

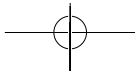
Kacuzi Hacyo (曾勝二)

泰雅族。
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與曾勝二的訪談

太平山周邊……過去日本人在這一帶開始伐木的時間是1915年，同時也重疊著他們的五年理蕃計畫。所以那時已經沒有很多原住民在太平山區一帶活動，大概只有南澳群（Hagaparis）吧，那是他們過去的傳統領域。我們溪頭群Mnibu'（蘭陽溪的泰雅族）原本的活動範圍大約在太平山後山一帶。樂水的一部分泰雅人，是大約在1912年時，移到了蘭陽溪今天樂水周邊。在那之前，我們的祖先是對面的雪山山脈，屬於較小型的部落樣態。日本人進行理蕃政策時，因為去討伐復興鄉的Lokan，會經過路徑上三個小部落，而這些地區的人予以抵抗，因此也被日人的武力所分散了。其中有一支，便到達了今天樂水這附近的山腰上。這是樂水部落最早的雛形。

但樂水一帶真正比較大的遷徙，是在民國十四年（1925），當時我們的祖先算是這一帶抵抗日人最激烈的群，也是溪頭群最後一支被鎮撫的部落——Mnawyan（門諾漾或馬諾原）。這個部落原來居住在四季平台（Mnawyan），當溪頭



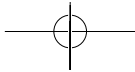
群的其他部落都已認和，日本人只剩下這區打不進去，他們便採取安撫政策，派日本醫生進去行醫，順便試圖開化部落的人，但最後……醫生還是被砍頭了。日本人大概覺得這些泰雅人沒救了，便決定從已順服的四季（Sikikun）砲轟討伐 Mnawyan，四季部落耆老則帶日本軍，從後山的獵徑進行包夾。這個後來被稱為《門諾漾事件》的爭戰期間，有個小故事，可以讓我們想像一下當時情勢多危急：據說由於我們祖先連夜逃跑，只能利用凌晨摸黑去旱田找地瓜，但等到抵達溪邊準備要清洗地瓜時，才發現因為過度緊張，撿到的其中很多並不是地瓜，而是石頭。那時被日人連續砲轟兩週，部落幾乎成了焦土，在害怕族人全數滅絕的狀況下，最後只好決定投降，並接受被遷徙到現今樂水的瑪崙部落。今天的瑪崙部落位置偏下——也就是在樂水火車站那裡。但早期真正的瑪崙部落是在半山腰，是後來又被日本人給強制遷到下方，變成現在的部落位址。

日人開發太平山林業，在民國七年（1918）開始建造從羅東通往山區的森林鐵路，六年後（1924）鐵路開通，其中一站便設在樂水部落，叫「濁水車站」，當時被叫做濁水社（馬崙部落的日時舊名），因為以前蘭陽溪的中文舊名叫濁水溪。當時這一帶的行政中心就設於此。這一站是山區檜木的儲材場，木材會被運到這裡，然後裝運下山。每每火車到達這站時，會在這裡加水加煤做補給。所以樂水村過去因為森林火車的關係，非常繁榮熱鬧。樂水在人口最多的時候，超過一千五百人，共六百多戶。所以我們這裡的發展和太平山的伐木業是非常密切的。樂水的泰雅人因為很早就跟日本人

接觸，也跟漢人接觸，也因此屬於我們自己的文化內容，流失得很早也很快。甚至我們目前這裡還保留一間三山國王廟，就是因為當初一些泉州漳州和客家伐木工人，來到這裡工作後，所建造的信仰中心。可見這裡曾經是一個人口繁盛的活躍部落。例如日本時期的軍政中心是在這裡，民國四十年（1951）大同鄉設鄉，當時的鄉公所也設在這裡。

民國六十八年（1979），羅東森林鐵路停駛，隔年，火車系統準備拆除，年底，鄉公所開始搬遷到崙埤部落。鐵路沒有了，樂水從此也失去了主要交通管道。一直到民國八十七年（1998）才開闢一條縣道。二十一年間沒有交通方式，樂水因此沒落，甚至曾經一度成為原鄉部落裡最窮的地區。如今常住在部落裡的人口，不到三百人。我是民國五十三年（1964）出生的，所以我有經歷過這段森林火車的過往，印象十分深刻。另外由於我們漢化得比較早，所以有些生活習慣也漢化了，例如漢人會吃的年糕，我們也很早就會吃也會做了。又例如過去泰雅族的過年大約在西曆的元月一日，但在樂水，我們過的是農曆年。我們早期這一帶出過不少讀書人，例如第一屆的大同鄉鄉長和議員。但相對的，很多傳統文化的內容，也因此逐漸式微了。

