

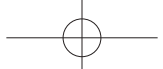


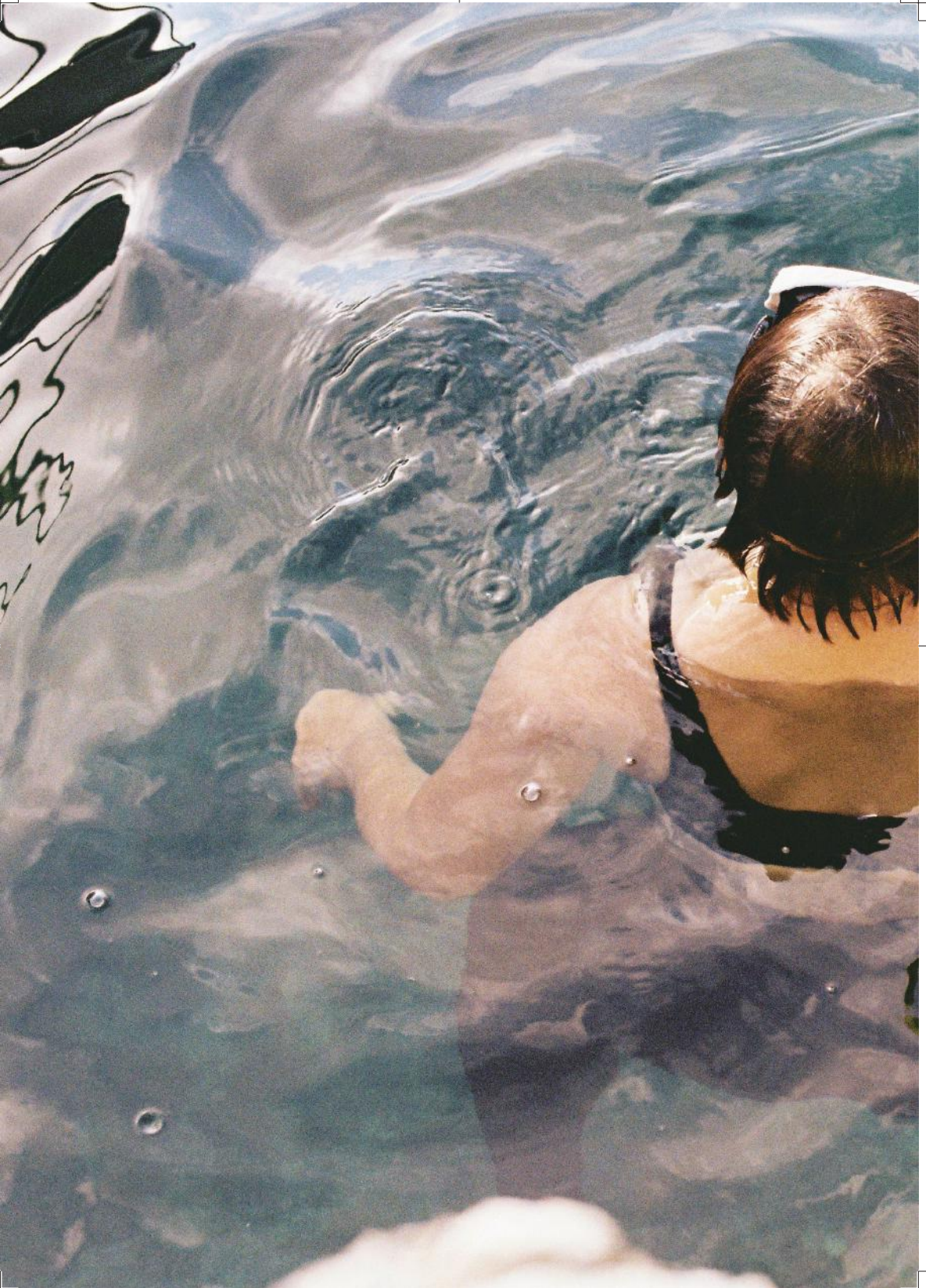
她學習立泳，立泳是政治受難者跟她提到的。

老人家的印象中，綠島人可以一邊游泳、一邊聊天、抽煙，她注意到春玉也有這樣的技能。在海中央、游到一半，抬起頭便開始和她聊天。她學習著，打破本來單一的蛙式和自由式。起初，聽幾句就沉下去、得憋氣再浮上來，慢慢的，她開始可以邊游泳、邊和春玉討論魚的品種、海龜出沒的位置、珊瑚礁的顏色……。

立泳之餘，也從第一次下海的吃力，逐漸可以憋更久的氣、游更遠的距離，換氣頻率一天天下降、不再氣喘吁吁。換氣時間的拉長，除了可以更專注的觀看水底下的生態，每一次抬起頭換氣時，看到的風景也和上一次抬頭所見到的不同。偶爾有新的釣客來釣魚、有狗跑下水游泳、有海巡員來勸導，有時面山、有時面海。

