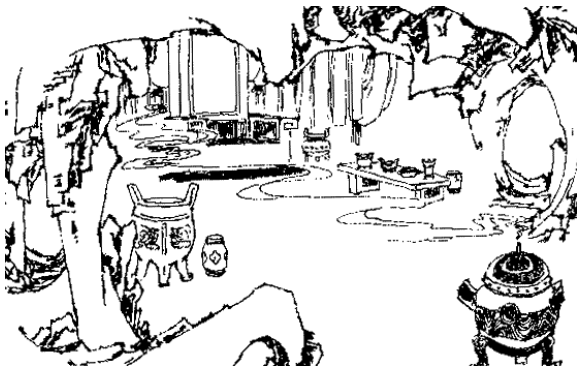


Then one monkey made a suggestion. "If anyone is clever enough to go through the fall, find the source, and come out in one piece, let's make him our king." When this challenge had been shouted three times, the stone monkey leapt out from the crowd and answered at the top of his voice, "I'll go, I'll go." Splendid monkey! Indeed,

Today he will make his name;
Tomorrow his destiny shall triumph.

He is fated to live here;
One white rainbow arching,
A thousand strands of flying snow,

Unbroken by the sea winds,
Still there under the moon.
Cold air divides the greeny crags,
Splashes moisten the mountainside;
A noble waterfall cascades,
Hanging suspended like a curtain.



Watch him as he shuts his eyes, crouches, and springs, leaping straight into the waterfall. When he opened his eyes and raised his head to look round, he saw neither water nor waves. A bridge stood in front of him. He stopped, calmed himself, took a closer look, and saw that the bridge was made of iron. The water that rushed under it poured out through a fissure in the rocks, screening the gateway to the bridge. He started walking towards the bridge, and as he looked he made out what seemed to be a house. It was a real-

ly good place. He saw:

Emerald moss piled up in heaps of blue,
White clouds like drifting jade,
While the light flickered among wisps of coloured mist.
A quiet house with peaceful windows,
Flowers growing on the smooth bench;
Dragon pearls hanging in niches,
Exotic blooms all around.
Traces of fire beside the stove,
Scraps of food in the vessels by the table.
Adorable stone chairs and beds,
Even better stone plates and bowls.
One or two tall bamboos,

Three or four sprigs of plum blossom,
A few pines that always attract rain,
All just like a real home.

He took a good, long look and then scampered to the middle of the bridge, from where he noticed a stone tablet. On the tablet had been carved in big square letters: HAPPY LAND OF THE MOUNTAIN OF FLOWERS AND FRUIT, CAVE HEAVEN OF THE WATER CURTAIN. The stone monkey was beside himself with glee. He rushed away, shut his eyes, crouched, and leapt back through the waterfall.

"We're in luck, we're in luck," he said with a chuckle. All the other monkeys crowded round him asking, "What's it like in there? How deep is the water?"

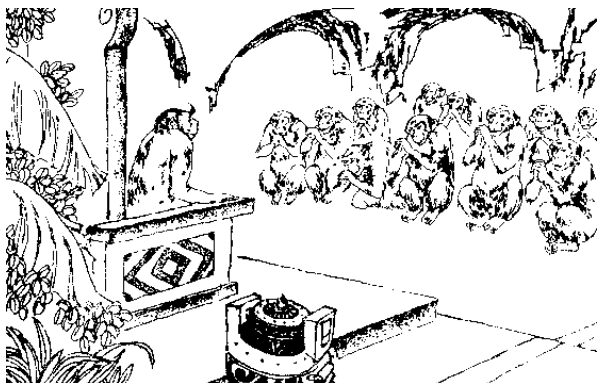
"There's no water, none at all," replied the stone monkey. "There's an iron bridge, and on the other side of the bridge there's a house that must have been made by Heaven and Earth."

"How ever could you see a house there?" the other monkeys asked. The stone monkey chuckled again.

"The water here comes under the bridge and through the rocks, and it hides the gateway to the bridge from view. There are flowers and trees by the bridge, and a stone house too. Inside the house are stone rooms, a stone stove, stone bowls, stone plates, stone beds, and even stone benches. In the middle of it all is a tablet which says 'Happy Land of the Mountain of Flowers and Fruit, Cave Heaven of the Water Curtain'. It's just the place for us to settle down in—there's room there for thousands. Let's all move in, then we won't have to put up with any more nonsense from heaven. In there

We can hide there from the wind,
And shelter from the rain,
With nothing to fear from frost and snow,
And never a rumble of thunder.
The coloured mists glow bright
And the place smells lucky.
The pine and bamboo will always be beautiful,
And rare flowers blossom every day."

The other monkeys were all so delighted to hear this that they said, "You go first and take us with you." The stone monkey shut his eyes, crouched, and leapt in again, shouting, "Follow me in, follow me in." The braver monkeys all lumped through. The more timid ones peered forward, shrank back, rubbed their ears, scratched their cheeks, shouted, and yelled at the top of their voices, before going in all clinging to each other. After rushing across the bridge they all grabbed plates and snatched bowls, bagged stoves and fought over beds, and moved everything around. Monkeys are born naughty and they could not keep quiet for a single moment until they had worn themselves out moving things around.



The stone monkey sat himself in the main seat and said, "Gentlemen, 'A man who breaks his word is worthless.' Just now you said that if anyone was clever enough to come in here and get out again in one piece, you'd make him king. Well, then. I've come in and gone out, and gone out and come in. I've found you gentlemen a cave heaven where you can sleep in peace and all settle down to live in

bliss. Why haven't you made me king?" On hearing this all the monkeys bowed and prostrated themselves, not daring to disobey. They lined up in groups in order of age and paid their homage as at court, all acclaiming him as the "Great King of a Thousand Years". The stone monkey then took the throne, made the word "stone" taboo, and called himself Handsome Monkey King. There is a poem to prove it that goes:

All things are born from the Three positives;
The magic stone was quick with the essence of sun and moon.
An egg was turned into a monkey to complete the Great Tao;
He was lent a name so that the elixir would be complete.
Looking inside he perceives nothing because there is no form,
Outside in harmony visible things are under creation by brilliant wisdom.
Men have always been like this:
Those who are called kings and sages do just as they wish.

Taking control of his host of monkeys, apes, gibbons and others, the Handsome Monkey King divided them into rulers and subjects, assistants and officers. In the morning they roamed the Mountain of Flowers and Fruit and in the evening they settled down for the night in the Water Curtain Cave. They made a compact that they would not join the ranks of the birds or go with the running beasts. They had their own king, and they thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

In spring they picked flowers for food and drink,
In summer they lived on fruit.
In autumn they gathered taros and chestnuts,
They got through the winter on Solomon's-seat

The Handsome Monkey King's innocent high Spirits could not, of course, last three or four hundred years. One day he suddenly felt depressed during a banquet with his monkey host, and he started to weep. The startled monkeys crowded round, bowed to him and asked, "What's the matter, Your Majesty?" "Although I'm happy now," the Monkey King replied, "I'm worried about the future. That's what's getting me down." The other monkeys laughed and said, "Your Majesty is being greedy. We have parties every day; we live in a mountain paradise, in an ancient cave in a divine continent. We are spared the rule of unicorns, the domination of phoenixes, and the restraints of human kings. We are free to do just as we like--- we are infinitely lucky. Why make yourself miserable worrying about the future?" To this the Monkey King replied, "Yes, we don't have to submit to the laws and regulations of human kings, and we don't live in terror of the power of birds and beasts. But the time will come when we are old and weak, and the underworld is controlled by the King of Hell. When the time comes for us to die, we won't be able to go on living among the Blessed, and our lives will have been in vain." All the monkeys covered their faces and wept as every one of them thought about death.



Suddenly a gibbon jumped out from their ranks and shrieked in a piercing voice, "If Your Majesty is thinking so far ahead, this is the beginning of enlightenment. Now of the Five Creatures, there are only three that do not come under the jurisdiction of the King of Hell."

