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Saintly Fools and Chinese Masters (Holy Fools)

Carneval is not so well known in America as it is in Catholic Europe. In southern Germany, for example, the Carneval starts in November, and by the time Lent is about to begin, on Fastnacht or Mardi Gras, all hell has broken loose in the holy places. The civil order is temporarily halted, and the spiritual order fully cooperates in the work of obstruction, reversal, and inversion. The mighty are provisionally unseated, the humble and insignificant exalted. Women normally chaste now act as if they were loose (or would be); and tongues normally taut now babble riotous nonsense. During the blessed period one may observe village priests devoting themselves as piously to their bottle as at other times to their breviary. Throughout this ceremonious reopening of the agricultural year reigns the perennially seductive spirit of paradox. It is a feast of fools, when not only is the conventional fool made king, but *all* are, in a sense, shown up as fools, *all* are out of order, unhinged, unstrung.

Such phenomena are well-nigh universal, and of abiding interest to students of all cultures. But I should think that they might have a particularly irresistible attraction for the student of traditional China. It has been customary for many historians of medieval China to belittle or even deny the enthusiastic, antinomian, and irrational aspects of Chinese culture – they have accepted all too willingly the establishment view of medieval China rendered by traditional upper-class historians and duly received by the Jesuits of the Enlightenment, a picture of China as the homeland of reason and order – of *Confucius sinarum philosophus*. Our students, these days, seem increasingly loath to follow in these well-worn tracks. Many of them, therefore, respond with enthusiasm to the growing body of information being amassed on traditional Chinese society as it still survives in Taiwan, Hong Kong, and Chinese southeast Asia, as well as the mainland.

In these regions, we can find the theatrical and the spiritual still closely allied. It is still possible to observe there the glittering galaxy of spirit-possession, dancing, dramatic display, and martial arts; and to see the tongue-

splitting, cheek-piercing, talisman-writing, prophesying spirit-mediums, or “oracle-youths,” as they are called. Such figures still star at community temple feasts, occasions when the attention of large segments of the community is focused upon precisely such persons and their entourage – creatures whom no self-respecting Chinese would ever boast of knowing socially, but whose centrality and power is undeniably evident, at times of commemorative and propitiatory festivals, as well as on occasions of extreme crisis.

Such phenomena now survive most visibly only on the periphery of China – but there is no doubt that they have formed part of Chinese culture from the very beginning. The historian’s first problem, though, is one of documentation. Clear signs of religious enthusiasm are not to be expected in a literature predominantly elitist, and closely linked, over the centuries, to the interests of the ruling class. Such evidence as remains must normally be searched for outside the established university curricula of Chinese studies. I am afraid I must have been something of a demoniac “oracle-youth” myself, in my early rebellion against traditional sinology – for as soon as I had gained a modest amount of classical Chinese, I was off in hot pursuit of the unusual and neglected in Chinese history and literature.

In time, I came upon a satisfactory subject for prolonged immersion – a large corpus of visionary poetry and prose, dating from the middle of the fourth century AD, and called, for convenience’s sake, the Mao Shan 茅山 Revelations. The poems, dictated to a man in his mid-30s by a band of luminous spirit-visitors, were to have a decisive effect on the poetics of subsequent Taoist liturgy. The prose scriptures, which the same visionary appears to have first beheld in the cannabinol-laden smoke of his incense-burner, provided the charter for Taoist meditation techniques throughout the ensuing Middle Ages. The basic collection of fourth-century documents was recovered and carefully edited and annotated at the end of the fifth century by a famous polymath, T’ao Hung-ching 陶弘景 (456–536) – and the resultant corpus is no less impressive as a monument of textual scholarship than as a substantial body of inspired spiritual literature. [1] Therein, of course, lies the paradox; even among such unusual and intriguing materials, we can in time discern a deadening stasis setting in. By the sheer force of its intrinsic literary excellence (plus a little shrewd promotion), this originally private and personal expression of supernatural communion became a spiritual monument: the charter for what was to be an established church.

Such transformations are absorbing in themselves, and represent a vital, if familiar, aspect of religious history. Yet, once they have been documented, the seeker after life and color must continue his search.

The legend with which I am concerned today is only a small fragment, awash in the wake of the great Mao Shan corpus, rather a frivolous hagiographic vignette. It concerns a young acolyte of the mighty Taoist master and scholar T’ao Hung-ching; a disciple named Huan K’ai 桓闍 (or Fa-k’ai 法闍). [2] Although Huan was mentioned in the master’s own writings, he first turns up as a subject for hagiography towards the end of the sixth century.

The work in which he first appears, Ma Shu’s 馬樞 *Lives of Taoist Scholars* (*Tao-hsiieh chuan* 道學傳), already presents him in a moderately ambivalent light. At the beginning of the sixth century, we are told, three antique lacquered boxes were found in the sand on an island in southern Shantung. They contained a copy of the three sections of the *Book of the Great Peace* (*Tai-p’ing ching* 太平經) composed by master Kan Chi 干吉. The villagers were astonished by this discovery, and they built an extensive temple on the site, and worshipped the scripture there. Our anti-hero, Huan K’ai, approached the villagers and asked for one section of the scripture, which they readily gave him. He took it back to the capital and kept it there – but first he showed it to master T’ao, and T’ao affirmed that it was truly the ancient text, written by Kan Chi himself. As soon as Huan K’ai brought his scripture to the capital, he fell ill, and nothing seemed able to cure him. When T’ao Hung-ching learnt of this, he said, “This malady is in all likelihood due to your transgression in having taken the scripture; you should send it back where it came from.” Huan at once followed this advice, and returned the scripture to its previous owners – and only then did he succeed in getting well.

Already in this early account, the respective characteristics of the two figures, T’ao and his disciple Huan, are clearly foreshadowed. T’ao appears as the great authority: an expert on handwriting and the authentication of old scripts and sacred epigraphy. Who else could pronounce with such authority upon a manuscript of one of the most controversial works of proto-Taoism, the *Book of the Great Peace*, a scripture with a highly raveled textual history, which was long accounted lost and which, significantly, seems only to have reappeared once more upon the scene at precisely the time when this narrative was written, in the second half of the sixth century.

But T'ao was also a preeminent authority on ethical issues, especially those surrounding the proper transmission and diffusion of sacred texts. Hence, he was instantly able to perceive the connection between Huan's illness and the removal of the scripture-manuscript from its rustic shrine. And his prescience was borne out by the event: Huan returns the hyperpotent scripture and is cured.