這次抬起頭，她見到了曾見過的風景。







那是政治受難者拍攝的照片，角度、距離，一瞬間的直覺，是這裡，攝影的人曾站立在這個位子，拍下站立在潮間帶中、抓魚苗的婦女們，以及後方的三峰岩。

但是她腳踏著的是海水、是港口中央的海面，照片裡婦女站在咾咕石上、攝影的人也是。她突然理解了居福說的：

「石頭炸掉囉！」

港口曾經不是港口，像春玉指給她看的鰻溝澳，是個天然的灣澳，船可以從咾咕石形成的凹口處拖上沙岸。灣澳被炸、潮間帶被炸，原來，見到的港口底下的碎石塊、沙粒，是炸裂的咾咕石。巨大的三峰岩僥倖躲過。魚在僅存的幾塊、沒有粉碎的大塊石頭裡生活、碎石塊和碎石塊之間的縫隙。

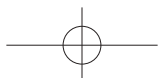
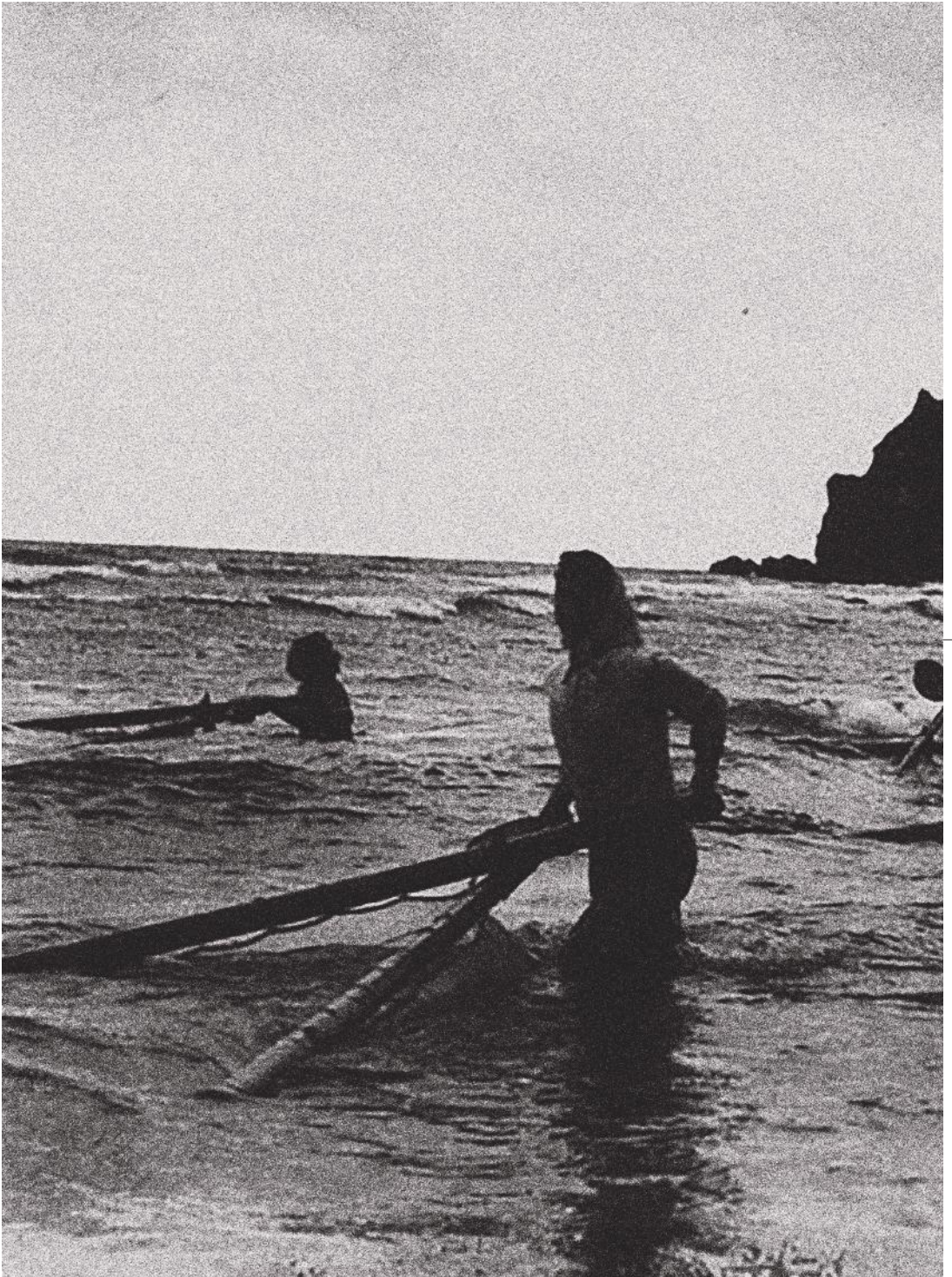
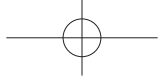
他們曾站立、雙腳踩著的石頭也已炸成港口裡的粉碎砂石。