來談談山林和森林吧。森林就是我們的生活、我們的食物、我們的生命、我們的文化傳承所繫之地、我們的土地所在處。它非常重要。如果沒有森林和山土，泰雅人大概就活不下去了。因此我們將之視為傳統領域——我們叫

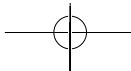


qyunam——獵場。包括我們的種植和生產，都來自它。我們也因此非常重視獵場，每一個部落都會設定好所屬的獵場區域，部落中的每個家族獵場劃分也十分清楚，他人不可隨意進入。以前執行非常嚴格，如今雖不那麼嚴格，但在概念上依然存在。正因為它如此重要，所以我們很保護這樣的地方。這個地方裡的獵物、環境、採集……等等方面，都設有嚴格規範，不允許浪費，或濫墾濫伐，或到處盜獵…等情事。在過去，我的父祖輩，這樣的規範概念尤其深。例如上山狩獵之前，一定要先進行儀式（Sbalay gaga），他們很尊重山林和我們所稱的“祖靈”——祖靈就住在山裡面。儀式如何進行？比如說，狩獵前，所有將在同一獵場參與狩獵的人（三至五人，甚至十來位都有），必須要在前一晚聚集，互相把心中的不愉快吐露，彼此澄清，並取得和解。因為個人心中和團體內都不能有疙瘩或罣礙，才能得到平靜清明。sbalay是平滑之意。然後灑酒，以示真誠。之後清晨五點左右，團體中最長者會到山谷內去聽siliq（繡眼畫眉）的鳴聲。聲音若是悅耳平順，是狩獵的好兆頭。若是飛行動向很亂、聲音急促，獵人們就會先取消行程回家。出發打獵前，還會再到溪邊做儀式，完畢後，才開始登山打獵。

我們樂水部落的獵場範圍，北邊到石門溪，沿石門溪往上，直到翠峰湖西邊，南邊一直到土場（月亮溪），東邊則到蘭陽溪。我父執輩的年代，去狩獵或巡獵徑前，他們會去溪邊看甜根子草，這植物會在十一月左右長出芒花，他們看到芒花就知道秋天來了，颱風少了，便可以開始巡視獵場。依照哪邊的獵物較多，就會將那區設為今年的主要獵場，時序大

約在十一月中到隔年二至三月。春天一到就將陷阱拆除，因為春夏是動物的繁殖季，另一方面是由於夏季肉類易腐爛，第三個原因則是夏季獸徑較多較不一致，不易觀察。加上冬季有年慶Smadu，需要使用肉類。到了二三月，他們看到楓香嫩葉長出，便知道春天到了，可以開始播種（小米和其他穀類）。七月小米收成後，便準備八九月祖靈祭的祭典活動。我們的過年時間與每個家族狩獵時間有關係，每家不同，但通常是在狩獵季開始的一個月後進行年慶。這個月也是女性進行編織和釀造酒類的時期。

現在泰雅年輕人對Gaga和狩獵文化不那麼重視，禁忌少了，變得較鬆散和混亂，傳統文化逐漸失去。此外因為他們沒有活在過去的Gaga經驗裡面，不了解這方面的重要性以及神聖感。但是，為了避免發生太多山老鼠等盜伐事件，也影響到整個獵場的生態。所以我們希望重整我們狩獵文化的規範，再加上現代法令，以進行平衡的工作。例如有些獵場，可以設立“禁獵區”，恢復區域內的生態，另外一些區域則開放有管制的狩獵。還有，如果可以進行汲取了以往精神的獵人資格認證——亦即族人需到達一定的能力和自律標準，才有資格去狩獵——我相信，對於山林資源和族群文化延續，都會有所幫助。但這些，都需要政府部門以及社群內部的長期溝通和推動。



Kacuzi Hacyo

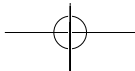
Atayal

*Head of Leshui Community Office Headquarters
and volunteer at the Mnyawan Culture Promotion Association*

Interview With Kacuzi Hacyo

The Japanese started logging in the area around Taiping Mountain in 1915, which happened to coincide with their “Five Year Plan to Subdue the Barbarians” [a formal military campaign carried out against Taiwanese indigenous peoples by the Japanese colonial government]. So, there weren’t many indigenous people in the area at the time, except for maybe Nan-ao Village (aka, “Hagaparis” in the Atayal language) which was a traditional settlement. Our tribe, Mnibu’ (The Atayal people of Langyang Creek), is originally from the Taiping Mountain area. The Leshui area was populated by some Atayal around 1912. They moved to Langyang Creek, which is called Leshui today. Before that, our relatives were across the way in the Xueshan Mountain Range, where they had a small tribal village. When the Japanese implemented their subjugation policy against the indigenous people, they sent troops to take the village Lokan, in Fuxing Township. In doing so, the Japanese had to pass through three small tribal villages, and the people there fought back. As a result, these tribes were dispersed by the Japanese military, and one of these tribes moved halfway up the mountain, which is now Leshui. This is the origin of Leshui as a tribal village.

