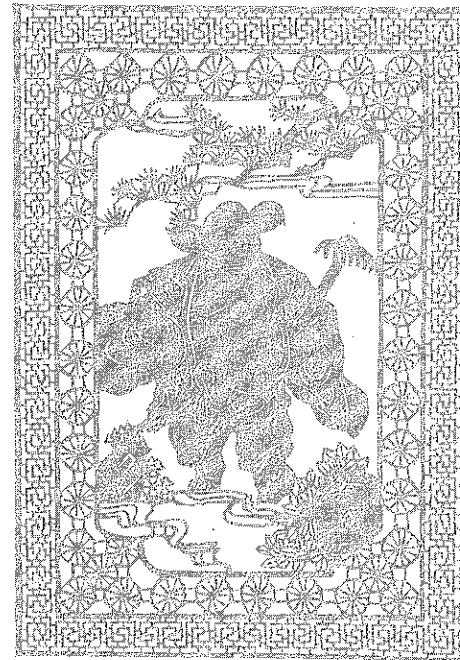


THE JOURNEY TO THE WEST

VOLUME THREE

Translated and Edited by Anthony C. Yu

Title:
Princess Iron Fan



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Tripitaka T'ang's path is blocked at the Mountain of Flames;
Pilgrim Sun seeks for the first time the palm-leaf fan.

Of the same source are many natures and kinds.
Boundless, the sea-space.
In sum, ten thousand thoughts and cares are vain;
Each form, each kind—they're all united.
One day when work and merit are done,
The perfect dharma-nature's exalted.
Don't err and let it¹ slip away to east or west;
Tighten your hold;
Take it and place within th'elixir oven
To refine until it's red as the sun,
Bright, glowing, and brilliant:

You may then ride the dragon where'er you please.
We were telling you about Tripitaka, who obeyed the instruction of the Bodhisattva and took back Pilgrim. Along with Pa-chieh and Sha Monk, he cut asunder the two Minds and tightly shackled the ape and the horse. United in mind and effort, they pressed on toward the Western Heaven. We cannot begin to describe how time flies like an arrow, how the seasons pass like the weaver's shuttle. After the torrid summer, the frosty scenery of late autumn again appeared. You see

Thin broken clouds in a brisk west wind;
Distant cranes cry, woods frosted like brocade.
This melancholy scene
Of endless hills and streams.
The geese to north borders fly;
To south lanes black birds return.
Lonely's the wayfarer's road;
Quickly the monk's robe turns cold.

As, however, master and disciples, the four of them, proceeded, they gradually felt a stifling heat. Reining in his horse, Tripitaka said, "It's now autumn. How is it that the heat is so intense?" "You may not

know of this," said Pa-chieh, "but there is, on the journey to the West, a Sūrya Kingdom.² It is the place where the sun sets, and that's why its popular name is 'The End of Heaven.' During the time of late afternoon each day, the king will send people up to the battlements to beat the drums and blow the bugles, in order to dilute and weaken the sound of the sea boiling. For the sun, you see, is the true fire of grand yang, and when it drops into the Western Sea, it's like flames plunging into water and creating a deafening sizzle. If there were no drums or bugles to lessen the impact, the children in the city would all be killed. With this stifling heat here, this place must be where the sun sets."

When the Great Sage heard this, he could not hold back his laughter, saying, "Idiot, don't talk nonsense. If it's the Sūrya Kingdom you're thinking of, it's much too early. When you consider the sort of delays the Master has had to face night and day, it may take him several life times—from youth to old age and back again—and even then he may not get there." "Elder Brother," said Pa-chieh, "if you say that this is not the place where the sun sets, then why is it so hot?" "There must be something wrong with the climate," said Sha Monk, "so that you have summer weather in autumn." As the three of them debated like that, they came upon several buildings by the road, all having red tiles on the roof, red bricks on the wall, red painted doors, and red lacquered-wood benches. Everything, in fact, was red. As Tripitaka dismounted he said, "Wu-k'ung, go and ask in that house and see if you can uncover the reason for the heat."

Putting away his golden-hooped rod, the Great Sage straightened out his clothes and affected a civil manner as he left the main road to walk up to the house. Just then an old man emerged from the main door,

Who wore a not quite yellow
And not quite red robe of grass cloth;
His head had on a not quite blue
And not quite black hat of bamboo-splint;
His hands held a not quite crooked
And not quite straight staff of knotted bamboo;
His feet trod on a pair of not quite new
And not quite old calf-length leather boots.
His face was like red bronze;
His beard seemed like white chains.

Two aged eyebrows topped his lustrous eyes;

One grinning mouth revealed some teeth of gold.

When he caught sight of Pilgrim all of a sudden, the old man was somewhat startled. Leaning on his bamboo staff, he shouted, "What sort of a weird creature are you, and where are you from? What are you doing here before my door?" Bowing deeply, Pilgrim said, "Old Patron, please don't be afraid of me. I'm no weird creature. This poor monk has been sent by imperial commission of the Great T'ang in the Land of the East to go seek scriptures in the West. There are altogether four of us, master and disciples. We have just arrived in your noble region, and when we feel how hot the weather is, we want very much to know what the reason is for it and what is the name of the land here. I have come especially to seek your instruction." Greatly relieved, the old man smiled and said, "Elder, please don't be offended. This old man was somewhat dim-sighted just now, and I couldn't quite recognize you." "Not at all," replied Pilgrim. Then the old man asked him again, "Where is your master?" "Over there," said Pilgrim, "the one standing on the main road south of us." "Please ask him to come! Please ask him to come here!" said the old man. Delighted, Pilgrim waved at Tripitaka, who immediately approached with Pa-chieh and Sha Monk, leading the white horse and poling the luggage. They all bowed to the old man.

When the old man saw how distinguished Tripitaka appeared and how strange Pa-chieh and Sha Monk looked, he was both startled and delighted. He had no choice, however, but to invite them inside to be seated before he asked his houseboys to serve tea and to prepare a meal. When Tripitaka heard him, he rose to thank him, saying, "May I ask the *Kung-kung*³ why it is that such intense heat returns to the autumn of your noble region?" "Our humble region," replied the old man, "is named the Mountain of Flames. There's neither spring nor autumn here; all four seasons are hot." "Where is this mountain?" asked Tripitaka. "Is it on the way to the West?" "You can't go to the West," replied the old man, "for that mountain, about sixty miles from here, sits squarely on the main road. It's covered with flames for over eight hundred miles, and all around not even a single blade of grass can grow. If you walk on this mountain, you will turn to liquid even if you have a bronze skull and an iron body." Paling with horror, Tripitaka dared not ask another question.

Just then, a young man passed by the front door, pushing a red

cart and calling, "Rice-puddings!" Pulling off one piece of hair which he changed into a copper penny, the Great Sage went out to the young man to buy his puddings. After taking the money, and without dickering over the price, the man at once untied the wrap on his cart and took out a piece of steaming hot rice-pudding to hand over to Pilgrim. When it touched the palm of his hands, Pilgrim felt as if he had received a piece of lit charcoal or glowing nail taken from the blacksmith's stove. Look at him! He switched the pudding from the left hand to the right hand and back again to the left, and all he could say was "Hot! Hot! Hot! I can't eat this!" "If you're afraid of heat," said the man, chuckling, "don't come here. It's this hot around this place." "Look, fella," said Pilgrim, "you're not quite reasonable. The proverb says,

Without heat or cold,

Five grains will not grow.

But the heat of this place is intense! Where do you get your flour for the pudding?" The man said,

If you rice-pudding flour desire,

Immortal Iron-Fan inquire.

"What has Immortal Iron-Fan got to do with it?" asked Pilgrim. The man said, "That Immortal Iron-Fan happens to have a palm-leaf fan. If he lets you have it, one wave of the fan will extinguish the fire; the second will produce a breeze, and the third will start the rain. Only then can we sow and reap in due seasons, and that is how we produce the five grains. Without the immortal and the fan, not a blade of grass will grow in this region."

On hearing this, Pilgrim dashed inside and handed the piece of rice-pudding to Tripitaka, saying, "Relax, Master! Don't get anxious before you have to. Eat the pudding first, and I'll tell you something." Holding the pudding in his hand, the elder said to the old man of the house, "*Kung-kung*, please take some pudding." "I haven't even served you tea or rice," answered the old man. "Would I dare eat your pudding?" Smiling, Pilgrim said, "Dear Sir, you need not bestow on us any tea or rice. But let me ask you instead, where does the Immortal Iron-Fan live?" "Why do you ask?" said the old man.

Pilgrim said, "Just now the pudding peddler said that this immortal has in his possession a palm-leaf fan. If he lets us have it, one wave of the fan will extinguish the fire, the second will bring on a breeze, and the third will start the rain. Then the people of your region can

sow and reap the five grains for your livelihood. I would like to find him and ask for the fan to extinguish the Mountain of Flames. We'll be able to pass then, and you people may also find a more stable existence by being able to plant and harvest according to the seasons."

"Yes," replied the old man, "what the peddler said was correct. But you people don't have any gifts, and I fear that the sage will be unwilling to come here." "What sort of gifts does he want?" asked Tripitaka, and the old man said, "The families of the region will seek an audience with the immortal once every ten years, with four hogs and four sheep, cash wrapped in red envelopes, rare flowers and fine fruits in season, chickens, geese, and mellow wine. After cleansing themselves in ritual baths, they will go up in all sincerity to his immortal mountain to beg him to come here to exercise his power."

"Where is that mountain located," asked Pilgrim, "and what's its name? How many miles away? I'll go ask him for the fan." "The mountain," replied the old man, "is southwest of here, and it bears the name of Jade Cloud Mountain. In the mountain there is a cave by the name of the Palm-Leaf Cave. When the believers from our region go to worship on that mountain, the round trip takes approximately a month, for the distance is slightly over one thousand four hundred and fifty miles." "That doesn't matter," said Pilgrim with a laugh, "I'll be back in no time." "Wait a moment," said the old man, "take some food first, and let us prepare you some dried goods. You will need two other companions, for there's no human habitation on that road, but there are plenty of tigers and wolves. You can't reach there in one day. It's not fun, you know." "No, no! I don't need any of that," said Pilgrim, laughing. "I'm going now!" Hardly had he finished speaking when he immediately disappeared. "Oh, Sire!" said the old man, greatly alarmed. "So you are a divine man who can soar on cloud and fog!"

We'll not continue to tell you how that family doubled its effort to be hospitable to the T'ang monk. We tell you instead about our Pilgrim, who arrived at the Jade Cloud Mountain instantly. He stopped his auspicious luminosity, and as he searched for the entrance of the cave, he heard the sound of a woodcutter chopping in the forest. When Pilgrim drew near, he heard the man chanting:

By yonder clouds my dear, old forest I'll know,
Though wild grass, rough boulders hide the path below.

When morning rain I see in western hills,

The south brook, as I return, will overflow.

Pilgrim went forward to salute him, saying, "Brother Woodsman, please accept my bow." The woodcutter dropped his ax to return the greeting, saying, "Where are you going, Elder?" "May I inquire," said Pilgrim, "whether this is the Jade Cloud Mountain?" The woodcutter replied, "It is." "There is, I understand, a Palm-Leaf Cave which belongs to the Immortal Iron-Fan," said Pilgrim. "Where is it?"

Smiling, the woodcutter said, "We have a Palm-Leaf Cave, all right, but there is no Immortal Iron-Fan. There is only a Princess Iron-Fan, who also bears the name of Rākṣasī."⁴ "People claim that this immortal has a palm-leaf fan," said Pilgrim, "which can extinguish the Mountain of Flames. Is she the one?" "Exactly, exactly!" replied the woodcutter. "Because the sage has in her possession this treasure which can extinguish the fire and protect the families of other regions, she is commonly called the Immortal Iron-Fan. But the families of *our* region have no use for her; we only know her as Rākṣasī, who also happens to be the wife of the Mighty Bull Demon King."

When Pilgrim heard these words, he was so startled that he paled visibly. He thought to himself: "I'm up against another fated enemy! In a previous year, we brought to submission that Red Boy,⁵ who was said to have been reared by this woman. When I ran into his uncle at the Child Destruction Cave of the Male-Undoing Mountain,⁶ he already was filled with desire for vengeance and absolutely refused to give me the needed water. Now it is his parents that I have to face! How could I possibly succeed in borrowing the fan?"

