

Hsu Wen-ch'ang: an Archetypal Clever Rascal in Chinese Popular Culture

By

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In the mid-1920's, when modern folklore studies were just beginning in China, and Chinese folklorists first went out into the countryside to collect jokes and stories, they discovered that the majority of popular stories had Cleverness or Stupidity as the predominant theme.¹ They found three archetypal figures in the stories they collected: Hsu Wen-ch'ang^a representing the clever male; the Foolish Son-in-law (*tai nü-hsü*)^b representing the stupid male; and the Clever-tongued Wife (*ch'iao-she fu*)^c representing the clever female. Stupid female figures were rarely found as the main characters in the jokes collected at that time, although in slightly later collections a characteristically Foolish Woman (*tai niang*)^d also occurs.²

Of the figures mentioned, only the clever male has a given name, and in fact it is the name of a historical person.

The historical Hsu Wen-ch'ang (Hsu Wei,^e styled Wen-ch'ang, 1521–1593) was famous in his own day for his painting, calligraphy, poetry, plays, and drama theory, as well as his eccentric personality. Although he took the civil service examinations several times, he never got beyond the first level (*hsiu-ts'ai*).^f Perhaps because of disappointment, or perhaps for other reasons, he developed a deep distrust and disdain for officialdom and for the highly ritualized and artificial lifestyle of his successful contemporaries. He deliberately flaunted conventional etiquette at every opportunity, and already in his lifetime stories were recorded about his peculiar behavior and violent temper. That he killed his wife in a fit of jealousy and served seven years in prison is well attested, though the circumstances leading to the murder are far

1. Lou Tzu-k'uang^A and Chu Chieh-fan,^B *Popular Chinese Literature of the Past Fifty Years (Wu-shih-nien-lai-te Chung-kuo su wen-hsueh)*,^C Taipei, 1963), p. 105.

2. Lou Tzu-k'uang, 105–6.

from clear. In later years, he was seized from time to time by fits of insanity, causing him once to drive an awl into his ear in an unsuccessful suicide attempt. Throughout his lifetime he displayed a genius for words, and his wit was as well known as his eccentric behavior.³

It is not surprising that anecdotes about such a colorful figure would spread and be embellished in the retelling. Gradually, new stories were patched together or cut from whole cloth. Undoubtedly a whole set of stories which had formerly been associated with nameless clever fellows gradually became associated with Hsu Wen-ch'ang. By the turn of this century, Hsu Wen-ch'ang had clearly become an archetypal figure, frequently having little or no connection with his namesake, the poet and artist of the late Ming, though there remains a small group of stories that clearly refer to the historical Hsu Wen-ch'ang.

In the second quarter of this century, when research into Chinese popular culture had gained respectability, large numbers of Hsu Wen-ch'ang stories which had until then been circulating orally were written down and published.

Lin Lan's^g *Collection of Stories about Hsu Wen-ch'ang* (*Hsu Wen-ch'ang Ku-shih*,^h Shanghai, 1929), is the most carefully assembled written source of Hsu Wen-ch'ang stories. Lin Lan collected stories from many different regions of China, and recorded them in the words of the various contributors, citing in each case the name of the storyteller and the place where the story was collected. Variations of the same story occur frequently.⁴

A more personal collection is Wang Jui'sⁱ *Interesting Stories about Hsu Wen-ch'ang* (*Hsu Wen-ch'ang Ch'ü-shih*,^j second edition, Hong Kong, 1954; preface dated 1938). Wang writes in the preface of how he used to love to hear his father tell jokes, especially ones about Hsu

3. The most comprehensive biography of the historical Hsu Wen-ch'ang is *Hsu Wen-ch'ang*, by Hsu Lun,^D (Shanghai, 1962). See also "A Study on Hsu Wei," by Tseng Yu-ho, in *Ars Orientalia*, Vol. 5 (1963), 243-254. Yuan Hung-tao's^E "Biography of Hsu Wen-ch'ang" (*Hsu Wen-ch'ang Chuan*)^F and Hsu Wen-ch'ang's autobiographical notes are both translated in J. Faurot's *Four Cries of a Gibbon: A tsa-chü Cycle by the Ming Dramatist Hsu Wei* (unpublished dissertation, U.C. Berkeley, 1972).

4. Hsu Wen-ch'ang lived in Chekiang province, and stories about him are most popular in central China. Lin Lan discovered that other regions of China had other names for the clever male figure, though none was so popular or so widely known as Hsu Wen-ch'ang. A list of the variant names can be found in Lou Tzu-k'uang, *op. cit.*, p. 105. Stories about these "regional Hsu Wen-ch'angs" can be found in Lin Lan's *Outer Collection of Hsu Wen-ch'ang Stories* (*Hsu Wen-ch'ang wai-chi*,^G Shanghai, 1932-3).

Wen-ch'ang. In this volume he retells the stories that he remembers, as well as some new ones which he has uncovered. But the stories are all told in a literary man's words, and though they are highly readable, they lack the variety of style found in Lin Lan's collection.