Sketchy though it is, this characterization of Huan K'ai still contains a few idiosyncratic suggestions of the fuller legendary personality that was to develop in time. Already, we observe in young Huan a certain audacity. True, for the moment master T'ao still has the upper hand; his vast learning and authority both certify the value of Huan's discovery and discern its untoward effect, and Huan willingly submits, first to T'ao's evaluation of the manuscript, then to his diagnosis of the illness. But Huan's readiness to play fast and loose with sacred scripture, and to divest a provincial shrine of part of its treasure, speak tellingly for the lad's sharpness and initiative. An observer of these legendary happenings might have surmised that the boy was destined to go far – if he lived. And though he in fact died young, that turned out to be no hindrance to his progress: just the reverse, as we shall see.

We owe our next glimpse of Huan to the tireless compiler of liturgy and hagiography, Tu Kuang-t'ing 杜光庭, who lived from 850 to 933. [3] And if Huan seems to have begun his career as a budding trickster, he has now become a rather vapid, insipid fool and simpleton. "It is not known of what place Huan K'ai was a native," writes Tu Kuang-t'ing. "He served master T'ao as his acolyte-of-all-work 執役之士, and wore himself out in toil for more than ten years. He was by nature always cautious, tranquil and withdrawn. Beyond his menial duties he engaged in no spiritual practices. One morning, two youths came down from heaven on a white crane, right into master T'ao's courtyard. T'ao was enraptured, and went out onto the veranda to receive them. But the youths said, "The Most High has commanded us only to ask for master Huan." Master T'ao said nothing, only thinking inwardly that there was no one named Huan among his disciples. Yet he gave orders that the person be sought for, and it turned out to be none other than Huan the menial. When T'ao asked him what method – what *tao* – he had practised to bring this about, Huan said, "I have practised the *tao* of doing homage in silence for a number of years. For nine years I have been paying homage personally to the Grand Monarch (T'ai Ti) 默朝太帝 . . . and so it is that I have received today's summons and am about to

ascend to heaven."

When he heard this, master T'ao wanted to take Huan as his own teacher; but Huan maintained his customary humility and deference, and would not grant T'ao's request. Then T'ao said, "In practicing the teachings and cultivating the *tao*, my zeal has been extreme. Can it be that I am still to linger on here in the world of mortals, thought I have committed no fault? I should like you to make inquiries in heaven about this, and inform me on a subsequent occasion." Then master Huan donned celestial garments, mounted the white crane, and ascended away to heaven.

Three days later, he secretly appeared in master T'ao's room, and said: "You have an outstanding accumulation of merit in the invisible world; but in the pharmacopeia that you composed you recommended the medicinal use of insects and water-creatures and other such beings. Though this may be beneficial to humans, it involves taking the lives of all these other creatures. On this account, after a further twelve-year span of life, you are destined to cast off your body and leave the world of men, to take up a post as Supervisor of Waters at P'eng-lai 蓬萊." Having spoken thus, Huan departed. T'ao Hung-ching subsequently wrote a pharmacopeia in three scrolls, intended for separate circulation, in which he recommended a number of vegetable substances as being suitable replacements for those various living creatures, as a means of making up for his previous fault. And later on, he really did leave his body behind and obtain the Tao.

In this tenth-century account, the enterprising youth has finally come into his own, and by the most subtle of means. The tables are turned, the magus has been unmasked as a harmer of living creatures and the scullion has acceded to celestial honors. The dramatic structure of the narrative is simple but telling. Huan is a silent, unprepossessing menial, of no known home or lineage. He simply drudges away incessantly, and takes no noticeable part in the spiritual activities of the great monastery, of whose members he is the least and lowliest. His true nature only comes out in response to a celestial manifestation, which his own virtue has evoked: the arrival of a heavenly welcoming party, which master T'ao erroneously imagines has come to carry *him* off to celestial bliss. Only then does it become clear that Huan K'ai has in fact been the most ardently devoted of all the monastery's members. His secret but efficacious method of worship is as unobtrusive and single-minded as his dustman's work itself – and it stands in sharpest contrast to the hidden but fatal flaw that he points out in

the spiritual panoply of the famous master T'ao. Moreover, the information that he brings to T'ao concerning T'ao's own posthumous destiny is certainly a distinct come-down from T'ao's long-cherished celestial ambitions. To be merely "Supervisor of Waters at P'eng-lai" – the old isle of the immortals in the Eastern Sea – cannot have been much of a reward for the most eminent Taoist of his day, whose sights were so firmly set on imminent heavenly bliss.

Hagiography, of course, is a quite autonomous literary mode, with rules of its own – and there is no need whatever for it to have any connection with real "history" at all. Yet in the legend of Huan K'ai, we find a number of unquestionable historical "facts" embedded in the sprightly narrative. As I have noted, there seems indeed to have been a real person named Huan K'ai, or Huan Fa-k'ai, among the disciples of the historical T'ao Hung-ching, though we know virtually nothing about the true Huan's deeds and character. On the life of T'ao, however, we are comparatively well informed. Our chief source of information is found in those of his voluminous writings that have been preserved. Nearly all of these are textual editions and commentaries. I have mentioned his work on the texts of the Mao Shan Revelations, completed around 499. T'ao was also the effective founder of critical pharmacology in China, and his annotated edition of the classic Chinese *materia medica*, which he finished not long afterwards, has been the basis for all subsequent work on the subject.

T'ao's editions and commentaries were painstaking productions, using, for example, different colored inks to distinguish text, original annotations, and T'ao's own editorial additions. T'ao's commentaries are rich in information on history, natural history, and customs, some concerning his own immediate surroundings on the holy Mao Shan (in the vicinity of modern Nanking), where he wrote nearly all his works; they also furnish data about his own life. The book richest in details of this sort, however, was compiled somewhat later, in 517. [4] In 516 a nineteen-year-old disciple of T'ao named Chou Tzu-liang 周子良 (497–516) committed suicide, apparently by swallowing a primitive vegeto-mineral elixir composed of mushrooms and cinnabar. Chou's final deed had been preceded by some eighteen months of visionary experiences. In the course of Chou's visions, the Taoist divinities of Mao Shan informed him that his immediate destiny lay among them, in the great cavern beneath the mountain, in which a numerous transcendent bureaucracy pursued their spiritual training while overseeing

the doings of mortals. Chou kept systematic records of his visions; shortly before killing himself, he deposited them in a grotto in the mountainside. After Chou's suicide, T'ao Hung-ching undertook a closer search for documentary information of the sort that Taoist visionaries tended to leave behind, and eventually came upon the cache. Such a find, of course, was just T'ao's cup of tea. He lost no time in arranging Chou's pathetic literary legacy in chronological order, and supplying explanatory notes and a biographical introduction. By early in 517, the work was ready for presentation to the throne. It was sent to the emperor as a confirmatory proof of continued divine interest in Mao Shan, its Taoists, and the dynasty; and the book has been preserved in the Taoist Canon.