But a larger migration to Leshui occurred in 1925. This was when our ancestors were putting up their fiercest resistance to

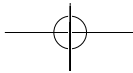


the Japanese. It's also when Mnawyan (aka, Menluoyang or Maluoyuan in Mandarin), the last settlement at Xitou Creek, was taken. Mnawyan was known as the only tribal village around Xitou Creek that the Japanese couldn't penetrate. So under their subjugation policy, the Japanese sent a doctor to the area to try and establish contact. But the doctor wound up being decapitated. The Japanese probably thought, these Atayal are hopeless, and so they decided to bomb Mnawyan. They attacked from a village they had already taken control of, Sikikun. The Sikikun elders brought the Japanese through hunting trails at the back of the mountain to rein the Mnawyan villagers in. This became known as the Mnawyan Incident. There's one small story told amongst our tribe that shows how desperate this situation was. The story goes: our elders spent many nights hiding, and could go out only in the early morning to pick sweet potatoes to eat. When they went to the creek to clean the potatoes, they often discovered in horror that they mistakenly picked stones. This was because they were so nervous about being spotted when picking potatoes. The Japanese bombed the villages for two weeks, and our village was decimated. It became nothing but scorched earth. The tribal members became terrified and surrendered in the end. They were repatriated to a place within the Leshui area called Malun Village. Malun is known today as the site where there used to be a train stop, but it was originally located halfway up the mountain. The villagers were forced to move to the present location.

The Japanese developed the timber industry in Taiping Mountain, and in 1918, they built a forest railway that ran up to the mountains from Luodong. Six years later, in 1924, a stop was built in the Leshui tribal area, which was called Zhuoshui Station. At the time, we were called the Zhuoshui Group (the name used for the Malun Villagers during Japanese rule). This was because Lanyang Creek used to be called Zhuoshui Creek. At that time, the administrative center was here. This stop was

a storage place for harvested Hinoki wood [aka Taiwanese Cypress]. The timber was transported here, then shipped off the mountain. When the trains arrived, they would stop to replenish their water and coal supplies. So, because of the forest railway, Leshui Village used to be a bustling place. Leshui's population at its peak was 1,500 people, with a total of more than 600 households. So, our development was closely tied to the logging industry on Taiping Mountain. Early on, Leshui Villagers had contact with the Japanese and the Chinese. So our own culture disappeared quickly. You can even see this in the Sanshan King Temple, which was left from the time when loggers from Quanzhou and Zhangzhou, as well as Hakka workers, were here. They built this place of worship when they came here. We can see how advanced and prosperous this tribal area once was. During Japanese rule, the military had an administrative base here. In 1951, Datong Township was formed, and the township office was built here.

In 1979, the Luodong Forest Railway stopped running. The following year, the railway was torn down. At the end of that year, the township office relocated to Mabei Tribal Village. The railway was gone, and since then Leshui had no transportation links. It was only in 1998 that a county road was built. For twenty-one years there was no traffic here, which caused Leshui's decline. At one point it even became one of the poorest tribal villages in the region. The population dropped to under 300 people. I was born in 1964, so I remember the time of the forest railway, very vividly. Because we had contact with the Han Chinese early on, we adopted many Han Chinese habits and customs. For example, the Han Chinese eat niangao (rice cake), so early on we also ate and cooked niangao. Another example is New Year's Day. The Atayal used to observe the Western calendar, but in Leshui, we followed the Lunar calendar. We also used to have many highly-educated people. For example, we had many people that served as Township Chiefs and legislators in the early years of the Township. But



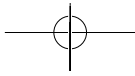
it's not like this now. Our traditions and cultural customs have gradually disappeared.

I'll talk about the mountains and forests now. The forest is our livelihood; it's our food, our life and fate, our culture, all intertwined together; it is our land. It is very important. Without the forest or mountain land, the Atayal would not survive. So, we have a traditional area, which we call "qyunam," or hunting grounds. This includes everything we grow and produce. This is where it all comes from. So we also pay much attention to hunting. Every tribe sets aside an area as a dedicated hunting ground, whose borders are clearly delineated among the clans within a tribe. One could not enter another clan's area on a whim. It used to be that these borders were strictly adhered to, unlike today, though we still roughly maintain the tradition. Now because of the importance placed upon these grounds, we have always taken great lengths to preserve things in these places: hunting prey, the natural environment, farming crops. There have always been strict rules. One cannot waste, or excessively farm or cut down trees. For our ancestors in earlier times, these concepts ran deep. For example, before hunting, they would perform a ceremony (called "Sbalay gaga" in the Atayal language). This was done to pay respect to the mountains and forests, and what we call "zuling," the ancestral spirits that live in the mountain. So how is the ceremony performed? All of the hunters who are participating in an excursion (usually 3-5 persons, but it can be around even up to 10 people) must gather together the night before. At the meeting, they must share with each other whatever unhappy or pleasant thing is on their mind, for the sake of achieving clarity and mutual understanding. One cannot be weighed down by their problems or distractions, in order to achieve stillness and clarity. "Sbalay" means "flat and smooth." Then, a sprinkle of rice wine is thrown in the air as a sign of sincerity. The following morning, around 5am or so, the elders of the group will go into the mountain valley to listen to