05







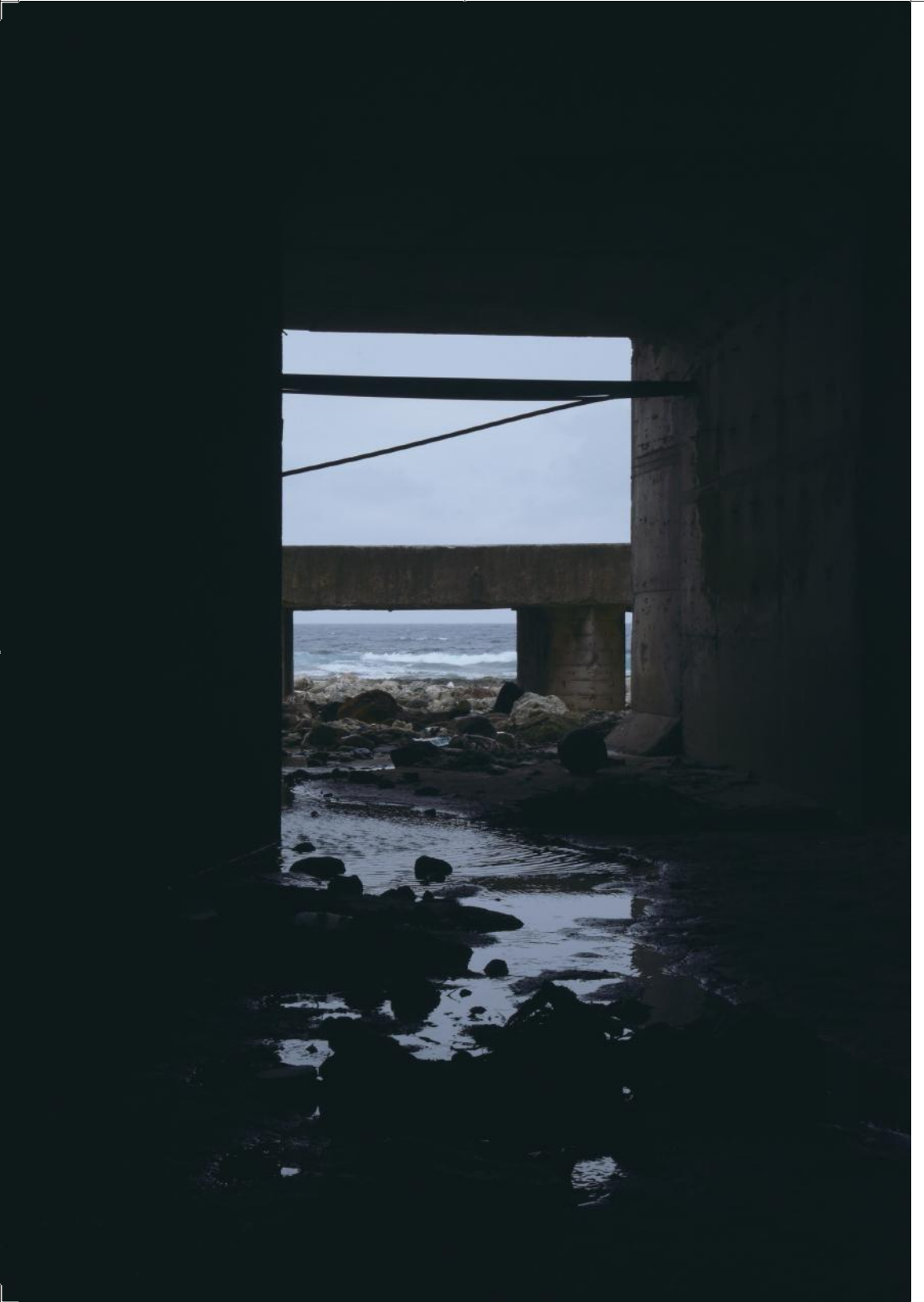


她是從本島來的駐村藝術家。

剛到的時候，一心想要靠近鱸鰻溝，甚至想過要潛水進去水庫。她騎著車繞來繞去，盡停在一些奇怪的地方，眉頭一皺，下車晃來晃去，尋找些什麼。蹲下、蹲在柏油路旁的洞，從洞口看進去；她又騎上車，經過中研院，往東邊騎進林投樹叢裡，把摩托車停在橋邊、爬到橋下、走進下水道，不久之後，她神色緊張、氣喘吁吁的跑了出來。

往回望向跑出的黑洞，恐懼是身體抗拒不了的感受，洞中低鳴的聲響，她告訴自己那可能只是個機械的音頻，然而突然又害怕是未知的生命體，又或是民宿業者口中的鬼故事，她知道應當沒什麼好怕的。然而聲音沒有停止、也絲毫沒有減弱，不確定是否只是幻聽，節奏似乎加快。她克制不了，奔跑、腳陷入沙中，凹陷觸感，水在沙裡流竄、沙富含著水，每一步，腳下的沙被腳底往下壓、水撲滋濺起。她想像水庫壩堤正準備洩洪、洪水即將襲來，或是住在下水道的動物從黑暗深處朝她攻擊。

更可能是單純對未知的極度恐懼。





無奈，她又騎上車，往山上騎。穿越樹叢、騎上沒鋪柏油的小路，找到了自來水廠。是的，自來水廠的確是靠近水庫了，它必然是建在離水庫不遠之處。她跨上車繼續騎，遇到觀音橋，橋下是小河，地圖上是水庫的上游處，她標定了位置，喜悅地望著觀音橋下細小的溪流流動著。對照地圖，試圖靠近他們口中的故事。

