# ROCK&ICE 1979

- · Ts'ai Kuanlung (Daddy) 蔡光隆
- · Ts'ai Kuoyen (Kid) 蔡國彥
- · Ts'ai Owen 蔡文宗
- · Chang Hsitzung 張文溪 (作者誤將「溪」與「宗」加在一起)

# Chiao Sheng by G. B. Talovich

Ts'ai, Ts'ai, Ts'ai, Chang, and I went climbing. The first Ts'ai. Owen the dentist, had phoned to ask if I'd like to climb at Lungtung (Dragon Hole) with his friend, Chang Hsitzung of the Chinese Himalayan Expedition. Daddy Ts'ai (Ts'ai Kuanglung), having climbed a dozen years, is one of the elders of rock climbing in Taiwan. His son has the fine name Ts'ai Kuoyen, meaning An Erudite Scholar for the Nation, but I'll call him Kid, because he was only a

scrawny sixth-grader and climbed better than I.

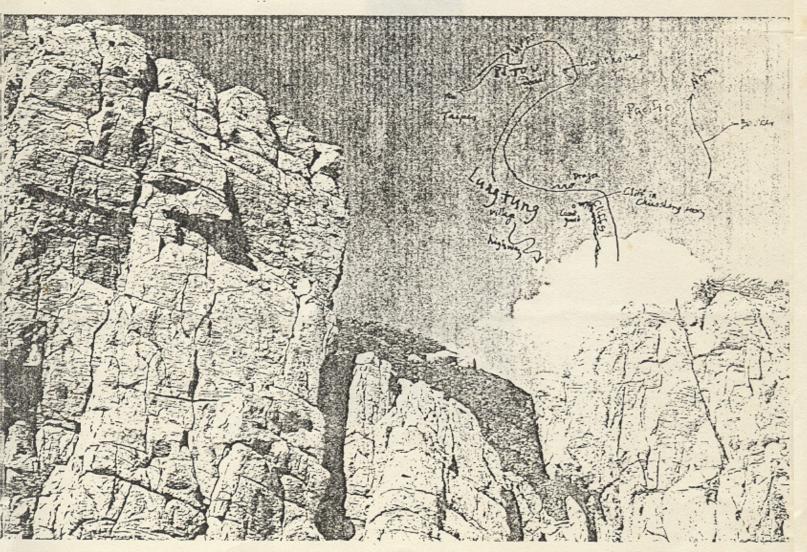
We headed north in Daddy's crackerbox Subaru, and turned east at Keelung port onto the Seacoast Highway. We passed under Chinkuashih, out of sight high above the road. Though there are few climbable cliffs in Taiwan's mountains, gentle slopes are practically nonexistent. The scenery of Chinkuashih is so beautiful that the Japanese heirapparent had a house built up there during the Occupation, but the American Air Force bombed it flat toward the end of World War II. Facing Chinkuashih is Thunder Peak with its large, black, triangular face.

"Two guys climbed that last summer," Daddy told me, "but when they were rappelling down, their anchor broke."

"What happened?"

He crooked his index finger, the Chinese gesture for death.

Chiao Sheng. Photo and map by G.B. Talovich.



We rounded tiny Nosehead Horn harbor at Taiwan's northeastern tip, then chugged into the tunnel under the lighthouse; there in the sunlight before us lay Lungtung Bay. About a kilometer straight ahead across the bay ranged a row of cliffs. We planned to climb the first corner, not far from the Dragon, a perforated reef formation which resembles a dragon swimming in from the sea.

We decided to go as two ropes. Daddy, Kid, and I would go up the east face of the main buttress, and Chang would decide where to climb with Owen. I watched carefully to see just where Daddy climbed the buttress, because Chinese are not given to detailed instructions: figure it out for yourself, that's what your brain is for. Daddy disappeared over the first hump, and as I played out line, I watched Kid, still unroped, scrambling around. He insisted on wearing a floppy, wide-brimmed orange hat. The wind knocked the brim over his eyes. He was so lithe and steady that I found myself hoping the brim would stay in his eyes a bit longer...just a little slip, smartass-don't they teach you in school about respect for your elders?

Daddy called for me to follow. Kid sat down to watch as I headed up the 5.9 buttress. No way I'm going to fall in front of you, brat. I went out of sight over the hump, and started giving the chocks an extra yank: Kid was cleaning.

When I climbed around to the north side of the buttress, I found Chang's rope cutting across my lead. Chang and Daddy were both out of sight above me.

