

## 神秘的自制島（1923）

無知

有一天是東海上自制島的一個大紀念日，全島的人民以及飛潛動植物等，都很熱誠的來歡迎這個紀念。這個機會，恰好有個無知國裏的頑民，也來觀光。他便把觀光所感，作了一篇短短的隨筆。承他不棄，把這篇隨筆寄與本雜誌。讀者諸君，當知這個自制島，並不是遠在天上，偏這位無知先生，詫為創見，這便可見他的眼光很短視了。適本誌乏稿，勉應其請。請讀者諸君，也勉強來看他一遍，何如？

我這個我便是無知自稱一天飲了幾杯薄酒，微微地有些醉意，便倚在竹床上打盹，忽然間神魂飄盪，我的身子便似駕著飛機一般，在半空中飛行，我怕的手足無措，兩眼卻緊緊地閉著，但聽得耳畔呼呼的風響，腳底滾滾的濤聲，不知那頃刻間便行了幾千萬里的路程，忽地風停浪靜，我的身子卻落在一個島上。

我便睜開眼睛一看，但見一帶遠山，濃翠欲滴，眼前卻是平疇萬頃，稻穗搖青，我那時恍惚像置身金碧畫幃中，說不盡的愉快。

我那時便左顧右盼，要尋得個指點前途的人，以便引導我漸入佳境，恰好那隔岸的垂柳陰中稻苗盼，有個牽牛引澗的農人，在那邊蹲著，我便想向前攀談，不意那人也因為看見了我，忽地站起來，我便嚇了一跳，遠遠地立著相看，原來那人的項下卻帶上一具像枷一樣的東西，我看他那種怪模樣，也不敢向前攀談了，我便任意選擇一條極闊的道路，逶迤而進。

這一來益發匪夷所思了，不但南阡北陌，望得見的農人，項下都帶上那個東西，便是這一條大路上，碰著的人，也無一個項下不帶那個東西的，並且路旁竹樹叢雜處，坐著幾個婦女，手裏編著草笠，項下依然也有那個東西，然而還有不可思議處哩，他們大家身上雖說是配了這樣一個障礙物，看他那活潑勤敏的舉動，卻又似毫無感覺甚麼痛苦的樣子。

我那時為好奇心所刺戟，也不管他是遇仙哩，是著魔哩，便一意孤行，奮勇上前，要探求此中人這個怪現象的究竟。

夕陽在山，鴉雀噪晚，我已過了幾處的竹籬毛舍，幾處的流水板橋，便漸漸看見那濃雲密霧中的金碧樓台，紅牆錦樹，我心中便覺悟著已見近靈境了。

我於是又行約進一、二個小時，便走到一個五光十色千花萬葉紮成的大綠門下，那大綠門的上頭，用著數百顆的夜明珠，穿成了三個栲栳大的字形，便是祝自制，其餘裝飾烘染的夜明珠，還不計其數，那真是莊嚴美麗到極頂了。

在那綠門下熙來攘往的遊人，自然是萬頭攢動，然而要尋一個項不帶枷的人，卻是難得，甚至馬背郎君，車中游女，也都能很平等底帶上那個奇異的裝飾品，我那時也迷離愜悅到極點了，便決定打個入鄉問俗入國問禁的主意，要尋一個人來替我解釋這一點疑團。

好了好了，那一邊有一個道貌岸然的紳士來了，除佩了人人共有的項具之外，胸前還特別的加上一個紅錦燦然的飾物，大搖大擺的從人叢中過來，便也有些人和他點首，那時節我便趕緊湊上幾步，和他作揖相見，那紳士把隻光芒四射的白眼，向我瞪了一下便用最傲慢的口吻，先發問道：「你是什麼人，你莫不是有求於我麼？」那時節我實是要借重他，便用最謙和的態度，來答應他道：「是，不錯，先生，我要領教貴地風俗的。」那紳士率然說道：「領教甚麼？」我便說道：「先生，貴地山明水秀，人物也還不惡，為什麼要帶上那個奇怪的裝飾品？我想把它來解放了，豈不甚妙？」那紳士勃然變色道：「這個東西，是我們求之惟恐不得的，你甚麼顛倒來說解放的話，你這個人難道是不要求幸福嗎？」