"Do you know which they are?" asked the Monkey King.

"Yes," the ape replied. "They are the Buddha, the Immortals and the Sages. They are free from the Wheel of Reincarnation. They are not born and they do not die. They are as eternal as Heaven and Earth, as the mountains and the rivers."

"Where do they live?" the Monkey King asked. "Only in the human world," the ape replied, "in ancient caves on magic mountains."

The Monkey King was delighted to hear this. "I shall leave you all tomorrow" he said, "and go down the mountain. If I have to, I'll roam the corners of the oceans and go to the edge of the sky to find these three kinds of beings and discover the secrets of eternal life that will keep us out of the clutches of the King of Hell forever." Goodness! Because of these words he was to learn how to be free from the Wheel of Reincarnation and become the Great Sage Equaling Heaven. All the monkeys clapped with approval and said, "Great! Great! Tomorrow we'll climb all over the mountain and get lots of fruit to give Your Majesty a really big banquet to send you off."

The next day the monkeys set out to pick magic peaches, gather rare fruits, dig out yams, and cut Solomon's-seal. Magic fungus and fragrant orchid were collected and everything was set on the stone benches and the stone tables, with fairy wine and dishes. You could see

Golden pills and pearl pellets,
Bursting red and plump yellow.
The golden pills and pearl pellets were winter cherries, beautiful and sweet;
The bursting red and plump yellow were ripe plums, tasty and sharp.
Fresh, sweet-fleshed longans with thin skins.
Fiery lichees with tiny stones in a red sack.

Branch after branch of crab-apples,
Yellow-skinned loquats with their leaves on.
Rabbit-head pears and chicken-heart jujubes
To quench your thirst, remove your cares, and sober you up.
Fragrant peaches and tender apricots,
As sweet and luscious as jade wine.
Crisp plums and arbutus,
As sharp as glistening yogurt.

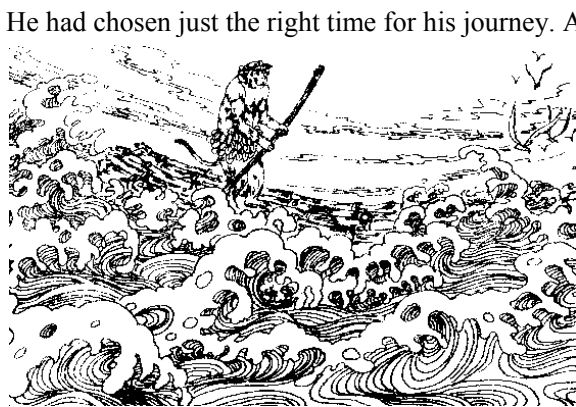
Ripe melons with red coats and black seeds,
Big, four-sectioned persimmons with yellow skins.
Bursting pomegranates:
Cinnabar pips shining like fire-crystal pearls.
Opened water-chestnuts

With firm round flesh like golden agate.
Walnuts and ginkgo fruits to eat with tea;
Coconuts and grapes to make into wine.

Dishes loaded with pine cones, yew-nuts, filberts, and crab-apples;
 Tangerines, sugar-cane and oranges covering the table.
 Hot roast yams,
 Tender boiled Solomon's-seal.
 Pounded china-root and Job's tears.
 Simmered in soup in a stone-pot.
 Although we humans have rare delicacies to eat,
 We are no happier than those monkeys in the mountains.

The host of monkeys ushered the Handsome Monkey King to the seat of honor and sat down below him according to age. Each of them took it in turns to bring him wine, flowers, and fruit, and they drank hard for a whole day. The next morning the Handsome Monkey King got up early and ordered, "Children, tear down some old pines and make me a raft. Find a bamboo pole to punt with and load it up with fruit. I'm going." He went aboard the raft all by himself, pushed off with all his might, and floated off towards the waves of the ocean. He intended to sail with the wind and cross over to the Southern Jambu Continent.

The heaven-born monkey, whose conduct was so noble,
 Left his island to drift with heaven's winds.
 He sailed oceans and seas to find the Way of Immortality,
 Deeply determined to do a great deed.
 The predestined one should not have vulgar longings;
 He can attain the primal truth without care or worry.
 He is bound to find a kindred spirit,
 To explain the origins and the laws of nature.



He had chosen just the right time for his journey. After he boarded his raft the southeastern wind blew hard for days no end and bore him to the northwestern shore of the Southern Continent. Testing the depth of the water with his pole he found that it was shallow, so he abandoned the raft and jumped ashore. He saw humans by the coast, fishing, hunting geese, gathering clams, and extracting salt. He went up to them, leaping around and making faces, which so scared them that they dropped their baskets and nets and fled in all directions as fast as they could. The Monkey King grabbed one of them who was a poor runner, stripped him of

his clothes, and dressed himself in them like a human. He swaggered through the provinces and prefectures, learning human behavior and human speech in the market places. Whether he was eating his breakfast or going to bed at night he was always asking about Buddha, Immortals and Sages, and seeking the secrets of eternal life. He observed that the people of the world were too concerned with fame and fortune to be interested in their fates.

When will the struggle for fame and fortune end?
 Toiling from morning till night, never resting yourself one moment.
 Those who ride donkeys long for stallions,
 The Prime Minister always wants to be a prince.
 They only worry about having to stop work to eat or dress;
 They never fear that the King of Hell will come to get them.



When trying to ensure their sons and grandsons inherit their wealth and power,
None of them have time to stop and divert to go back.

Although he asked about the way of the Immortals, the Monkey King was unable to meet one. He spent eight or nine years in the Southern Jambu Continent, going through its great walls and visiting its little counties. When he found that he had reached the Great Western Ocean he thought that there must be Sages and Immortals on the other side of it, so he

made himself another raft like the last one, and floated across the Western Ocean until he came to the Western Continent of Cattle-gift. He went ashore and made extensive and lengthy enquiries until one day he came upon a high and beautiful mountain, thickly forested on its lower slopes. Not fearing wolves, and undaunted by tigers or leopards, he climbed to the summit to see the view. It was indeed a fine mountain

A thousand peaks brandishing halberds,
Screens ten thousand measures tall.
In the sunlight the mountain haze is lightly touched with blue;
After the rain the black rocks look coldly green.
Withered creepers coil round ancient trees,
And the old ford marks the bounds of the mysterious.
Strange flowers and precious plants,
Flourishing in all four seasons, rivaling fairyland.
The nearby cry of a hidden bird,
The clear running of a spring.
Valley upon valley of mushroom and orchid,
Lichen grows all over the cliffs.
The range rises and dips in dragon-like majesty.
Surely there must be lofty hermits here.

As he was looking at the view the Monkey King heard a human voice coming from the depths of the forest. He rushed into the trees, and when he cocked his ear to listen he heard a song.

"Watching the chess game I cut through the rotten,
Felling trees, ding, ding,
Strolling at the edge of the cloud and the mouth of the valley,
I sell firewood to buy wine,
Cackling with laughter and perfectly happy.
I pillow myself on a pine root, looking up at the moon.
When I wake up it is light.
Recognizing the old forest
I scale cliffs and cross ridges,
Cutting down withered creepers with my axe.

When I've gathered a basketful
I walk down to the market with a song,
And trade it for three pints of rice.
Nobody else competes with me,
So prices are stable.
I don't speculate or try sharp practice,
Couldn't care less what people think of me,
Calmly lengthening my days.
The people I meet
Are Taoists and Immortals,
Sitting quietly and expounding the Yellow Court."

The Monkey King was overjoyed to hear this, and he said with glee, "So this is where the Immortals have been hiding." He hounded deeper into the woods for a closer look and saw that the singer was a woodcutter cutting firewood. He was wearing the most unusual clothes:

On his head he wore a hat
Woven from the first skin shed by new bamboo shoots.
The clothes on his body
Were made of yam from the wild cotton-tree.
The belt round his waist
Was of silk from an old silkworm.
The straw sandals under his feet
Had straps torn from rotten sago trees.
In his hand he held a steel axe
On his back he carried a hempen rope
At climbing pines and felling dead trees,
Who was a match for this woodcutter?