When the woodcutter saw that Pilgrim had become lost in his deliberations, sighing to himself repeatedly, he said with a smile, "Elder, you're someone who has left the family, and you should have no anxious thoughts. Just follow this path eastward and you'll find the Palm-Leaf Cave in less than five miles. Don't worry." "To tell you the truth, Brother Woodsman," said Pilgrim, "I'm the eldest disciple of the T'ang monk, a scripture pilgrim sent by the T'ang court in the Land of the East to go to the Western Heaven. Some years back I had a small feud with Red Boy, the son of Rākṣasī, at the Fiery Cloud Cave. I feared that her hostility might cause her to refuse me the fan, and that was the reason for my anxiety." "A man," replied the wood-

cutter, "must determine another's appearance by examining his color. You should go now with the sole purpose of borrowing the fan and not be bothered by any old grudge. I'm sure you'll succeed." On hearing this, Pilgrim bowed deeply and said, "I thank Brother Woodsman for this instruction. I'll go."

He thus took leave of the woodcutter and went up to the entrance of the Palm-Leaf Cave, where he found both of its doors tightly shut but lovely scenery outside. Marvelous place! Truly

This mountain uses rocks for bones,
And rocks form the essence of earth.
The mist keeps moisture overnight;
Lichen and moss then add fresh green.
The rugged shape soars to top Isle P'êng,
Its secluded blooms as fragrant as Ying-chou's.
Beneath a few knotty pines the wild cranes rest;
On some sad willows the orioles speak.
It's indeed an ancient spot of a thousand years,
An immortal site of ten thousand years.
The phoenix sings in the green *wu*-trees;
And living streams hide old dragons.
The path winds as beans and vines dangle;
The stone steps ascend with the creepers.
Apes of the peak wail, saddened by the moon rising;
Birds sing on tall trees, gladdened by the bright sky.
Two forests of bamboo, their shade cool as rain;
One path of dense flowers, thick little brocade.
From distant hills will white clouds often show;
Formless, they drift where gentle breezes blow.

Walking forward, Pilgrim cried out: "Big Brother Bull, open the door! Open the door!" With a creak, the doors opened and out walked a young girl who had in her hands a flower basket and on her shoulder a little rake. Truly

She had no adornment but only rags on herself;
Her spirit was full, for she had the mind of Tao.

Pilgrim approached her with palms pressed together and said, "Little girl, please take the trouble of announcing me to your princess. I'm actually a monk journeying to acquire scriptures. It's hard for me to cross the Mountain of Flames on this road to the West, and I've come

especially to borrow your palm-leaf fan." The little girl said, "To which monastery are you attached and what is your name? Tell me and I'll announce you." "I'm a priest from the Land of the East," replied Pilgrim, "and my name is Sun Wu-k'ung."

The young girl turned around and went inside to kneel before Rākṣasī, saying, "Madam, there is a priest outside our cave by the name of Sun Wu-k'ung, who has come from the Land of the East. He wants to see you and ask to borrow the palm-leaf fan, so that he may cross the Mountain of Flames." When that Rākṣasī heard Sun Wu-k'ung, those three words, it was as if salt was added to a fire and oil was poured on flames.

Billowlike, redness swelled in her cheeks;

Savagely anger flared in her heart.

"This wretched ape!" she cried. "So, he's here today! Maids, bring out my armor and my weapons." She put on her armor at once, and holding two treasure swords of blue blade, she walked out of the cave. Pilgrim stepped aside to steal a glance at her and saw that she had on

Her head a flower-patterned scarf;

She wore a brocade priestly robe.

A belt of double tiger tendons bound her waist,

Her silk skirt slightly hitched up.

Phoenix-bill shoes, just three inches;

And trousers with knee-fringes of gold.

Her hands held treasure swords, she yelled angrily—

More fierce she seemed than the moon goddess.

As she walked out of the door, Rākṣasī shouted, "Where's Sun Wu-k'ung?" Pilgrim went forward to meet her, bowing, and said, "Sister-in-law, old Monkey's here to greet you." "Who's your sister-in-law?" hissed Rākṣasī, "and who wants your greeting?"

"The Bull Demon King of your household," replied Pilgrim, "and old Monkey once formed a fraternal alliance; there were, in fact, seven of us bond-brothers.⁷ I understand that you, princess, are the consort proper of Big Brother Bull. Would I dare not address you as sister-in-law?" "Wretched ape!" said Rākṣasī. "If you have any regard for fraternal relations, then why did you ensnare my son?" Pretending not to know, Pilgrim asked: "Who's your son?" "He's the Red Boy," answered Rākṣasī, "The Great King Holy Child of the Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Stream at the Roaring Mountain, who

was brought down by you. I was just wondering where I could go to find you for vengeance, and you delivered yourself at the door. You think I would spare you?"

Smiling as broadly as he could to try to placate her, Pilgrim said, "Sister-in-law, you haven't quite probed to the depth of the matter, and you've wrongly blamed old Monkey. Your boy took my master captive and even wanted to steam or boil him. It was fortunate that the Bodhisattva Kuan-yin subdued him and rescued my master. Now he has become the Boy of Goodly Wealth at the Bodhisattva's place; having received from her the right fruit, he now undergoes neither birth nor death and he experiences neither filth nor cleanliness. He shares the same age as Heaven and Earth, the same longevity as the sun and the moon. Instead of thanking old Monkey for the kindness of preserving your son's life, you blame me. Is that fair?"

"You smart-mouthed ape!" said Rākṣaṣī. "Though my son was not killed, how could I ever get him back so that I could see him again?" Smiling, Pilgrim said, "If you want to see your boy, that's easy. Lend me your fan so that I can extinguish the fire. After I accompany my master across the mountain, I'll go at once to the Bodhisattva of South Sea and bring him back for you to see, and I'll return your fan at the same time. Is there anything wrong with that? At that time, you can examine him thoroughly to see if there's any harm done to him. If there is, then you can rightfully blame me. But if you find him even more handsome than ever, then you should thank me indeed."

"Monkey devil!" cried Rākṣaṣī. "Stop wagging your tongue. Stretch out your head and let me hack you a few times with my sword. If you can endure the pain, I'll lend you the fan. If you can't, I'll send you to see King Yama right away." Folding his hands before him, Pilgrim walked forward and said, laughing, "Sister-in-law, no need for further talk. Old Monkey will stretch out his bald head right now and you may hack me as many times as you please. You may stop when your strength runs out. But you must lend me your fan then."

Without permitting further discussion, Rākṣaṣī raised her hands and chopped at Pilgrim's head some ten or fifteen times. Our Pilgrim thought that it was all a game. Growing fearful, Rākṣaṣī turned around and wanted to flee. "Sister-in-law," said Pilgrim, "where are you going? Lend it to me quickly." "My treasure," said Rākṣaṣī, "is

not to be lent lightly." "In that case," said Pilgrim, "have a taste of your brother-in-law's rod!"

Dear Monkey King! With one hand he caught hold of her, and with the other he took out from his ear the rod, which with one shake grew to the thickness of a bowl. That Rākṣaṣī, however, managed somehow to struggle free and turned to meet him with upraised swords. Pilgrim, of course, followed up at once and struck her with the rod. Before the Jade Cloud Mountain, the two of them discarded any fraternal sentiments; they were driven only by animosity. It was some battle!

The lady's a fiend deft in magic arts,
Who hates the monkey because of her son.

Though Pilgrim's anger has been aroused,
He still, for his master's sake, defers to her,

Saying at first he wants the palm-leaf fan
And not using his might on the gentle one.

Rākṣaṣī, foolishly, slashes with her sword,
But Monkey King wants to claim relation first.

(How could a woman battle with a man?
A man, after all, will a woman overtake.)

How fierce is this one's golden-hooped iron rod!
How thick and fast are that one's blue and frosty blades!

A blow on the face—
A slash on the head—

They bitterly fight and refuse to quit.
Left and right they parry with martial skill;

Back and front they cover most craftily.
They in their fighting are so wholly rapt

That they hardly notice the sun has set.
Swiftly Rākṣaṣī takes out her true fan

And one wave brings the gods and ghosts distress.
Rākṣaṣī fought with Pilgrim until dark; when she saw how heavy

the rod of Pilgrim was and what great skills he had as a fighter, she knew that she could not prevail against him. She took out her palm-leaf fan and fanned Pilgrim once: a strong gust of cold wind at once blew him completely out of sight while she returned to her cave in triumph.

Drifting and soaring in the air, our Great Sage could not stop at all: he sank to the left but he was unable to touch ground; he dropped to

How could he return so soon? This time, I'm going to fan him three or four times so that he won't be able to come back at all." She got up quickly, and after putting on her armor properly, she picked up both of her swords and walked out of the door, saying, "Pilgrim Sun, aren't you afraid of me? Are you here seeking death once more?" "Don't be so stingy, Sister-in-law," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "please lend me your fan. I'm a gentleman with an excess of honesty, not a small man who doesn't return what he borrows."

"You brazen baboon!" scolded Rākṣaśī. "You're so impudent, so empty-skulled! I have yet to avenge the wrong of having my son taken. How could I possibly grant you the wish of borrowing the fan? Don't run away! Have a taste of this old lady's swords!" Our Great Sage, of course, was not to be intimidated; he wielded the iron rod to meet her. The two of them charged each other and closed in some six or seven times, when Rākṣaśī's arms began to weaken while Pilgrim Sun grew stronger than ever. When she saw that the tide was turning against her, she took out the fan and fanned Pilgrim once. He, however, stood there without moving at all. Putting away his iron rod, he said to her, full of smiles, "This time is not the same as last time! You can fan all you want. If old Monkey budes a teeny bit, he's not a man!" Rākṣaśī indeed gave him a couple more, but he remained unmoved. Horrified, Rākṣaśī put away her treasure and dashed inside the cave, tightly shutting the doors behind her.

When Pilgrim saw her shutting the doors, he resorted to his other abilities. Tearing open his collar, he took out the Wind-Arresting Elixir and placed it in his mouth instead. With one shake of his body, he changed into a tiny mole-cricket and crawled inside through a crack in the door. There he found Rākṣaśī crying, "I'm terribly thirsty! Bring me some tea." The maid attending her took up a pot of fragrant tea and filled the cup so hurriedly that bubbles welled up. Delighted by what he saw, Pilgrim spread his wings and dived right into the bubbles.

As she was extremely thirsty, Rākṣaśī grabbed the tea and finished it in two gulps. Pilgrim by then already reached her stomach; changing back into his true form, he shouted: "Sister-in-law, lend me your fan!" Turning white, Rākṣaśī cried, "Little ones, have you shut the front door?" "We have," they all replied. "If you have shut the door," she said, "then how is it that Pilgrim Sun is making noises in our house?" "He's making noises in your body," said one of the maids.

"Pilgrim Sun," said Rākṣaśī, "where are you playing your tricks?"

"Old Monkey in all his life hasn't known how to play tricks," said Pilgrim. "What I rely on are all real competences, genuine abilities. I'm now having a little fun in my esteemed Sister-in-law's stomach! I am, as the saying goes, seeing right through you! I know how thirsty you must be, so let me send you a 'sitting bowl' to relieve your thirst." Suddenly he shoved his foot down hard and unbearable pain shot through Rākṣaśī's lower abdomen, sending her tumbling to the floor and moaning. "Please don't refuse me, Sister-in-law," said Pilgrim, "I'm presenting you with an added snack⁹ for your hunger." He jerked his head upward, and unbearable pain coursed through Rākṣaśī's heart. She began to roll all over the ground, the pain turning her face yellow and her lips white. All she could do was to cry out: "Brother-in-law Sun, please spare my life!"

Only then did Pilgrim stop his movements, saying, "Do you now recognize me as your brother-in-law? I'll spare you for the sake of Big Brother Bull. Bring out the fan quickly for me to use." Rākṣaśī said, "Brother-in-law, I have the fan. You come out and take it." "Bring it out and let me see it first," said Pilgrim.