In his letter of presentation to the emperor and elsewhere throughout his commentary on the text, T'ao repeatedly states his conviction that his young disciple had indeed achieved the immortality promised him by his divine visitors. Thus, in the case of Chou Tzu-liang, we have an authentic historical instance of one of T'ao's own students having forestalled his master in the attainment of otherworldly office. But there was also an even closer relationship between the life and letters of Chou Tzu-liang and the later legend of Huan K'ai. For Chou's memoranda contain references to a notable crisis in T'ao Hung-ching's own life. [5] When T'ao had passed his sixtieth birthday, in 515, he apparently dreamt that he himself was about to be summoned to take up an official post among the bureaucratic pantheon of Taoism – or, in our own crude idiom, to die. Knowing that his disciple Chou was in some kind of direct communication with the spirits, T'ao mentioned this vital plight to him; and Chou's familiar spirits were eventually able to report that the arrangement was off. Another candidate for the post had been named in T'ao's stead, and so the great Taoist master lived on. But in the course of his inquiries, Chou also learned precisely what was to have been T'ao's otherworldly position. He was destined to become Superintendent of Waters at P'eng-lai. And the reasons for this relatively undistinguished appointment are not glossed over in Chou's manuscripts. It was because T'ao had cruelly listed living creatures among the components of his *materia medica*.

T'ao first discovered these disconcerting facts when he came to edit the record of his pupil's visions, and he nobly reproduces them in his editing – though his commentary suggests his barely-concealed chagrin. The flaw in T'ao's learned and pious armour was thus revealed. And so, being too

conscientious to suppress the embarrassing text, T'ao left a fatal passage in the finished work, a passage which was to echo down the centuries and seriously undermine his posthumous fame. For T'ao's renown in history has been enormous. Every subsequent master in his great Taoist lineage, and every later worker in pharmacology, has of course been directly indebted to him. And many others, too, have written passionate appreciations of his achievements in cosmology, calligraphy, alchemy, and metallurgy. Yet alongside this mighty current of praise has run a slender, bubbling stream of mockery. And beside the august figure of T'ao Hung-ching, we find the scampering servant, Huan K'ai.

It is clear then, that for certain essentials, the Huan K'ai legend is firmly rooted in the historical facts of Chou Tzu-liang's life and death. Here we find both the theme of the precociously immortalized disciple, as well as the specific title that T'ao was to have borne, the shoddy "Supervisorship of Waters." And there are indications, too, that the Huan K'ai legend was not the first fictional reworking of the arresting material. In the principal biography of T'ao Hung-ching, written in the eighth or ninth century, we are given a brief glimpse of one of T'ao's woman-disciples, named Ch'ien Miao-lo 錢妙羅. [6] We are told that this young woman was about to leave T'ao, "in order to be received at the Golden Porte," in other words, at the gateway to the uppermost heavens. T'ao is then made to say wistfully, "Many are those among my disciples who have already departed before me." And Ms. Ch'ien declares with aplomb, "You, my Master, are to be Supervisor of Waters at P'eng-lai." Then she takes off into space, after an exchange of poems – hers suitably triumphant, his filled with poignant longing.

In spite of his spectacular accomplishments and worldly success, then, T'ao's reputation has been dogged by an echo of imperfection and nonfulfillment. There is the stigma of a faint pretentiousness – of trying, just too hard – and the suggestion, too, of some vital oversight: a fatal flaw. These unfortunate character-traits are zestfully brought out in the crowning work of the hagiographic series. This is an extended narrative entitled *A Record of Huan the Perfect One's Ascent to Immortality* (*Huan chen-jen sheng-hsien chi* 桓真人升仙記). [7] It occupies thirteen pages, as an independent work in the Taoist Canon, and was certainly in existence by the middle of the twelfth century.

To be sure, T'ao is given credit here for impressive accomplishments – but this simply throws his faults into higher relief. He is presented as being, in effect, the presiding master of a great Taoist university. Over 1,700

students are currently studying with him, and of these, 300 have already "entered his inner chamber": in other words, received special tutorial instruction. He surpasses all other men in intelligence, and in his devotion to study. He has a laudable delight in miracles, and is a true lover of the wild mountains amidst which he dwells, and which he has commendably reforested with pine and bamboo. He has set his heart on ascending into the clouds; but though the Monarch on High is certainly mindful of him, T'ao's spiritual merits are really too few to justify this high ambition. All his striving is in vain; he is unquestionably inferior in spiritual attainment to his seven most accomplished disciples.

The unknown author of this text particularly resents T'ao's dual practice of Buddhism and Taoism, and otherwise lists three good points and four bad points in T'ao's character and behavior. [8] He finds good the following: 1. T'ao's devotion to the dynasty – he is a firm loyalist; 2. T'ao succours the poor and hungry, and so carries on the true spirit of the Mao Shan Revelations; and 3. T'ao is fully devoted to the cause of establishing a solid corpus of *materia medica*. All well and good – but these praiseworthy qualities are disastrously offset by four failings.

1. In compiling his roster of drugs and macrobiotic foodstuffs, T'ao recommended the use of animal and insect substances against illness; though beneficial to mankind, this is a crime against animals.
2. He delights in making astronomical observations and plumbing the workings of heaven; he thereby oppresses the spirits as he seeks to predict weal or woe for mortals.
3. He has turned tracts of mountain land into fields for growing crops; he surveys the dark and secret places and cuts down trees to build dwellings.
4. His personal spiritual ambitions are excessive. He has constructed a so-called Waiting for the Immortals Tower, and a hermitage named "For Lodging Descended Perfect-Ones." He may have swarms of disciples, but he himself has no affinity with celestial ascent.

This passage is, I think, an interesting expression of Taoist auto-criticism, and should alert us to certain pronounced differences of opinion amongst the twelfth-century priesthood. T'ao is being pilloried not only for his spiritual ambitions, but for his institutionalizing and "civilizing" activities as well. In founding a large monastic community and undertaking the

necessary agricultural and architectural developments connected with its survival, T'ao has spoilt the mountain's primordial simplicity – and this theme brings us naturally back to the simpleton, Huan K'ai.