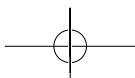
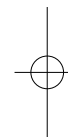
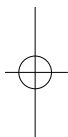
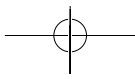
the song of the siliq bird [aka the Grey-cheeked Fulvetta]. If the song sounds sweet and smooth, then it is a sign that the hunters can embark. If the song is wavering or sounds confused or rushed, the hunters will return home. Before embarking on a hunt, they have to go to the creek to perform another ceremony. Only when this is done can they go into the mountains to hunt.

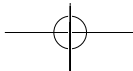
Our hunting grounds at Leshui extend north to Shimen Creek, and onwards to the west side of Cuifeng Lake. In the south, they extend to "Tuchang" (Moonlight Creek), and in the east, onwards to Lanyang Creek. For my father and his generation, before they would go hunting or patrol the hunting paths, they would check the silvergrass growing by the creeks. Around November, the silvergrass starts to flower. When they see flowers, they know that autumn has arrived. There are fewer typhoons, and they can start to patrol their hunting grounds. They designate an area as the main hunting ground, depending on where they see potential prey. The hunting season lasts from the middle of November to February or March. As soon as spring comes, they take down their traps. This is because spring and summer are breeding season for the animals, and in the summer, meat rots easily. The third reason is that in summer, it's harder to track the animals. Also, in the winter we have Smadu, a year-end harvest celebration, and meat is needed then. Around February or March, when they see new leaves on Maple trees, they know it's springtime. They can start to plant new crops like millet or other grains. In July, after the millet harvest, they start to prepare for the ancestral prayer ceremonies in August or September. Our New Year's celebration is tied to the hunting times for the other clans. Every family is different, but usually the year-end celebrations start one month into the hunting season. This month is also the time that women start to weave and brew rice wine.

Now young Atayal don't pay much attention to "Gaga" [in the Atayal language, a set of guiding principles and beliefs



for the tribe] and hunting. There are fewer taboos now, and things have become loose and disorderly. Traditional culture is gradually disappearing. And because they don't live with past experiences of "Gaga", they don't understand its importance and holiness. But too many incidents involving poachers in the mountains has affected the ecology of our hunting grounds. So we hope to revive norms of traditional culture, and in combination with modern laws, engage in work to restore balance. For example, there are some hunting grounds where we can prohibit hunting to help restore the area's ecology. In addition, there are some areas that can be opened to limited hunting. Also, if we can draw up a qualification and certification scheme that draws from the spirit of past hunters, in which tribespeople must reach a certain ability level and can uphold standards on their own, I believe this would help the natural resources of the mountains and forests and the continuation of the tribe's culture. But for this, we need both long-term communication and work between governments and local communities.





吳秋香

在太平山區的伐木林場出生，
在那裡度過生命最初的七年。
現居中台灣。

與吳秋香的訪談

我是1953年生，我來說說，我是如何在太平山那裡出生的。

我的媽媽一共生了十個孩子，我是第八個。

媽媽懷我，即將臨盆的時候，那時在山上，要到平地生產路途實在遙遠，加上媽媽自認為已經生過好幾個了，早已成內行，所以她就跟夫婿說：「待在山上生產就好了。」只是，哪裏會想到，竟遇到難產……。

當時他們住在太平山上的伐木區，要生下我的那天，這裡剛好有拜拜，拜拜完通常會請工人來吃飯。吃過飯後，我媽媽就開始覺得肚子痛，像是要生了。那個時候，我爸爸想到，既然工人們都回家了，就把東西收一收，準備要在家裡生。不過，卻一直生不出來……！這下糟了，附近又沒有產婆，我爸爸趕緊去叫來幾個鄰居工寮的同事，請他們幫忙將自己的妻子載上運木材用的小台車——就是我們說的「五分車的子車」。用這車來推載我媽媽，打算一路帶她下到羅東去