Rākṣaśī told one of her maids to hold up a palm-leaf fan and stand on one side. When Pilgrim crawled up to her throat and saw it, he said, "Since I'm going to spare you, Sister-in-law, I'll not scratch a hole in your rib-cage to come out. I'll leave through your mouth. Open it three times." That Rākṣaśī did as she was told, and Pilgrim at once flew out as a mole-cricket, which then alighted on the palm-leaf fan. Rākṣaśī did not even see him; she opened her mouth three times and kept saying, "Brother-in-law, please come out." Changing at once into his original form, Pilgrim took the fan in his hand and said, "I'm right here. Thanks for lending it to me." He started to walk out of the cave in big strides; the little ones hurriedly opened the door to let him out of the cave.

Mounting the clouds, our Great Sage headed back toward the east and, in a moment, arrived at his destination, dropping down beside the red-brick wall. Pa-chieh was delighted when he saw him. "Master," he shouted, "Elder Brother has returned!" Tripitaka came out of the house with the old man and Sha Monk to greet Pilgrim, and they all went back inside. Pilgrim stood the fan to one side and said, "Sir, is this the fan?" "It is, it is," said the old man.

Highly pleased, the T'ang monk said, "Worthy disciple, you have

made a great merit, but you must have worked very hard to acquire this treasure." "No need to talk about the hard work," replied Pilgrim, "but who do you think is that Immortal Iron-Fan? It's actually the wife of the Bull Demon King, the mother of Red Boy, whose name is also Rākṣaṣī. She is also called the Princess Iron-Fan. I went to her cave to try to borrow the fan, but she wanted to settle the old score with me, hacking me a few times with her swords. I used the rod to frighten her, and that was when she brought out this thing and gave me a fan. I drifted all the way back to the Little Sumeru Mountain, where I was fortunate enough to see the Bodhisattva Ling-chi. He gave me a Wind-Arresting Elixir and pointed out to me the way back to the Jade Cloud Mountain. I saw Rākṣaṣī again, and when she couldn't drive me away with her fan this time, she retreated back into her cave. Old Monkey then changed into a mole-cricket to fly inside. She was just asking for tea, so I dived inside the tea bubbles and managed to get inside her stomach. When I waved my hands and feet, she had such unbearable pain that she couldn't stop calling me brother-in-law and asking me to spare her. When she was finally willing to lend me her fan, I did spare her and brought back this fan. After we have crossed the Mountain of Flames, I'll take it back to her." On hearing this, Tripitaka thanked him repeatedly. Then master and disciples took leave of the old man.

They proceeded westward for some forty miles, and they began to feel the heat growing more intense and more oppressive. "My feet are on fire!" Sha Monk could only cry. "They are killing me!" said Pa-chieh. Even the horse was trotting more rapidly than usual, but because the ground was becoming hotter all the time, they found it exceedingly difficult to go forward. "Master," Pilgrim said at length, "please dismount. And don't move, Brothers. Let me use the fan to extinguish the fire. Allow the wind and rain to cool off the earth first before we try to cross this mountain." Lifting high the fan, Pilgrim dashed up to the flames and fanned at them with all his might. On that mountain the blaze grew brighter than ever. He waved the fan a second time and the fire became more intense a hundredfold. He tried for a third time and the fire leaped ten thousand feet tall, roaring toward him. Pilgrim dashed away but already the hair on both his thighs were completely burnt off. He ran back to the T'ang monk, shouting, "Go back! Go back! The fire's coming!"

Climbing on the horse, our elder galloped toward the east, followed

by Pa-chieh and Sha Monk. They retreated for some twenty miles before they rested. "Wu-k'ung," said the elder, "what happened?" "It's a mess!" replied Pilgrim, throwing the fan away. "She has tricked me!" On hearing this, Tripitaka became utterly dejected. Tears streaming down his face, he could only say: "What shall we do?" "Elder Brother," said Pa-chieh, "why did you yell for us to go back so hurriedly?" "I fanned at the mountain once," said Pilgrim, "and the blaze grew brighter. I did it a second time and the fire became even more intense. A third wave of the fan made the flames leap up ten thousand feet tall. If I hadn't run fast enough, all my hair would have been burned away." With a chuckle, Pa-chieh said, "You have often made the claim that you can be hurt neither by thunder nor by fire. How is it that you are afraid of fire now?" "Oh, Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "You just don't know anything! On those occasions, I was always prepared, and therefore I could not be hurt. Today I was only trying to extinguish the fire with the fan, and I did not even make the fire-repellant sign, nor did I use magic to protect my body. So, the hair on both my thighs is burned up."

"If the fire's so intense," said Sha Monk, "and there's no way to get to the West, what's to be done?" "Let's head for the direction where there's no fire," said Pa-chieh. "Which direction?" asked Tripitaka. Pa-chieh said, "There's no fire in the east, the south, and the north." "But which direction has scriptures?" Tripitaka asked again, and Pa-chieh said, "The West." "I only want to go where the scriptures are," said Tripitaka. Sha Monk said

Where there are scriptures, there's fire.

Where there's no fire, there are no scriptures.

We are in some dilemma!"

As master and disciples were chatting like that, they heard someone calling: "Great Sage, please do not be distressed. Take some food first before you think of what you want to do." The four of them turned to look and they saw an old man,

Who wore a wind-wafted cape

And a cap of half-moon shape;

Who held a dragon-head cane

And trod on iron-gaitered boots.

He was followed by a demon with a hawk beak and a fish jowl. The demon's head was supporting a copper pan in which were placed some steamed cakes, puddings, and rice of yellow millet. The old man

stood by the road and bowed, saying, "I'm the local spirit of the Mountain of Flames. When I learned that the Great Sage and the holy monk could not proceed, I came to present you a meal." "Food is of small concern to us at the moment," said Pilgrim. "How can we extinguish this fire so that my master can cross over the mountain?" "If you want to extinguish the fire," said the local spirit, "you must ask the Rākṣasī for the palm-leaf fan." Picking up the fan from the side of the road, Pilgrim said, "Isn't this the fan? But the blaze grew bigger than ever when I fanned at it. Why?" When the local spirit saw it, he laughed and said, "This is not the real fan. You've been tricked." "How can I get the real one?" asked Pilgrim. Again bowing and smiling gently, the local spirit said,

If you want the real palm-leaf fan,

Then King Powerful you must find.

We do not know for what reason they must seek the Mighty King, and you must listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

Sixty

The Bull Demon King stops fighting to attend a lavish feast;
Pilgrim Sun seeks for the second time the palm-leaf fan.

The local spirit said, "King Powerful is, in fact, the Bull Demon King." "So, this fire of the mountain was set by the Bull Demon King," said Pilgrim, "and it was erroneously named the Mountain of Flames, right?" "No, no," replied the local spirit, "but I dare not speak plainly unless the Great Sage is willing to pardon this humble deity." "What offense is there?" said Pilgrim. "Go ahead and tell us."

The local spirit said, "This fire originally was set by the Great Sage." "Where could I have been at the time?" said Pilgrim, his anger growing. "How could you babble like that? Am I an arsonist?" "You can't possibly recognize me now," said the local spirit. "There was no such mountain in this place originally. Five hundred years ago, when the Great Sage caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace, you were caught by Illustrious Sagacity¹ and taken in custody to Lao Tzu. He placed you inside the brazier of eight trigrams, and after the process of refinement, the reactionary vessel was opened. You jumped out, kicking over the elixir oven in the process, and a few bricks still on fire dropped down to this spot. They were transformed into the Mountain of Flames. I was then the Taoist worker attending the brazier in the Tushita Palace. Since Lao Tzu blamed me for carelessness, I was banished to become the mountain's local spirit." "No wonder you are dressed like this!" said Pa-chieh, somewhat annoyed. "You were actually a Taoist!"

Only half-believing what he heard, Pilgrim said, "Tell me further, why did you say that I had to fight King Powerful?" "King Powerful," said the local spirit, "happens to be the husband of Rākṣasī, but he left her some time ago and is currently residing at the Cloud-Touching Cave of the Hoard-Thunder Mountain. A fox king of ten thousand years used to be the cave-master there, but he passed away, leaving behind a daughter by the name of Princess Jade Countenance and a vast fortune with no one to care for it. Two years ago, when she

learned that the Bull Demon King had enormous magic powers, she was willing to give up all her wealth as dowry and take him in as her consort. The Bull King thus abandoned Rākṣasī and hasn't paid her a visit since. Only if the Great Sage succeeds in finding him can you acquire the real fan. If he is willing to lend it to you, you will be able to do three good deeds: one, enable your master to proceed on his journey; two, eliminate the blight of fire for the people of this region; and three, obtain a pardon for me so that I may return to Lao Tzu in Heaven." "Where is this Hoard-Thunder Mountain," asked Pilgrim, "and how far away is it?" "Due south of here," said the local spirit, "about three thousand miles." On hearing this, Pilgrim told Pa-chieh and Sha Monk to protect their master with care, and he gave instruction as well to the local spirit to remain and keep them company. With a loud whoosh, he at once disappeared.

In less than half an hour he came upon a tall mountain. He lowered his cloud and stood on the peak to look all around. It was indeed a fine mountain:

Though not too tall,
 Its top touches the blue sky;
 Though not too deep,
 Its roots reach the yellow spring.
 Before the mountain the sun's warm;
 Behind the mountain the wind's cold;
 Before the mountain the sun's warm,
 Though the winter plants have no knowledge of it;
 Behind the mountain the wind's cold:
 Thus ice, e'en in late summer, stays unmelted.
 The dragon lagoon's joined by an overflowing brook;
 Flowers bloom early by the cliff's tiger lair.
 Water flows like countless strands of flying jade,
 And flowers bloom like bunches of brocade.
 Sinuous trees twist round the sinuous peak;
 Craggy pines grow beyond the craggy rocks.
 Truly we have
 The mountain that's tall,
 The cliff that's sheer,
 The stream that's deep,
 The flower that's fragrant,
 The fruit that's pretty,

The wisteria that's red,
 The pine that's blue,
 The willow that's jade-green—
 Their features in all climes remain the same;
 Their colours stay vibrant in ten thousand years.

After he looked at this scenery for a long time, our Great Sage walked down from the pointed summit to search for the way. He did not, in truth, know quite where to turn when a lissome young woman emerged from a shady pine forest, her hand holding a twig of fragrant orchid. Hiding himself behind some boulders, the Great Sage stared at her. How did she look, you ask.

A coy, empire-toppling beauty,
 In slow, sedate steps she walks.
 With a face like Wang Ch'iang's,²
 With features like a girl of Ch'u,
 She seems like a flower able to speak;
 She resembles a fragrant figure of jade.
 Her jet black hair-bun smartly rises high;
 Her eyes, mascara-greened, shine like autumn's pools.
 Beneath her silk skirt tiny shoes half-appear;
 From sleeves, just upturned, extend long, white wrists.
 How shall we speak of such seductive airs?
 Truly she has pearl-like teeth, ruddy lips,
 And moth-brows soft and smooth like the River Chin;
 She surpasses even Wên-chün³ and Hsüeh T'ao.⁴

Gradually, the girl drew near to the boulders. Bowing low to salute her, the Great Sage said slowly, "Lady Bodhisattva, where are you going?" As the girl did not notice him at first, she raised her head only when she heard his voice, and all at once she discovered how ugly the appearance of the Great Sage was. Terrified, she could neither retreat nor advance, and, trembling all over, she forced herself to reply: "Where have you come from? To whom are you addressing your question?"

The Great Sage thought to himself: "If I mention the business of seeking scriptures, I fear that she may be related to the Bull King. I'd better say something like I am some sort of a relative who has come here to ask for the return of the Demon King." When the girl, however, saw that he did not reply, her color changed and she said with anger in her voice, "Who are you and how dare you question me?"

Bowing again and smiling, the Great Sage said, "I have come from the Jade Cloud Mountain. As this is my first visit to your noble region, I don't know my way. May I ask the Lady Bodhisattva whether this is the Hoard-Thunder Mountain?" "Yes," said the girl. "There is a Cloud-Touching Cave," said the Great Sage. "Where is it located?" "Why do you want to find the cave?" asked the girl. The Great Sage said, "I have been sent here by the Princess Iron-Fan of the Palm-Leaf Cave at Jade Cloud Mountain to fetch the Bull Demon King."

