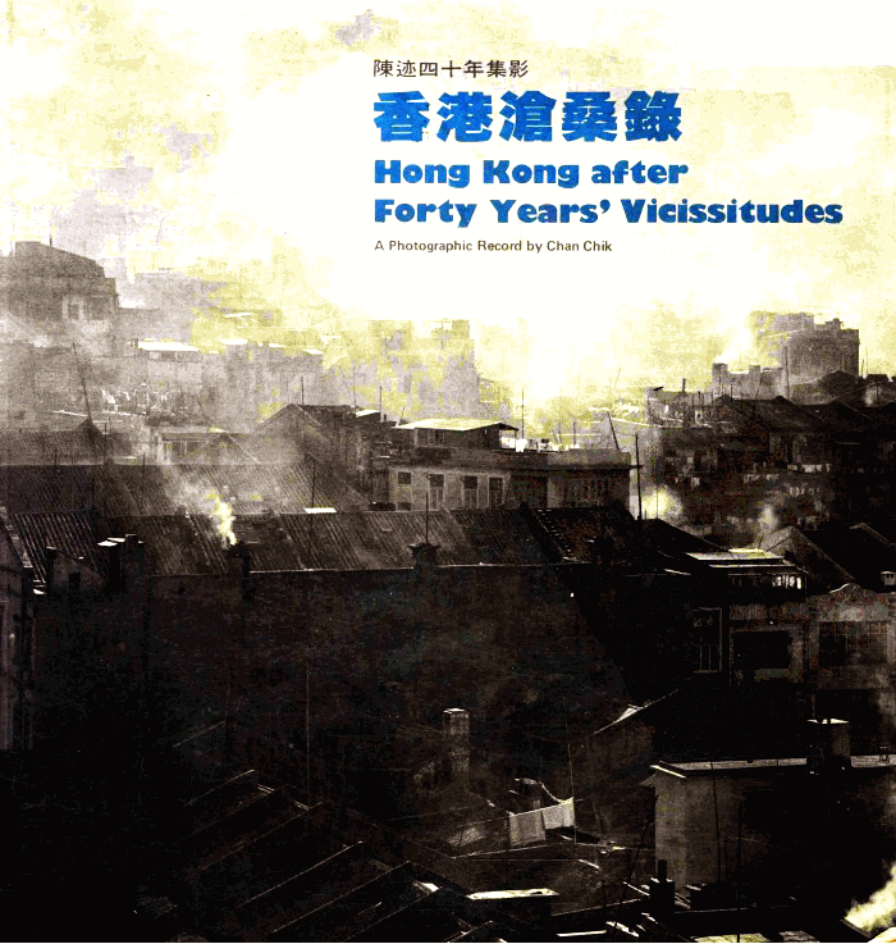


陳迹四十年集影

香港滄桑錄

Hong Kong after Forty Years' Vicissitudes

A Photographic Record by Chan Chik



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香港滄桑錄

陳述是香港的攝影家，也是位老報人，曾從事新聞攝影、編輯工作逾四十載，足迹遍及港九的大街小巷，深入新界離島的山區、農村和漁村，目擊近四十多年來香港的滄桑變化並一一攝入鏡頭。這本《香港滄桑錄》是從陳述歷年來拍攝的近萬餘照片中精選編成的，既是藝術作品，更富歷史資料價值。

這本影集收入黑白照片九十六輯，彩色照片六十輯，編為十三輯，包括了以五、六十年代勞苦大眾生活為題材的“過去的歲月”，記錄六十年代初香港水荒苦況的“東江水未越山來”，反映漁村變化的“太澳今昔”和“消失了的圓洲仔”，以及表現香港近貌的“八十年代的香港”等。這些作品從生活的角度真實地記錄了香港自戰後到八十年代的變化、發展；其中反映五、六十年代香港社會生活的照片，定會勾起老一輩居民無限的回憶，也為新一代展示昔日香港風貌。

Hong Kong after Forty Years' Vicissitudes

Chan Chik, a Hongkong photographer and newspaperman of great renown, began his career as early as in the forties. His footprints can be found at nearly all the street corners of Hong Kong and Kowloon, in the countryside of the New Territories and the fishing villages on the outlying islands.