The Monkey King went closer and called to him, "Old Immortal, your disciple greets you."

The woodcutter dropped his axe in astonishment and turned round to say, "No, no. I don't even have enough to eat or drink, so how can I possibly let you call me an Immortal?"

"If you're not an immortal," the Monkey King said, "why do you talk like one?"

"I don't talk like an Immortal." the woodcutter said.

"At the edge of the wood just now," the Monkey King replied, "I heard you say, "The people I meet are Taoists and Immortals, sitting quietly and expounding the Man Tingfang" The Man tingfang contains the truth about the

Tao, so if you're not an Immortal, what are you?"

The woodcutter laughed. "It's quite true that the song is called 'The Fragrance of the Man tingfang' and an Immortal who lives near my hut taught me it. He said he saw how hard I had to work and how I was always worried, so he made me sing this song when things were getting me down. It lightens my cares and makes me forget my weariness. I was singing it just now because I had some problems on my mind, and I never imagined that you would be listening."

"If you've got an Immortal for a neighbor, you ought to learn from him how to pursue Tao and get him to teach you a recipe for eternal youth."

"I've had a hard life," the woodcutter replied. "My mother and father brought me up until I was about eight and just when I was beginning to know about life my father died. My mother remained a widow, and I had no brothers or sisters. As I was the only child I had to look after my mother morning and night. Now she is old that I can't possibly leave her. Our land is so overgrown that I can't grow enough to feed and clothe both of us, so I have to cut a couple of bundles of firewood to sell in



the market for a that I cook for practice to

handful of coppers to buy the few pints of rice myself and for my mother. That's why I can't pursue Tao."

"From what you say," the Monkey King filial son and a gentleman---you're bound to it one day. But I'd be grateful if you could that Immortal lives, so that I can go and pay respects."

replied, "you're a be rewarded for show me where him my

The woodcutter said, "It's not far from here. This mountain is the Spirit Tower Heart Mountain, and in it there is the Cave of the Setting Moon and the Three Stars. In that cave lives an Immortal called the Patriarch Subhuti. I don't know how many disciples he has trained---there are thirty or forty of them pursue Tao with him at the moment. If you take that path south for two or three miles you'll reach his home."

The Monkey King tugged at the woodcutter and said, "Take me there, Elder Brother. If I get anything out of this, I won't forget your kindness."

"You idiot," the woodcutter replied. "Didn't you understand what I told you just now? If I went with you I wouldn't be able to earn my living, and who would look after my poor old mother then? I've got to get on with my woodcutting. Go by yourself."



After hearing this the Monkey King had to take his leave. He came out of the forest and found the path, which led up a mountain slope for two or three miles, when he saw the cave. He pulled himself up to his full height to take a look, and it was a really magnificent place:

Misty clouds scattered colours,
Sun and moon shimmered bright.

A thousand ancient cypresses,

Ten thousand lofty bamboos.
 A thousand ancient cypresses,
 A soft green drawing the rain from the sky.
 Ten thousand lofty bamboos,
 And a misty valley is azure blue.
 Outside the gate rare flowers spread brocade;
 Beside the bridge wafts the scent of jade flowers.
 Rocky crags jut, glossy with green moss;

On overhanging cliffs blue lichen grows.
 Sometimes the call of the crane is heard
 And often you see the phoenix soar.
 The call of the crane
 Echoes beyond the Ninth Heaven and the Milky Way.
 When the phoenix soars,
 The brilliance of its wings colours the clouds.
 Black apes and white deer can be just made out;
 Golden lions and jade elephants prefer to keep hidden.
 If you look closely at this happy land,
 You will see that it rivals paradise.



He saw that the doors of the cave were shut fast, and that everything was still, with no signs of any people. He turned round and noticed that there was a stone tablet about thirty feet high and eight feet wide at the top of the cliff. On it was carved in enormous letters: SPIRIT-TOWER HEART MOUNTAIN, CAVE OF THE SETTING MOON AND THE THREE STARS. The Monkey King exclaimed with delight, "The people here really are honest. The mountain and the cave do exist." He took a good long look, but did not dare to knock on

the door. He climbed to the end of a pine branch and ate some pine seeds to amuse himself.

Before long the doors of the cave opened with a creak, and an immortal boy came out. In the nobility of his bearing and the exceptional purity of his features he was completely different from an ordinary boy.

His hair was bound with a pair of silken bands,
 His flowing gown had two capacious sleeves.
 His face and body were naturally distinguished;
 His mind and appearance were both empty.
 For many years a guest beyond the world of things,
 An eternal child amid the mountains,
 Untouched by any speck of dust,
 He let the years go tumbling by.

When this boy had come out he shouted, "Who's making that row out here?" The Monkey King scampered down the tree, went up to him, and said with a bow, "Immortal child, I am a disciple who has come to ask about the Way and study under the Immortal. The last thing I'd do would be to make a row here?"



The boy laughed. "So you've come to ask about the Tao, have you?"

"Yes," the Monkey King replied. "Our master has just got up," the boy said, "and has now mounted the dais to expound the Tao. Before he had started to explain about origins he told me to open the door. He said, 'There is

someone outside who wants to pursue Tao. Go and welcome him.' I suppose he must have meant you. 'Yes, he meant me," the Monkey King said with a smile. "Come with me," the boy said.

The Monkey King straightened his clothes and followed the boy deep into the depths of the cave. He saw majestic pavilions and towers of red jade, pearl palaces and gateways of cowl, and countless rooms of silence and secluded cells leading all the way to a jasper dais. He saw the Patriarch Subhuti sitting on the dais and thirty-six minor Immortals standing below it.

An Immortal of great enlightenment is free from any dust,
Subhuti, the marvel of the Western World.
Neither dying nor born, he performs the unconditioned action,
How perfectly in full possession of the Chi and Shen in company with infinite benevolence!

In natural voidness he gets along with the changes;
With his innate nature as true thusness he lets it run free.
As eternal as Heaven, and as majestic as the almighty Lord.
The great teacher of Nature is enlightened through aeons.

As soon as the Handsome Monkey King saw him he bowed low and knocked his head on the ground before him many times, saying, "Master, master, your disciple pays his deepest respects."

"Where are you from?" the Patriarch asked, "You must tell me your name and address before you can become my pupil."

"I come from the Water Curtain Cave in the Flowers and Fruit Mountain in the land of Aolai in the Eastern Continent of Superior Deity," replied the Monkey King.

"Throw him out," the Patriarch roared. "He's a liar and a cheat, and even if he tried cultivating his conduct he would get nowhere."

The Monkey King desperately kept hitting his head on the ground and said, "Your disciple spoke the truth. I promise I wasn't lying."

The Patriarch asked, "If you were speaking the truth, why did you say that you came from the Eastern Continent of Superior Deity? Between here and the Eastern Continent there are two seas and the Southern Jambu Continent, so how could you possibly have come here from there?"



The Monkey King, still kowtowing, replied, "I sailed across seas and oceans, crossed frontiers and wandered through many countries for over ten years before I arrived here."

"So you came here by stages," the Patriarch remarked. "What is your surname?"

"I'm not surly," the Monkey King replied. "If people call me names it doesn't bother me, and if they hit me I don't get angry. I'm just polite to them and that's that. I've never been surly."

"I didn't ask if you were surly. I wanted to know the surname you inherited from your parents."

"I didn't have any parents, the Monkey King replied.

"If you had no parents, did you grow on a tree?"

"I grew not on a tree but in a stone," the Monkey King replied. "All I remember is that there was a magic stone on the top of the Flower and Fruit Mountain, and that one year the stone split open and I was born."