故事是一個個老年的政治受難者講給她聽的日常生活——洗澡的游泳池、走走的綠島公園、生活、灌溉需要的水源，好吃的鰻魚和田雞。

一條整年都有水流動著的鱸鰻溝。

其實，穿著雨鞋、拿著鏟刀，進下水道或找路都徒勞的荒唐，最靠近鱸鰻溝的方，便是在民宿的浴室裡，打開水龍頭。身體早已遇到，她卻遲遲尚未反應過來，綠島只有一個酬勤水庫，鱸鰻溝不是消失，而是擴張、變形，水流至各個家戶、民宿，尺度從兩岸共享的水源，至整個小島的水資源。

於是那些現場已被堆疊，被監獄堆疊、柏油路覆蓋、被壩堤形成的水庫淹沒。佬



咕石早已敲碎或被水泥包覆，木頭和茅草搭建的涼亭在水底，失去淡水和鹽水交界的鱸鰻不知是死是活。故事裡交會的現場已經歷離散，還能探尋的，在續存的人的語言中。

她站在博物館裡的模型前方，望著鱸鰻溝旁的蔡家聚落。

尋找。

尋找被迫遷離鱸鰻溝的蔡家人。





打聽到了一位從鱸鰻溝搬出來、住在公館的蔡居福先生。來到居福家，居福家沒人，對面的老阿嬤揮著手，她走過去，老阿嬤示意她坐在自己身邊的紅色塑膠椅，等他回來。老阿嬤是居福的岳母，認真的聽她努力擠出的台語、組成的破爛句子，老阿嬤見到女兒春玉從靠山的菜園走出巷子，便揮手要女兒過來見見。

汗流浹背的春玉聽到她的來歷，臉一皺、大吼：「誰帶你來的！？怎麼又來一個？」

原來，自從新生的身體離去，再次以「人權博物館」重回島上之後，各方研究者紛紛找上居福，也紛紛離去。

談人權，總覺得自己和先生也只是沒什麼人權的百姓，隨著監獄搬來搬去，失去家園、失去田地，什麼補償都沒有，政府幾袋麵粉強行矇混過去，過去戒嚴的時代也沒得抗議。事到如今，家門前時不時跑出一堆不認識的人，問問題、說想訪問、聊聊天。每一次真心相對、高興飲酒，卻在酒醒之後，只留下滿桌的空罐。空降、轉頭消失，來去自如，真的是受夠了，春玉滿臉的不耐煩。



她退卻、但也不好退場，於是呆坐在椅子上。三分鐘前還氣撲撲的春玉，發現年輕女孩子被自己嚇的嘴唇發白，心一軟——

好啦，反正毋是歹人。

「走！跟我去散步！」

雖然口氣很像在呼喚期待出門散步的狗，但她或許就和狗沒兩樣吧，她臉上喜悅全露，向老阿嬤揮手示意，出發。

從此，她每天從南寮騎車到公館，跟著春玉在公館港游泳、散步，一整個月。

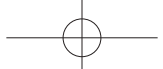


散步的路線是她從小工作的路；也是結婚、半夜三點乘坐牛車，嫁往夫家的路；更是和丈夫搬回娘家的路。

從公館港出發、經過國小，春玉在十八爺公前拜了一下，繼續走，經過兵營，春玉瞄了眼山頂上的廣電局，告訴她，曾有官兵從廣電局摔下身亡。

春玉年輕時也曾摔了一跤，她指著剛經過的公館國小和十八爺公之間，有條路，以前常上山去砍柴，爬上去雖然喘，但下山揹滿木柴更為難走。冬天時不時下雨，就有那麼一次，木柴劃破查某囤仔的肌膚，血染紅了衣衫，但還是得把木柴扛回家。木柴、傷口，一路持續碰撞。

後來，她幫春玉刮痧時，見到了那圓形的凹痕，像長在背部的小肚臍似的。







觀光客停下摩托車，走入位於地面之下的人權紀念公園，她問：

「建公園之前，這裡是什麼？」

「共款啊！咗咗石尬林投！阮攏佇這帶齣魚栽！」

除了最大的臭鯿窟長期被嬖婆一個人佔據，從公館澳到鰻溝澳，再到鰻溝水溝尾，穿越林投、整片咗咗石坪都有得抓魚苗。做囡仔時，春玉在剛漲潮的窟仔等待魚苗被浪打進來，或是在剛退潮的窟仔裏頭尋找。拿著爸爸用竹子做的工具，兩根竹子中間有漁網，漁網上鑲著小小的鉛塊使漁網下沉、竹子漂在水面上，竹子作為柄、手撐著。如果一整群進來了，就要趕緊將竹子合併、繩子綁起，讓魚苗跑不掉，拿去賣給人家，他們會在桶子裡養大，賣到台灣。