生。但是，哪有可能呢！因為在沒有醫生協助的狀況下，還要搭流籠，然後再轉乘蹦蹦車！加上那個時間點已晚，大家都下班了，流籠無人管理，也沒辦法搭乘。一時間沒別的辦法，只好硬著頭皮推、推、推……，一起用走的下山，看這樣是否可行……。一直走到快到翠峰湖那一帶的時候，我媽媽好厲害，竟然自己把我生出來了！生出來的當下，載著她的子車剛好來到橋上，媽媽使勁用手把嬰兒——也就是我——給拉出來（他們後來回憶道，剛生出來的時候，我的頭部竟看得到明顯的手指壓痕！）。媽媽這時喊說：「囡仔出來啊，囡仔出來啊！」

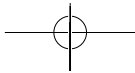
一路上陪她去的都是男的，只有我爸爸可以靠近去看。爸爸靠近一看，依照這緊急的情形，便猜說：「難道是死胎了？我來看看……。」結果，發現孩子會哭！那時還未下雪，不過山上很寒，我爸爸脫下他自己的外套，包起嬰兒抱在懷裡，沒有斷臍，也沒有做什麼處理，就這樣要走回去了。

走回程的時候，因為橋體狹窄，棧木橋身一孔一孔的，溪底又深。我爸爸因為有些緊張，一不小心，一腳竟陷了下去，受傷了。子車的大小只載得下媽媽一個人而已，所以即使受傷，一樣也是得自己走回去。那時候山上只有煤油燈可用，留在工寮的人正在煩惱試圖下山的一群人的安全，後來看到遠遠有一點火光，邊閃動邊靠近，便想：「他們回來了？這下糟了，這樣折返回來，不知道到底是大人難產走了，還是小孩沒了？」回來的幾個人當中有個少年，腳程較快，他便趕在前頭，先去跟大家告知：「快點快點，去燒熱水！」所

以我是在快到翠峰湖那裡的橋上出生的，當時我媽媽若是拉我出來時力道沒抓好，我就很可能從橋上翻落……那倒也就不埋了！那個情境啊，真的是十分危急。

我爸爸，是南投名間人，他讀過國民學校，那時人稱「暗學仔」，後來就換讀「日本學校」，之後，十六歲就去走闖江湖了。一開始是賣布，後來因為私人原因離開那間布商。然後經人介紹去了太平山，從那陣子開始做伐木相關工作，後來改做了這一行的「承包」，也就是需要請一些工人上到山上，組一個團隊來伐木。我還記得，那裡的機械很大，鉅的樹木也都很大，至少有幾百年以上。不過通常在伐木過後，他們都會種樹，今天我們在太平山看到的一部分樹木，就是他們當時種下的。

孩童時期有看過工人鉅大樹，用有馬達的鉅子來鉅，鉅到樹差不多快倒時，他們就會大喊：「快點離開，樹快倒啦！」樹被鉅倒而倒下的聲音，非常地大聲！倒下後，他們會開始看這樹要分成幾材，剩下的樹枝和碎木材，都會帶回家裡，做為柴火之用。我們家裡有個火爐，一年三百六十五天，一天二十四小時，不曾熄過。因為山上天候較冷，家裡頭需要一直保溫。還有，山上有伐木的機械在運作，運作需要水，而運作後流出的水是熱水，這水會被回收到家裡的huro（日語）使用——huro就是浴室，我們的浴盆是檜木做的，其實整間房子從頭到尾都是檜木做的，屋頂的木構都是用樺，幾乎都沒用到一根釘子！



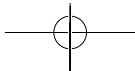
我八歲以前都住在山上，住這裡的小孩都是八歲以下，較大的孩子都被送往平地去唸書、托付給祖父母照顧了。小時候，我們沒什麼玩具，都是和森林、木材生活在一起。我們住的日式宿舍工寮，是整排屋舍的第一間。我的母親很愛乾淨，家裡的地板都被她擦到發白！我們穿的衣服是日式的，從襟口連到腳那種。通常細木材被載回來後，大人就會在門口把它們剖好堆置，所以我和弟弟常拿這種細材來玩蓋房子，蓋好就進去裡頭玩，如果下雨裡面會漏水，才趕緊跑回屋內，真有趣！我們也會等媽媽煮飯時，和弟弟偷跑出去玩。那裡的樹都好大，我們會去找樹洞，樹洞裡面很大很乾淨，腳踩在地上，不是硬硬的，是蓬鬆物的聲響。我和弟弟玩捉迷藏，都選一個樹洞當我家，另一個當他家…這樣地玩。我很愛爬樹，對樹很好奇，回想當時看這些樹的情境，覺得自己比一隻螞蟻還要渺小呢！

每天清早起來，媽媽在廚房煮早餐，我就蹲在後門刷牙，天色這時漸漸變紅變亮，陽光在我面前慢慢地起來，那個啊，才是真正的「日出」啦！一般來說，早晨天氣都不錯，到下午後，才開始起霧。所以蹦蹦車快來的時候，就得注意聽它的聲音——一種嗚嗚嗚的聲響……以此來得知車子要進站了。開車的司機如果在這一帶作停留，一定會在我們家過夜。我很愛坐在車頭看風景，有時候也會坐子車（客座），坐的時候，車身會跳！這車無門，只能用手抓牢，和一條繩索橫拉在座前而已！那時年紀小，不識生死，只覺得有趣。