Concealing his delight at hearing this, the Patriarch remarked, "In other words, you were born of Heaven and Earth. Walk around for a moment and let me have a look at you. The Monkey King leapt to his feet and shambled round a couple of times. The Patriarch smiled and said, "Though you have rather a base sort of body, you look like one of the rhesus monkeys that eat pine seeds, and I ought to give you a surname that fits your appearance and call you Hu ('Macaque'). The elements that make up the character Ru are 'animal', 'old' and 'moon'. What is old is ancient, and the moon embodies the Negative principle, and what is ancient and Negative cannot be transformed. But I think I would do much better to call you Sun ('Monkey'). Apart from the 'animal' element, the character Sun has one part implying male and one part suggesting a baby, which fits in with my basic theories about infant. Your surname will be Sun."

When the Monkey King heard this he kowtowed with delight and said, "Great! Great! Now I have a surname. I am eternally grateful to you for your mercy and compassion, master. I beg you to give me a personal name to go with my new surname, then it will be much easier to address me. "

"There are twelve words within my sect," said the Patriarch, "which I give as names. You belong to the tenth generation of my disciples." "What are these twelve words?" asked the Monkey King. "Broad, great, intelligence, wisdom, true, thusness, innate nature, ocean, brilliance, awakened, perfection and enlightenment. If we work out the generations of disciples, then you should have a name with Wu ('Awakened') in it. So we can give you the Dharma-name Sun Wukong, which means 'Monkey Awakened to Emptiness'. Will that do?"

"Marvelous, marvelous," said the smiling Monkey King. "From now on my name will be Sun Wukong." Indeed,

When the Great Vagueness was separated there were no surnames;
To smash dead emptiness he had to be awakened to live emptiness.

If you want to know what success he had in pursuing Tao you must listen to the explanation in the next installment.

PART 14 Deep Analysis Upon Some Alchemy Terminology

14-1. Three fives unify to form one.

三五指南图局说

紫阳真人《悟真篇》诗云："三五一都三个字，古今明者实然希，东三南二同成五，北一西方四共之。戊己还从生数五，三家相见结婴儿，婴儿是一含真气，十月胎成入圣基。"只此五十六字，贯彻诸子百家，丹经子书。若向这里具只眼，参学事毕。其或未然，向注脚下商量。

{初} "三五一都三个字"，三元、五行、一气也。"古今明者实然希"，亘古亘今 知者鲜矣。"东三南二同成五"，东三，木也。南二，火也。木生火，木乃火之母，两性一家，故曰"同成五"也。"北一西方四共之"。北一，水也。西四，金也。金生水，金乃水之母，两性一家，故曰"共之"。"戊己还从生数五"者，土之生数也。五居中，无偶，自是一家。所谓"三家相见"者，三元、五行混而为一也，故曰"三家相见结婴儿"。所谓婴儿者，亦是假名，纯一之义也，故曰"婴儿是一含真气"也。"十月胎成入圣基"者，三百日胎，二八两药，烹之炼之，成之 熟之，超凡入圣之大功也，故曰"入圣基"也。

{中} 以一身言之，东三木也，我之性也。西四金也，我之情也。南二火也，我之神也。北一水也，我之精也。性乃心之主，心乃神之舍，性与神同系乎心，东三南二同成五也。精乃身之主，身者情之系，精与情同系乎身，北一西方四共之也。戊己 中土，意也。四象五行，意为之主宰，意无偶，自是一家也。修炼之士，收拾身、心、意，则自然三元五行混而为一也。丹书云："收拾身心为采药。"正谓此也。收拾身心之要，在乎虚静。虚其心，则神与性合；静其身，则精与情寂；意大定，则三元混一。此所谓三花聚，五气朝，圣胎凝。

{末} 情合性谓之金木并；精合神，谓之火水交；意大定，谓之五行全。丹书云："炼精化气，为初关，身不动也。炼气化神，为中关，心不动也。炼神化虚，为上关，意不动也。"心不动，东三南二同成五也。身不动，北一西方四共之也。意不动，戊己还从生数五也。身、心、意合，即三家相见结婴儿也。作是见者，金丹之能事毕矣，神仙之大事至是尽矣。至于丹书种种法象，种种异名，并不外乎身、心、意也。虽然犹有不能直下会意者，今立异名法象图局于后，具眼者流，试著眼看。

譬喻图

图一

图二

身、心、意，曰三家。精、气、神，曰三元。精、神、魂、魄、意，曰五气。铅、汞、银、砂、土，曰五行。三家相见，曰胎圆。三元合一，曰丹成。

大德三年，纯阳诞日，书于釜江中和庵。

14-2. Attainment of Alchemy Practice

A. Honey dew

B. White milk

C. Delicious soft egg

D. A disk of red sun arising

E. Square eyes

F. Absolute dependence

G. The subtle harmonious intercourse

H. Three transformations

I. Enlightened wisdom

J. The subtlety of transcending life limitations.

14-3. Chuang Tzu / Chapter 20: The Mountain Tree (山木——道德之乡)

Chuang Tzu was walking in the mountains, when he saw a huge tree with bulky branches and luxuriant foliage. A wood-cutter paused by its side but made no move to cut it down. When Chuang Tzu asked the reason, he replied, "There is nothing it could be used for!" Chuang Tzu said, "Because of its worthlessness, this tree is able to live out its natural term of years Heaven gave it."

Down out from the mountain, Chuang Tzu lodged in the house of an old friend. The friend, delighted, ordered his waiting-lad to kill a goose and prepare it for entertaining Chuang tzu. "One of the geese can cackle and the other cannot," said the waiting-lad, "May I ask, please, which of them shall I kill?"

"Kill the one that can not cackle," said the host.

Next day, his disciples asked Chuang Tzu, saying, "Yesterday the tree on the mountain would live out its

years because of its worthlessness. Now our host's goose got killed because of its worthlessness. Which position, Master, would you prefer to take in such a case?"

Chuang Tzu laughed and said, 'I would prefer to be in a position halfway between worth and worthlessness. That would seem to be the right position, but it would not be so, for still it would not put me beyond being involved in trouble; whereas one who takes his ride upon the Tao and Te, and goes ease drifting and wandering, shall be not exposed to such a contingency. He is above the reach both of praise and of detraction; now he mounts aloft like a dragon, now he keeps beneath like a snake; he is transforming with the changing character of the time, and is not willing to addict himself to any partiality; now high and now low, he is in harmony with all and takes it as his principle; he enjoys himself at ease with the Author of all things; he dominates things as things, and is not a thing to be dominated:-- where is his liability to be involved in trouble? This was the principle Shan Nung and Yellow Emperor held onto."

As to the circumstances of the ten thousand things and the drifting way of human world, it is not so with them in this fashion. Union brings on separation; success, overthrow; sharp corners, the use of the file; honour, critical remarks; active exertion, failure; worthiness, being schemed against; inferiority, being despised and swindled:-- how could be done to be beyond the reach of the trouble? Alas! Remember this, my disciples. Let your abode be here,-- only in the realm of Tao and Te."

14-4. Journey to the West / Chapter 2

**He becomes awakened to the wonderful truth of enlightenment under instruction by Subhuti
By eliminating Demon he returns to the Origin to be in tune with primeval Shen.**

The story goes on to tell how after being given a name the Handsome Monkey King jumped for joy and bowed to Subhuti to express his thanks. The Patriarch then ordered the others to take Sun Wukong out through the double doors and teach him how to sprinkle and sweep the floor, answer orders, and deport himself properly. All the immortals went out in obedience to this command. When Sun Wukong was outside the doors he bowed to all his fellow elder brothers and laid out his bed on the verandah. The next morning and every following day he studied language and deportment under his fellow elder brothers, expounded the scriptures, discussed the Tao, practiced calligraphy, and burnt incense. When he had any spare time he would sweep the grounds, dig the vegetable patch, grow flowers, tend trees, look for kindling, light the fire, carry water, and fetch soy. Everything he needed was provided. Thus six or seven years slipped by in the cave without his noticing them. One day the Patriarch took his seat on the dais, called all the Immortals together, and began to explain what is Tao.