Curiously, this full-scale version of the Huan K'ai legend devotes relatively little space to the actual encounter between Huan and master T'ao. In fact, it only comes up in the last three and a half folios, out of a total of thirteen. The earlier part of the text represents an elaborate "Prolog im Himmel," and depicts a long exchange between Huan and his *true* master, the transcendent Lord Li Huan 李桓. And this initial scene is set, not at Mao Shan (near China's eastern seaboard), but on a peak in the far western province of Szechwan. For it transpires that Huan K'ai's eventual presence on Mao Shan was really part of a well-thought-out master-plan, a *mission*. He was sent there by master Li Huan to achieve the final stages of his spiritual training through menial work as a gardener. And the bulk of this text, *Huan K'ai's Ascent as an Immortal*, reproduces the preliminary briefing that Huan was given by master Li, before setting out for Mao Shan.

Much of this seems at first glance simply a florid peroration in good Taoist scriptural style – stringing together the elaborate names of occult writings and mystical practices – an example of Taoist "fine writing." During his years of apprenticeship, master Li tells him, Huan K'ai has learned much – but only the *minor* techniques of immortality. He has not yet begun to study the Great Tao itself. Huan then proceeds to name a selection of celebrated otherworldly locations – Mount K'un-lun, for example, and the Jasper Pool, and the Purple Sanctuary, all famous resorts of the immortals; and he asks his teacher where these are, and how to get there. Not without periphrasis, master Li reveals that these are all actually located within one's own body; and then describes the procedure for "Silently doing homage to the Supreme Monarch": this is, as we might expect, a compact, inward-looking method of meditation. Armed with this unobtrusive technique, Huan will be able to achieve immortality in the corrupt, worldly milieu of T'ao Hung-ching's town-and-country monastery at Mao Shan.

This briefing is a long one, but we are finally given the tale of Huan K'ai's adventure itself. Master Li sent Huan over the 8,000 leagues to Mao Shan by means of his magic mirror that communicated with the springs of the earth. Huan simply closed his eyes and was miraculously transported away. It was as if he heard people speaking, next smelt fine incense, then heard sweet singing and divine instrumentalists. Suddenly, master Li's voice

said, "Open your eyes!" – and he found himself, as if waking from a dream, gazing upon a vast emerald sea full of boats. A passerby told him that it was still 200 leagues to Mao Shan, and so he set off on foot. Meanwhile, T'ao Hung-ching dreamt that a radiance filled his room, and a god in golden armor informed him that an exceptional person was to arrive at noon on the morrow. T'ao awoke and straightaway ordered his disciples to sweep and make everything ready, and to announce the distinguished visitor as soon as he arrived. But at noon the next day, there appeared at the monastery gates only a young stranger with unbound hair and bare feet, singing odd verses that T'ao's disciples could not comprehend:

Yellow blossoms emerge in the purple clouds,
Sun and moon follow heaven's wheel,
Wandering alone in the great void of space,
Not consorting with other creatures.
Full twelve peaks hath Mount K'un-lun,
The Lord on High tours them a myriad times.
One day, when the full measure of merit's been achieved,
I will mount aloft and visit the Primordial Lord.

T'ao was delighted to learn that his guest had arrived – but quite disconcerted at seeing the straggly hair and bare feet. Asked the reason for his coming, Huan simply states that he wishes to tend T'ao's garden. T'ao asks him about the meaning of his unusual song; and Huan replies, pointedly, that those only familiar with *worldly* music would naturally find it difficult to understand. Questioned about his identity, Huan informs T'ao that he comes from distant Szechwan. "When did you leave home?" asks T'ao. "Yesterday," Huan tells him. "Hah," laughs T'ao, "a madman, a madman!" Huan inquires about the different grades of students in T'ao's establishment, and receives a detailed answer; but his own wish is simply to cultivate the garden, draw water from the spring, cut firewood, look after the hearths, attend to the privies, and clean the wells. T'ao keeps him in this humble capacity, and he stays for fully twelve years, never complaining during the whole time. He was up before anyone else, and went to bed only after all the others were already asleep – nor, we are told, did he ever burn incense, perform obeisance, intone the scriptures, or avoid eating meat. T'ao soon forgot all about him, so unobtrusive was he. It was only

when the crane arrived from heaven and master T'ao rushed forward, all wonder and a wild surmise, that the mysterious menial was abruptly brought once more to his shocked attention. For the story concludes as before; only this time, in keeping with the larger scale, a suite of more than a hundred celestials attend the hierophany, and Huan must formally quaff an elixir before mounting the crane. After Huan's departure, we are told, T'ao Hung-ching looked quite sick – that whole night he was like one in an alcoholic stupor.

I've promised you a talk on holy "fools"; and thus far, I've traced only the fragmentary evidence of a single legend: the story of one whose foolishness is not at all that motley, madcap, or spectacular. To essay a full panorama of China's fools, madmen and idiots, saintly or otherwise, might be in itself a foolhardy undertaking. Still, a brisk review of the classical background material should help to clarify Huan K'ai's place in the great tradition, and point up the significance of his legend.

The chronicle of literary fools might well begin with the famous madman who mocked Confucius with a scathing ditty: "O phoenix, o phoenix, how your virtue had dwindled! . . ." Confucius, the ever-wise teacher, pedantically exact in all things, and with a pathetic hankering after official recognition, was a natural target for the satirical verses of an untrammelled hermit-fool. And although his antagonists in pre-Han literature are generally assumed to have been anchorites of mature years, Confucius was also savagely victimized by a young boy, the irrepressible Hsiang T'o 項託. A medieval tale, more fully developed and internally cohesive than our Huan K'ai story, shows this loathsome seven-year-old tormenting Confucius with a series of questions that the sage proves quite unable to answer. [9] The country of excessive respect for age was no stranger to tales of precocious youth; the homeland of solemn rites could also rejoice in seeing the rules of proper precedence overturned – at least in legend. But the boy Hsiang T'o, unlike Huan K'ai, is the pint-sized embodiment of verbal skill: *puer senex* with a vengeance. Although both tales share the feature of a pompous teacher shown up by an unprepossessing youth, the means employed in either case are radically different.