小時候，有些日本人——可能也是為了生活啦，會來我們

這，跳日本舞給人看，換取一點打賞。我還記得，每次我看表演的時候，都會打盹。我們住山上，物資很少，米、糖、鹽、鹹魚……都是從羅東背上去的。白天，男人們都去伐木，女人家就得去種菜、餵雞，有些小孩覺得有趣，會去幫抓菜蟲。有一次，幾個小孩待在屋裡玩，有隻母猴子，突然從樹頂跳下，把其中一個養不太大的孩子，抓上牠的背！其中一個年紀較大的孩子，雖然害怕，但也想把那個小孩救回來，他就提一件紅色被子，走到母猴後方，拿被子一蓋而下，才把那個小孩救了回來，大家既驚惶又歡喜。

那個年代大家都叫原住民作「番仔」。我們在這深山處所遇到的原住民，穿的衣服多半是獸皮做的，這樣披掛下來。每每聽到狗吠聲，我媽媽就告訴我們「別出來喔！」我們便躲在屋內。因房子是木造的，門有細縫，我們就從縫裡偷看。原住民來這，常常是六七個一起來，手持長矛，牽著大狗——是獵狗。他們來做什麼？就是帶野生的鹿肉或是山豬肉，反正看他們打獵獵到什麼，就拿來跟我們換飯吃。他們比較沒有受到日本人那麼多統治，所以講的仍是他們自己的語言，不是日語（淺山原住民才會說日語），我媽媽只好用手比劃，目測一塊肉的大小，沒有秤子……就是以物易物啦。等看到媽媽點頭，他們每個人就坐在屋前角落，媽媽便進來煮飯，煮一大鍋飯，差不多七分滿，端出去，他們就開始吃。不需菜、碗，也不需筷，用手挖，這樣就吃起來。吃完他們就會離開，根本不會怎樣……。他們的臉部都有刺青（紋面），男女皆有，只是紋路不同。雖然看起來很兇，但後來就覺得其實他們是很善良的。當時我們和他們之間，主



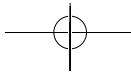
要是以物易物的關係。

小時候，如果從平地要去太平山，就需要到羅東搭火車。到一個定點，還要換蹦蹦車，那台蹦蹦車開到某一個點，再轉搭流籠。流籠上去到山上後，還得再換一次蹦蹦車去到我們的目的地，好遠。流籠是用木板釘起來、十分狹小的箱形物，人只能站立，上面有個小窗讓人可觀看，而且無法從裡面開門，一定要從外面打開。其實流籠原本就是在運木材，不是運人用的。一趟下去運木材，回程就運人。有時候，也會發生意外，如果摔落山底，一定會沒命……。有一次，我差不多是四歲左右吧，跟隨背著弟弟的媽媽，搭流籠要上山。到達地點時，發現看顧流籠的人不在那，我們只能在流籠裡頭枯等……。後來聽說原來他剛好去如廁！可能是那次讓人關太久，我對這件事印象很深！

我住在山上足足七年之久，後來就下到羅東唸書。剛下來時完全無法適應，譬如說，我在山上的時候，沒朋友、沒鄰居，對唸書也沒概念，氣候又很不同。因為我早已適應深山環境，所以每次我下到羅東時，我的臉就變得過敏發紅！更早之前，我也曾去南投名間寄讀了半年的幼兒園，期間，我的雙腳被蚊子叮到快爛掉，吃藥打針都沒效……。小學一年級的時候，某次爸爸要上山，他帶著我的哥哥和弟弟去，卻不讓我跟，我便坐在地上一哭，哭得好傷心啊。因為我很想回去看看那個我曾經生活過的地方……，雖然結果終究從未去成。

從下山唸書那一年後，我便不曾再回到那個地方了。後來山上的樹木也被砍伐得差不多了，我父親也因為這個原因而結束這裡的事業，轉到花蓮去做。我很懷念太平山那裡的房子和環境……。我常常跟我的孩子們說：「等我死了以後，不必埋葬我，燒一燒，看我是在哪裡生的，就將我的骨灰撒到那裡去吧。」

註 | 此次訪談主要以台語進行，此為華文譯版



Wu Chiu-Hsiang

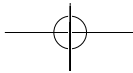
*Born in the Taiping mountain forest exploitation area
where she spent her childhood*

Interview With Wu Chiu-Hsiang

I was born in 1953, and I want to talk about how I was born in the Taiping Mountain area.