Heavenly flowers fell in profusion,
While golden lotuses burst forth from the earth.
Brilliantly he expounded the doctrine of the Three Vehicles,
Setting forth ten thousand Dharmas in all their details.
As he slowly waved his whisk, jewels fell from his mouth,

Echoing like thunder and shaking the Nine Heavens.
Now preaching the Way,
Now teaching meditation,
Three parties should have met as such.
In explaining a single word he brought one back to the truth,
And pointed the way leading to be free of birth and understanding of one's innate nature.

As Monkey sat at the side listening to the exposition he was so delighted that he tugged at his ear, scratched his cheek and smiled. He could not help waving his hands and stamping. When the Patriarch noticed this he said to Monkey, "Why are you leaping around like a madman in class instead of listening to the lesson?"

"Your disciple is listening to the exposition with all his attention," Monkey replied, "but your marvelous words made me so happy that I started jumping around without realizing what I was doing. Please forgive me."

To this the Patriarch replied, "If you really understand my marvelous words, then answer this question. How long have you been in my cave?"

"Your disciple was born stupid," Monkey replied, "so I've no idea how long I've been here. All I know is that whenever the fire in the stove goes out I go to the other side of the mountain to collect firewood and there I see a hill covered with fine peach trees. I've had seven good feeds of peaches there."

"That hill is called Sudden Peach Hill. If you have eaten there seven times you must have been there seven years. What sort of Tao do you want to learn from me?"

"That depends what you teach me, master. As long as there's a whiff of Tao to it, your disciple will learn it."

"There are three hundred and sixty side-entrances to the Tao, and they all lead to their respective result," the Patriarch said. "Which branch would you like to study?"

"I will do whatever you think best, master," replied Monkey.

"What about teaching you the Magic Arts?"

"What does 'the Magic Arts' mean?"

"Magic arts," the Patriarch replied, "include summoning Immortals, using the magic sandboard, and divining by milfoil. With them one can learn how to bring on good fortune and avert disaster."

"Can you become immortal this way?" asked Monkey.

"No, certainly not," replied the Patriarch.

"No. Shan't learn it."

"Shall I teach you the Way of Sects?" the Patriarch asked.

"What are the principles of the Sects?" said Monkey.

"Within the branch of Sects, there is Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism, the study of the Negative and Positive, Mohism, medicine, reading scriptures and chanting the name of a Buddha. You can also summon Immortals and Sages with this branch."

"Can you attain immortality that way?" asked Monkey.

"To try and attain immortality that way," the Patriarch replied, "is like 'putting a pillar in the wall'."

"Master," Monkey said, "I'm a simple chap and I can't understand your technical jargon. What do you mean by 'putting a pillar in the wall'?"

"When a man builds a house and wants to make it strong he puts a pillar in the wall. But when the day comes for his mansion to collapse the pillar is bound to rot."

"From what you say, Monkey observed, "it's not eternal. No. Shan't learn it."

"Shall I teach you the Way of Silence?" the Patriarch then asked.

"What True Result can he got from Silence?" said Monkey.

"It involves abstaining from grain, preserving one's essence, silence, inaction, meditation, abstaining from speech, eating vegetarian food, performing certain exercises when asleep or standing up, going into trances, and being walled up in total isolation."

"Is this a way of becoming immortal?" Monkey asked.

"It's like building the top of a kiln with sun-dried bricks," the Patriarch replied.

"You do go on, master," said Sun Wukong.

"I've already told you that I can't understand your technical jargon. What does 'building the top of a kiln with sun-dried bricks' mean?"

"If you build the top of a kiln with sun-dried bricks they may make it look all right, but if they have not been hardened with fire and water, then they will crumble away in the first heavy rainstorm."

"There's nothing eternal about that either, then," replied Monkey. "No. Shan't learn that."

"Shall I teach you the Way of motion then?" the Patriarch asked.

"What's that like?" Monkey asked.

"It involves actions and doing, extracting the Negative and building up the Positive, drawing the bow and loading the crossbow, rubbing the navel to make the subtle humors flow, refining elixirs according to formulae, lighting fires under cauldrons, consuming 'Red lead', purifying 'Autumn Stone', and drinking women's milk."

"Can doing things like that make me live forever?" Monkey asked.

"To try and attain immortality that way is like 'lifting the moon out of water'."

"What does 'lifting the moon out of water' mean?"

"The moon is in the sky," the Patriarch replied, "and only its reflection is in the water. Although you can see it there, you will try in vain to lift it out."

"No. Shan't learn that," Monkey exclaimed.



When the Patriarch heard this he gasped and climbed down from his dais. Pointing at Sun Wukong with his cane he said, "You won't study this and you won't study that, so what do you want, you monkey?" He went up to Monkey and hit him three times on the head, then went inside with his hands behind his back and shut the main door, abandoning them all. The class was shocked, and they all blamed Sun Wukong.

"You cheeky ape, you've no idea how to behave. The master was teaching you the Tao, so why did you have to argue with him instead of learning from him? Now you've offended him we don't know when he'll come out again." They were all very angry with him and regarded him with loathing and contempt. But Sun Wukong was not bothered in the least, and his face was covered with smiles.

The Monkey King had understood the riddle, and had the answer hidden away in his mind. So he did not argue with the others but bore it all without a word. When the Patriarch hit him three times he had been telling him to pay attention at the third watch; and when he went inside with his hands behind his back and shut the main door he had told the Monkey King to go in through the back door and be taught the Tao in secret.

The delighted Sun Wukong spent the rest of that day with the others in front of the Three Stars Gave, looking at the sky and impatient for night to come. At dusk he went to bed like all the others, pretended to close his eyes, controlled his breathing, and calmed himself down. Nobody beats the watches or calls out the hour in the mountains, so he had no way of knowing the time except by regulating the breath going in and out of his nose. When he reckoned that it was about the third watch he got up very quietly, dressed, and slipped out through the front door away from the others. When he was outside he looked up and saw

The moon was bright and clear and cold,
Even the ends of the earth were free from any dust.
Deep in the woods birds slept hidden,
While the water flowed from the headstream.

Fireflies scattered their lights
And a line of geese was stretched across the clouds.
It was exactly the third watch,
The right time to ask about the Tao.

Watch the Monkey King as he follows the old path to the back door, which he found to be ajar. "The Patriarch has left the door open, so he really intends to teach me the Tao," he exclaimed in delight. He tiptoed forward, went in sideways through the door, and walked over to the Patriarch's bed, where he saw the Patriarch sleeping curled up, facing the inside of the room.

Not daring to disturb him, Sun Wukong knelt in front of the bed. Before long the Patriarch woke up, stretched out both his legs, and mumbled to himself:

"It's hard, hard, hard. The Tao is very obscure,
Don't make light of the golden elixir and regard it as something common.
To learn miraculous spells from any but the Perfect Man,
Is to tire the voice and dry the tongue in vain."

Sun Wukong said in reply, "Master, your disciple has been kneeling here for a long time."



When the Patriarch heard that it was Sun Wukong who was speaking he pulled some clothes on, sat up cross-legged, and shouted, 'It's that monkey. Why have you come into my room instead of sleeping out in front?'

"Master, you told me publicly in front of the altar yesterday that your disciple was to come in here through the back gate at the third watch as you were going to teach me the Tao. That is why made so bold as to come to pay

my respects beside my master's bed."

The Patriarch was very pleased to hear this and said to himself, "This wretch was indeed born of Heaven and Earth. Otherwise he wouldn't have been able to understand my cryptic message.

Sun Wukong said, "There is no third pair of ears in this room your disciple is the only other person here. I hope, master, that in your great mercy you will teach me the Tao of Immortality. If you do, I'll always be grateful to you.

"You are predestined," the Patriarch said, "so I shall be happy to tell you. Since you understood my cryptic message, come over here and listen carefully while I teach you the miraculous Tao of Immortality."