但小小春玉最喜歡的不是抓到魚苗，而是大漲潮，抓不到魚苗，也就不需要工作了！身體撐著竹子開心的漂浮在海面上、腳踢著海水、自在的游來游去。

講到這裡，春玉突然沈默。

「啊，魚栽攏無去了。」



步伐持續前行。

她指著一路上各種石頭，問春玉這些石頭的名字是什麼？綠洲山莊的石頭，她叫「尖石仔」；象鼻岩她稱作「牛公夾坑」，過去大家養的水牛，都在石頭前的窟仔泡水休息；遠方的牛頭山，她叫「草山尖」。

新生之家的入口，直到土地被徵收前，春玉幾乎每天都得進去作穡，落花生和種蕃薯。



田就在中山堂旁，若要上茶山的田地，就從中正堂後方的山路，經過碉堡往上爬，要爬很遠才會到。春玉看著自己正穿著的紫色運動鞋，這是兒子從臺北寄回來的，叮囑走路要穿這種鞋，想當年，可是赤著腳爬上爬下。

春玉最喜歡的路，是沿著鱸鰻溝上山，經過圍牆、泳池、租給新生換稻米的田，繼續往山谷裡、爬坡上草山。

這條路時常有好吃的可以吃，經過綠島公園、或在山上，有的新生帶饅頭上山，會多帶一份給春玉。猶記得在觀音橋進去那裡，養羊的新生年紀特別大，每次和爸爸上山工作，老新生都會招呼他們過去工寮一起吃。



走到慈航宮前，春玉雙掌合十、點頭，她也跟著雙掌合十、點頭。

春玉舉起手，指著中研院後方的老舊監獄。

「那白白尖尖的，就是阿公伊厝那啦！」

她們折返。一路望著夕陽，一整群白鷺鷥飛過，春玉說：「有白翎鷺就代表飛魚來囉！」



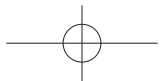
「阿嬤，你看，那是長得像山的雲？還是長得像雲的山啊？綠島看得到台灣嗎？」

春玉望著她指的方向，疑惑地說：「毋知影欸。」

「生做足像恁彼的山齁？」

「是毋是花蓮的方向？」

繼續散步，直到夕陽下降至港口堤防後方的海裡。



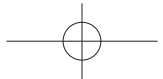










The Time Before the Stone Explosion





She learned to tread water; it was from the political victims that she first heard of this swimming skill.

In the eyes of seniors, Green Island locals were able to chat with each other or smoke cigarettes while treading water effortlessly. She noticed that Chun-Yu, too, mastered this skill. While swimming in the middle of the sea, Chun-Yu stopped halfway and stuck her head out of the water, starting chatting with her. She kept on practicing, aiming to break through her limitations in swimming in addition to freestyle and breaststroke. At first, she could only hold the position for a few seconds before sinking into the water; then, she tried to stay afloat again by holding her breath. And little by little, she finally managed to talk while swimming, thus being able to discuss the species of fish, the most common place to find sea turtles, and the diverse colors of coral reefs with Chun-Yu.

After mastering treading water, she also found it less challenging to swim in the sea. Gradually, she could hold her breath underwater for much longer to swim further. Day by day she swam more strokes before needing to take a breath and stopped feeling out of breath. With that improvement, she could closely observe the marine life in the underwater world. Also, the view she saw, with her head above the water, varied whenever she breathed. Now and then, there were new tourists coming here to fish; dogs jumping into the water; and coast guards patrolling the area. Sometimes it was the mountain that came into sight, and other times, it was the ocean.

This time, as she stuck her head out of the water, she saw something familiar.

It was the scenery she had seen before, and it was taken by the political victim. Through the angle, and distance in the photo, her instinct told her that it was the position where the photographer once stood to take the picture of women standing in the intertidal zone netting fingerlings, as well as the Three Peaks Rock behind them.

However, what lay beneath her feet at the moment was the sea within the harbour whereas the women and the photographer in the photos stood on coral stones. She suddenly realized what Jyu-Fu once said:

“The stones had exploded!”

The harbour, however, is nothing like it once was. As pointed out by Chun-Xu, the Marbled Eel River Bay here used to be a natural harbour that was deep enough for boats to be dragged via the river mouth shaped by the coral stones. The stone explosion occurred at the bay as well as in the intertidal zone. It turned out that the sand and gravel deposits found underwater at the harbour were debris of coral stones caused by the explosion. Fortunately, the Three-Peak Rock had escaped the accident. Yet, the aquatic area around the large, uncrushed stones —— the gaps between stone debris, to be exact —— was the last remaining habitat of fish.

The very stone on which they had once stood has also become gravel pieces found at the harbour in the wake of the explosion.



She was an artist from the main island of Taiwan, who came here to conduct her artist-in-residence.

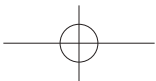
Upon her arrival, she was so desperate to explore the Marbleled Eel River that she even thought of diving into the reservoir. She rode around the island and stopped off at several weird spots. Getting off the scooter with a frown, she walked around in search of something. Then, she squatted down in front of a hole found alongside the tarred road and looked down the hole; she got on the scooter again, riding past the facility¹ run by Academia Sinica. Heading east, she entered a path through the pandanus forest and eventually parked her scooter beside a bridge. She then crawled under the bridge, trying to walk inside a sewer. Shortly after, she rushed out of the sewer, panting and looking nervous.