Perhaps a more direct prototype for our tale comes from a milieu that is, at first sight, very different from the mountain retreat of the Taoist master T'ao Hung-ching – or from the roadside setting of Confucius' encounter with the boy Hsiang T'o. The story I have in mind emanates

from an imperial court, that of emperor Wu of the Han dynasty, in the second century BC. It is the legend of Tung-fang shuo 東方朔, arch-court jester and buffoon – a story that was later taken up and developed in medieval Taoism. [10]

Even in its classic, pre-Taoist forms, the Tung-fang Shuo story has elements very germane to our topic. Tung-fang is a refined courtier, essayist, memorialist, and poet – but also an irrepressible scamp and trickster, with an unenviable reputation for personal slovenliness, to boot. Yet behind this boisterous worldly exterior, we are given to understand, lies a sober contemplative and ascetic. It is Tung-fang Shuo, or his chronicler, who first propounds the paradoxical *topos* that the high-road to sanctity leads not through the barren mountains and dense forests (where temptations are few), but to the imperial court itself – where snares and delusions abound, to beguile the dedicated ascetic and lead him astray. It later came to be said, proverbially, that only the meanest talents garb themselves in sackcloth and seek realization in mountaintop hermitages; higher souls, requiring a greater challenge to their mettle, strive for sainthood in the army, or ardently preserve their spiritual treasure intact beneath richly brocaded court robes. In short, Tung-fang's paradoxical mode of life set the pattern for a long line of sophisticated *official* Taoists – and since they were the men who wrote books, the Tung-fang approach to asceticism has a considerable supporting literature.

A radical paradox is no less crucial to the Huan K'ai story; but its exaltation of the humblest would seem to stand the Tung-fang Shuo legend on its head. Tung-fang radiated at the apex of court society; Huan K'ai toiled at the nadir of the rustic mountain community. Yet the later Huan K'ai legend shares certain features with the Tung-fang cycle. In a non-Taoist text from the late-second century AD (Ying Shao's 應劭 *Feng-su t'ung-i* 風俗通義), Tung-fang Shuo is identified as the spirit of the planet Venus, exiled to earth to work out his destiny at the Han emperor's worldly court. [11] He is thus the first of a long series of persons identified as "banished immortals" – which becomes a consecrated means of rationalizing eccentricity. Huan K'ai, too, is sent to Mao Shan to complete his training in the circle of a comparatively worldly Taoist master, T'ao Hung-ching. Like Tung-fang, he must bring himself to perfection in a relatively unpropitious milieu. And there is also another sense to their terrestrial mission. Both have descended, in part, in order to test their unwitting hosts.

Enthroned at the pinnacle of human society, will the emperor be able to recognize a true saint in his entourage, and thereby give proof of his own readiness for celestial instruction? Taoist ritual has always been entirely modeled on court ritual; and the medieval Taoist master, on his isolated mountain-peak, surrounded by a host of adoring disciples, was a potentate, or "son of heaven," in his own right. Would such a man be able to spot a celestial emissary in his own preserve? And could such a man ever humbly come to acknowledge his own need for instruction and improvement? In both cases, the odds were strongly stacked against the incumbents, emperor as well as Taoist master; both failed the test, and both could only express, too late, vain regrets.

Apart from possible prototypes within Chinese literary tradition, our humble exemplar, Huan K'ai, also has his place within a worldwide story-complex – the rags-to-riches motif of the fool who makes good, the unpromising youngest brother who succeeds where his elders fail. The protagonist may be relegated to the hearthside out of sibling jealousy (a Cinderella figure) or may even choose to hide amongst women out of sheer cowardice, like Achilles. But whatever the mechanism employed, the ultimate recognition of sanctity in our tale corresponds to the revelation of the disguised hero in his might, to those who formerly treated him with contempt. The legend of the fool is simply an episode in the myth of the hero.

Rather than plunge headlong into the unfathomable ocean of story, though, I will propose a rapid sidelong glance at a corpus of legends, but from the other end of Eurasia. I have in mind the "fools of Christ," the *salói*, of early-medieval Greek monasticism. The sixth-century St. Syméon was the first of the line to have a full-scale biography written about him, and the literary genre apparently culminates in the tenth-century life of St. Andrew the Fool, *Andréas salós*. According to André Festugière, the chief characteristics of the type are that the *salós* acts like an idiot or imbecile, so that no one will recognize his virtue; he purposely adopts folly as a cloak; and so, rather than being revered, he draws down scorn. Also, he gives himself over to performing indecent acts, because he lacks all sense of "decency": meaning, that he is entirely dead to the world, he has acquired extreme *apátheis*. Finally, although he is quintessentially a hermit, an anchorite, he has come to live among men so as to convert them; thus, he comes as an apostle, with a mission.

Festugière notes, too, the close association, in this tradition, of mad-

ness or foolishness, with spirit-possession – as in the account of the nun in St. Pachomius's desert establishment "who acted as a madwoman or one possessed. She stayed in the monastery kitchen, dressed in rags, and ate only leftovers." The dominant ambition of such hidden saints is to conceal, disguise, or disfigure their own sanctity – often by flagrant violations of the monastic rule, notably meat-eating or sex. The theme of sudden disappearance, too, is a commonplace in their lives: they often vanish immediately after performing a miracle. And Festugière goes on to observe that all these elements soon crystalize in the stock hagiographic theme of a great master or abbot, notified in a dream or vision that some humble monk or nun in his cloister is in reality far more spiritually advanced than he. [12]

Comparing our Taoist legends from the sixth through twelfth centuries with Greek narratives from the same period, it does seem as if comparable institutional developments in the monastic life, at either end of Asia, have given rise to remarkable parallels in hagiography. But I am not suggesting that we simply wallow in comparative studies: far from it. The student of traditional China can never know enough about other societies; and we have, in particular, very much to learn from fields of study with a longer history, and greater sophistication, than our own. But our first task, of course, is to use all the means at our command to illuminate the Chinese context – since the religious life of just about *any* place is probably better studied than that of medieval China.

The tale of Huan K'ai is obviously intended as a moral exemplum: the fool and menial teaches a lesson – first, a general lesson about the relative worthlessness of learning and fame; but then, a more specific lesson about the practice of meditation – a particular method of meditation, "doing homage in silence to the Supreme Monarch."