"Hey! What's going on here?"

Owen, directly beneath me, leaned back and studied the situation. "That's where Chang went," he offered helpfully.

Daddy's head appeared over the edge up there. "Go past under his rope, then find a place to wait for Owen to climb through."

"Hey, Chang! How about some slack on your rope there?"

I trayersed under the white rope, then looked at the main face in front of me. Fortunately, I found a bucket big enough for half of one foot, and some nice holds above it. I put in a chock and tied in. Daddy tied me off above.

Hanging there waiting for Owen to climb through, I let my mind wander back to my college days, when this area was accessible only by boat or by one narrow, grueling path. I used to hike out in the summer and camp at the foot of the other end of this row of cliffs. Nights were spent in my trusty Stephenson's tent, trying to avoid notice by smugglers, Coast Guard, and mosquitoes. Days were given to snorkelling in that clear, blue water, among coral beds and thousand upon thousands of incredibly garish tropical fish colored like an acid freak's hallucinations. I'd always wanted to climb these cliffs but had never been able to find another climber. . . .

Owen was about three meters below my rope. Chang had given him no easy route to follow. "Real good, Owen! But if you touch my rope, I'll whip you off!" I swung the line from my waist menac-

"Ch'u niteh," he smiled. ("Shove it.") He wiped his face on his shoulder. "Why don't I find some twigs so you can make a nest there?"

"Just climb, turtle."

"What's wrong, don't you like it there? Don't you want to stay? Okay, you may leave." He reached up and gave my rope a tremendous twang. I clutched my anchor.

"Let's call Chang's new route Chiao Sheng—Crossed Rope," he suggested brightly. I had other, choicer names for it, but I kept them to myself. I watched his ankles, then his soles pass overhead.

I chocked in another anchor and called for Kid to climb up to the other side of the traverse. I think it took me twice as long to climb that high. I began to wonder if there wasn't some way I could knock him off, inconspicuously.

We ate lunch at the top, looking across the bay at the Nosehead Horn Lighthouse. I pointed out the old path on the other rim of the bay, barely visible now, and told them about the shortcut from the lighthouse, straight down bamboo thickets, and out through someone's pigpen. Strangers were rare in those days, before hiking became popular. One resident had been totally mystified when he went out to slop his pigs and found an unkempt, backpacking Ah-doh-ah (Bignose) tiptoeing gingerly through the pigpies...enigmatic Westerners....

After lunch, we picked our way up a briarpatch, hoping for an easy walk off, only to be met by a Coast Guard sentry waving us back with gun and bayonet.

"Turtle," someone grumbled.

has something to write home about."

"You have to sympathize. I bet he's never had a chance to do that before." "Yeah, I bet we made his day. Now he

No one wanted to rappel. We chose to downclimb the easy north face unroped. Daddy led, I took the rear. One traverse led under a slight overhang. They all passed easily. I discovered too late that my 180-cm frame wouldn't fit past. My shoulder caught on the overhang. I bent my knees to hunch under, and levered my feet off the ledge. Frantically I jammed my right arm to the elbow into a godgiven crack. I put both feet securely back on the ledge. Bowlegged. gripping the slight bulge between my knees. I found a handhold for my left. I jammed with my nose. I couldn't find an earhold. "I'm stuck," I muttered into the crack, hardly daring to breathe.

"Stay right there, "Daddy called. "171 climb up and belay you." He climbed over me-literally over me, because I was glued right on top of a nice vertical crack. He carefully passed up my back. reaching around my waist and over my shoulders for holds. He considerately refrained from stepping on my head. Chang came up underneath and guided me back left so I could rope up. Going back up that easy mantle, my bleeding left arm gave out, and I clutched the ledge with a rib. Whoof! Once roped. I tried the traverse again, but still couldn't squeeze through. I fell. Daddy caught me. I downclimbed the crack he had come up. Calling his medical expertise into play, Owen examined my wounds. and told me I needed two fillings, and possibly an extraction.

After that, even Kid wanted to rope up. Owen misjudged his distance, and sprained an ankle jumping off the last meter of the climb. I began to feel better.

Kid spent the rest of the afternoon pitching hunks of coral at innocent seabirds. One propitious chunk bounced off the cliff and landed on his head—my first genuine proof of the fulfillment of prayers. Owen and I, the hobbling wounded, sprawled on a large rock to watch Chang and Daddy free-solo up and down the spires. The whump-whump of waves and skritchskritch of climbing boots eventually lulled me softly out, to dream of luminous fish wearing orange hats, scampering up and down sandstone cliffs.