As she looked back towards the dark hole from which she ran out, there was this overwhelming fear inside her——something she couldn't run away from. She told herself that the humming sounds deep in the hole might be a low-frequency noise produced by some machines. Suddenly, driven by fear, she also suspected that the sounds might come from some unknown beings or have something to do with the ghost story told by the inn's owner. Having said that, she reassured herself that there was nothing to be afraid of. Somehow the sounds continued, and there was no sign of getting softer. She couldn't tell whether she had an auditory hallucination, but it seemed to her that the tempo got faster. Anyway, she just couldn't stand it anymore. She thus tried to run away, but her feet got stuck in the sand, sinking deeper and deeper. The water flowed continuously over the sand. With every step, the feet applied pressure to the muddy sand with a concentrated force, thus the water was splashing. She imagined that the water was about to be released from the dam, so the flood was coming; or, the unknown being living in the sewer was waiting in the dark to ambush her.

Perhaps she was purely driven by her deep fear of the unknown.

With a quiet sigh, she got on her scooter once again, riding uphill. After passing through the bushes and riding on an unpaved road, she finally reached the water treatment plant. Indeed, there was no doubt that the water treatment plant was built somewhere near the reservoir, meaning that she was almost there. She continued riding before encountering the Guanyin Bridge. There was a stream running under the bridge, which, according to the map, was the exact location of the upstream side of the reservoir, so she dropped a pin. With the joy she felt at watching the shallow, gentle brook flowing under the Guanyin Bridge, she traced a route based on the map, trying to approach the stories she heard.

Told by the aged political victims, the stories depicted their everyday life——the swimming pool serving





as their bathtub, the Park of Green Island where they used to take walks, the water sources for irrigation, as well as the tasty eels and frogs.

A river with a continuous flow of water throughout the year, the Marbled Eel River.

Frankly, trying to approach the Marbled Eel River by venturing into the sewer, with her hand holding a sickle and feet in rain boots, or tracing a route was an absurd waste of time; the most effective way to do it was to turn on the bathroom tap at the inn. Her body has already encountered the river long ago, but she didn't seem to be aware of it. On Green Island, there's only one reservoir named Chou-Qin Reservoir; in other words, the Marbled Eel River, in a way, has expanded and mutated rather than disappeared, with its water flowing into every household and inn. The scale of the river as the water source has thus extended from areas around the river to the whole island.

As a consequence, whatever happened to this place in the past has been buried underneath by the construction of the prison, the tarred roads, and the reservoir formed behind the dam; the coral stones have been smashed into pieces or covered by concrete long ago; the gazebo built with wood and thatched grass has long since sunk to the bottom of the water, and the fate of marbled eels remained unknown after losing their home in between the marine and freshwater—the scenes intertwined in those stories had been scattered everywhere, and if there is anything left to explore, it could only be discovered through storytelling and transmitted through languages.



Standing in front of the miniature of the local area displayed in the museum, she stared at the settlement of the Tsai family by the Marbled Eel River.

Searching.

Searching for the Tsai family, who were forced to leave their home from the Marbled Eel River.

Eventually, she learned that a man named Tsai Jyu-Fu had relocated to Gongguan Village from the Marbled Eel River. She arrived at Jyu-Fu's house, but no one answered the door. Then, an old lady from across the street waved at her, so she walked over to the granny. Making an inviting gesture, the old granny asked her to sit beside her on the red plastic stool to wait for Jyu-Fu. This old granny was Jyu-Fu's mother-in-law, and she paid close attention to what the girl, who spoke in barely comprehensible Taiwanese, was saying. When the old granny saw her daughter, Chun-Yu, come out of the alley that led to the vegetable farm near the mountain, she asked Chun-Yu to come and meet the girl with a wave of the hand.

Drenched in sweat, Chun-Yu frowned as she learned about the girl's background. She shouted out: "Another one? Who in the world brought you here?!"

It turned out that after the freshmen left this island, the former prison had been rebuilt and transformed into the "Museum of Human Rights" (now known as Green Island White Terror Memorial Park). Ever since then, numerous researchers from different disciplines have visited Jyu-Fu, one after another, but they





left shortly afterward, with no exception.

When it came to human rights, Chun-Yu has always thought that both she and her husband were just ordinary people who were not entitled to their human rights whatsoever. They have moved several times following the relocation of the prison, hence the loss of their homeland and farmland. However, they received no compensation from the government; instead, only a few bags of flour had been delivered to them, which clearly reflected the government's perfunctory attitude. Back then, they couldn't complain about it during martial law. As times have changed, every now and then, strangers would show up at their front door, asking questions, requesting interviews, or being eager to talk to them. However, it came as no surprise that every time they treated the visitors with sincerity and had fun drinking together, those unexpected guests would just leave without a word, leaving them with sobriety and empty beer cans on the table. They seemed to come out of nowhere and leave without a word——people who came and went as they pleased. Eventually, Chun-Yu has just had enough, her face was full of impatience.

The girl was a bit frightened, but there was no reason for her to walk away. Hence, she just sat on the stool numbly. Even though Chun-Yu was upset about the unexpected visit just a few minutes ago, she soon found out that her angry reaction scared the life out of the young girl, making her lips turn pale; Chun-Yu's heart thus melted——

Fine, anyway, she didn't look like a bad person.