He has witnessed the past forty years' vicissitudes of Hong Kong and recorded them through his camera lens. The pictures are indeed works of arts and of historical value as well.

Out of nearly 10,000 pictures from Chan Chik's photographic stock, 96 black-and-white and 60 colour prints have been selected by himself for this album. The cardinal events seen by Hong Kong in the past forty years have been truly reflected in the 13 series of pictures; especially those taken in the 50's and 60's will make the older inhabitants of Hong Kong call to mind the wretched life of the squatter huts dwellers, water rationing, the devastating fire. . . . At the same time the younger generation may catch a glimpse of Hong Kong's old look from the works of our respected photographer.

陳述四十年集影

香港滄桑錄

Hong Kong after Forty Years' Vicissitudes

A Photographic Record by Chan Chik

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Designer: Yu May Ming

書 名 香港滄桑錄——陳述四十年華影
作 者 陳述
出版發行 三聯書店香港分店
香港城多利亞皇后街9號
製 版 冬青美術影版社有限公司
香港銅鑼灣華蘭路16號萬邦工業大廈18字樓B座
印 刷 旭旦（深圳）印刷有限公司
深圳市上沙工業區
版 次 1985年12月香港第一版第一次印刷
規 格 12開（250×240mm）140面
國際書號 ISBN 962・04・0433・5

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Published by
Joint Publishing Co. (HK)
9 Queen Victoria Street, Hong Kong

First Published December 1985

Printed by
Bright Sun (Shen Zhen) Printing Co., Ltd.
401 Sheung Po Industrial Zone, Shen Zhen, China
ISBN 962-04-0433-5

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鏡頭中的世態炎涼

(代序)

黃永玉

The World Seen Through the Camera Lens

Huang Yongyu

再過三年，和陳述兄的交往就滿四十年了。

和他的第一次見面是很匆忙的，那是在台灣的台南的火車站，張正宇、陳志祥、郎靜山和我匆匆忙忙從台北來要上阿里山去。那麼熱，那麼吵鬧，如上一個溜著小鬍子的令人討厭的黨部處長在其中穿插，還有水泥廠鋪天蓋地的灰塵，還有大家的勞累，還有其蕩如醇雋的官場人情，我已煩透了。汗流浹背，強作進酬。我知道，過一天，或是一個月，一年，到時候誰也不認識誰，各走各路，永世不會見面。多少年之後，想起台南的煩躁，那滿臉堆笑的輕容的小鬍子，那些混塵灰塵，絕不會生發出什麼好感。

這時，陳述進來了。

陳述是個攝影家，那麼，他是衝著郎靜山來的；他又是個畫家，那麼他是衝著張正宇、陳志祥來的；他又刻過木刻，那麼，他是衝著我來的。鬼知道他他是衝著誰來的，他忙不迭的自我介紹，又忙不迭地走了。

同一年的香港，那時詩人雷石榆和我們同住在那龍的一個小村子九龍青洲。雷先生的夫人蔡蓮月是台灣著名的舞蹈家，大概是這個緣故，陳述和雷石榆在台灣是相識的。雷先生不幸那時候被國民黨驅逐出境，離開了妻兒孤身來到香港，身心可想而知非常寥落。

我常和雷石榆先生往來看到陳述，久而久之，覺得這人的心地很寬。我們也就成為好朋友了。他的夫人蔡蓮月也就成了蔡深的好朋友。

唉！相識是容易的，長期的相處而一旦分別却令人惆悵。古詩中的那句：

“思君令人老”，真是洞察人生骨髓的句子啊！

這幾年雖然我們多少能見幾次面，但畢竟我們真的老了。往日聽人說什麼六十歲的時候，就會哈哈大笑，彷彿是星球以外的某種境界。今天，我們都腳踏實地，踩在這個球面上，臉皺了，頭禿了。性格上的乖張、固執、多疑、敏感，喜歡人誇，喜歡殺罪人，喜歡清靜却害怕寂寞，這些毛病都來到面前。彼此彼此，有什麼辦法呢？

有機會見面，大家並不覺得老蒼。三個人五個人聚在一塊，還是互相開玩笑，喊著市井人物，作樂，上茶樓為挑選自己喜歡的

Come three more years, I will have known Chan Chik for four full decades.