我既不得理解，只得又下氣卑聲來請教他道：「先生，願聞其說。」他看見我那種很卑屈的態度，也有點喜歡，便說道：「孺子可教，我便對你實說了罷。我們這個東西，是不容易得來的，我們經了廿餘年的訓練，祖師纔賜了這個護身的法物，向來的祖師，雖也曾賜過法物，但還是木製的，不甚堅牢，現在這位祖師，道力通天，纔把木製的盡變成金屬的，這不是萬劫不壞的法物麼？」我又問道：「先生，這法物有甚麼用處哩？」他道：「這個法物，變化無窮，其中的奧妙，連我也未能盡悉，但略舉數端，以算是世界上獨一無二之寶。第一呢，是使人飢了不想食飯，寒了不想穿衣。第二呢，是使人勞不知疲，辱不知恥。第三呢，是使人不必需要甚麼新學問，不得感受新思潮。你想想這麼大作用的法物不用誠意去求它，難道祖師肯容易的給了你麼？既是用誠意去求來的，甚麼又肯容容易的放手呢？」

我聽那紳士說得這等神妙，也有點動心，便又殷殷勤勤地去請教他道：「先生，你們島人既已不必食飯穿衣，為何還要辛辛苦苦地去耕織呢？」那紳士笑不可仰的說道：「你這個人可算蠢到極點了，你想祖師的黃巾力士數萬人，是不帶法物的，我們雖能不食，何能也叫他不食？我們雖能不衣，何能也叫他不衣？況且知恩報恩，他們為祖師護法，這法物始有種種變化的作用，須知我們所以能享受上列各件大利益，均出力士諸君護法之賜，我們就是餓死了凍死了，也要出死力來供養他們，纔算合理。」

我聽了這一場講話，對於這個島人項具問題，雖算有點明白，但還有一個疑問，因這法物既有許多妙用，為什麼他的祖師，單傳給島人，不傳給自己的護法呢？我當時雖未敢孟浪發言，但那神色間頓流露出躊躇不決的表現，那紳士看出我的懷疑的態度，便轉問我道：「汝不是懷疑那法物何以獨私於我們？護法力士們轉不得分惠嗎？其實，這也有兩種的緣故，一則是我們怕自己制服自己的身心不住，向祖師懇願獨特的恩賜。二則是祖師修煉這種法物時，便發願要仗這法物為自制島人獨特的放一大異彩。有這等緣故，所以非自制島的土著人，便不能享受這獨特的恩典，假使偶然的或勉強的來享受，也絕不會生出那奧妙的美果來，你不看見我們慶祝的大綠門額堂堂地寫著祝自制嗎？你但把這自制兩個字，去循名核實的，體驗一番，便也思過半了，我們田裡所種之稻，也結了生命的自制之實，我們胸裏所有的思想，也銘著自制的金言，你想這等千頭萬緒的自制，卻是欲制何人，如果把來開放了，使別處的人，也可以利益均沾，這神秘的自制島，還有甚麼特色呢？」

我飽聽了那紳士這一篇很徹底的自制論，我偷眼一看，他的項具，果然是刻著那兩個字，便是來往行人的項具，都也很平等的刻著那兩個字。我正俯首尋思這兩個字的偉大的效果，忽地金光一閃，從那邊濃雲密霧裡落下一位的黃巾力士，那紳士急忙的伏在地上，一切行人均隨著那紳士也伏在地上，那力士的項下雖無特別裝飾，但手裏卻提著一具金枷，他見我立著不動，又無項具，他便把手中這付枷，從我的頭上擲下來，我這一嚇，非同小可，我的身子便像從雲端裡跌下來一樣，嚇出一身冷汗，卻原來是作夢。夢雖是夢，我的靈魂，從此以後，不免夜夜要受那力士的威脅了。