“Come on! Go for a walk with me!”

Although Chun-Yu spoke to her in a demanding tone as if she was calling a dog to come, a dog that was desperate to go outside, the girl still responded immediately, with a broad smile on her face—in a way, she was not that much different from a dog. She then waved goodbye to the old granny, hitting the road.

Since then, she had cycled from Nanliao to Gongguan every day and followed Chunyu to swim and walk in the Gongguan Harbour for a whole month.

Their walking route was the same as the one Chun-Yu used to take when going to work as a child; when heading to her husband's house by bullock cart at 3 am after their wedding day; and when moving back to her parents' house together with her husband.

They departed from the Gongguan Harbour, going past an elementary school, and then Chun-Yu stopped at the Temple of the Eighteen Lords to worship. After that, they continued walking. When they went past the barracks, Chun-Yu glanced at the broadcasting station on the mountaintop, telling her that there was once a soldier who fell to death from the broadcasting station.

Chun-Yu fell to the ground once when she was young. She pointed to the path between the Gongguan Elementary School and the temple which they just passed, saying that it was the route she used to take when walking up the mountain to chop firewood. Back then, despite the heavy breathing on her way up there, she found it more difficult to head back down while carrying bundles of firewood on her back. When winter came, it rained every now and then. There was this one time when little Chun-Yu's skin was





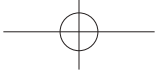
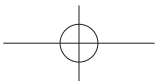
scratched by the firewood, and the wound was bleeding; her clothes were thus soaked red with blood. Despite all that, she still needed to carry those heavy bundles home. Along the way, her bleeding wound kept getting scratched by firewood.

Sometime later, as the girl used gua sha (scraping therapy) to massage Chun-Yu's body, she spotted the round-shaped scar that looked like a tiny belly button on her back.

After parking their scooters, the tourists walked toward the Human Rights Monument², which was built below ground level. she then asked:

“Before the park was built, what was this place?”

“The same as before! The place with coral stones and pandanus trees! Back then, I used to net fingerlings around this area!”



2 It's located inside the Green Island Terror Memorial Park.



According to Chun-Yu, apart from the biggest “Turtle Stone Weir” that has long since been occupied solely by her grandaunt, the coastal coral stone platform——spanning from the Gongguan Harbour to the Marbled Eels River Bay; all the way to its river mouth, thus crossing through the pandanus forest——was also the ideal spot to catch fingerlings. When she was little, Chun-Yu would stay at the stone weir as the tide rose, waiting for juvenile fish to be washed ashore by the waves; also, when the tide receded, she would walk around the weir in search of them. She would use the tool her father made, the bamboo fishing tackle, which has a large fishing net stretched between two bamboo poles and several small fishing sinkers attached to the stretched net, to fish. With the bamboo poles floating on the water surface and the net sinking in the water, one could lean their hands on them. Once a large group of fingerlings was found trapped within the net, she would have to tie the poles together with rope as soon as possible so that she could successfully catch the fingerlings and sell them to the market——they would be raised in a tank to the ideal size before being sold to Taiwan, to be exact.

However, what little Chun-Yu liked the most was not catching the fingerlings but the high tide! Since there was no way to catch fingerlings at high tide, she was able to take a break! Then, by leaning her body on the bamboo poles, she had fun floating in the water; with her legs kicking freely, she would swim around in the sea.

Upon recalling this, Chun-Yu suddenly fell silent. Oh, geez, fingerlings were all gone.

They continued their walk.





Pointing at the various types of stones along the way, she asked Chun-Yu, “What were the original names of these stones?” Regarding the stone inscribed with “Oasis Villa”, Chun-Yu called it “Tsiam-tsiio h-a” (The Poinry Stone); she called the Elephant Trunk Rock “The Buffalo-Bathing Puddle”, as the buffaloes raised by locals used to rest in the puddle in front of the rock; and the Cow Head Hill in the distance “Caoshan Tsiam” (The Pointed Grassy Hill).

From the entrance to the Home of New Life (later known as the “New Life Correction Center”), before the land was expropriated, Chun-Yu had to go in there almost every day, working on the cultivation to grow peanuts and sweet potatoes.

The farmland was located right beside the Chunshan Assembly Hall. Yet, if she planned to go up the hill to the tea farm, she would take the trail behind the Chunshan Assembly Hall and go uphill past the bunker. It was a long way up there. Chun-Yu looked down at her purple sneakers, which were sent from Taipei by her son. She was told to put on this type of footwear when walking. However, back in the old day, she used to climb up and down hills barefoot.

Speaking of Chun-Yu’ favorite route back then, she used to go up the hill along the path by the Marbled Eel River, passing the boundary wall, the swimming pool, and then the farms rented to the freshmen in exchange for rice. Following that, she would continue heading towards the hillside, climbing up Caoshan (the Grassy Hill).



Along the way, she often got free tasty food as she passed the Park of Green Island or reached the hillside. Some freshmen would bring along some mantou when going uphill, and they often brought an extra one to Chun-Yu. She still remembered the older freshman, who worked as a shepherd around the Guanyin Bridge. Whenever she worked with her father on the hill, the freshman would always invite them over for a meal at the hut.