# ROCK & ICE

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# 交繩

# 作者 陶維極/翻譯 張文溪

前言 這篇文章是首次在外國專業雜誌 (Rock & Ice) 上發表的龍洞紀聞,更重要的是,這一篇收進了蔡文宗醫師一生中少之又少的文字記載,而他對岳界的貢獻十分巨大! 蔡醫師是牙醫師,也是我們登山遠征的醫療後盾。七十年代開始的海外登山,多仰賴蔡醫師的醫學專業,同時他也為每一支登山隊伍準備隨行藥包,更參與國內外每一項活動。 蔡醫師最重大的貢獻發生在68年嚴冬的玉山:中華民國健行登山會在玉山舉辦的冬訓 - 為期三週,模擬極地登山。蔡醫師是此行隊醫,攜帶了超過一般急救所需的醫藥與器材, 例如玻璃瓶裝點滴、小型手術器材等等,不料竟然全用上了。冬訓期間發生了頂峰墜崖事件,一死一重傷,蔡醫師便在荖濃溪急救營地救活了頭部重創的郭榮芳。

本文作者-陶維極 (G. B. Talovich),一位到台灣求學,創業,最後立足於這塊土地的美國人,山友蔡文宗的知友。距發現/開發龍洞岩場兩年後,約1978 年秋末,這位身材 瘦高的美國人跟著蔡醫師一起來到龍洞參與雪岩俱樂部的爬岩活動,之後,隔了很長一段時間,蔡醫師遞了一份影本給我,是陶在 Rock & Ice 雜誌上發表的文章。當年就有意 翻譯刊載。陶觀察細微,對這次爬岩過程的記憶深刻,早年在龍洞與鼻頭角這塊海灣的人文尤多著墨,這些舊史如今多已隨著公路的貫通而荒沒。文中陶與蔡醫師情感豐厚的 對話,好比活牛生在現世中,憶起當年熱情洋溢,牛龍活虎,淺渦此文,彌足珍貴。本文請震字兄檢視,「Chiao Sheng」是陶在雜誌上用的標題,多年來百思不得其解,震字 兄一看說;是交繩,原文寫得清清楚楚「Chiao Shen-Cross Rope」,恐怕是鑽牛角尖太厲害,四十年後才解開這個謎語,謝謝震宇兄那麼忙碌中一字一句幫我檢視補遺。

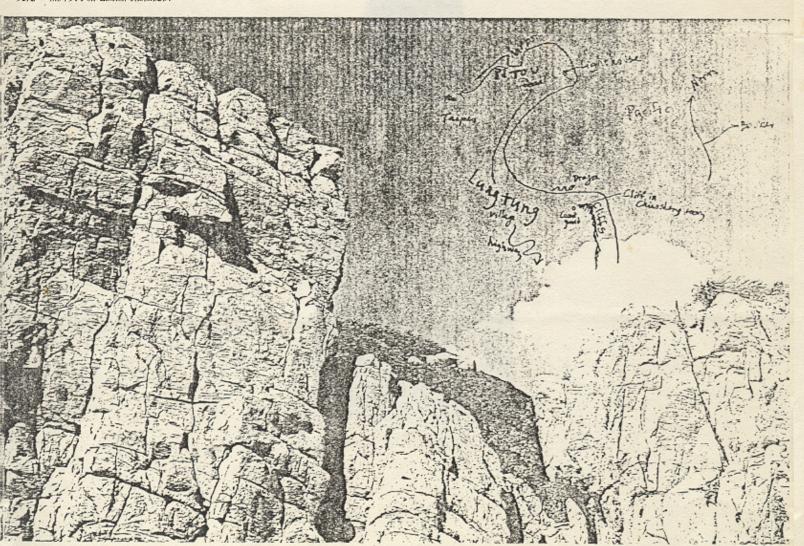
蔡(蔡文宗註1)、蔡(蔡光隆/蔡爸註2)、蔡(蔡 國彥)、張(張文溪)和我,一行五人相約爬岩。 第一位蔡 - 蔡文宗, 牙醫師, 來電邀我與他的朋 友一起到龍洞。張文溪(台灣喜馬拉雅遠征隊 註3) 與蔡爸爸(蔡光隆)兩人是台灣少數的老手,已 有十來年的爬岩經驗。蔡國彥,蔡爸爸的公子, 有一個好名子,意思是一國的博學之士,我則直 稱他小傢伙,看起來瘦巴巴的六歲小孩,但是爬 美軍幾乎為之炸平。公路上方,巨大、黑色三角 得比我好很多。