Sun Wukong kowtowed with gratitude and knelt before the bed, listening with all his attention. The Patriarch said:

"True spells, revealing secrets and all powerful,
Are the only sure way of protecting one's life force and innate nature.
They all come from Jing, Chi, and Shen,
Must be stored away securely, and never be divulged.
Must never be divulged, and be stored in the body.
Then the Tao I teach you will flourish of itself.
Many are the benefits of learning spells:
They give protection from evil desires and make one pure.

Make one pure with a dazzling radiance
Like a bright moon shining on a cinnabar tower,
The moon contains a Jade Rabbit, the sun a Golden Crow,
The Tortoise and the Snake are always intertwined.

Always intertwined, then life is firm,
And one can plant golden lotuses in fire.
Bring together all the Five Elements and make use of them in reverse sequence,
And when all done successfully you can become a Buddha, or an Immortal."

The Patriarch's explanation went to the root of things, and Sun Wukong's heart was filled with bliss as he committed the spells to memory. He bowed to the Patriarch to express his deep gratitude and went out of the back door to look. He saw that there was a trace of white in the east, while the golden light of the moon was shining in the west. He went to the front door by the old path, pushed it open gently, and went in. He saw down where he had been sleeping earlier, shook his bedding and said loudly. "It's dawn, it's dawn. Get up." The others were all asleep, unaware of Sun Wukong's good fortune.

At daybreak he got up and muddled through the day, while secretly keeping to what he had been told. In the afternoon and evening he regulated his breathing.

After three years had passed in this way the Patriarch once more sat on his lecturing throne and expounded the Dharma to the students. He recounted famous sayings and parables, and discussed external phenomena and external appearances. Without warning he asked, "Where is Sun Wukong?"

Sun Wukong went forward, knelt down and replied, "Your disciple is present. "

"What Tao have you cultivated since Corning here?"

"Your disciple is now fairly well conversant with the Dharma," Sun Wukong replied, "and my Source is getting gradually stronger."

"If you are conversant with the Dharma and you know about the Source," the Patriarch replied, "and if the Shen

has already flowed into you, then you must beware of the 'Three Disasters'."

Sun Wukong thought for a long time, then he said, "Patriarch, I have often heard that the Tao is lofty and its power mighty, that it is as eternal as Heaven, that it can overcome fire and water, and prevent all illnesses from arising, so how could there be 'Three Disasters'?"

To this the Patriarch replied, "This is not the ordinary Tao: it involves seizing the very creation of Heaven and



Earth, and encroaching on the hidden workings of the sun and moon. Once the elixir is made, devils and spirits cannot tolerate it. Although it will preserve the youthfulness of your face and prolong your life, in five hundred years' time Heaven will strike you with a thunderbolt. You must be clear-sighted in nature and mind, so that you can hide from it before it comes. If you succeed in avoiding it you will live as long as Heaven; and if you don't, it will kill you. Another five hundred years later Heaven will burn you with fire.

This fire will be not heavenly fire or ordinary fire but 'hidden fire'. It will burn you from the soles of your feet to the crown of your head; your five viscera will be reduced to ashes, your four limbs will be destroyed, and a thousand years of asceticism will have been so much wasted time. Yet another five hundred years later a wind will blow at you. It will not be the north, south, east, or west wind, nor will it be a warm, fragrant wind from the northwest; nor will it be the kind of wind that blows among flowers, willows, pine, and bamboo. It will be what is called a 'monster wind'. It will blow through the crown of your head down into your six entrails. It will go through the Cinnabar Field below your navel and penetrate your nine orifices. Your flesh and your bones will be destroyed and your body will disintegrate. So you must avoid all three of these disasters."

When he heard this Sun Wukong's hair stood on end, and he kowtowed with the words, "I implore you, my lord, to show pity and teach me how to avoid these three disasters. If you do I will be grateful to you for ever."

"That would be easy," the Patriarch replied, "but for the fact that you are different from other people—which means that I can't."

"I have a head that faces the sky and feet standing on earth," said Sun Wukong. "I have nine orifices and four limbs, five viscera and six entrails. How am I different from anyone else?"

"Although you are quite like other people, your cheeks are too small." Now that monkey had a funny face, with cheeks that caved inwards and a sharp chin. Sun Wukong felt it with his hand and replied with a laugh, "Master, you didn't take everything into account. Although I'm a bit short of jaw, I've got more dewlap than other people to make up for it."

"Very well then," the Patriarch said, "which would you prefer to learn: the thirty six heavenly transformations or the seventy-two earthly ones?"

"Your disciple wants to get as much out of it as he can, so I would like to learn the seventy-two earthly ones."

"If that's what you want," the Patriarch replied, "come here and I'll teach you the spells." Thereupon he whispered into Sun Wukong's ear, and who knows what miraculous spells he taught him? The Monkey King was the sort of person who understands everything once he is told a tiny part, and he learnt the spells on the spot. He practised and trained until he had mastered all seventy-two transformations.

One day the Patriarch and all his disciples were enjoying the sunset outside the Three Stars Cave. The Patriarch asked Sun Wukong, "Have you succeeded yet?"

Sun Wukong replied, "Thanks to your infinite mercy, master, your disciple's results have been perfect, and I can now rise on the clouds and fly,"

"Let me see you try a flight," the Patriarch said.



Sun Wukong used his skill to perform a series of somersaults that carried him fifty or sixty feet into the air, then walked around on the clouds for about as long as it takes to eat a meal. He covered about a mile altogether before landing in front of the Patriarch, folding his arms across his chest, and saying, "Master, that's flying and soaring in the clouds."

The Patriarch laughed. "That's not soaring on the clouds---it's just climbing up them. There is an old saying that an Immortal visits the Northern Sea in the morning and Cangwu in the evening'. But to take as long as you did just to go a mile doesn't count as climbing on the clouds."

"How can it be possible to visit the Northern Sea in the morning and Cangwu in the evening?" Sun Wukong asked.

"All cloud-soarers start off from the Northern Sea early in the morning, visit the Eastern, Western and Southern Seas, and then come back to Cangwu. Cangwu is what the Northern Sea is called in the Lingling language. When you can go beyond all four seas in a single day you can regard yourself as a cloud-soarer."

"But that must be very difficult," Sun Wukong observed.

"Where there's a will there's a way," the Patriarch replied. "Nothing by halves, master," replied Sun Wukong with bows and kowtows, "I beg of you in your great mercy to teach me the art of cloud-soaring. I promise that I will always be grateful."

"Immortals take off with a stamp of their feet," said the Patriarch, "but you do it differently---just now I saw you pull yourself up. As that is the way you do it, I'll show you how to do it your own way and teach you the somersault cloud'."

Sun Wukong bowed again, imploring him to do so, and the Patriarch taught him the spell.

"For this kind of cloud," the Patriarch said, "you make the magic by clasping your hands in the special way, recite the words of the spell, clench your fist, shake yourself, and lump. With one somersault you can go sixty thousand

miles."

When the others heard this they all exclaimed with a laugh. "Lucky old Sun Wukong. With magic like this he could be a messenger delivering official letters and reports, and he'd never go short of a meal."

When it was dark the Patriarch and his pupils returned to the cave. That night Sun Wukong moved his congenital mind-will, practised the technique, and mastered the cloud somersault. From then on he was free from all restraint and he enjoyed the delights of immortality, drifting around as he pleased.

On a day when spring was giving way to summer, and all the students had been sitting under some pine trees listening to lectures for a long time, they said, "Sun Wukong, in what life did you earn your present destiny? The other day our teacher whispered to you how to do the transformations to avoid the Three Disasters. Can you do them all yet?"

"It's true, brothers," said Sun Wukong with a grin, "I can do them all. In the first place, it's because our master taught me; and in the second place, it's because I practised them hard day and night."

"This would be a good time for you to give us a demonstration." At this suggestion Sun Wukong braced his spirit to show off his skill.