We had our first encounter amidst a lot of hustle. I was then at Tainan Railway Station, Taiwan, where Zhang Zhengyu, Lu Zhixiang, Lang Jingshan and I arrived from Taipei in a great hurry to visit Mount Ali. It was hot and noisy. What's more, the most annoying Director of Public Relations, with his whiskers sticking out, was making his omnipresence among ourselves, like the dust clogging constantly out of the cement plant. We were thoroughly worned out by fatigue, and by the skin-deep hospitality of poker-faced government officials. How I was panting and sweating while forcing myself to keep on being sociable! I knew for sure that the next day, less likely the following month or year, we would not like to recognise one another. For we would each follow a course of our own, and hardly ever want to meet again. Many years have now elapsed, and when I recall the disquieting experience at Tainan, especially the detestable dust and the moustaches on that frivolous face, I could never once imagine myself missing something or somebody pleasant there.

And there came Chan Chik.

Since Chan Chik was a photographer, he certainly came to meet Lang Jingshan. He was also a painter, and so he must be coming for Zhang Zhengyu and Lu Zhixiang as well. In addition, he had also learned the art of wood block prints, and it might equally be possible that he was looking for me. God knows who the hell he was coming for! All he did was introducing himself to us, and then disappearing out of our sight in no time.

In Hong Kong the same year, Lei Shiyu, a poet, lived with us in Kau Wah Track, a small village in Kowloon. Mrs Lei was a famous dancer from Taiwan. Probably for this reason, Chan and the Leis had known one another even in Taiwan. Unfortunately, Mr Lei was expelled by the Kuomintang, thus forced to live in exile in solitude in Hong Kong. As one can easily imagine, it was a most depressing experience for him.

Very often, I could see Chan Chik at Lei's. By and by, I came to see Chan had a heart of gold. We soon became good friends, and so did my wife and his wife.

Well, it is easy to get acquainted with one another, but not so to be separated after a long standing friendship has been established. I am suddenly reminded of a line in an ancient poem: "Age creeps in along with memories of you". What an insight into the profoundest aspect of life!

In the past few years, although we had a few occasions to see one another, we have, indeed, aged a lot. In the good old days, whenever I heard the mention of "when I am sixty . . .", I would burst out laughing, as if to be sixty were something extraterrestrial. But today, we have simply found ourselves footed onto that very planet of age. Our faces are

茶葉爭執，小小的嘲諷，完全和四十年前一樣。為什麼不客氣，不相識，方知這就是真正的深情和溫暖，一種“同步”的老來的情感，一種生活中的強者的自愛。

陳述的攝影集的出版，實際上有如我的攝影集出版一樣。他的一些設想，一些行動，一些成果，創作上諸般悲歡，我都承擔過一層作為好友的情感上的義務。是第一個鑑賞者，是第一個強調整理的評論者。

愛默生有過一句出名的壯語：

“大丈夫不從流俗！”

陳述四十多年來的作品都包含著這一種高貴的氣質。

我不是專業的攝影家，至今還搞不清片子的DIN數和速度、光圈的關係，但是我有很好的照相機。

陳述沒有。

我沒聽說過陳述在照相機財富上有過哪怕是一句吹牛自豪的話。沒有。

幾十年前，天氣熱，睡覺不小心打開了窗子，唯一的一部風箱式蔡司“天殺”給小偷用竹竿子鉗掉了。後來又聽說還給入連編帶偷又弄走了一些。好像是命中注定“裁縫師傅兒子沒衣穿，教書先生兒子沒書讀”似的，一輩子沒“保有”或“擁有”過一部像樣的照相機。