我們搭著蔡爸的速霸陸廂型車,先驅北,再從 基隆轉東接上東北角海岸公路。車行經過金瓜石 下方,山巒起伏,青山柔和,一路看不到有可供 爬岩的懸岩峭壁。金瓜石景緻迷人,日本接收者 在占領期間蓋了不少房子建築,在二次大戰末期

錐狀的「雷霆岩<sup>註4</sup>」而向金瓜石。蔡爸說:「去 年夏天,有兩人來爬這座山」,「在下降時固定 點鬆脫了」,「後來怎麼了?」,蔡爸摳了一下 食指-台灣人表示往生的意思。

車子繞著台灣最東北端腹地狹小的鼻頭角漁港 而去,然後引擎再度軌軌叫著穿過燈塔下方的隧

交繩。 照片與手繪地圖由陶維極提供。



道;出了洞口,前面就是陽光燦爛下的龍洞灣。 越過海灣,直線距離一公里外縱列著一排的岩岬。 我們計畫攀登第一道岩牆註5,距離龍洞村不遠, 這些岩牆是由海水穿孔的礁岩所形成,龍洞之名 便是來自龍游大海的比喻註6。

我們分成兩支繩隊,蔡爸、小傢伙和我一組, 爬這道主壁的東面 註7,張和文宗則選擇一條新路 線 註8。我仔細觀察蔡爸攀爬的一舉一動;因為沒 有清楚的路線資訊,我只能按照本能的警覺來分 清狀況。蔡爸已越過上方的凸岩不見蹤影,我則 爬得筋疲力絕,眼看著這小傢伙一步步爬上來, 身上竟沒綁繩。他頭上戴著一頂橘色寬緣帽,風 一吹就把帽緣打到眼上,我真希望那帽緣一直遮 住他的視線,他才不會看見我緊抱著岩壁的窘態。

這孩子身軀十分柔軟,手腳輕捷穩定。蔡爸在 上頭呼叫我上來,小傢伙這才坐定,望著我爬這 道 5.9 的路線 註9,「小鬼!想看我在你面前出糗, 門都沒有!」我心裡想著,一口氣越過上方的凸 岩,將自己固定好,扯了一下岩楔確定沒問題後, 就叫小傢伙開始跟攀收裝備了。

爬到岩壁的北面時,看到張的繩子橫在我的前 頭,張和蔡爸兩人在視線之外。

「喂!怎麼回事?」

文宗正在我下方,歪著頭側身研判,熱心地回 應:「那是張的路線」,蔡爸從邊緣探出臉來:「從 繩子下面穿過去,然後找個地方停下來等文宗過 去」。

「喂!張!把繩子放鬆一些好不好?」我從白 色的繩子移過去,抬頭注視著橫在前面的岩壁, 很幸運,我看到一小塊的岩棧,大小可以容得下 半個足面, 上頭有不錯的把手點, 我塞進一具岩 楔固定自己, 藝爸再解除確保, 我掛在上頭乾等 文宗爬過去。

回想我在求學那個時代,此地只能有船隻靠岸, 另外就是一條彎彎曲曲的海邊步道,我曾經夏天 在海岬另一頭露營,可靠的 Stephenson 帳篷與我 度過星夜,不但要躲蚊子,海防衛兵,還要與走 私客周旋 註10。但是,那些日子卻是多采多姿,令 人心亂情迷,放眼全是奇異怪誕的幻想世界,成 天陶醉在清澄藍色的大海、礁岩、還有成千上萬 色彩炫耀, 艷麗非常的熱帶魚(譯註: 這篇從貢寮 到金瓜石,經過龍洞的遊記,有在《野外》雜誌

我一直有爬這道岩壁的念頭,但是始終沒能夠 找到夥伴... 文宗在我下方約三公尺,跟著張的這 一條路線不太容易,我對他喊道:「文宗!不錯 喔! ... 嘿! 别碰我的繩子,我會把你打下去! ... 我舉起腰上的繩子作勢威嚇。