Enraged by this one statement, the girl grew red from ear to ear and began to scream: "That filthy slut! She's a real numskull! It hasn't been two years since the Bull King arrived in my house, and during that time, he has sent back to her God knows how many pieces of jewels and precious stones, how many bolts of silk and satin. He provides her with firewood by the year and with rice by the month so that she can enjoy her life to her heart's content. Doesn't she know shame at all? Why does she want you to fetch him now?" When the Great Sage heard these words, he knew that the girl had to be the Princess Jade Countenance. Deliberately pulling out his golden-hooped rod, he bellowed at her: "You bitch! You used your wealth to buy the Bull King. Indeed you got your man by throwing money away. Aren't *you* ashamed? And you dare castigate someone else?"

When that girl saw his savage appearance, she was so terrified that her spirit left her and her soul fled. Shaking all over, she turned and fled, while the Great Sage gave chase from behind, still shouting and hollering at her. After they went through the pine forest, the entrance of the Cloud-Touching Cave immediately came into view. The girl dashed inside and slammed the door shut. Only then did the Great Sage put away his golden-hooped rod and pause to glance about. Lovely place!

Luxuriant forest;
Precipitous cliffs;
The broken shades of wisteria;
The sweet, pure scent of orchids.
A flowing stream, gurgling jade, cuts through old bamboos;
Cunning rocks are enhanced by fallen blooms.
Mist enshrouds distant hills;
The sun and moon shine through cloud-screens.
Dragons chant and tigers roar;
Cranes cry and orioles sing.

A loveable spot of pure serenity
Where jade flowers and grass are ever bright—
No less divine than a T'ien-t'ai⁵ cave,
It surpasses e'en P'êng-Ying⁶ of the seas.

Let's not speak anymore of Pilgrim enjoying the scenery; we tell you instead about the girl, who ran until she perspired heavily and her heart pounded. She dashed into the library, where the Bull Demon King was quietly studying the books on elixir. Full of anguish, the girl fell onto his lap and began to wail, pinching her ears and scratching her cheeks. The Bull King smiled broadly and tried to placate her, saying, "Fair Lady, don't be distressed. What's the matter?"

"Wretched demon!" cried the girl, jumping up and down. "You've just about killed me!" "Why are you scolding me?" said the Bull King, laughing. "Because I lost my parents," said the girl, "I took you in so that I could have protection and care. You have the reputation in the world of being a hero, but you are actually a henpecked nitwit!" On hearing this, the Bull King embraced her and said, "Fair Lady, where have I done wrong? Tell me slowly, and I'll apologize."

"Just now," said the girl, "I was taking a leisurely stroll outside the cave beneath the flowers to pick my orchids. I was stunned by a hairy-faced monk with a thunder god beak who suddenly barred my way and bowed to me. When I regained my composure and asked for his identity, he claimed that he was someone sent here by that Princess Iron-Fan to fetch the Bull Demon King. I tried to tell him off, but he gave me a severe reprimand instead and even chased me with a rod. If I hadn't run away so fast, I would have been struck to death by him. Isn't this calamity brought on by you? You're killing me!" When the Bull King heard what she said, he apologized to her and treated her with great tenderness. Only after a long time was the girl pacified, but then the Demon King became annoyed and said, "Fair Lady, to tell you the truth, though that Palm-Leaf Cave is an out of the way place, it's an unsullied and comfortable spot. My wife, who has practiced self-cultivation since her youth, is also an immortal who has attained the Way. She presides, in fact, over a rather strict household, and there is not a single male within it at the moment, not even a baby boy. How could she have sent a man with a thunder god beak to make demands here? This has to be a fiend from somewhere who has falsely assumed her name to search for me. Let me go out and have a look."

Dear Demon King! He strode out of the library and went up to the

main hall to put on his armor. After he was suited up properly, he picked up a cast-iron rod and went out of the door, crying, "Who is being so rowdy at my place?" When Pilgrim caught sight of him, the figure he saw was quite different from that of five hundred years ago. He saw that

His head had on a wrought-iron helmet, water polished and silver bright;

He wore a yellow gold cuirass lined with silk brocade;

His feet were shod in a pair of pointed-toe and powdered-sole buckskin boots;

His waist was tied with a lion-king belt⁷ of triple-braided silk.

A pair of eyes that shone like bright mirrors;

Two thick eyebrows that glowed like red lightning.

His mouth seemed like a bloody bowl;

His teeth stood like slabs of bronze.

A roaring snort that made mountain gods cringe;

An imposing stride that vile spirits feared.

Famed in the four seas, he was named World-Wrecker,

The Powerful of the West called Demon King.

Straightening his clothes, our Great Sage walked forward and bowed deeply, saying, "Eldest Brother, do you still recognize me?" Returning his bow, the Bull King said, "Aren't you Sun Wu-k'ung, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven?" "Indeed, I am," replied the Great Sage. "I have not had the privilege of bowing to you for a long time. Just now I had to ask a girl before I got to see you again. You look better than ever. Congratulations!"

"Stop this clever talk!" bellowed the Bull King. "I heard that as a result of your causing great disturbance in the Celestial Palace, you were pinned beneath the Mountain of Five Phases by the Buddhist Patriarch. Recently liberated from your Heaven-sent calamity, you were accompanying the T'ang monk to see Buddha for scriptures in the Western Heaven. But why did you bring harm to my son, Bull Holy Child, the master of Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Brook on Roaring Mountain? I'm quite mad at you already. Why do you come here to look for me?"

Bowing again to him, the Great Sage said, "Don't wrongly blame me, Eldest Brother. At that time your son caught my master and wanted to eat his flesh. Your youngest brother was not able to get near him at all, and it was fortunate that the Bodhisattva Kuan-yin

came to rescue my master. She persuaded your son to return to the right. Now he has become the Boy of Goodly Wealth, a rank higher even than yours, and he's enjoying the halls of ultimate bliss and the joys of everlasting life. Is there anything wrong with that? Why blame me instead?" "You smart-mouthed ape!" scolded the Bull King. "I'll let you talk yourself free of the charge of hurting my son. But why did you insult my beloved concubine and attack her right at my door?"

With a laugh, the Great Sage said, "Because I had a hard time trying to find you, I questioned that girl, but I had no idea that she was my second Sister-in-law. She scolded me a little, and I lost my head momentarily and treated her rather roughly. I beg Eldest Brother to pardon me, please!" "If you put it that way," said the Bull King, "I'll spare you for old time's sake. Leave!"

"I can't thank you enough," said the Great Sage, "for your great kindness. But I still have another matter that I must bring to you, and I beg you to be hospitable." "Monkey," scolded the Bull King, "you don't know your limits! I've spared you already. Instead of going away, you stay here to pester me. What's this business about being hospitable?" "To tell you the truth, Eldest Brother," said the Great Sage, "I was accompanying the T'ang monk on his westward journey, but our path was blocked by the Mountain of Flames and we couldn't proceed. When we asked the natives of that region, we learned that my esteemed Sister-in-law, Rākṣasī, had in her possession a palm-leaf fan. Since it could be used to extinguish the fire, we went to your house and begged her to lend it to us. She adamantly refused. That's why I now come to you and beg you to extend to us the compassion of Heaven and Earth. Go with me to the place of my big Sister-in-law and persuade her to lend us the fan. As soon as the T'ang monk has safely crossed the Mountain of Flames, we shall return it to you."

When he heard these words, the Bull King could not suppress the fire leaping up in his heart. He gritted his teeth and shouted, "You claimed you weren't rowdy, but you wanted the fan all along. You must have insulted my wife first, and when she refused, you came to find me. What's more, you even chased my beloved concubine around! As the proverb says,

Ye must not slight

A friend's wife of thine,

Nor must ye snub

A friend's concubine.

You have, in fact, insulted my wife and snubbed my concubine. How insolent can you be? Come up here and have a taste of my rod!" "If you mention fight," said the Great Sage, "you won't frighten me. But I have come to beg you for the fan in all earnestness. Please lend it to me!"

The Bull King said, "If you can withstand me for three rounds, I'll tell my wife to give it to you. If not, I'll kill you—just to relieve my wrath!" "You are right, Eldest Brother," replied the Great Sage. "I have been rather remiss in visiting you, and I don't know whether your martial skill is as good as previous years. Let us practice a little with our rods." Without permitting further talk, the Bull King wielded his cast-iron rod and brought it down hard on his visitor's head, and it was met by the golden-hooped rod of the Great Sage. The two of them thus began quite a battle:

The golden-hooped rod,

The cast-iron rod—

Their colors change and they are no more friends.

That one says, "I still blame you, Monkey, for hurting my son!"

This one says, "Your son has attained the Way, so don't get mad!"

That one says, "How dare you be so brash as to approach my door?"

This one says, "I have good reason to give you a request."

One wants the fan to protect the T'ang monk;

One is too stingy to lend the palm-leaf.

Words are exchanged, their old amity's gone;

Friendship destroyed, they have but anger left.

The Bull King's rod like a dragon rears up;

The Great Sage's rod comes, gods and ghosts take flight.

Before the mountain they battle at first;

Then they rise together on auspicious clouds

To show in midair their magic powers,

To flaunt their wonders in five-colored lights.

Two rods resound to shake the gates of Heav'n—

None's the stronger, they're evenly matched.

Our Great Sage and the Bull King fought for over one hundred rounds, but no decision could be reached.

In that moment when it was virtually impossible to separate the two of them, someone suddenly called out from the mountain peak:

"Sire Bull, my Great King sends you his earnest invitation. Please come early so that the banquet may begin." On hearing this, the Bull King stopped the golden-hooped rod with his cast-iron rod and said, "Monkey, you stop for a moment. I have to attend a banquet in a friend's house first." He dropped down at once from the clouds and went inside the cave to say to Princess Jade Countenance, "Fair Lady, that man just now with a thundergod beak happens to be the monkey, Sun Wu-k'ung, who has been driven away by the blows of my rod. He won't dare return. I am off to drink in a friend's house." He took off his armor and put on instead a duck-green silk jacket. Walking outside, he mounted a water-repellent golden-eyed beast, and, after giving instructions to the little ones to guard the door, departed midway between cloud and fog toward the northwest.

When the Great Sage, standing on the tall summit, saw him leave, he thought to himself: "I wonder what sort of friend that old Bull has, and where he is going to attend a banquet. Let old Monkey follow him." Dear Pilgrim! With one shake of his body he changed into a gust of wind to catch up with the Bull King and proceed with him. In a little while, they arrived at a mountain, and the Bull King soon disappeared. Collecting himself to change back into his true form, the Great Sage entered the mountain to look around, and he came upon a deep lagoon with lovely clear water. There was, beside the lagoon, a stone tablet, on which there was in large letters this inscription: Scattered-Rocks Mountain, Green Wave Lagoon. The Great Sage thought to himself: "That old Bull must have gone into the water, and an aquatic fiend has to be some kind of dragon spirit, fish spirit, or turtle spirit. Let old Monkey go in also to have a look."

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and with one shake of his body changed into a crab; neither too big nor too small, it weighed about thirty-six pounds. He leaped into the water with a splash and sank quickly to the bottom of the lagoon. There he saw all at once a towered gateway with finely carved openwork. Beneath the arch there was tied the water-repellent golden-eyed beast, but it was waterless inside the gateway. Crawling through, the Great Sage stared all around and he heard the sound of music coming from buildings still further in. This is what he saw:

Scarlet halls and shelled arches

Not commonly found in this world;

Roof tiles made of yellow gold;

Door frames formed by milk-white jade;
 Railings built from coral twigs;
 Spread screens of tortoise-shell inlay.
 Auspicious clouds hang o'er the lotus throne—
 Above, the Three Lights,⁸ below, the Milky Way.
 Though it's not Heav'n or the sea's treasure chest,
 This place quite rivals the island of P'êng.
 Guests and hosts gather in a tall banquet hall;
 Pearls stud the caps of officials great and small.
 They beckon jade girls to serve their ivory trays;
 They urge divine maids to make merry tunes.
 Long whales squeal;
 Huge crabs dance;
 Scorpaenids play flutes;
 Iguanas roll drums.
 Rare, lustrous pearls light up the food and drink;
 Nature's patterns are carved on kingfisher screens.
 Shrimp-whiskered curtains hang o'er corridors.
 Eight instruments⁹ play in divine harmony,
 Their glorious tones resound throughout the sky.
 Green-headed perch-cocottes stroke the zithers,
 And red-eyed young boys¹⁰ blow the flutes of jade.
 Female perches present venison strips;
 Gold-phoenix hairpins crown the dragon girls.
 What they have to eat:
 The eight treasure dainties¹¹ of Heaven's kitchen;
 What have they to drink:
 The rich mellow brew from the purple mansion.¹²

Sitting above in the middle honored seat was the Bull Demon King, while several female dragon spirits sat on his immediate left and right. Facing him was an old dragon spirit, attended by scores of dragon sons, dragon grandsons, dragon grandmothers, and dragon daughters on both sides. They were toasting one another and drinking with abandon when the Great Sage Sun walked right in. The old dragon caught sight of him, and he at once gave the order: "Seize that wild crab!" The various dragon sons and grandsons surged forward and took hold of the Great Sage, who assumed human speech, crying, "Spare me! Spare me!" The old dragon said, "Where did you come

from wild crab? How dare you barge into our hall and hobble around without permission? Confess quickly, and we'll spare your life!"