"What's it to be, brothers? Tell me what you'd like me to turn myself into." "Turn into a pine tree," they all said. Sun Wukong clenched his fist, said the magic words, shook himself, and changed into a pine tree. It was truly

Green and misty throughout the four seasons,
Raising its upright beauty to the clouds.
Not in the least like a demon monkey,
Every inch a tree that withstands frost and snow.

When the students saw it they clapped their hands and chuckled aloud, saying, "Good old monkey, good old monkey." They did not realize that the row they were making had disturbed the Patriarch, who rushed out through the door, dragging his stick behind him.

"Who's making a row out here?" he asked. The students hurriedly pulled themselves together, straightened their clothes and went over to him.



Sun Wukong, who had now resumed his real appearance, said from the forest, "Master, we were holding a discussion here, and there were no outsiders making a din."

"Yelling and shouting like that," the Patriarch angrily roared, "is no way for those cultivating their conduct to behave. If you are cultivating your conduct, the subtle Chi escape when you open your mouth, and when you wag your tongue, trouble starts. What was all the laughing and shouting about"

"Just now Sun Wukong did a transformation for fun. We told him to turn himself into a pine tree, and he did. We all praised and applauded him, which was why we disturbed you with the noise, master. We beg you to forgive us."

The Patriarch sent them all away except for Sun Wukong, to whom he said, "Come here. Is that a way to use your spirit? To change into a pine tree? Is this a skill you should be showing off in front of people? If you saw somebody else doing that, wouldn't you ask him to teach you? If other people see you doing it, they're bound to ask you to teach them, and if you want to keep out of trouble you'll have to do so; otherwise they may do you harm, and then your life will be in danger."

Sun Wukong kowtowed and said, "Please forgive me, master."

"I shan't punish you," the Patriarch replied, "but you'll have to go."

Sun Wukong's eyes filled with tears.

"Master, where am I to go?"

"Go back to where you came from." Sun Wukong had a sudden awakening, and he said, "I came from the Water Curtain Cave on the Mountain of Flowers and Fruit in the country of Aolai in the Eastern Continent of Superior Bod."

"If you hurry back there," the Patriarch replied, "you will be able to preserve your life. If you stay here it will be absolutely impossible to do so." Sun Wukong accepted his punishment.

"Yes, master," he said. "I've been away from home for twenty years and I do miss the old days and my children and grandchildren. But when I remember that I have not yet repaid your enormous generosity to me, I can't bring myself to go."

"What sort of kindness would you be doing me if you stayed? I'll be happy enough if you keep me out of any disasters you cause."

Seeing that there was nothing else for it, Sun Wukong bowed and took leave of him, saying good-bye to all the other students.

"Now that you're going," the Patriarch said, "I'm sure that your life will not be a good one. Whatever disasters you cause and crimes you commit, I forbid you under any circumstances to call yourself my disciple. If you so much as hint at it I'll know at once, and I'll tear off your monkey skin, chop up your bones, and banish your soul to the Ninth Darkness. I won't let you out for ten thousand acons."

"I promise never to give away a single letter of your name," said Sun Wukong. "I'll just say that I taught myself."

Sun Wukong took his leave and went away. Making the spell by clasping his fist he jumped head over heels, summoned

a somersault cloud, and went back to the Eastern Continent. Within two hours he saw the Water Curtain Cave on the Mountain of Flowers and Fruit. The Handsome Monkey King was so pleased that he said to himself:

"When I left here my mortal flesh and bones were heavy,
But now I have the Tao my body's light.

No one in the world has real determination,

To the firm will, the hidden becomes clear.

When I last crossed the seas the waves got in my way,

But now on my return the journey's easy.

The parting words still echo in my ears;

When will I see The Eastern Ocean again?"



Sun Wukong put away his cloud and headed straight to the Mountain of Flowers and Fruit. As he followed the path there he heard the call of the cranes and the cries of the apes. The crane calls echoed beyond the Milky Way, and the ape cries were pathetically sad.

Sun Wukong shouted, "Children, I'm back."

Big monkeys and little monkeys came bounding in their thousands and tens of thousands from caves in the cliffs, from the grass and flowers, and down from the trees. They all crowded round the Handsome Monkey King, kowtowed and said, "Your Majesty, you're a cool one. How could you stay away for so long, abandoning us all here? We've been desperate for you to come back. A demon has been mistreating us terribly. He's occupied our Water Curtain Cave, and we've been fighting for our lives with him. Recently he's been stealing our things and carrying off many of our youngsters. We've had to stay awake all night to guard our families. Thank goodness you've come back! Another year without you, Your Majesty, and every one of us would be under his control, cave and all."

Sun Wukong was furious, "Who is this demon? What an outrage! Tell me everything about him, and then I'll go and give him what's coming to him."

The monkey host kowtowed again and said, "Your Majesty, the wretch calls himself the Demon King of Confusion. He lives North of here."

"How far away is his lair?" Sun Wukong asked.

"He comes and goes in cloud and mist with wind and rain, or thunder and lightning, so we don't know how far it is."

"If that's how it is," Sun Wukong replied, "then don't worry. Just keep yourselves amused while I go and find him."

The splendid Monkey King jumped up into the air, and as he somersaulted towards the North he saw a high and precipitous mountain. It was a fine sight:

Perpendicular peaks jutting straight up,
Deep-sunk winding streams.
The perpendicular peaks jutting straight up pierced the sky;
The deep-sunk winding streams led to the underworld.
On pairs of cliffs the plants compete in strangeness;
Elsewhere pine vies in greenness with bamboo.
To the left are docile dragons,
To the right are tame tigers.
Iron oxen ploughing are a common sight,

Golden coins are always sown as seeds.
Hidden birds sing beautifully,
Red phoenixes stand in the sun.
Racing over stones, the clear waves
Twist and bend in a vicious torrent.
Many are the famous mountains in the world,
And many the flowers that bloom and wither on them.
But this scenery is eternal,
Unchanging through the four seasons.
It is truly the very source Kan mountain within the Three Realms,
The Cave in the Belly of the Water that nourishes the Five Elements.

As the Handsome Monkey King stood gazing in silence at this view, he heard voices. When he went down the mountainside to look he found the Cave in the Belly of the Water facing the cliff. Several minor demons were dancing around in front of the cave doors, and they ran away as soon as they saw Sun Wukong.

"Wait a moment," Sun Wukong said. "I want you to take a message for me. I am the King of the Water Curtain Cave in the Mountain of Flowers and Fruit that lies due South of here. I've come to find that Demon of Confusion of yours, or whatever he's called, the one who's been mistreating my children and grandchildren, and have it out with him."

The minor demons scuttled into the cave and reported, "A disaster, Your Majesty."

"What do you mean, disaster?" the demon king asked.

"There's a monkey outside the cave," the minor demons reported, "who says that he's the King of the Water Curtain Cave on the Mountain of Flowers and Fruit. He says that you have been bullying his children and grandchildren, and that he's come specially to find you to have it out with you." The demon king laughed.

"Those monkey devils are always going on about a king of theirs who renounced the world to do cultivation; I suppose it must be him who's here now. Did you see how he was dressed or what weapons he was carrying?"

"He hasn't got any weapons. He's bareheaded, and he's wearing a red gown belted with a yellow silk sash, and a pair of black boots. He isn't dressed like a monk, or a layman, or an Immortal. He's bare-handed and empty-fisted, and he's standing outside the doors yelling."

"Bring me my armour and weapons," said the demon king when he heard this. The minor demons produced them at once, and when he had donned his armour he went out of the door with all the demons, his sword in his hand.

"Who is the King of the Water Curtain Cave?" he roared. Sun Wukong took a quick look at him and saw that

On his head he wore a dark golden helmet,
Glistening in the sun.
On his body he wore a black silk gown,
Flapping in the breeze.
Below that he wore black metal armour,
Girt with a leather belt.
On his feet he wore patterned boots,
As splendid as a field-marshal's.
His waist was ten feet round,
And his height was thirty cubits.
In his hand he held a sword,
With gleaming point and edge.
He called himself the Demon King of Confusion
And his appearance was truly dazzling.