My mother gave birth to a total of ten children. I was the eighth. At the time, going to the lowland plains to give birth would have made for a very long journey. And since she had already given birth so many times, she thought this time would be easy. She said, I'll just give birth here on the mountain. But as it turns out, I was a difficult birth. My family lived [and worked] in Taiping Mountain's logging district, and on the day I was born, they had just gone to pray at the temple. After praying, they would usually invite their co-workers over for a meal.

After dinner, my mother's belly started to hurt. It was time for the birth. My father thought as all of the workers had gone home, he would clean everything up and prepare for the birth at home. But the situation took a turn for the worse. I wouldn't come out, and there were no midwives in the neighborhood. My father quickly called his co-workers, and asked them to bring the railway push car that they used to transport wood and supplies, as well as their families, around. These cars had to be pushed by hand, from behind. His idea was to use the push car to go all the way to Luodong. But this would have been impossible!

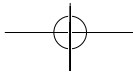


Because there were no doctors in the area, we would have had to ride the “basket lift” [ski-lift type cars made of bamboo that were suspended by ropes] and then take the Beng Beng Train [the nickname of the transport train formerly used for the area’s logging industry]. On top of that, everybody had gotten off work and there was no one to operate the basket lift. After a while, they realized there was just no way to do this, and all they could do was just push, push, push...they did all this on foot. So that’s what they tried to do. By the time they made it to Cuifeng Lake, My mother, who is just amazing, started to give birth! I came out as the push car reached the bridge. My mother used her hands to pull me out, and you could see scars on my head from the force of her fingers. My mother cried, “The child is coming out! The child is coming out!” They were only men there, and my father was the only one who would get close. When he did, he said, “Could it be dead? Let me see...” And suddenly I started to cry! At the time, it wasn’t snowing but it was very cold. My father took off his jacket, and wrapped me up. They didn’t cut the umbilical cord or anything. They just went back home, just like that.

On the way home, the bridge was narrow and made of wood, and there were some holes. The creek underneath ran deep. My father was nervous, and his foot got caught and he hurt himself. The push car was only big enough for my mother only, so he had to keep walking to get back home. On the mountains they had kerosene lamps, which were given to them by the worried workers. Later on, from a distance, they saw a small light flickering, which made them think: They’re coming back? Oh this is not good. Did the mother die or did the child? Some of the younger ones who were faster ran over to find out the situation, and then ran back. “Hurry, hurry, boil some water!” they said. So I was born close to the bridge at Cuifeng Lake. If my mother hadn’t had the strength to pull me out at the time, I would have come out feet first, and that would have been it for me. It was truly a desperate moment.

My father is from Mingjian in Nantou. He went to a “citizen school,” which they also used to call “night school,” and then later a “Japanese school.” At 16, he left home to venture out on his own. At first, he sold fabric at a store. Then for personal reasons he left that shop. Then someone told him about Taiping Mountain, and so off he went to work as a contractor. Workers were needed on the mountain, and a team was formed. I still remember, they had big machines to cut down these big trees, which were all at least a hundred years old. But after they were logged, new trees would be planted. Today at Taiping Mountain, you can still find some trees that were planted back then. As a child, I would watch the workers cut down these big trees, using a motorized saw. When the tree was about ready to fall, the workers would yell “Move away! The tree’s about to come down!” The sound of the tree falling down was enormous! Then they would look for fallen branches and broken pieces of wood, which they would divide and take home for firewood. Our home had a stove that was lit non-stop, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. Because it’s colder up in the mountains, the home had to constantly be heated. Also, on the mountain there was logging machinery that needed water to keep running. After use, the machinery would produce hot water, which we would use for “huro,” which means bath in Japanese. Our bathtubs were made of Hinoki Cypress (aka Taiwanese Cypress). Actually the whole house, from top to bottom, was made of Hinoki, and the roof was held together by mortise and tenon joints. There were hardly any nails holding our house together!

Before the age of eight, I lived on the mountain, and all the kids here were younger than that. The older kids were sent to the low-land plains to study, where they lived with their grandmothers. When I was small, I didn’t have any toys. My life was just playing in the forest and with pieces of wood. We lived in a small Japanese style dormitory, the first room in this building. My mother was very clean -- she wiped the floors

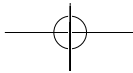


until they were pale. Our clothes were also Japanese style, the kind [like robes] that hang from the lapel down to your feet. Outside the house, they usually stored scrap wood, so my brother and I would play with it and make our own little houses. We'd go inside them, and whenever it would rain to the point that it would leak, we'd run back into the dorm room. It was so fun! When mother would make dinner, we'd sneak outside to play. The trees there were huge. We'd go and look for tree caves. Inside they are very clean. When you step in, the ground isn't hard. It makes this squishy sound. My brother and I would play hide and seek, and we would choose a tree cave to be our "home," another home. This is how we played. I loved climbing trees. I'm really curious about them. When I think about those trees, I realize that I'm tiny and as insignificant as an ant!