Dear Great Sage! With specious words, he made this confession:
 Since birth the lake's my livelihood,
 I dwell in a cave by the ridge.
 Of late time has exalted my station—
 My rank, Private Sidewise-Motion.
 Treading on grass and trailing mud,
 I've ne'er learned to walk properly.
 Untaught in law, I your kingly might offend;
 I beg your Grace to pardon me.

When those spirits attending the banquet heard what he said, they all rose to bow to the old dragon and to say, "This is the first time that Private Crab has entered the royal palace, and he's unfamiliar with the proper etiquette. We beg our lord to pardon him." The old dragon expressed his consent, and one of the spirits gave this command: "Release him. We'll stay the sentence of flogging. Let him go outside and wait on us." The Great Sage dutifully gave his obedient reply before fleeing outside. Once he reached the towered gateway, he thought to himself: "This Bull King is so fond of his cup. How could I wait for him to leave here? And even when he leaves, he won't lend me the fan. Why don't I steal his golden-eyed beast, change into his appearance, and go deceive that Rākṣasī? I can then wangle her fan and help my master cross the mountain. That's a much better move."

Dear Great Sage! Changing back into his original form all at once, he untied the reins of the beast and mounted the carved saddle. He rode it out of the lagoon's bottom and went up to the surface of the water. He then changed himself into the form of the Bull King; whipping the beast and mounting the clouds, he reached the entrance of the Palm-Leaf Cave on the Jade Cloud Mountain in no time. "Open the door!" he cried, and two maids inside immediately opened the door when they heard his call. When they saw, moreover, that it was the Bull King, they rushed inside to report: "Madam, our sire has come home."

On hearing this, Rākṣasī quickly straightened her hairdo and walked out of her room to receive him. Our Great Sage thus

Dismounted

To lead in the golden-eyed beast;

In boldness

He would deceive the fair lady.

As Rākṣasī had only eyes of flesh, she could not recognize him. They entered the cave hand in hand, and she told the maids to present tea. When the whole family saw that the master had returned, each member treated him with great respect.

In not time at all, the couple were exchanging greetings. "Madam," said the specious Bull King, "it's been a long time!" "I wish the Great King ten thousand blessings," replied Rākṣasī, and then she said, "the Great King is so partial toward his newlywed that he has forsaken this humble maid. Which gust of wind today has blown you back here?"

Smiling at her, our Great Sage said, "I dare not forsake you. Since I was invited to join Princess Jade Countenance, however, I was plagued by all kinds of domestic concerns as well as by the affairs of my friends. That's why I have stayed away for so long, as I had to take care of another household. Anyway, I heard recently that the fellow Wu-k'ung, in the company of the T'ang monk, is about to arrive at the Mountain of Flames. I fear that he may want to ask you for the fan. I hate him, and we have yet to avenge our son's wrongs. When he comes, send someone to report to me at once so that I can seize him and have him chopped to pieces. Only that can bring us satisfaction."

On hearing this Rākṣasī fell to weeping and said, "Great King, the proverb says:

A man without wife, his wealth has no boss;

A woman without a husband herself has no boss.

My life was nearly taken by this monkey!" When he heard that, the Great Sage pretended to be outraged. "When did this wretched ape pass through here?" he cried. "He hasn't yet," replied Rākṣasī. "But he came here yesterday to borrow our fan. Because he brought harm to our son, I put on my armor and went outside to hack at him with my swords. Enduring the pain, he addressed me even as sister-in-law, saying that he was once your bond-brother." "There were indeed seven of us," said the Great Sage, "who entered into a fraternal alliance some five hundred years ago."

"He didn't dare answer me at first," said Rākṣasī, "even when I scolded him, nor did he dare raise his hands when I hacked him with

the swords. Afterwards, I fanned him once and sent him away. But he found some sort of wind-arresting magic somewhere and came to our door again this morning to make noises. I used the fan on him once more, but this time I couldn't budge him at all. When I attacked him then with the swords, he wasn't so kind anymore. I was intimidated by the weight of his rod and ran inside the cave, tightly shutting the door. I didn't know where or how he got through, but he managed to crawl into my stomach and almost took my life. I had to address him several times as brother-in-law and give him the fan."

Again feigning dismay the Great Sage pounded his chest and said, "What a pity! What a pity! You have made a mistake, Madam! How could you give our treasure to that monkey? I'm so upset I could die!"

Laughing, Rākṣasī said, "Please don't get mad, Great King, I gave him a fake fan, just to get him away." "Where did you put the real one?" asked the Great Sage. "Relax! Relax!" replied Rākṣasī. "It's in my possession." After she ordered the maids to prepare wine to welcome him, she took up the cup herself and presented it, saying, "Great King, you may have your new-found joy, but don't ever forget your proper wedded wife. Please have a cup of home brew." The Great Sage did not dare refuse it; he had no choice, in fact, but to raise the cup and say to her, full of smiles, "Madam, please drink first. Because I had to look after external property, I was away from you for a long time. You have been good enough to watch over our home day and night. Please accept my thanks." Rākṣasī took the cup and filled it some more before handing it to the Great King again, saying, "As the ancients put it, a wife is one who manages, but the husband is like a father who provides support. What is there to thank me for?" Thus the two of them conversed with great courtesy before they sat down to drink and eat in earnest. Not daring to break his vegetarian diet, the Great Sage took only a few fruits to keep the conversation going.

After drinking a few rounds, Rākṣasī felt somewhat tipsy and her passion was gradually aroused. She began to move closer to the Great Sage Sun, rubbing against him and leaning on him.

Holding hands with him,

She murmured affection;

Shoulder to shoulder,

She whispered endearment.

She took a mouthful of wine, and then he took also a mouthful of

wine from the same cup. They also traded fruits with their mouths. The Great Sage, of course, was feigning tenderness in all this, although he had no choice but to laugh and dally with her. Truly

The muse's hook—

The sorrow's broom—¹³

To banish all cares nothing's better than wine!

The man resolves to act with less restraint;

The girl has slackened and begins to laugh.

Her face reddens like a ripe peach;

Her body sways like young willow.

They mumble and murmur, thus the prattle grows;

They pinch and they fondle with flirtatious glee.

Often she strokes her hair

And wields her dainty hands.

Her tiny feet she'd wiggle frequently

And shake her sleeves a few times purposely.

She'd lower her creamy neck;

She'd twist her slender waist.

Amorous words have never left her lips;

Gold buttons are loosened, her bosom's half-revealed.

Her reason truly totters for she's drunk.

Rubbing her glazed eyes, she's almost disgraced.

When the Great Sage saw that she was acting with such abandon, he took care to bait her with the words: "Madam, where have you put the real fan? You must be careful constantly, for I fear that Pilgrim Sun with his many ways of transformation will sneak in somehow and wangle it." Giggling, Rākṣasī spat out a tiny fan no bigger than an almond leaf. Handing it over to the Great Sage, she said, "Isn't this the treasure?"

When he held it in his hand, the Great Sage could not believe what he saw, and he thought to himself: "This little thing! How could it extinguish the flames? Could this be another false one?" When Rākṣasī saw him staring at the treasure in complete silence, she could not refrain from putting her powdered face up to Pilgrim's and calling out: "Dearest, put away the treasure and drink. What are you thinking of, anyway?" Immediately the Great Sage took this opportunity to follow up with the question: "A tiny thing like this, how could it extinguish eight hundred miles of flames?"

Since the wine had virtually overwhelmed her true nature, Rākṣasī

felt no constraint whatever and she at once revealed the truth, saying, "Great King, in these two years of separation, you must have given yourself over to pleasures night and day, allowing that Princess Jade Countenance to dissipate even your intelligence! How could you possibly forget how your own treasure works? Use your left thumb to press the seventh red thread attached to the fan's handle and utter the magic words, *Hui-hsü-ho-hsi-hsi-ch'ui-hu*,¹⁴ and it will grow to twelve feet long. This treasure can change in boundless ways. You may have eighty thousand miles of flames, but one wave of the fan will extinguish them all."

Tucking these words firmly in his memory, the Great Sage put the fan inside his mouth before giving his own face a wipe to change back to his original form. "Rākṣasī," he shouted, "take a good look at me to see if I'm your dear husband! How you've pestered me with all your shameful doings! Aren't you embarrassed?" So astonished was that woman by the sight of Pilgrim that she fell to the ground, kicking over the tables and chairs. She was smitten with such terrible shame that she could only cry: "I'm so mad I could die! I'm so mad I could die!"

Our Great Sage, of course, had no regard for her whether she was dead or alive. Struggling free, he left the Palm-Leaf Cave in big strides; truly

With no desire for such beauty,

He triumphed in gaiety.

Leaping up, he mounted the auspicious cloud to rise to the tall summit, where he spat out the fan at once to test its magic. Using his left thumb to press on the seventh red thread attached to the fan's handle, he recited: "*Hui-hsü-ho-hsi-hsi-ch'ui-hu*." Immediately it grew to twelve feet long. When he examined it carefully in his hand, he found that it was indeed quite different from the one before. The whole fan was shrouded by auspicious light and hallowed airs, and it was covered by thirty-six strands of red threads, plaited warp and weft. Pilgrim, however, had only acquired the magic of enlarging it, and he had not thought of asking Rākṣasī for the oral formula to make it small again. After fussing with the fan for some time without being able to alter its size at all, he had no choice but to carry it on his shoulder and find his way back. We shall leave him for the moment.

We tell you instead about that Bull Demon King, who finally ended the banquet with those various spirits at the bottom of the Green

Wave Lagoon. When he walked out of the door, he discovered that the water-repellent golden-eyed beast had disappeared. Calling the spirits together, the old dragon king asked, "Who stole the golden-eyed beast of Sire Bull?" The spirits all knelt down and said, "No one would dare steal the beast. After all, all of us were presenting wines and serving the trays before the banquet, while others sang and made music. There was no one out in front." "No member of this family," said the old dragon, "would ever dare do such a thing, I know. But did any stranger come in?" "Shortly after we took our seats," said one of the dragon sons, "there was a crab spirit who got in here. He was a stranger, all right."

On hearing this, the Bull King at once realized what had happened. "No need to talk anymore," he said. "At the time when the invitation of my worthy friend arrived, I was just doing battle with one Sun Wu-k'ung, who was accompanying the T'ang monk to seek scriptures. When they could not pass the Mountain of Flames, Sun came to ask me for the palm-leaf fan. I refused and we fought to a draw. Then I left him to attend your great banquet, but that ape has extraordinary intelligence and vast abilities. He must have taken the form of the crab spirit to spy on us, steal the beast, and then go off to my wife's place to try to wangle that palm-leaf fan."

When they heard this, all those spirits shook with fear. "Is this the Sun Wu-k'ung who caused great disturbance in the celestial palace?" they asked. The Bull King said, "The very same. All of you should take care to avoid offending him on the road to the West." "In that case," said the old dragon, "what will you do about your beast of burden, Great King?" "Don't worry," said the Bull King, laughing. "Please go away now. Let me chase him down."

