的奥地利招待所。

70岁的反省

年届七十，我总算可以回顾一下半个世纪的经历，感谢时间所赋予事件的观点，我现在能更清楚掌握曾经模糊、令人害怕的事物焦点。这个世界目前所面临的困扰渊源于过去的50个年头。而我得工作之便，亲身经历了很多世上发生的冲突，其中有一部分呈现在这本书里。

我曾数度进入历史。在凯撒胜利进入罗马的两百年后，我随着一支美国军队通过同一座凯旋门。另一回，我跟着阿拉伯军，踩着巴比伦人、罗马人、波斯人和十字军的足迹，进入了耶路撒冷。我瞻仰过大英帝国的创始者，也目睹俄国人的利爪伸向残余的哈布斯堡王朝。当铁托背叛了斯大林，共产主义的阵营出现第一道裂痕时，我也在场。我亲自拍下祖国阿尔及利亚为独立而奋斗的情景。一位来自休士顿的女士问我对这件事有什么感想，我回答说：“跟得州佬一觉醒来，发现得州被彻罗基印第安人统治了的感觉一样。”

从开始替《生活》做事到现在，49个年头过去了。我过70岁生日时，收到泰迪·柯雷克寄来的礼物。他的信上说，我1948年在耶路撒冷旧城拍的那些照片，将被视同以色列的历史，列为永久展出项目。这就是一个21岁的新闻摄影记者，在70岁时成了一名历史学家的始末。

to observe many of the world's conflicts, a number of which are illustrated in this book.

I have entered history several times. Two thousand years after the victorious Caesars entered Rome, I drove through the same triumphal arch with an American army. Another time, following in the footsteps of the Babylonians, the Romans, the Persians, and the Crusaders, I entered Jerusalem with an Arab army. I have watched the British Empire founder and was around when the Soviets started to grab the leftovers of the Hapsburg Empire. I was present when Tito rebelled against Stalin and the first crack appeared in Communism's structure. I photographed my native Algeria as it struggled to become independent. Asked how I felt about that event by a lady from Houston, I said, "The way a Texan would if he woke up one morning to find the state run by Cherokees."

Forty-nine years after I first went to work for LIFE, I celebrated my seventieth birthday and received a gift from Teddy Kollek. He wrote that my 1948 pictures of the Old City were to be placed on permanent exhibit as part of Israel's history. That is how a twenty-one-year-old press photographer became a historian at seventy.

约翰·菲利浦 1914年11月13日出生于阿尔及利亚的布维拉。在法国上小学和中学。自1936年11月《生活》杂志创刊起，就是该杂志的工作成员。除了固定为《生活》杂志工作外，他并于第二次世界大战前后，与世界最大的数本杂志合作。身为新闻摄影记者，自1936年至1989年他的足迹遍及欧洲、美洲和亚洲的52个国家。作品曾经在美国和欧洲展出过无数次。著作计六种。目前除了摄影还从事写作。

John Phillips 1914/born November 13 in Bouira, Algeria. Attends primary school and high school in France. 1936/joins LIFE Magazine in November and has been staff member ever since. Works regularly for LIFE and cooperates with the biggest magazines in the world before and after World War II. 1936-89/as photojournalist travels through 52 countries in Europe, America and Asia. He has published 6 books and held numerous photography exhibitions in the U.S. and Europe. Presently he works as photographer and writer.