In the long, twelfth-century version of the legend, the sequence of events is completely subverted by the author's meticulous presentation of the contemplative terminology and procedures. The human body is a fully equipped microcosm, a cosmic mountain or landscape. All its components and processes must be perceived as being structurally interrelated – and the enlightened consciousness must bring them all to bear upon the attainment of the ultimate celestial objective. Once Huan has been given this great truth, he is ready to toil in the Mao Shan privies; once a reader has seized it, he can continue his daily life in the impure world. Given the emphasis placed upon technique in this hagiography, it is hardly surprising to find

that it was actually practised and strongly promoted in a widespread twelfth-century Taoist movement, the "*T'ien-hsin cheng-fa*" 天心正法, or that an eminent thirteenth-century Taoist liturgiologist, Chin Yün-chung 金允中, devoted space to attacking bitterly its pretensions. [13]

As the slant of the legend suggests, this silent homage was in fact intended as a short-cut around the complexities of Taoist ritual: a simplified, one-pointed method of attainment, such as we find being put forward in other medieval Taoist sources, as well. It seems no accident that the discoverers or early promoters of such techniques are themselves commonly depicted as being simpletons – and not only remote, legendary dotards, but real-life fools, too. Take the case of Hsü Shou-hsin 徐守信. In the middle of the eleventh century, aged nineteen, he entered an important Taoist monastery, and "concealed himself in the labor of sweeping and sprinkling." In the course of this drudgery, he encountered an otherworldly personage, who told him, "Simply recite the *Book of Salvation* (*Tu-jen ching* 度人經)." Whenever anyone asked him about good or ill fortune, he would answer with a four-character phrase drawn from the book. [14] A large literature grew up about this oracular figure and his enigmatic doings.

Or again, at Mao Shan itself, we have the youth Yang Hsi-ch'en 楊希真 (1101–1124). Yang was also a simpleton, who was pursuing his Taoist studies on the mountain; until in 1120 – also at the crucial age of nineteen – he suddenly disappeared. When he showed up again, a year later, he said that he had been inside Mao Shan's inner caverns; though under normal circumstances none of the fissures on the mountain is wide enough to admit a man. He brought with him a new corpus of instructions for meditation, termed appropriately the "Great Practices of Youth's Incipience" 童初大法. They were soon enjoying a considerable vogue and not merely among the simple; some of the most illustrious Taoist masters professed themselves utterly beguiled. [15]

The catalog of fools and innovators could easily be extended; somewhat later in the twelfth century the patriarchs of the new Entire Perfection lineage ("Ch'üan-ch'en chiao" 全真教) manifested themselves as worthy continuers of eccentric tradition. Their school synthesized Taoism with elements of Ch'an Buddhism, and it remained the most powerful Taoist group in north China down to our own time.

Clearly, the menial fool with his one-pointed task is a speechless spokesman for the meditators, as opposed to the scholar-administrators.

Hence his association with novelty, with innovation in practice. And his youth would seem to ally him with the class of acolytes, and all the wilful young Turks of the monastic community. But it also links him with a much more general set of Taoist images, and with an aura of innate divinity. Numbers of Taoist deities, especially those infused into the body of the meditator, are described as having the semblance of children – or even new-born babes. Clearly, infants and fools, "uncarved blocks," or block-heads, are closest in spirit to the primordial Tao.

But if you are weary of these rather stereotyped images of Taoist perfection, I could tentatively suggest another determining factor in the success stories of our youthful fools. The student of Chinese religion as a whole should immediately recognize one element in Huan K'ai's tale that virtually guaranteed him divine honors: he died young. Like Chou Tzu-liang, his historical prototype, he was carried off in the fullness of youth, without having completed a normal lifespan. In terms of common Chinese belief, then, both Huan and Chou still had a considerable unexpended residue of vital force – and of such stuff gods are made. To be sure, the Taoist framework of the tales assures that these early deaths and transfigurations were in full accord with otherworldly bureaucratic procedure; the sudden, untimely departures have been regularized as routine celestial appointments. For this was always Taoism's way with the encircling forces of common Chinese belief and practice. Taoist masters may have sought to distinguish themselves from the ecstatic religion that surrounded them; sometimes, though, we must wonder if they achieved more than a refined rationalization of beliefs that they too inevitably shared.

It may after all be in this light that we can ultimately best understand the early death of Huan K'ai – as well as his subsequent service, for T'ao Hung-ching, as a messenger, or go-between, with the world of the spirits. After all, he had approached the monastery gates barefoot, and with hair unbound: the traditional demeanor of a spirit-medium. And if Huan's single-minded meditation is vital to his apotheosis, it may be that the outward action that envelopes it is no less important to a fuller interpretation. Incessantly sprinkling and sweeping, Huan K'ai is engaged in a perpetual work of purification, or even, if you like, exorcism. And the place in which Enlightenment is attained seems significant, as well. Those versions of the legend that localize Huan's activities in the privy inevitably evoke the otherworldly associations of that awesome spot. In particular, they may

remind us of the legend of Tzu-ku 紫姑, the Purple Maiden, who was wont to communicate with certain literary circles in the eleventh and twelfth centuries by means of automatic writing. She informed her hosts that she was a celestial being who, as the result of a misdemeanor, had been "banished into the dirt and filth." This phrase, which turns up over and over in the Tzu-ku literature, is simply a well-established designation for the world. But someone, sometime, must have taken it at face value, and so the unfortunate exile was duly installed as goddess of the privy. [16] There may indeed be many more connections between Taoism and Chinese belief at large than the Taoists themselves would care to acknowledge. Perhaps in our saintly fools we have at least a residue of those ecstatic "oracle-youths" whose antics I evoked at the outset.

One test of these tentative assumptions, of course, would be to extend the inquiry to the parallel Buddhist material. In Chinese Buddhist hagiography, we duly find our early-sixth-century saintly fools – the monk Pao-chih 寶誌, for example; and we certainly do not lack examples from the T'ang era – Hui-neng 慧能, Sixth Patriarch of the Southern School of Ch'an, was notable as a seeming dullard and diligent sweeper. Perhaps the most celebrated of the tribe was a twelfth-century character called Tao-chi 道濟, or Chi-tien 濟顛, "Chi the Madman." He lived from 1150 to 1209, and near-contemporary records of his discourses have been preserved; he later became the anti-hero of more than one novel.

Though I blithely drop all these names with seeming confidence, I must admit that I do not yet know very much about the hagiography of these intriguing Buddhist figures. Still less am I aware of what their ultimate debt might be to the Indian fool, the Vidūṣaka, studied by Huizinga, and more recently by F. B. J. Kuiper [17]; or to the Pāśupata ascetics who sought humiliation as a means of acquiring spiritual merit. Since beginning my study of the Taoist holy fool, I've been increasingly aware of the truth in the saying, "As we know a little more, we know a little less." There seem to be reverberations of all these prior traditions in the crowning member of the series, a fabulous Buddhist trickster-saint, whose nominal master serves effectively as his straight-man, and whose quintessential foolishness is blazoned forth in his rough-hewn animal form – I mean of course Sun Wu-k'ung 孫悟空, "Aware of Vacuity," and "Great Sage Equal to Heaven": in a word, Monkey – hero, or anti-hero, of the *The Journey to the West*, whose history and genealogy have been studied by Glen Dudbridge. [18] For that

matter there is even a spiritual, anagogical interpretation attached to trickster novels of outright debauchery and license, like *Jou p'u-t'uan* 肉蒲團, *The Prayermat of the Flesh*.