He opened up a path in the water and leaped out of the lagoon. Mounting a yellow cloud, he soon arrived at the Palm-Leaf Cave in the Jade Cloud Mountain, where he heard Rākṣasī wailing loudly, beating her chest and stamping her feet. He pushed open the door and saw the water-repellent golden-eyed beast tied up inside. "Madam," shouted the Bull King, "where has Sun Wu-k'ung gone to?" When the maids saw the Bull Demon, they all went to their knees to say, "Sire, have you returned?" Catching hold of the Bull King, Rākṣasī began to ram him with her head as she screamed: "You wretched reprobate! How could you be so careless and allow that ape to steal your golden-eyed beast, change into your appearance, and deceive

me here?" Gritting his teeth, the Bull King said, "Where did that ape go?" Rākṣasī pounded her own chest some more and screamed again: "After he wangled our treasure, that miserable ape changed back into his original form and left. Oh, I'm so mad I could die!"

"Madam," said the Bull King, "please take care of yourself, and don't be distressed. Let me catch up with the ape and get back our treasure. I'll skin him, I'll break his bones, and I'll gouge out his heart—just to give you satisfaction!" Then he bellowed: "Bring me my weapon!" One of the maids said, "But your weapon isn't here." "Then bring me the weapons of your mistress," said the Bull King. The maids at once took out the two blue-bladed treasure swords. Taking off his duck-green silk jacket that he wore to the banquet, the Bull King tightened the belt around his undershirt before he took up the swords with both hands and walked out of the Palm-Leaf Cave to give chase toward the Mountain of Flames. So it was that

The ungrateful man

Had the silly wife deceived;

The fiery demon

Now approached the disciple.

We do not know whether good or ill will befall him after he leaves, and you must listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

Chu Pa-chieh assists in defeating the demon king;
Pilgrim Sun seeks for the third time the palm-leaf fan.

We tell you now about that Bull Demon King, who caught up with the Great Sage Sun. When he saw that the Great Sage was carrying the palm-leaf fan on his shoulder and walking merrily along, he was greatly shaken. "So, this monkey," said the Demon King to himself, "has succeeded in swindling even the method of operating the fan! If I ask him for it face to face, he will certainly refuse me. Moreover, if he fans at me once, he will send me one hundred and eight thousand miles away. Wouldn't that be to his liking? I have heard that the T'ang monk on his journey is also accompanied by a Hog spirit and a Flowing-Sand spirit, both of whom I have met in previous years when they were fiends. Let me change into the appearance of that Hog spirit to deceive the monkey instead. I suppose he's so pleased with his own success that he must have thrown caution to the winds."

Dear Demon King! He, too, was capable of undergoing seventy-two types of transformation, and his martial skill was about the same as that of the Great Sage, albeit his body was huskier, less agile, and not as nimble. Putting away his treasure swords, he recited a spell and, with one shake of his body, changed into the exact appearance of Pa-chieh. He sneaked up to the road in front and then walked back facing the Great Sage and calling out: "Elder Brother, I'm here."

Our Great Sage was indeed quite pleased with himself! As the ancients said,

The cat triumphant exults like a tiger.

He was thinking only of his own power and hardly paid attention to the design of this person drawing near. When he saw a figure resembling Pa-chieh, he at once spoke up: "Brother, where are you going?" "When Master saw that you didn't return after such a long time," replied the Bull Demon King, working his ploy, "he was afraid that the Bull Demon King was too powerful for you to overcome, and that it would be difficult for you to get his treasure. He therefore asked me to

come to meet you." "Don't bother," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "I've made it." "How did you make it?" asked the Bull King.

Pilgrim said, "That old Bull tangled with me for over a hundred rounds and we fought to a draw. Then he left me to drink with a bunch of female dragons and dragon spirits at the bottom of the Green Wave Lagoon in the Scattered-Rocks Mountain. I followed him secretly by changing into the form of a crab: I stole the water-repellent golden-eyed beast on which he was riding and then changed into the form of the old Bull to go deceive that Rākṣasī in the Palm-Leaf Cave. That woman and old Monkey became a bogus couple for a while, during which time I managed to wangle the treasure from her." "You've been sorely taxed, Elder Brother," said the Bull King, "and you're working too hard. Let me carry the fan for you." As the Great Sage Sun had no concern to distinguish between the true and the false, he handed over the fan immediately.

That Bull King, of course, knew how to make the fan grow big or small. After he took it in his hands, he recited some kind of a spell and it at once became as tiny as an almond leaf. Changing back into his true form, he shouted: "Wretched ape! Can you recognize me?" On seeing him, Pilgrim sighed, "It's my fault this time!" Then he stamped his feet and bellowed: "Damn! I've been shooting wild geese for years, but now a little goose has pecked me blind!" He became so enraged that he whipped out his iron rod and slammed it down hard on the Bull King's head. Stepping aside, the Demon King at once used the fan on him. He did not know, however, that when the Great Sage changed previously into a tiny mole-cricket to enter the stomach of Rākṣasī, he still had in his mouth that Wind-Arresting Elixir, which he swallowed unwittingly. All his viscera had become firm; his skin and bones were wholly fortified. No matter how hard the Bull King fanned at him, he could not be moved. Horrified, the Bull King tossed the treasure into his own mouth so that he could wield the swords with both of his hands to slash at his opponent. It was some battle that the two of them waged in midair:

The Great Sage Sun, Equal to Heaven—

The world-wrecker, lawless Bull King—

Because of the palm-leaf fan,

They met, each flaunting his might.

The careless Great Sage had people deceived;

The audacious Bull King did swindle the fan.

For this one, the golden-hooped rod uplifted could no mercy show,
 For that one, the double blue-blades had both power and skill.
 The Great Sage exerting his vigor belched colored fog;
 The Bull King letting loose violence spat out white rays.
 A test of strength
 By two dogged foes;
 Gritting their teeth, they loudly huffed and puffed.
 Spraying dirt and dust made dim Heav'n and Earth;
 Flying rocks and sand awed both ghosts and gods.
 This one said, "You dare be so foolish as to trick me back?"
 That one said, "Would my wife permit you to play chess with her?"
 Their words grew rough;
 Their tempers flared.
 That one said, "When you trick someone's wife, you deserve to die!
 You'll be found guilty when I file my charge!"
 The clever Equal to Heaven Sage—
 The ferocious King Powerful—
 They wished only to kill
 And would not deliberate.
 The rod struck, the swords came, both working hard.
 A little slackness will make you see King Yama!

We shall leave this intense conflict between the two of them for the moment and tell you instead about the T'ang monk who was sitting by the road racked by heat, thirst, and anxiety. He said to the local spirit of the Mountain of Flames, "May I inquire of the honorable deity, how powerful is that Bull Demon King?" "That Bull King," replied the local spirit, "has vast, boundless magic powers. He is, in fact, the real match of the Great Sage Sun." "Wu-k'ung is usually quite able when it comes to traveling," said Tripitaka. "A couple of thousand miles hardly requires very much time for him to be back. How is it that he's gone for a whole day today? He must be fighting with the Bull King." Then he called out: "Wu-nêng, Wu-ching, which of you would like to go meet your elder brother? If you happen to see him fighting our adversary, you can lend him assistance, so that all of you can acquire the fan to relieve my distress. Once we get across this mountain, we can be on our way again."

"It's getting late," said Pa-chieh. "I'd like to go meet him, but I don't know my way to the Hoard-Thunder Mountain." "This humble deity knows the way," said the local spirit. "Let's ask the Curtain-Raising Captain to keep your master company. I'll go with you." Highly pleased, Tripitaka said, "Thank you for taking the trouble. I'll express my gratitude once more when merit is achieved."

Rousing himself, Pa-chieh tightened his black silk shirt and put the rake on his shoulder before rising with the local spirit on cloud and fog to head for the east. As they proceeded, they suddenly heard terrific shouts and the howling of wind. When he stopped his cloud to look, Pa-chieh discovered that Pilgrim Sun was just doing battle with the Bull King. "Go forward, Heavenly Reeds," said the local spirit. "What are you waiting for?"

Firmly gripping his muckrake, our Idiot shouted, "Elder Brother, I'm here!" "Coolie," said Pilgrim spitefully, "how you've upset my great enterprise!" "Master told me to come meet you," said Pa-chieh, "but since I didn't know the way, I had to discuss the matter before the local spirit agreed to lead me here. I know I'm late, but what do you mean by upsetting your great enterprise?" "I'm not blaming you for your tardiness," said Pilgrim. "It's this wretched bull who is most audacious! I got hold of the fan from Rākṣaṣī, but this fellow changed into your appearance, saying that he came here to meet me. I was so pleased at that moment that I handed over the fan to him. He then changed back to his true form and strove with old Monkey at this place. That's what I meant by upsetting my great enterprise."

Infuriated by what he heard, our Idiot lifted high his muckrake and screamed, "You bloody plague! How dare you change into the form of your ancestor, deceive my elder brother, and cause enmity to rise among us brothers?" Look at him! He charged into the fray and showered blows madly on the Bull King with his rake. The Bull King, after all, had fought with Pilgrim for nearly one whole day; when he saw how savagely Pa-chieh was attacking him with his rake, he could no longer stand his ground and retreated in defeat. His way was barred, however, by the local spirit leading a host of ghost soldiers. "King Powerful," said the local spirit, "you'd better stop! There is no god who would not protect the T'ang monk on his journey to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven, no Heaven who would not grant him his blessing. This enterprise is known throughout the Three Regions; it has the support of all ten quarters. Quickly use your fan to

extinguish the flames so that he may cross the mountain unharmed and unhindered. Otherwise, Heaven will find you guilty and you will certainly be executed."

"Local spirit," said the Bull King, "you're completely unreasonable! That wretched ape robbed me of my son, insulted my concubine, and deceived my wife. These were his misdeeds time and again. I hate him so much I wish I could swallow him whole and reduce him to dung to feed the dogs! How could I give him my treasure?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Pa-chieh caught up with him, screaming, "You bezoardic bull! Take out the fan quickly, and I'll spare your life!" The Bull King had no choice but to turn and fight Pa-chieh again with the treasure swords, while the Great Sage Sun raised his rod to help his companion. This was again some battle!

A spirit-boar,

A fiend-bull,

And an ape who stole to Heav'n to gain the Way.

As always Zen nature knows refinement and strife,

For earth must be used to fuse the primal cause.

The rake's nine prongs are both pointed and sharp;

The treasure swords' double-blades are quick and smooth.

The iron rod in use is determination's staff;¹

The earth god gives aid to form th'elixir.

The three of them together thus feud and strive,

Each showing his talents to try to win.

Seize the bull to plow the ground, and gold coins grow;

Call back the hog to the oven, and wood breath declines.

When mind is absent, how can one practice Tao?

To guard one's spirit is to tie up the ape.

They brawl and growl

In bitter strife:

Three kinds of weapon thus crackle and clang.

The rake rakes, the swords cut with wicked aim

And with good cause rises the golden-hooped rod.

They fight till stars lose their brightness and the moon its light,

Till the sky's full of cold fog both dense and dark.

Plunging into the battle with fresh courage, the Demon King fought as he moved along. They strove for a whole night but no decision could be reached. By morning, they had arrived at the entrance of the Cloud-Touching Cave of the Hoard-Thunder Mountain. The deafening

din created by the three fighters, the local spirit, and the band of ghost soldiers soon alerted the Princess Jade Countenance, who asked the maids to see who was making all the racket. The little fiends came back to report: "It's the sire of our family fighting with the fellow who came here yesterday, the one who had a thunder-god beak. Joining the battle are also a monk with long snout and huge ears and the local spirit of the Mountain of Flames with his followers."

When she heard this, Princess Jade Countenance at once summoned the captains, young and old, of the external guards and ordered them to give armed assistance to her husband. The various soldiers, tall and short, that they managed to call up numbered over a hundred, all of them eager to show off their vigor. Gripping lances and waving rods, they swarmed out of the door, shouting, "Sire Great King, by the order of Madam, we have come to assist you." Highly pleased, the Bull King said, "Welcome! Welcome!" The fiends rushed forward to attack. Taken completely by surprise, Pa-chieh could not fend off so many opponents and he fled in defeat, his rake trailing behind him. The Great Sage too mounted his cloud-somersault to leap free of the encirclement, and the various ghost soldiers immediately scattered. Having thus achieved his victory, the old Bull gathered back the various fiends to return to the cave and to shut the door tightly, where we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who, after getting away, said to Pa-chieh and the local spirit, "This fellow's very tough! Since about the hour of *shên*² yesterday, he fought with old Monkey until nightfall and we couldn't reach a decision. Then the two of you arrived to relieve me. But after we went through the bitter struggle of half a day and one whole night, he still didn't seem to tire very much. And the band of little fiends who came out just now also appeared to be quite tough. Now that he has shut his door tightly and refused to come out, what shall we do?"