「去你的!」文宗笑著回應:「拿開啦!」, 然後用肩膀擦了一下他的臉。「我來找一些樹枝 給你在上面作個巢。」

「爬你的吧,王八蛋」。

「怎樣?你不喜歡那裏嗎?不待久一點嗎?」, 「好啦,你可以爬了。」他終於上去了,故意抓 著我的繩子猛地拉了一把,我死命地抓著固定點。

「就稱這條是張的新路線:交繩 - Crossed Rope 註11。, 文宗提議。我倒另有想法, 但不想說出來, 看著他的腳踝和腳底越過我的頭頂。

我放進一支岩楔作固定點,然後呼叫小傢伙上 來。看著他輕鬆就爬上來,心想我好像有爬了不 止兩倍久,真想趁人不注意時一腳把他踹下去。

一夥人齊聚在頂上午餐,放眼過去,鼻頭角燈 塔就坐落在海灣之上的海岬。我可以一眼認出海 灣另一邊的古道,現已難以肉眼辨認。舊道經燈 塔有捷徑直接下到竹林,然後從人家的豬舍出來。

那個時代,外地人很少見,健行者也不普遍。 一位大鼻子阿兜仔(作者自稱)的背包客小心翼 註1 蔡文宗,36年次,竹葉青登山隊,在南京東路二段鄰近松江 翼、躡手躡腳地穿過豬欄,一位居民正好提著一 桶餿水來餵豬,一頭撞見這位全身邋遢不整,謎 樣的西洋人,這位居民當場差點給嚇死。

飯後,我們挑了後面一條草坡上去,想輕鬆地 離開這裡,不料遇到海防的崗哨,舉著上了刺刀 的步槍,示意要我們退回註12。

「XXX!」有人不滿地抱怨。「你們要有同理 心,我敢打賭這位阿兵哥必定頭一遭碰到」。「是 啊,我打賭他今天有事做了,他可有東西可以往 上作報告」。

大家都不願意垂降,於是我們選了簡單、不需 要繩索的北面下攀。蔡爸帶頭下去,我殿後。經 過一條稍微外傾的橫渡,大家都輕易的過去了, 但我 180 公分的身材卻遇到難題,當我發現時已 經太遲了,我的肩膀已卡在外傾的岩壁上。我曲 驅彎著腰背,試著在岩階上移動雙腳,我發狂似 地把整條手臂塞進裂縫中,兩腳試著在岩階上找 穩當的依靠,為了貼住一小凸塊,兩腳成O形向 內彎,在左側找到一個把手點,甚至用我的鼻子 來支撐,最後我沒輒了:「我卡住了!」對著裂隙, 緊張得幾乎不能呼吸。

「不要動!」蔡爸大叫:「我上來替你確保。」 他輕捷地越過我,正確地說,就在我的上頭爬過 去,因為我就是緊緊的貼在一條垂直的裂隙上部。 蔡爸小心地從我背上越過,在我的腰部附近及肩 上方找把手點,小心翼翼地避免踏在我的頭上。 張爬到我下方,引導我退向左側,以便能夠援繩 上去。移到上方安全的岩層後,僵硬的左臂才得 到紓解,接著我用肋骨抵住,再次試著橫渡,卻 始終無法硬擠過去,最後,我墜落了,蔡爸迅速 一把抓住。最後只能沿著蔡爸上來的裂隙下攀, 這下我的隨隊醫生有事做了。文宗檢查我的傷勢, 然後對著我說,有兩顆牙要補,可能會拔掉一顆。

發生這件事件後,小傢伙乖乖綁起了繩索;接 著,文宗因為誤判距離,在跳下最後幾公尺時竟 也扭傷了腳踝,這下我的心情感覺好多了。

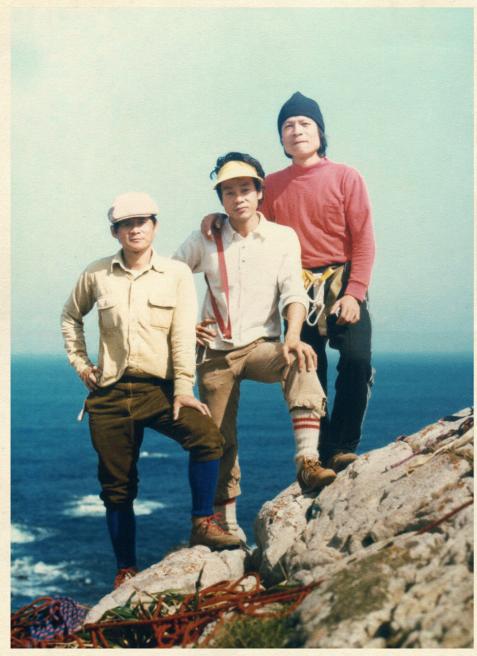
下午,小傢伙沒事專找哪些無辜的鳥兒殺時間, 手上抓著大大的石頭就丟。冥冥中似乎會給你呼 應,無巧不巧,丟擲出去的一顆石頭從岩壁反彈 回來,正好打在他頭上。文宗和我,一個跛腳, 一個受傷,兩人趴在大石頭上看著張與蔡爸兩人 在岩塔上上下下,耳邊不時交互響起海浪擊石的 脆裂聲,登山鞋在岩石上 4 4 磨擦聲,昏昏沉沉 中,好像有一尾活潑發亮的魚兒戴著橘色的帽子 在岩石上繃繃跳跳。