但是，陳述拍出的照片對香港社會歷史的貢獻，是沒有第二人可以與之比較的。

不從這個重要的角度認識陳述和陳述的攝影藝術，要不是幼稚，就是無知。

這種社會歷史價值，將與日俱增。

幾十年在窮困、嘲諷、鄙視、冷落的苦海浪濤中作出那麼大的成績，要不是有一點抱負，一點理想，是辦不到的。

在某一種社會裏，貧困加上隨之而來的生活上的不安，不免使人覺得很浮躁、小氣、計較……當然囉：你有固定的工作，安定的生活，“抱團”的集體，於是，舉止自然典雅，出言婉約有緻，衣著講究，上上班準時。你能讓陳述拿什麼本錢和你應酬相比？俗話說：

“窮人和富人交遊，總是窮人花錢。”

wrinkled, our heads are bald, and, eventually, our characters have changed a lot — we have become eccentric, obstinate, suspicious, and sensitive; we like being flattered by respect and giving people lectures. We love quietude, but dread solitude. . . . All such “blemishes” have befallen us without discrimination. Well, what else can you do?

Honestly whenever we had a chance to meet again, we did not feel that bad. We would poke fun at one another, pass judgement on people, fool around, and argue over what tea to drink and what dishes to order at the restaurant, etc. All sorts of minor follies we had been used to some forty years ago would be resumed. Why the seeming antagonism and lack of courtesy? It is all because of genuine affection and warm hostility, which are feelings synchronic with friendship, and with the assurance that we, after all, have proved ourselves the better of those maltreated by life.

The publication of Chan Chik's album of photographs is, in effect, just like a publication of mine. His conceptions, activities, achievements, his experiences of frustration and reward encountered in his creative work have been shared by myself as a friend, whose obligation is, among other things, to be just as concerned as he is. I was the first one to appreciate his work, and I am the first to defend him by racking my stock of reasons too.

Emerson once stated proudly that a man does not follow the steps of others. Over the past forty years, Chan Chik's photography attests rhetorically to such a noble quality.

I am no photographer myself. Up till now, I am still confused by the relationships between the DIN setting of films and the shutter speeds and lens openings. And yet I have, in my possession, a very respectable camera

This Chan Chik does not have.

I have never heard Chan boasting for a single moment of his treasury of cameras. Never.

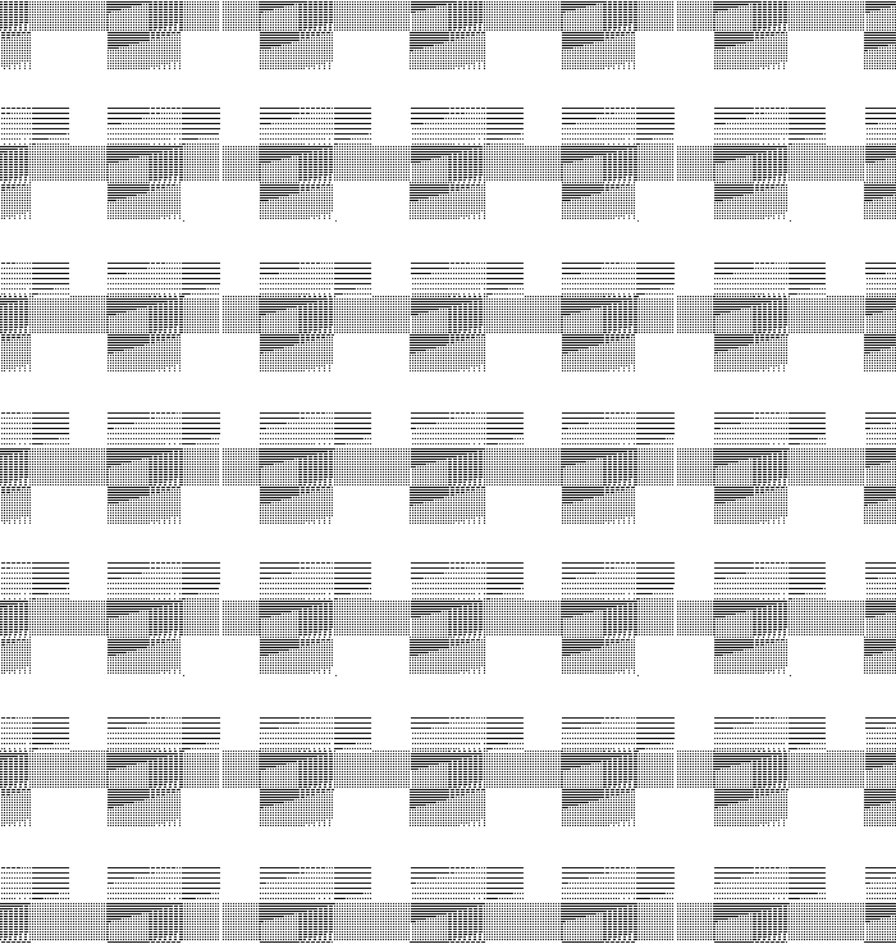
A few decades ago, it was hot one day when he was taking an afternoon nap with the window inadvertently opened. His only foldable camera with a Carl Zeiss Tessar lens was fished out of it by a thief with a rod. Later on, there were a few more occurrences, of theft and mischief, which led to the loss of more equipment. It seems the law of the world is such that the tailor's child goes naked, whereas the teacher's is in want of a proper education. By analogy, Chan the photographer has never in his life kept or possessed a camera system, that raises one's eye-brows.