"Elder Brother," said Pa-chieh, "you left Master yesterday in the morning. How was it that you didn't start fighting with him until some time in the afternoon? Where were you during those few hours in between?"

Pilgrim said, "Since I left you people, I was on this mountain in an instant. I ran into a young woman whom I saluted, and she turned out to be the Princess Jade Countenance, his beloved concubine. I gave her a scare with my iron rod, and she ran into the cave to bring

out the Bull King, who harangued old Monkey for some time before we began to fight. After about two hours, someone came to invite him to a banquet. I followed him to the Green Wave Lagoon at the Scattered-Rocks Mountain, where I spied on him and his hosts by changing into a crab. I then succeeded in stealing his water-repellent golden-eyed beast and took on the appearance of the Bull King. Returning to the Palm-Leaf Cave on the Jade Cloud Mountain, I fooled Rākṣaṣī and wangled the fan from her. After leaving her door, I tried to work the magic: the fan was enlarged all right, but I forgot to ask her for the formula to make it small again. As I journeyed back carrying the fan on my shoulder, the Bull King met me, having assumed your features, and wangled the fan back. That's what happened during all that time."

Pa-chieh said, "It's like what the proverb says,

A bean-curd boat's³ capsized in the ocean—

In liquid they come,

In water they go!

If it's so difficult to get his fan, how can we help Master cross this mountain? Let's go back, find another way, and scat!"

"Please don't be anxious, Great Sage," said the local spirit, "and you shouldn't slacken, Heavenly Reeds. When you mention finding another way, you are bound to fall into heterodoxy, and you are no longer someone concerned with the proper method of cultivation. As the ancients said, where can one walk but on the main road? How can you possibly think of finding another way? Remember your master, now sitting with bulging eyes by the road and waiting for you to succeed!" Growing vehement, Pilgrim said, "Exactly! Exactly! Don't talk nonsense. Idiot! What the local spirit said is quite right. With that demon we are just about to

Wage a contest

And try our gifts.

Let me exploit my vast transforming powers.

Since coming West I've ne'er met a true foe,

For Bull King was in fact from Mind Monkey changed.⁴

Now's the best time for us to reach the source.

We must fight to borrow the treasure fan.

With the pure and cool

To put out the flames,

The stubborn void pierced, we'll see Buddha's face.

Merit fulfilled we'll rise to ultimate bliss;

We'll all then attend Buddha's Birthday Feast."

Greatly inspired by what he heard, Pa-chieh replied in earnest:

Yes! Yes! Yes!

Go! Go! Go!

Who cares if the Bull King says yes or no!

Wood's born at *hai*,⁵ the hog's its proper mate,

Who'll lead back the Bull to return to earth.

Monkey's the one who is born under *shên*:

Harmless, docile, how harmonious it is!

When palm-leaf's used,

As water it's meant.

When flames are extinct, Completion's attained.⁶

In work we must persevere both night and day.

Merit done, we'll rush to Ullambana Feast.⁷

Leading the local spirit and the ghost soldiers, the two of them rushed forward and, with their muckrake and iron rod, smashed to pieces the front door of the Cloud-Touching Cave. The captain of the external guards was so terrified that he dashed inside to make his report, trembling all over: "Great King, Sun Wu-k'ung has led a crowd to break down our front door!"

The Bull King was just telling the Princess Jade Countenance all that had taken place and how deeply he hated Pilgrim. When he heard that his front door had been broken down, he became enraged. Putting on his armor hurriedly, he took up the iron rod and came out. "Wretched ape!" he expostulated as he emerged. "How big do you think you are, that you let loose such violence here and break down my door?" Pa-chieh rushed forward and roared, "You old carcass! What sort of a person are you that you dare measure someone else? Don't run away! Watch my rake!" "An overgorged coolie like you," shouted the Bull King, "isn't that impressive! Tell that monkey to come up here quickly!" "You stupid grass-eater!" said Pilgrim. "Yesterday, I was still talking to you as a bond-brother, but today you are my enemy. Take care to eat my rod!" Boldly the Bull King met the two of them, and the conflict this time was even more fierce than the last one. Three valiant persons, all tangled together. What a battle!

Muckrake and rod exert their godly might.

They lead ghost soldiers the old bull to fight,

Who displays alone his violent trait
 And his magic powers vast as Heaven.
 One uses his rake to rake;
 One uses his rod to strike;
 The heroic iron's more uncanny still.
 Three kinds of weapon make clangorous sounds:
 They block, they parry, they will yield to none.
 He claims he's the first;
 He claims he's on top.
 Ghost soldiers, looking on, can't separate
 Wood and earth feuding and darting up and down.
 These two say, "Why don't you lend us the palm-leaf fan?"
 That one says, "How dare you be so bold as to trick my wife?
 I have yet to avenge my hunted mistress and my son,
 When you alarm us some more by breaking our door."
 This one says, "You just watch out for my compliant rod.
 One tiny brush and it will break your skin!"
 That one says, "Do try to dodge the rake's sharp teeth!
 One wound will make nine bloody holes!"
 Undaunted the Bull Demon lets loose his power;
 His iron rod held high, he waits for his chance.
 They churn up rain and cloud, going back and forth.
 They belch out wind and fog and do as they please.
 For this bitter struggle they risk their lives.
 They, full of hate, with each other strive.
 The stylized limbs
 Go up and down;
 They cover the front, the back without let up.
 Two brothers together now strain and toil;
 One man with one rod performs all alone.
 From dawn till late morning they fight and fight;
 At last the Bull Demon will leave with his hands tied.
 With no thought for life or death, the three of them again fought for
 over one hundred rounds, when Pa-chieh, his idiotic nature aroused
 and strengthened by the magic power of Pilgrim, began to attack
 madly with his rake. No longer able to ward off the blows, the Bull
 King fled in defeat and headed straight for the cave's entrance. Lead-
 ing the ghost soldiers to bar the way, the local spirit shouted, "King
 Powerful, where are you fleeing to? We are here!" Unable to enter

the cave, the old Bull turned swiftly and saw Pa-chieh and Pilgrim
 rushing toward him. He became so flustered that he abandoned his
 armor and his iron rod; with one shake of his body, he changed into
 a swan and flew into the air.

When Pilgrim saw it, he chuckled and said, "Pa-chieh, the old
 Bull's gone!" That Idiot was completely ignorant of the matter, and
 the local spirit did not perceive either what had happened. All of them
 were staring this way and that, madly searching before and behind
 the Hoard-Thunder Mountain. "Isn't he up there flying in the air?"
 said Pilgrim as he pointed with his finger. "That's a swan," said Pa-
 chieh. "A transformation of the old Bull," said Pilgrim. "In that case,"
 said the local spirit, "what shall we do?" "Fight your way in, the two
 of you," said Pilgrim, "and exterminate all those fiends. In short,
 we'll break up his lair and cut off his retreat. Let old Monkey go and
 wage a contest of transformation with him." Pa-chieh and the local
 spirit followed his instruction and we shall leave them for the moment.

Putting away his golden-hooped rod, the Great Sage shook his
 body and changed into a Manchurian vulture, which spread its wings
 and darted up to a hole in the clouds. It then hurtled down and
 dropped onto the swan, seeking to seize its neck and peck at the eyes.
 Knowing also that this was a transformation of Pilgrim Sun, the Bull
 King hurriedly flapped his wings and changed himself into a yellow
 eagle to attack the vulture. At once Pilgrim changed himself into a
 black phoenix, the special foe of the yellow eagle. Recognizing him,
 the Bull King changed next into a white crane which, after a long cry,
 flew toward the south.

Pilgrim stood still, and shaking his feathers, changed into a scarlet
 phoenix which uttered a resounding call. Since the phoenix was the
 ruler of all the birds and fowl, the white crane dared not touch him.
 Spreading wide his wings, he dived instead down the cliff and changed
 with one shake of the body into a musk deer, grazing rather timor-
 ously before the slope. Recognizing him, Pilgrim flew down also and
 changed into a hungry tiger which, with wagging tail and flying
 paws, went after the deer for food. Greatly flustered, the demon king
 then changed into a huge spotted leopard to attack the tiger. When
 Pilgrim saw him, he faced the wind and, with one shake of his head,
 changed into a golden-eyed Asian lion, with a voice like thunder and
 a head of bronze, which pounced on the huge leopard. Growing even
 more anxious, the Bull King changed into a large bear, which extended

his paws to try to seize the lion. Rolling on the ground, Pilgrim at once turned himself into a scabby elephant, with a trunk like a python and tusks like bamboo shoots. Whipping up his trunk, he tried to catch hold of the bear.

With a loud giggle, the Bull King then revealed his original form—that of a gigantic white bull, with a head like a rugged mountain and eyes like bolts of lightning. The two horns were like two iron pagodas, and his teeth were like rows of sharp daggers. From head to toe, he measured more than ten thousand feet, while his height from hoof to neck was about eight hundred.

"Wretched ape!" he roared at Pilgrim. "What will you do with me now?" Pilgrim also changed back to his true form; yanking out his golden-hooped rod, he bent his back and then straightened out, crying, "Grow!" At once he grew to a height of one hundred thousand feet, with a head like Mount T'ai, eyes like the sun and the moon, a mouth like a bloody pond, and teeth like doors. Lifting high his iron rod, he brought it down on the bull's head, and it was met by a pair of flinty horns. This battle truly rocked the ridges and the mountains, alarmed both Heaven and Earth. We have a testimonial poem, and the poem says:

Tao is one foot, though the demon's ten thousand feet,
Which clever Mind Monkey must toil to beat.
If one wants the mountain flameless to be,
The treasure fan must bring the coldness pure.
Yellow Hag's resolved the elder to uphold;
Wood Mother's kind to sweep clean the fiends.
Five Phases, peaceful, return to right fruit;
Cleansed of dirt and demon, they go to the West.

Releasing their vast magic powers, the two of them battled in mid-mountain, and it soon alerted all those deities inhabiting the empty void: the Golden-Headed Guardian, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, and the Eighteen Guardians of Monasteries all came to surround the Demon King, who was not the least daunted. Look at him!

He headed east,
He headed west,
With two erect
And gleaming iron horns
Charging back and forth;

He stampeded north,
He stampeded south,
His dark, hairy,
Hard tendonous tail
Whipping left and right.

The Great Sage Sun met him head-on, while the various deities attacked him from all sides. Exasperated, the Bull King rolled on the ground and changed back into his original form to flee to the Palm-Leaf Cave. Changing back to his normal size, Pilgrim gave chase from behind with the deities. Dashing inside the cave, the Demon King shut the door and refused to come out, while the gods had the Jade Cloud Mountain tightly surrounded.

As they were about to charge the door, they heard the noisy arrival of Pa-chieh, the local spirit, and his band of ghost soldiers. When Pilgrim saw them, he asked, "What happened at the Cloud-Touching Cave?" "The mistress of that old Bull," replied Pa-chieh, chuckling, "was killed by one blow of my rake. When I stripped her, she turned out to be a white-faced fox. The rest of the fiends were all donkeys, asses, cows, stallions, badgers, foxes, musk deer, goats, tigers, antelopes, and the like—they have all been wiped out. We set fire also to his cave-dwelling. The local spirit then told me that he has another household in this mountain, and that's why we've come back here to make a clean sweep of them."

"You have achieved great merit, Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim. "Congratulations! Old Monkey has waged in vain a contest of transformation with him, for I have not yet achieved a victory. He finally changed into the biggest possible white bull, and I therefore assumed the appearance that imitated Heaven and Earth. As I clashed with him, the various deities were kind enough to descend on us and have him completely surrounded. He then changed back into his original form and fled inside the cave." "Is this that Palm-Leaf Cave?" asked Pa-chieh. Pilgrim said, "Indeed it is. This is where Rākṣaṣī lives." "In that case," said Pa-chieh, growing more vehement, "why don't we fight our way in, attack him, and demand from him the fan? Why should we let him wait and get wiser, or let him enjoy the company of his wife?"