Beyond all the literary examples, there are also the vanishing data of real life. "Mad monks" were still to be seen in twentieth-century China. Called "wild monks" 野和尚, they wore their hair long and led itinerant lives. Their sanctity lay in their having abandoned the security of the settled monastic life, as in having taken leave of their senses.

But there is still a place for eccentrics inside the monastery, as well. A student of mine reports having found a madman working in the kitchens of the great Taoist monastery at Ch'ing-ch'eng, Szechwan, in 1981. I myself have chatted amicably with a feeble-minded monk at Kōyasan, the austere headquarters of Shingon Buddhism in Japan, in 1975. Is folly an occupational hazard of the meditator's life? Or are monasteries, like universities, simply natural places of refuge for such types?

Yet the real question may be: if saintly fools are so ubiquitous a phenomenon, in fact and fiction, how are they best to be studied? I have tried to trace a single Taoist example – but I feel that even this limited inquiry should have been extended to many other categories of sources. Thanks to the pigeon-holing tendencies of traditional Chinese scholarship, the sinologist finds nearly all his sources neatly prepackaged and labeled. There are the histories, there are the novels, and the plays. And there are the massive collections of religious literature, gathered into the Buddhist and Taoist canons. As for the living tradition – that can be left to the anthropologist. But in time I think that one comes to appreciate how all these categories really overlap, within the essentially homogeneous Chinese tradition. And, whether we are students of Taoism, Buddhism, or folklore, this larger tradition must be our concern; it gives sense to the individual parts.

Meanwhile, though, I hope that the image of the hardworking disciple who overtakes and surpasses his master may serve as an example to us all, whether as nervous, diligent teachers, or pious, ambitious students . . . as your monastic semester approaches its end.

_____ 10.IX.87, CCS

APPENDIX (by STEPHEN R. BOKENKAMP)

The preceding essay was, in earlier forms, presented as part of the Davis Lecture Series at Oxford University in May of 1984 and again at the Center for Chinese Studies at the University of California, Berkeley, on September 10, 1987. Finally, the manuscript was submitted to *Asia Major* in Spring of 1994 to be included in this commemorative issue. Michel Strickmann's untimely death on August 11, 1994, prevented the article from being prepared for readers as he would have wished and, in effect, renders his essay a double memorial. (See also *Asia Major* 6.2, p. 1, for thoughts on Strickmann's passing.) In many ways it is a fitting one, yet there is a measure of sad irony in the fact that Michel Strickmann chose this particular essay to contribute to a memorial volume dedicated to Anna Seidel.

Rather than to undertake the necessary rewriting and updating of notes, the editors have decided to leave the essay almost entirely as is. Only very minor stylistic changes were imposed, as well as several corrections and one or two rephrasings to help the uninitiated reader. Therefore it stands as written – a lively campus talk.

The title "Holy Fools," the one originally used for the submitted typescript, was placed in parentheses and "Sainly Fools and Chinese Masters," the title used for the Oxford lecture, was scrawled in Strickmann's hand across the top of the first page. Given the fact that Strickmann quite openly identifies himself (above) with the figure of the "trickster-saint" who appears "at times of commemorative . . . festivals, as well as on occasions of extreme crisis," we might imagine that he meant to present himself as a "Huan K'ai" outpaced just this once by Anna K. Seidel in the role of the scholarly "T'ao Hung-ching." Or he might have noted, as we do now, that there was a bit of both personae in these two scholars and friends. Both Seidel and Strickmann liked to "tweak the noses of the Brahmins" on occasion, and both applied great scholarly erudition, to unusual and neglected topics of enquiry.

Finally, though, we simply cannot know now how Strickmann would have revised this essay into final form. While "Holy Fools" shows both the erudite and the witty modes of Strickmann's work, it is my role here to focus on the former. It was Strickmann's habit to circulate drafts of his work for a long period of time before publication. As mentioned above, "Holy Fools" seems to have undergone a similar process of gestation before reaching the form presented here. One of the projects upon which he was working up to his death was a full biography of T'ao Hung-ching. Revealed fragments of this long-anticipated publication include "On the Alchemy of T'ao Hung-ching," sections of *Le taoïsme du Mao chan: Chronique d'une révélation*, and now the present offering.

What seems to have drawn Strickmann to the study of the life and writings of T'ao Hung-ching – beyond a taste for the seemingly extracurricular, something research into Shang-ch'ing Taoism supplied for both T'ao and Strickmann

– was T'ao's ability to excel in diverse fields of scholarship, from textual work to alchemy and *materia medica*. Strickmann, too, pursued his researches across a broad stretch of the Chinese intellectual landscape. Wherever his researches led him, he was always concerned to bring sinological research into dialogue with other fields of humanistic and social science scholarship. As a result, this essay does not follow familiar lines of analysis – that, for instance, distinguish reclusion from other types of religious activity and further classify hermits by type, those who flee to the wilds (*shan-yin* 山陰), those who remain in court (*ch'ao-yin* 朝陰), and so forth. Instead, stimulated by insights drawn from scholarship on Indian and Greek culture, Strickmann draws a new typology, the "Holy Fool," which, as he ably shows, can highlight with particular clarity diverse and heretofore unexplored features of the Chinese religious scene.

It is a great loss, both to the field of Taoist studies and to sinology as a whole, that this vital intelligence has been taken from us in such an untimely fashion. As this appendix shows only too well, even the numerous works Strickmann left partially completed cannot now be presented as they would have been. Without doubt, Strickmann would have updated this piece, as well, incorporating the more recent results of his voluminous reading and careful textual research. The notes appended below cannot supply this loss. They are meant to guide the reader to the sources Strickmann used in composing this work and to indicate a few items of secondary literature. The notes are keyed to the numbers appearing in brackets in the text. The abbreviation "HY" is explained in the footnotes of several other articles in this issue.

[1] The work referred to here is *Chen-kao* 真誥, HY no. 1010. Strickmann's published work on the Shang-ch'ing 上清 (Mao Shan 茅山) revelations includes "The Mao-shan Revelations: Taoism and the Aristocracy," *TP* 63 (1978), pp. 1-63; "On the Alchemy of T'ao Hung-ching," Holmes Welch and Anna Seidel, eds., *Facets of Taoism* (New Haven: Yale U.P., 1979), pp. 123-92; and *Le taoïsme du Mao chan: Chronique d'une révélation* (Paris: Collège de France, Institut des Hautes Études Chinoises, 1981).