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## **A Mysterious Self-Shackled Island (1923)**

### **Ignorance**

*It was a big commemoration day for Self-Shackled Island on the Eastern Sea. All the people on the island as well as the flora and fauna in the sky and water enthusiastically observe this commemoration. Seizing this opportunity, a stubborn folk from the Nation of Ignorance came for a tour. He recorded his experiences in the tour in a short essay. He was gracious enough to send this essay to this magazine. You all readers ought to know that this self-shackled island is not a realm high above. Nevertheless, this Mr. Ignorance considered it news. That shows how short-sighted he is. It happened that the magazine was in short supply of articles. Hence, we would just accept his offer. Let us give him a chance and read it through. Shall we? The journalist of this magazine wrote.*

I... I was so ignorant as I claimed to be. After drinking several cups of alcohol and feeling tipsy, I leaned against the bamboo bed for a nap. Suddenly, my spirit levitated as my body was like taking an airplane, soaring in the sky. I was so afraid that I didn't know what to do. My eyes shut tightly. Yet, I could hear the wind roaring in my ears and the sounds of waves tumbling beneath my feet. In an instant, I traveled tens of millions of miles. The wind stopped and the waves ceased out of blue. My body landed onto an island.

I opened my eyes. What met my eyes was a lush green silhouette of mountains afar, while a vast field stretched out right in front, filled with ears of rice. It was as if I was situated in a golden palace with luxurious curtains that granted me an endless enjoyment.

I glance left and right in an attempt to find someone to show me the way to familiarize myself in this wonderland. Luckily, by the ears of rice and in the shade of a willow across the bank, there was a farmer taking his buffalo to water, squatting. I wanted to approach for a talk. It turned out the farmer saw me and stood up abruptly that took me by surprise. I stood at a distance to take a look at him. The guy was wearing a shackle-like object on his neck. Seeing his strange look, I dared not approach for a talk, so I chose a vastly wide road randomly and went on my merry way.

Nonetheless, it puzzled me further as the result. Be that south or north on the field, the farmers I saw were all wearing that object on their necks. Even on this avenue, the people I met were wearing that object as well. Also, at the bushes by the road, several women sat there, weaving conical hats, with that thing still around their necks. Even more to my surprise, despite that weight on their bodies, they moved agilely like they were not suffering at all.

Driven by my curiosity, regardless of whether it was deities or devils I met, I plucked up my courage and approached with the determination to find out the mystery behind this strange scene.

As the sun set by the mountains, and crows cawed for the advent of evening, I passed a few cottages with bamboo fences and several bridges above streams. Step by step, from the dense mist, a resplendent building with red walls and gorgeous trees unveiled itself to me. I thought to myself that it must be a heavenly realm that I saw.

Then, I advanced for about one or two hours more before I found myself standing before a huge green gate, woven with thousands of flowers and leaves in a variety of colors. On the huge green gate, hundreds of Ye Ming Zhu (the legendary pearls that shine at night) arranged into three bucket-sized characters, literally meant “Be Self-shackled.” There were also so many other decorative Ye Ming Zhu that I lost count of them. It was majestically marvelous.

Beneath the shade of the green gate, it was hustle and bustle with numerous travelers. However, it was hard to find anyone without a shackle on his/her neck. Each of them wore that strange accessory without exception, even for the gentlemen on horsebacks or ladies in carriages. I was intoxicated to the extreme at the time that I decided to venture into this realm to find someone to solve this mystery for myself.

Excellent. There came a gentleman with a decent outfit. Besides the neck accessory everybody else has, there was a bright red ornament on his chest. He strutted among the crowd toward my direction while some people nodded to him. I approached him swiftly and took a bow to greet him. The gentleman stared at me with a disdainful look. In a most arrogant manner, he spoke before I could: “who are you? Do you want something from me?” Indeed I was. So, in the humblest manner, “Yes, sir,” I replied, “I intend to inquire the customs of this place.” The gentleman said frankly: “What do you want to know?” “Sir, this is a gorgeous place with decent people here,” I said, “why do people wear that strange ornament? I wonder if it would be better off if people are liberated from it.” The gentleman raged: “This is something we long for. How could you utter nonsense like liberation? Do you seek not happiness at all?”