"You insolent demon," shouted the Monkey King. "Your eyes may be big but you can't see who I am."

The demon king laughed at him. "You don't even stand four feet from the ground, you're still in your twenties, and you've got no weapon in your hand. What sort of mad courage makes you challenge me to a fight?"



"You insolent demon," retorted Sun Wukong, "how blind you are. You may think I'm small, but I can grow easily enough. You may think I'm unarmed, but I could pull the moon down from the sky with my two hands. Don't worry, old Sun Wukong will sock you one." Sun Wukong gave a jump and leapt into the air, taking a swing at his face.

The demon king put out his hand to stop him and said, "Look how big I am, you dwarf. If you use your fists, I'll use my sword. But I'd only make myself look ridiculous if I killed you with a sword. Wait till I've put my sword down and then I'll give you a display of boxing."

"Well said," exclaimed Sun Wukong, "spoken like a man. Come on then to throw a punch, and Sun Wukong rushed in towards him, punching and kicking. When he spread out his hand it was enormous, and when he clenched his fist it was very hard. Sun Wukong hit the demon king in the ribs, kicked his backside, and smashed several of his joints. The demon king seized his steel sword that was as big as a plank, and swung it at Sun Wukong's skull. Sun Wukong dodged the blow, and the sword only split air. Seeing how ugly the demon king had turned, Sun Wukong used his magic art of getting extra bodies. He pulled out one of his hairs, popped it in his mouth, chewed it up, and blew it out into the air, shouting, "Change!" It turned into two or three hundred little monkeys, who all crowded round him.

Sun Wukong now had an immortal body, and there was no magic transformation of which he was not capable. Since he had followed the Way he could change each of the eighty-four thousand hairs on his body into anything he wanted. The little monkeys were too quick and nimble for sword or spear.

Look at them, leaping forwards and jumping backwards, rushing up and surrounding the demon king, grabbing him, seizing him, poking him in the backside, pulling at his feet, punching him, kicking him, tearing his hair out, scratching at his eyes, twisting his nose, all picking him up together and throwing him to the ground. They went on until they had beaten him to a pulp. Sun Wukong snatched his sword from him, told the little monkeys to get out of the way, and brought it down on the crown of his head, splitting it into two.

Then he led his forces charging into the cave, where they exterminated all the demons, big and small. He shook his hair and put it back on his body. The monkeys who did not go back on his body were the little monkeys the demon king had carried off from the Water Curtain Cave. Sun Wukong asked them how they had got there.

There were thirty or forty of them, and they replied with tears in their eyes, "It was after Your Majesty went off to become an Immortal. He has been fighting with us for the last two years. He brought us all here by force. All the things here—the stone bowls and plates—were stolen from our cave by that beast."

"If it's our stuff, take it all out," said Sun Wukong. He then set fire to the Cave in the Belly of the Water and burnt it to a cinder.

"Come back with me," he ordered the monkeys.

"Your Majesty," they replied, "when we came here all we could hear was the wind howling in our ears as it blew us here, so we don't know the way. How are we ever going to get back?"



"There's nothing at all to that spell he used," said Sun Wukong. "I can do it too, as now I only have to know the smallest bit about something to understand it completely. Shut your eyes and don't worry."

ground.

Splendid Monkey King. He recited a spell, took them riding on a hurricane, then brought the cloud down to the

"Open your eyes and look, children," he shouted. As soon as the monkeys' feet touched the ground they recognized their home. In their delight they all ran along the familiar path to the cave, and the monkeys who had stayed in the cave all crowded in as well. They divided themselves into age-groups and bowed in homage to the Monkey King. Wine and food was laid out to celebrate, and they asked him how he had defeated the demon king and saved their children. When Sun Wukong had told them the whole story the monkeys were full of admiration.

"Where did you learn such arts, Your Majesty?" they asked insistently.

"When I left you, "Sun Wukong replied, "I followed the waves and the currents, and drifted across the Eastern Ocean to the Southern Jambu Continent. Here I taught myself to take human form and to wear these clothes and boots. I swaggered around for eight or nine years, but I never found the Way, so I sailed across the Western Ocean to the Western Continent of Cattle-gift. After long enquiries I was lucky enough to meet a venerable Immortal, who taught me the True Result, which makes me as immortal as heaven, and the great Dharma Gate to eternal youth." The monkeys all congratulated him and exclaimed that his like could not be found in a billion years.

Sun Wukong laughed and said, "Children, we should congratulate ourselves on having a surname."

"What is Your Majesty's surname?" the monkey masses asked.

"My surname is now Sun, and my Buddhist name is Wukong."

The monkeys all clapped their hands with joy and said, "Your Majesty is Old Sun, and we are Second Sun, Third Sun, Thin Sun, Little Sun—a family of Suns, a nation of Suns, a den of Suns." They all offered Old Sun their respects, with big plates and small bowls of coconut toddy, grape wine, magic flowers, and magic fruit. The whole household was happy. My word!

By enforcing the surname run-through the body returns to the origin,
They are waiting to be transferred to the Register of Immortals.

If you don't know how this ended and want to know about the rest of their lives there, then listen to the explanation in the next installment.

14-5. Journey to the West / Chapter 98 (西游记)

When the Ape and the Horse Are Tamed They Cast Off Their Husks

When All the Deeds Have Been Done True Thusness Is Attained

All material existence, of so diverse kinds, is really without existence whatever;
Voidness, voidness and voidness, are really free of any voidness whatever.
Stillness and clamor, speech and silence, all are the same in terms of their noumenal characteristic,
Why bother to dream-talk in one's dreams?
To do without the usefulness when in the use of usefulness,
To make an effort when in no effort to be made.

When the fruit is ripe it reddens of itself;
Do not ask how to cultivate and plant it.

The story told how after coming back to life Mr. Kou once more arranged for parasols, banners, drummers, musicians, Buddhist monks, Taoist priests, his friends and his relations to see Sanzang off again. But instead of describing this we will tell of the Tang Priest and his three disciples taking the main road. The West was indeed a land of the Buddha, unlike anywhere else. They saw precious flowers, rare grasses, ancient cypresses and hoary pines. In all the places they passed through every family was pious and fed monks. Under every mountain people cultivated their conduct; in all the forests travelers recited sutras Master and disciples took shelter each night and set out at dawn, till six or seven days later a mass of high buildings and splendid halls suddenly came into view. Truly they were:

Thrusting a hundred feet into the heavens,
Touching the Milky Way in the sky.
Lower your head and see the setting sun;
Put out your hand and pluck a shooting star.
The spacious windows enclose the cosmos;
The towering roofbeams join up with the clouds.
Yellow cranes bring letters as the autumn trees grow old;
Coloured phoenix epistles come in the fresh evening breeze.
These are sacred and precious palaces and gates,
Jeweled, intricate buildings and courtyards.
In the holy halls the Tao is discussed;
Sutras are transmitted throughout the universe.
The flowers are beautiful as they turn towards the spring;
Green are the pine trees following the rain.
Purple fungus and immortals' fruits flourish year by year;
All sentience remains in tune in subtleties as red phoenixes about to soar.

Sanzang raised his whip and pointed with it as he said, "What a fine place, Wukong."



"Master," said Monkey, "when you were in those delusive places where you saw false images of Buddhas you insisted on prostrating yourself in front of them. But today, when you've reached the real place where there is the true image of the Buddha, you won't even dismount. What do you mean by it?" No sooner did he hear this than Sanzang sprang straight out of the saddle and went to the gateway.

A young lay brother who stood to one side of the monastery gateway called out, "You must be the people from the East who have come to fetch the scriptures." The venerable elder quickly straightened his clothes and raised his head to look around. He saw that the boy was