[2] Huan K'ai is also known as Huan Fa-k'ai. A stele inscription dated 1123 and collected in *Mao-shan chih* 茅山志 (HY no. 304, ch. 21, pp. 2a-3b) gives his name as Ch'ing-yüan 清遠. If this tradition is correct, "Fa-k'ai" would seem to have been his religious name. Fragments of Ma Shu's *Tao-hsüeh chuan* are collected and collated in Ch'en Kuo-fu 陳國符, *Tao-tsang yüan-liu k'ao* 道藏源流考 (Peking: Chung-hua shu-chü, 1963). The biography of Huan K'ai referenced here appears on p. 481. As Anna Seidel notes in a reference to this story ("Imperial Treasures and Taoist Sacraments: Taoist Roots in the Apocrypha," vol. 2 of Michel Strickmann, ed., *Tantric and Taoist Studies: In Honour of R. A. Stein*, *Mélanges chinois et bouddhiques* 21 [Brussels: Institut Belge des Hautes Études Chinoises, 1983], p. 338, n. 174, another version was appended to the *Tai-p'ing ching* itself. See Wang Ming 王明, ed., *Tai-p'ing ching ho-chiao* 太平經合校 (Peking: Chung-hua, 1979), p. 745.

[3] The story closely summarized below is collected in *T'ai-p'ing kuang-chi* 太平廣記 (Chung-hua shu-chü edn., ch. 15, p. 106), where it is ascribed to Tu's *Shen-hsien kan-yü chuan* 神仙感遇傳. There is some doubt as to this ascription. The story is found in neither the canonical copy of this work (HY no. 592) nor in the extracts from the work collected in *Yün-chi ch'i-ch'ien* 雲笈七籤 (HY no. 1026, ch. 112). The Ming copy of *T'ai-p'ing kuang-chi* cites the source of the tale as the lost *Shen-hsien shih-i* 神仙拾遺, also by Tu Kuang-ling. On this latter work and its reconstructions, see Franciscus Verellen, *Du Guangting (850-933): Taoïste de cour à la fin de la Chine médiévale*, Mémoires de l'Institut des Hautes Études Chinoises 30 (Paris: Collège de France, 1989), p. 208.

[4] *Chou-shih ming-t'ung chi* 周氏冥通記, HY no. 302.

[5] *Ibid.* 3, pp. 13a-14a.

[6] Strickmann's account of the various biographies of T'ao Hung-ching is to be found in his "On the Alchemy of T'ao Hung-ching," pp. 142-43, nn. 57-59. The "principal biography" to which he refers here is that of Chia Sung 賈嵩, *Hua-yang yin-chü nei-chuan* 華陽陰居內傳 (HY no. 300). The story of Ch'ien Miao-lo appears at ch. 2, pp. 15a-b, of this work, and the poems he and T'ao exchanged are in *San-tung ch'ün-hsien lu* 三洞群仙錄 (HY no. 1238, ch. 8, pp. 8a-b), a collection compiled in 1154 by Ch'en Pao-kuang 陳葆光. Ch'ien was also known as "the female Perfected Ch'ien" 錢女真, an appellation that was miswritten Ch'ien Miao-chen 錢妙真. Various biographies reveal her to have been something more than the "young woman" Strickmann describes. *Tao-hsüeh chuan* relates that she ascended at the venerable age of eighty-three sui (Ch'en, *Tao-tsang*, pp. 487-88), while *San-tung ch'ün-hsien lu* and *Mao-shan chih* (ch. 15, p. 3b) both record that she studied with T'ao for thirty years.

[7] *Huan chen-jen sheng-hsien chi*, HY no. 301.

[8] *Ibid.*, pp. 4b-5a.

[9] This tale, discovered in multiple ms. copies at Tun-huang, is entitled "K'ung-tzu Hsiang T'o hsiang-wen shu" 孔子項託相問書 and may be found in Wang Chung-min 王重民 et al., eds., *Tun-huang pien-wen chi* 敦煌變文集 (Peking: Jen-min wen-hsüeh, 1957); see also Michel Soymié, *L'entrevue de Confucius et de Hsiang To: Manuscrits tibétains et chinois* (Paris: Société Asiatique, 1956).

[10] For the medieval Taoist accounts of Tung-fang Shuo, see Kristofer M. Schipper, *L'empereur Wou des Han dans la légende taoïste*, Publications de l'École Française d'Extrême-Orient 58 (Paris: EFEO, 1965).

[11] *Feng-su t'ung-i t'ung-chien* 風俗通義通檢 (Shanghai: Ku-chi ch'u-pan-she,

1987), ch. 2, p. 16.

[12] André Festugière, *Vie de Syméon le fou et Vie de Jean de Chypre* (Paris: P. Guenther, 1974).

[13] For an account of the literature of the *T'ien-hsin cheng-fa* movement, see Judith Magee Boltz, *A Survey of Taoist Literature: Tenth to Seventeenth Centuries*, China Research Monograph 32 (Berkeley: U. of California P., 1987), pp. 33-38, and on Chin Yün-chung (fl. 1224-1225), *ibid.*, p. 46. In an endnote (p. 269, n. 95), Boltz cites a personal communication from Strickmann on the subject of "doing homage in silence to the supreme Monarch" and provides further references to the practice.

[14] This information on the career of Hsü Shou-hsin (1033-1108) derives from the opening account of *Hsü-ching ch'ung-ho hsien-sheng Hsü Shen-weng yü-lu* 虛靜沖和先生徐神翁語錄 (HY no. 1241). For the textual history of this work and the life of Hsü, see Boltz, *Survey*, pp. 94-96.

[15] This account of Yang Hsi-chen (1101-1124) is found in *Mao-shan chih* 16, pp. 4b-5a. For further information on the "Great Practices of Youthful Incipience," see Boltz, *Survey*, pp. 30-33.

[16] On Tzu-ku, see Edward Lawrence Davis, "Society and the Supernatural in Sung China" (U. of California, Berkeley: Ph.D. diss., 1994).

[17] Johan Huizinga, *De Vidūsaka in het Indisch wooneel* (Groningen: P. Noordhoff, 1897), and Franciscus Bernardus Jacobus Kuiper, *Varuṇa and Vidūsaka: On the Origin of the Sanskrit Drama* (Amsterdam: North Holland Publishing Co., 1979).

[18] Glen Dudbridge, *The Hsi-yu chi: A Study of the Antecedents to the Sixteenth-century Chinese Novel* (Cambridge: Cambridge U.P., 1970).