Dear Idiot! Rousing his strength, he lifted high his rake and brought it down on the door; with a loud crash, both the door and one side of the ledge collapsed. One of the maids fled into the cave to report,

"Sire! Someone has wrecked our front door!" The Bull King had just dashed inside; still panting, he was telling Rākṣasī about how he took the fan from Pilgrim and then waged the contest with him. When he heard the report, he became enraged. Spitting out the fan, he handed it over to Rākṣasī, who, when she received it, began to weep. "Great King," she said, "let's give that monkey the fan so that he'll withdraw his troops." "Oh Madam," said the Bull King, "the fan's a small thing, but my hatred is deep. You sit here, while I go to contend with them once more."

Putting on his armor again, the demon took up the two treasure swords and walked out. Pa-chieh was still using his rake on the door; when the old Bull saw him, he hacked away with his swords without another word. Pa-chieh retreated a few steps, protecting himself with the upraised rake. After they left the doorway, the Great Sage immediately joined them with his iron rod. Mounting a violent gust of wind, the Bull Demon leaped clear of the cave-dwelling, and they began a fresh skirmish above the Jade Cloud Mountain, encircled by the many gods, the local spirit, and the band of ghost soldiers. This was again some battle!

Clouds over the world;
 Mist shrouds the cosmos;
 Dark wind blows souging, sand and rocks roll;
 Angry breaths rise up and ocean waves churn.
 Two swords are sharpened again;
 The whole body's armed once more.
 There's hatred deep as the sea,
 As anger grows from enmity.
 Watch the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven who, for merit's sake,
 Rejects now a friend he has known for years.
 Pa-chieh uses his power to seek the fan;
 The gods hunt the Bull King to protect the Law.
 The Bull King's two hands will not stop or pause:
 With vigor they parry both left and right.
 They fight till the birds fold their wings and cease to fly,
 Till fishes stop leaping and submerge their scales,
 Till ghosts and gods wail as Heav'n and Earth grow faint,
 Till tigers and dragons cower as sunlight fades.
 Abandoning any regard for his life or body, the Bull King fought them

for over fifty rounds before he weakened and was forced to retreat in defeat. As he fled toward the north, he was met at once by the Diamond Guardian Dharma Diffusion of vast magic powers and of the Cliff of Mysterious Demons in the Mountain of Five Platforms, who shouted at him, "Bull Demon, where are you going? I have been sent by the Buddhist Patriarch Śākyamuni to set up cosmic nets here to capture you."

Hardly had he finished speaking when the Great Sage, Pa-chieh, and the other deities came rushing toward them, so frightening the demon king that he turned and fled toward the south. He ran right into the Diamond Guardian Victorious Ultimate of immeasurable dharma-power and of the Pure-Cool Cave in the O-mei Mountain, who shouted at him, "I received the Buddha's decree to capture you."

His legs turning weak and his heart growing faint, the Bull King hurriedly tried to head toward the east, when he was met by the Diamond Guardian Great Strength, a Vaiśramaṇa ascetic from the Ear-Touching Ridge of the Sumeru Mountain, who shouted at him: "Where are you going, old Bull? By the secret command of Tathāgata, I am here to arrest you." Backing off in fear, the Bull King fled toward the west, but he was greeted by the Diamond Guardian Ever Abiding, the indestructible honored rāja of the Golden Beam Summit at the K'un-lun Mountain, who shouted at him: "Where is this fellow going? I am stationed here by the personal order of the aged Buddha in the Great Thunderclap Monastery of the Western Heaven. Who'll let you get away?"

In fear and trembling, the Bull King did not have time even for regret when he saw Buddhist warriors and celestial generals approaching from all sides with cosmic nets spread so wide that there was virtually no way to escape. In that abject moment, he heard Pilgrim and other pursuers closing in, and he had to mount the clouds to try to flee toward the sky.

Just then, Devarāja Li, the Pagoda-Bearer, and Prince Naṭa led Fish-Bellied Vajrayakṣa and Celestial General Mighty-Spirit to block his path in midair. "Slow down! Slow down!" they cried. "By the decree of the Jade Emperor, we are here to arrest you." In desperation, the Bull King shook his body as before and changed into a huge white bull, wielding his two ironlike horns to try to gore the devarāja, who met him with his scimitar.

Meanwhile, Pilgrim Sun arrived at the scene. "Great Sage," shouted Prince Naṭa, "we have our armor on, and we can't salute you properly. Yesterday we father and son saw Tathāgata, who asked us to present a memorial to the Jade Emperor and inform him that the journey of the T'ang monk has been blocked at the Mountain of Flames, and that it was difficult for the Great Sage Sun to bring the Bull Demon King to submission. The Jade Emperor therefore issued a decree for my father king to lead the troops here to lend you assistance." "But this fellow has considerable magic powers," said Pilgrim. "Now he has changed into such a body. What shall we do?" "Great Sage, don't worry!" said the prince with a laugh. "Watch me capture him!"

Shouting "Change!" the prince immediately changed into a figure having three heads and six arms. He leaped onto the bull's back and brought his monster-cleaving sword down on the bull's neck: the bull was beheaded at once. Putting away his scimitar, the devarāja was about to greet Pilgrim when another head emerged from the torso of the bull, his mouth belching black air and his eyes beaming golden rays. Naṭa lifted his sword once more and cut off the bull's head; as soon as it dropped to the ground, another head came out. It went on like this for more than ten times. At last, Naṭa took out his fiery wheel and hung it on the Bull's horn. The wheel at once started a great blaze of true immortal fire, which burned so fiercely that the bull began to growl and roar madly, shaking his head and wagging his tail. He would have liked to use transformation to escape, but the Devarāja Pagoda-Bearer trained his imp-reflecting mirror steadfastly on him so that he could not change out of his original form. As he had no way to flee, he could only cry: "Don't take my life! I'm willing to make submission to Buddhism." "If you do pity your own life," said Naṭa, "bring out the fan quickly." The Bull King said, "The fan is being kept by my wife."

On hearing this, Naṭa took out his monster-tying rope and draped it around the bull's neck. Then he threaded the rope through his nostrils so that the bull could be pulled with the hand. Pilgrim then collected together the Four Great Diamond Guardians, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Monasteries, the Devarāja Pagoda-Bearer, the Celestial General Mighty-Spirit, Pachieh, the local spirit, and the ghost soldiers. Surging around the

white bull, they all went back to the entrance of the Palm-Leaf Cave. "Madam," called the old bull, "please bring out the fan to save my life."

When Rākṣaśī heard the call, she took off her jewels and her colored clothing. Tying up her hair like a Taoist priestess and putting on a plain colored robe like a Buddhist nun, she took up with both hands the twelve-foot long palm-leaf fan to walk out of the door. When she caught sight of the Diamond Guardians, the devarāja and his son, and the other sages, she hurriedly went to her knees to kowtow and say, "I beg the Bodhisattvas to spare our lives. We are willing to give this fan to Brother-in-law Sun so that he may achieve his merit." Pilgrim drew near and took up the fan; then all of them mounted the auspicious clouds to return toward the east.

We tell you now about Tripitaka and Sha Monk, who were alternately sitting and standing by the main road as they waited for Pilgrim. They were indeed full of anxiety because he did not return for such a long time. Then, all of a sudden, auspicious clouds filled the sky and hallowed lights flooded the earth, as the various divine officers drifted near. Turning quite apprehensive, the elder said, "Wu-ching, who are those divine warriors approaching us?" Recognizing the figures he saw, Sha Monk replied, "Master, those are the Four Great Diamond Guardians, the Golden-Headed Guardian, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Monasteries, and other deities of the air. The one leading the bull is Third Prince Naṭa, and the one holding the mirror is Devarāja Li, the Pagoda-Bearer. Big Brother is carrying the palm-leaf fan, followed by Second Elder Brother and the local spirit. All the rest happen to be celestial guards." On hearing this, Tripitaka put on his Vairocana hat and changed into his cassock before he led Wu-ching to bow to the sages, saying, "What virtue does this disciple possess that he should cause all you honored sages to descend to the mortal world?" "You should be congratulated, sage monk," said one of the Four Great Diamond Guardians, "for your perfect merit is nearly achieved. We have come to assist you by the decree of Buddha. You must persist in your cultivation with all diligence, and you must not slacken at all." Tripitaka kowtowed repeatedly to receive this instruction.

Holding the fan, the Great Sage Sun walked near the mountain and waved the fan once with all his might. Immediately the flames

on the mountain subsided and there was only the faintest glow left. He fanned at it a second time and a cool, gentle breeze rustled through the region. He fanned at the mountain a third time, and as

Hazy clouds filled the sky,

A fine rain drizzled down.

We have a testimonial poem, and the poem says:

Eight hundred miles long, this Mountain of Flames,

The light of its fire has worldwide fame.

Elixir can't ripen with five senses scorched;

When three passes⁸ are burned, the Tao's impure.

Now and then the palm-leaf may bring dew and rain;

It's luck that Heav'n's hosts lend their godly pow'r.

Lead the bull to Buddha, let it sin no more:

Nature's conquered when water's joined with fire.

At this time Tripitaka was liberated from heat and delivered from distress; his mind was purified and his will made quiescent. The four pilgrims renewed their submission and thanked the Diamond Guardians, who returned to their treasure mountains. The Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light then rose into the air to provide continual protection, while the other deities all scattered. The deva-rāja and the prince led the bull to return to see Buddha. Only the local spirit remained to watch Rākṣasī, who was still standing at attention on one side.

"Rākṣasī," said Pilgrim, "how is it that you are not on your way? Why are you still standing here?" Going to her knees, Rākṣasī said, "I beg the Great Sage to be merciful and give me back my fan." "You bitch!" shouted Pa-chieh. "You don't know when to stop! Isn't it enough that we spare your life? You still want your fan? After we have taken it across the mountain, you think we won't trade it for a snack? We are not going to give it back to you after we have expended all this energy! Look how the rain drizzles! Why don't you go back!"

"The Great Sage," said Rākṣasī, bowing again, "said originally that he would return the fan to me once the fire was extinguished. I didn't listen to you at first, and now it's too late for regret after such a battle. Because of our recalcitrance, an army had to be sent here to toil and fight. I would, however, like to tell you that we have actually attained the way of humanity, though we have not returned to the right fruit. Now that I have witnessed the epiphany of the true body going back

to the West, I shall never dare misbehave again. I beg you to give me back my fan, so that I may start a new life in self-cultivation."

"Great Sage," said the local spirit, "since this woman knows the means by which the flames can forever be extinguished, you should ask her for it before you return the fan to her. This humble deity will remain in this region to care for its populace and beg from them some offering for my livelihood. You will have done us all an act of grace." "When I spoke to the local people," said Pilgrim, "they told me that when the fan extinguished the fire on this mountain, they could only harvest the five grains for one year. Then the fire would start again. How could it be extinguished forever?" "If you want it extinguished forever," replied Rākṣasī, "you must fan at the mountain forty-nine times. It will never start again."

When he heard this, Pilgrim indeed took the fan and fanned with all his strength at the summit forty-nine times: a great torrential rain descended on the mountain. It was truly a treasure, for the rain came down on only the area where there was fire before; where there was no fire, the sky remained clear. Master and disciples thus stood on the spot where there was no fire and they did not get wet at all. After staying there for the night, they put in order the luggage and the horse the next morning and gave the fan back to Rākṣasī. Pilgrim said to her, "If old Monkey didn't do this, I fear that people might say that my words are not trustworthy. You go back to a mountain with your fan now and don't start any trouble. I spare you because you have already attained a human body." After she received the fan, Rākṣasī recited a spell, and it changed again back into an almond leaf which she placed in her mouth. She bowed to thank the pilgrims and went off somewhere to practice self-cultivation as a recluse. In the end she, too, attained the right fruit and a lasting reputation in the sūtras.

As Rākṣasī and the local spirit thanked them and walked to send them off, Pilgrim, Pa-chieh, and Sha Monk were again accompanying Tripitaka to move forward, truly with their bodies pure and cool and with moisture beneath their feet. This is what we mean by

K'an and *Li* after completion, true beginning's fused;

Water and fire in harmony, the great Tao is born.

We don't know in what year they will return to the Land of the East, and you must listen to the explanation in the next chapter.