Nevertheless, Chan's contribution to the community and history of Hong Kong through his photography is unequalled.

It would be naivety or ignorance not to look at Chan and his art from such an important perspective.

The social and historical significance of his work will increase with the elapse of time.

It would have been impossible for him to accomplish so much over



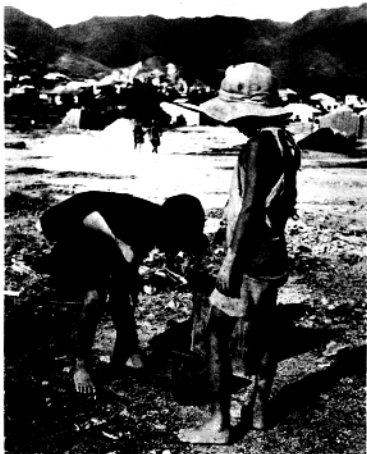
過去的歲月(1950—1968年)

翻開了陳年舊照，重溫過去那難忘的歲月，儘管人間冷暖，帶來的不過是淡淡的哀愁、歡樂和鞭策！

In the By-gone Days (1950-1968)

The old photos always bring me back to the unforgettable by-gone days, in which I experienced both sadness and happiness, and every success and failure of mine spurred me on!

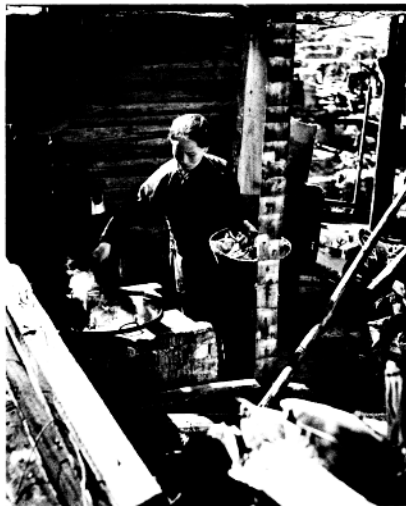
拾荒的孩子
Teen-age Scrap Collectors (1950)



這邊和那邊
This Side vs. the Other Side (1950)

最後的午餐

Cooking Her Last Lunch in the Hut (1951)



強拆

Squatter Huts Being Torn Down (1951)



垃圾堆裏討生活
To Eke Out an Existence by
Collecting Scrap (1952)



歸人地放學
How Nice To Be a School-boy! (1952)

足下生涯
A Wretched Life —
Being Trampled Down
under the Big Shoe (1953)



洗咗冇得着
The One and Only T-shirt (1953)



滿懷心事

What's on Her Mind? (1953)

街頭遊樂場
Happy Hour (1953)



好姊妹
A Good Sister – Carrying Her
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