- 路開業的牙醫師。民國69、70年「雪岩俱樂部」開始海外 遠征,登山隊的高地醫學常識和隨行醫藥都由他親自打理。 蔡醫師最為人稱道的事蹟,是在68年冬參加玉山救難的隨 隊醫師,到達荖濃溪急救現場,救活三重山協郭榮芳一命, 見《1979玉山救難報告》。
- 註2 應為「台灣喜馬拉雅俱樂部」,1980年台灣才有第一隊的喜 馬拉雅遠征隊。
- 註3 民國58年《野外雜誌》舉辦「爬岩訓練班」第一期成員。 當時教練為簡正德、黃一元與我擔任,首次訓練岩場為北投 山豬岩。蔡光隆體型瘦實,身手矯捷,當時大砲岩難纏路線 一一在他手下克服(基本上沒有確保的 Free Solo),此後的北 勢溪針岩、基隆山東峰雷霆岩均由他先鋒。老蔡的加入為當 時相當貧血的「雪岩俱樂部」注入一劑強心針。
- 註4 雷霆岩,基隆山東峰山腹的一面安山岩岩場,見《雷霆岩初
- 註6 「龍洞」岩岬地名由來。氣勢浩大長達一公里的四稜砂岩牆 還有兩座巨大海蝕洞合起來意會比較合理。
- 註7 #556 迎風面右, 難度 5.7 《台灣龍洞攀岩》
- 註8 #557迎風裂隙,難度5.7《台灣龍洞攀岩》
- 註9 #556 迎風面右,難度 5.7 《台灣龍洞攀岩》
- 註10 東北角海岸公路尚未開通前,從貢寮到水湳洞這條東北海古 步道很受歡迎,盛況比現在風行的阿朗壹古道還熱烈,稱作 「鼻頭角健行」;從貢寮下火車,經過澳底,沿著海浪輕吻 岩岸的海邊步道,時而去逗逗熱帶鱼,時而穿淮林投夾道, 然後依依不捨爬上西靈巖寺,一路經過現已拓寬的龍洞步 道,下和美村,繞龍洞灣,再翻上鼻頭角下南雅,從水湳洞 搭仍在運作的工作纜車上金瓜石,搭上客運到瑞芳基隆。這 一段長達20多公里,最理想是在鼻頭角或龍洞過夜。公路 未開涌前,淮出龍洞和美村,基本上除步道外接外,只有搭
- 註11 Chiao Sheng Crossed Rope, 陳震宇兄看出兩繩相交, 是為 「交繩」, 感謝補遺。
- 註12 從和美國小前進入校門口的準備場地沒問題,攀登到頂上 後,新手下降卻是一個問題,害怕登山繩彎過岩角的磨損 回收登山繩也是一個問題,只好高邊。



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From Left: Ts'ai Kuanlung (Daddy), Ts'ai Owen, Chang Uenxi. ◎ Talovich / Ts'ai Owen 左起:蔡光隆 (蔡爸)、蔡文宗、張文溪。 ◎ 陶維極 / 蔡文宗

Ts'ai Owen ■ Talovich / Ts'ai Owen 蔡文宗 ■ 陶維極 / 蔡文宗



From Left: Ts'ai Kuanlung, Ts'ai Owen, G. B. Talovich ◎ Talovich/Ts'ai Owen 左起:蔡光隆、蔡文宗、陶維極。 ◎ 陶維極/蔡文宗





From Left: Ts'ai Kuanlung, Ts'ai Owen, Ts'ai Kuoyen (Kid), G. B. Talovich, Chang Uenxi. ■ Talovich / Ts'ai Owen 左起:蔡光隆、蔡文宗、蔡國彥 (小傢伙 )、陶維極、張文溪。 ■ 陶維極 / 蔡文宗