Upon arriving at the Cihhang Temple, Chun-Yu bowed her head with palms pressed together, and the girl prayed in the same way.

Then, Chun-Yu raised her hand, pointing to the former prison situated behind the facility run by Academia Sinica.

“See that building with a white pitched roof? That’s the place where my grandpa used to live!”

On their way back, they watched the sunset together. As a flock of little egrets flew across the sky, Chun-Yu said, “When you see little egrets fly in flocks, it means that the flying fish season is around the corner!”

“Granny, look! Are those mountain-like clouds or cloudlike mountains? Can we see the main island of Taiwan from Green Island?”



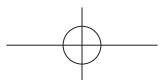


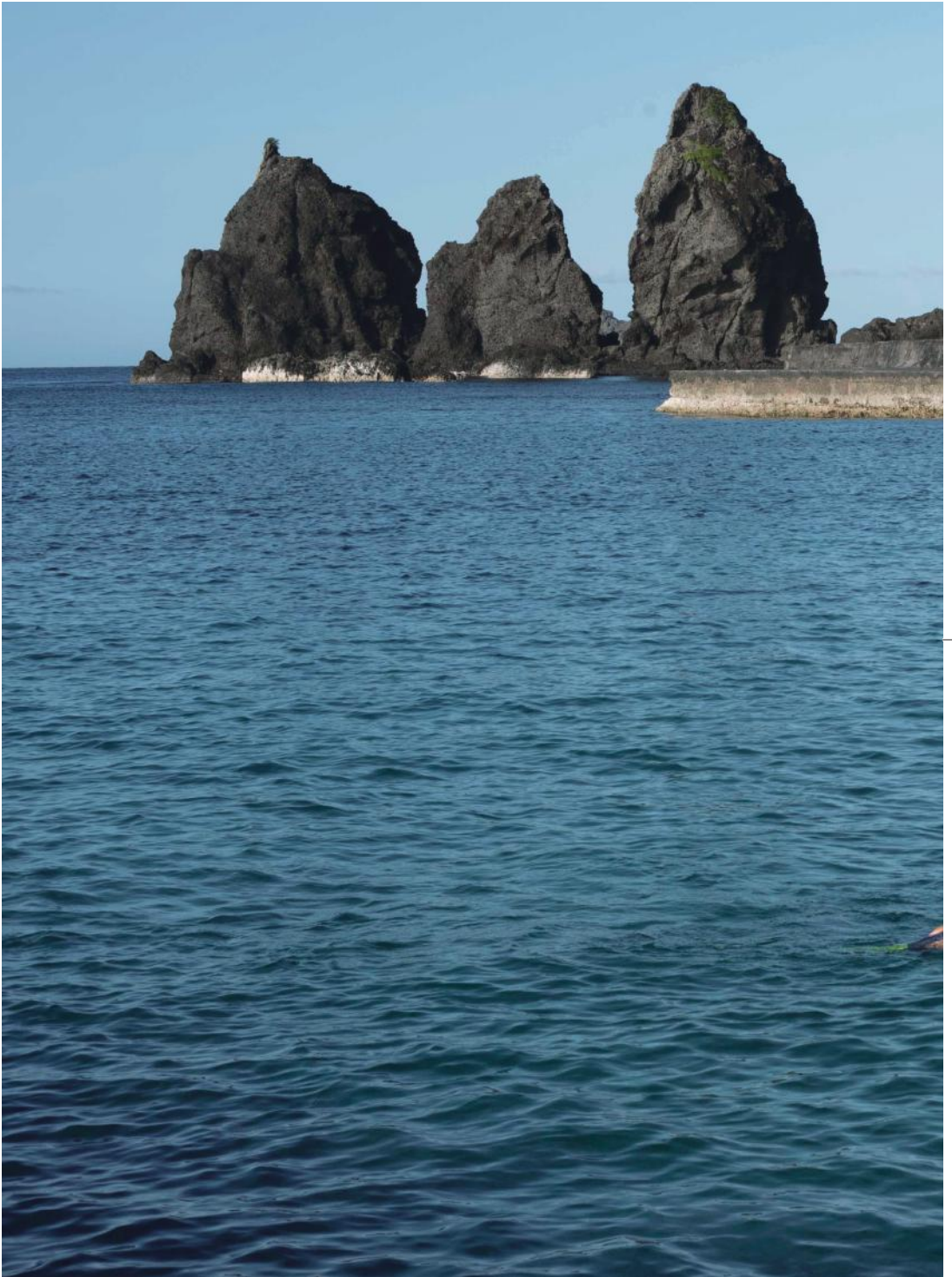
“Well, I have no idea” Chun-Yu answered uncertainly, looking in the direction she indicated.

“Those mountains look familiar to you, don’t they?”

“Probably somewhere in Hualien, right?”

They carried on walking till the sunset below the sea horizon beyond the embankment around the harbour.







她是從本島來的駐村藝術家

She Is the Island's Resident Artist
Who Comes from
the Main Island of Taiwan

猶未炸石頭的時陣

The Time
Before the Stone Explosion

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