Every day when we got up in the early morning, mother would cook breakfast in the kitchen, with me behind her brushing my teeth. The color of the sky would slowly turn from orange to bright. The sun would come up ever so slowly. Now that is a true "sunrise." Usually in the early mornings, the weather was good. It was in the afternoon when it would get foggy. So when the Beng Beng Train approached, you could hear it make this "woo woo woo" kind of sound, and that's when we knew the train was about to arrive at the station. If the driver of the train came, he would definitely stay overnight at our home. I loved sitting in the front car to look at the scenery. Sometimes I would sit in the passenger car, which would hop on the tracks! The car didn't have a door. There was only a rope in front of the seat, which you had to hold tightly! I was small, I wasn't aware of life and death, I only wanted to have fun. When I was small, some Japanese people would come and busk, performing traditional dances for tips. I remember, every time I watched, I would doze off. Living on the mountain, we always had a limited supply of goods -- rice, sugar, salt, and salted fish, which we would carry up from Luodong. During the day, the

men would go logging, and the women would grow vegetables and feed the chickens. The children would help pick bugs off the vegetables. Once, there were some children playing inside the house, and suddenly a mother monkey jumped down from above, took one of the very small children and put it on its back! Although he was scared, one of the older children took this big red quilt, came up from behind the monkey and trapped him inside the quilt. He got the child away from the monkey. It was so frightening and exhilarating at the same time.

During those times, we all called the indigenous "huan-a" [lit. foreigner or outsider, but now considered a derogatory term]. We would run into them in deep in the mountains, and they wore clothes made of animal hide, like this. Everytime we heard the sound of dogs barking, my mother would tell us "don't come out!" We would hide inside. Because the house was made of wood, there were slender cracks in the door, through which we could peek outside. Whenever the indigenous came, there were always 6 or 7 of them, holding long spears to lead their dogs, which were hunting dogs. What did they come for? They would bring deer or wild boar meat. They would go hunting and bring their catch to us to exchange it for rice. Because they were not under such strict control by the Japanese, they spoke their own languages -- not Japanese - it was only the indigenous living lower down the mountain that could speak Japanese. My mother could only use hand gestures to communicate and her eyes to gauge the size of the pieces of meat. There were no scales -- it was a simple exchange of goods. Once my mother nodded her head, they would sit down at a corner in front of the house, and she would begin to cook some rice. She would cook a big pot, about 70 percent full, and carry it out. Then they would eat. They didn't need vegetables, bowls or chopsticks. They just scooped the rice out with their hands and ate it like that. After eating, they would leave, and nothing ever happened. Their faces were tattooed,



both the men and women, but they had different patterns. Although at first they looked very mean, afterwards they seemed friendly and kind. Our relationship was mainly one of exchanging goods.

When we were small, if we wanted to go to Taiping Mountain, we had to take the train to Luodong. Then we had to switch to the Beng Beng Train, which would stop at a certain point, and then we'd have to get on the basket lift. Once the lift got to the top of the mountain, then we'd have to take another Beng Beng Train again to our place. It was really far. The basket car was made of wood, and it looked very narrow. People could only stand inside the cars. Near the top was a small window which you could look out of, but there was no way to open the door from within. It had to be opened from outside the car. Originally the basket lifts were used for transporting firewood. They weren't for the military. So timber would be transported down, and people would be transported up. Sometimes there were accidents. If the lift fell down the mountain, that would be it for you. Once, when I was four, I was with my mother who was carrying my brother on her back, riding the basket lift up the mountain. When it arrived, no one was there to open the door for us. Turns out the person in charge just happened to go to the toilet. Maybe because we were stuck in there for so long, it left such a deep impression!

I lived on the mountain for eight full years, and then moved down to Luodong to go to school. At first, it was impossible for me to adapt. When I was on the mountain, I had no friends, no neighbors, and I had no concept of school. The weather was also different. I think because I adapted to the mountain environment early on, everytime I went down to Luodong, my face would turn very red! Earlier on, I had spent some time going to kindergarten in Mingjian in Nantou [County]. At that time, my feet got badly bitten by mosquitos. It was quite serious. I took medicine and received acupuncture treatments

but to no effect. When I was in first grade, my father was making a trip up the mountain, and planned to bring my older and younger brother with him, but I had to stay. I sat on the ground and cried, I was so upset, because I really wanted to go back to the place where I had lived... and in the end, I never made it back. Since then, I still haven't been able to visit that place. Later on, they ceased logging operations on the mountain, and my father went to Hualien to work. I really cherish that old house and the environment there. I always say to my children, when I die, you don't need to bury me. Burn my remains, and spread my ashes in the place where I was born.