Bewildered, I humbly said: “Do tell me, sir.” Seeing my humble manner like that, he was pleased, saying: “You are teachable, so I will just tell you the truth. This object of ours is not something easy to come by. Only after trainings over twenty years, the Patriarch would bestow this mojo upon us. The Patriarchs before him used to bestow mojos as well. Yet, that was made of wood, which was not that solid. The Patriarch today is omnipotent. He can turn all the wooden objects into metal ones. Isn’t it an unbreakable mojo as such?” I inquired again: “Sir, what does this mojo do?” He said: “This mojo can be used in a variety of ways. I myself can’t even see them all, either. I can only name a few, which are more than enough to prove it is the one-of-the-kind precious in the world. To begin with, it makes people eat no food despite hunger and wear no clothes despite coldness. Secondly, it allows one to labor without exhaustion and be insulted without shame. Thirdly, it allows us to acquire no new knowledge and learn no new trends of thoughts. Think about it. How can the Patriarch give you this

mighty mojo if you don't ask for it with great sincerity? Now that it is earned with great sincerity, how could one let it go easily?"

I was a bit moved upon learning this wonder from the gentleman, so I sincerely inquired him yet again: "Sir, now that you islanders need no food nor dress anymore, why do you work hard to farm and to weave then?" The gentleman guffawed and said "How foolish you are. Think about it. The Patriarch has an army of Mighty Guards with Yellow Scarf without mojos. We can eat no food, but can they as well? We can dress no clothes, but can they as well? Besides, we have to return the favor. They guard the Patriarch. This mojo comes with a variety of purposes. You must understand that why we can enjoy all the major benefits is thanks to the service of these Might Guards to the Patriarch. Even if we starve or freeze to death, we have to serve them to the best of our ability to repay the gratitude."

After hearing this, I started to comprehend the problem about the neck accessory. One question remained, however. Since this mojo is so powerful, why the Patriarch only bestows it on the island folks, but not on his Guards? I dared not speak up rashly. Yet, my hesitation revealed on my face. The gentleman saw my doubt and asked in turn: "Are you suspecting why the mojo is bestowed upon us only, but not the Might Guards? In fact, the reasons are two. One is that we are afraid that we cannot contain ourselves, body and soul, so we implore the Patriarch for this special grace. Second, when the Patriarch prepared this kind of mojo, he vowed to offer the mojo to the folks of Self-Shackled Island to present splendid works. As such, those savages outside of Self-Shackled Island are not worthy of this special grace. Even if they get to enjoy this by chance or by force, they will never yield that beautiful fruit of mystery. Don't you see the characters *Be Self-shackled* high on the grand green gate for celebration? You may put the characters of *Self-shackled* to practice yourself to have a taste for it, and so you shall appreciate much of it. The rice we grow in the fields bear also the self-shackled fruits of life. All the thoughts in our mind are inscribed the gnome of self-shackle, too. Think about who is the self in all these sorts of self-shackled? Should we open it up to folks elsewhere for them to benefit from it as well, what's so special remain for this mysterious Self-Shackled Island then?"

After hearing much of the self-shackling theory from that gentleman, I took a peek, and the two characters were indeed inscribed on his neck accessory. All the neck accessories on the passers-by were all equally inscribed with the two characters. As I lowered my head, pondering over the magnificent power of the two characters, a golden beam appeared out of blue. A Might Guard with Yellow Scarf descended from the dense mist. The gentleman prostrated himself on the floor in haste, and all the passers-by followed suit. On the neck of the Guard, there was no special ornament. Yet, in his hands, he carried a golden shackle. Seeing me standing still, without a neck accessory, he tossed the shackle in his hands onto me. I was so shocked as if I fell from the clouds abruptly in cold sweat. It turned out to be a dream. Although it was just a dream, my soul is inevitably under the threat of that Might Guard night after night ever since then.

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