Numerous other collections exist, some more and some less refined. The Hsin Lu Book Company editors, for example, revised the stories in their *Hsu Wen-ch'ang Jokes (Hsu Wen-ch'ang Hsiao-hua*,^k Taipei, 1954) in order to make them less vulgar. They explain in their Afterword that in so doing they are following the example of Confucius in his editing of the Songs and Writings. Be that as it may, I will use the unedited versions of Lin Lan's collection when citing examples below.⁵

The majority of stories in Lin Lan's collection—roughly 2/3 of the 102 titled entries—have as the main framework the simple fact that Hsu Wen-ch'ang wants to tease, embarrass, or humiliate someone. Sometimes he pulls a prank on a bet, sometimes to get even with a person who has annoyed him, but often just because he wants to have a little fun. His tricks range from clever to merely crude.

When Hsu Wen-ch'ang was buying cabbages, the vegetable vendor said they were copper a pound, but he wanted two pounds for a copper. The vendor answered rudely, "Then you might as well buy dung to eat." Hsu Wen-ch'ang stopped arguing and said he would pay the price that was asked, but he kept on weighing and weighing the cabbages, and wasted a lot of time, and the vendor began to get very hungry. When Hsu Wen-ch'ang went in to pay, the vendor saw two fried cakes on the table and ate them. Then Hsu Wen-ch'ang came out and looked toward the table, and the vendor said, "I ate the two friend cakes that were here." Hsu Wen-ch'ang stamped his foot and said, "Wonderful! Those were arsenic cakes that I was going to use to poison rats!" The vendor became very frightened and said, "What should I do?" Hsu Wen-ch'ang said, "There's no time to call a doctor. I've heard that dung is the best cure for arsenic poisoning. Why don't you eat some from the dung-jar?" The vendor, fearing for his life, had no alternative but to eat some. Then Hsu Wen-ch'ang said to him, "Who ended up eating the dung?" (#19)⁶

5. Other collections include: Wang Shen-shih,^h ed., *Hsu Wen-ch'ang Stories* (- - - *ku-shih*,^h Shanghai, 1947); Shen Wen-huaⁱ and Chang Hsiu-sheng,^j ed., *Interesting Stories of Hsu Wen-ch'ang* (- - - *ch'ü-shih*,^j Hong Kong, 1951); and Yü Liang,^k ed., *Hsu Wen-ch'ang Stories* (- - - *ku-shih*,^h Kowloon, 1964).

A useful reference for further exploration of popular stories, though not specifically mentioning Hsu Wen-ch'ang, is André Lévy's "Notes bibliographiques pour une histoire des 'histoires pour rire' en Chine," in his *Etudes sur le conte et le roman chinois*, Paris, 1971, pp. 67-95.

6. Numbers following a story refer to the number in Lin Lan's collection. Any parenthetical comments within a story are part of the original story; bracketed portions contain comments added by the translator.

I don't know whether it was on a bet, or whether Hsu Wen-ch'ang just did it for fun, but once when his father-in-law was sick, he went on the pretext of apologizing for owing them 300 dollars, and said that to make up for it he was inviting them all for an excursion on the lake. And he also said that there was a place called Undress Shoals where the people turned somersaults in the water with no clothes or trousers on. He said a lot more too, and really got them excited. His father-in-law was sick, but his mother-in-law, sister-in-law, and wife went with him to the lake. (He had already hired a boat ahead of time.) Where were there any naked people turning somersaults in the water?! After they had been going for a long time, the boatman, who was an old fisherman, said they were just approaching Undress Shoals. He took off his clothes and jumped into the water, and the boat started rocking back and forth. Then Hsu Wen-ch'ang took his clothes off too, and told the others to hurry and take theirs off, otherwise when they got to Undress Shoals the boat would capsize. Actually, he just wanted to see his sister-in-law's pure white body. (#9)

When Hsu Wen-ch'ang was a student he often incurred his teacher's wrath because he couldn't recite his lessons by heart. He developed an intense hatred toward the teacher, and thought of all sorts of ways to get back at him.

Beside the outhouse near the school there was a grove of small trees, and the teacher had a habit of holding on to a small tree with each hand to steady himself whenever he had to squat over the hole. Somehow Wen-ch'ang discovered this, so he peeled off some bark from the trees with a little knife, and cut deeply into the stems, and then rearranged the bark so that there was not a trace of his handiwork.

It so happened that the teacher had been having stomach trouble for the past few days; and when he got up in the middle of the night to relieve himself, he grabbed hold of the trees as usual, and the trees snapped and he fell into the cesspool. This was right after a big rain, and the pool was full of filth, and the teacher nearly drowned in it. In the morning Hsu Wen-ch'ang finally rescued him. (#43)

A device frequently used to frame the stories is that friends offer to treat Hsu Wen-ch'ang to dinner if he can accomplish a particular feat:

Hsu Wen-ch'ang loved to tease women. Once when a local temple was installing a new image of a deity, a large number of women stayed overnight to participate in the ceremony. Several of Hsu Wen-ch'ang's friends made a deal with him that if he could kiss such each of the women in turn they would treat him to dinner. So Wen-ch'ang bought some oranges and placed them as an offering on the altar. Then he told the monks, "These oranges are an offering to the god. Don't let anyone disturb them."

After a short while, Wen-ch'ang himself stole the oranges. Then he made a big show of look at the altar and becoming very angry, saying, "Who stole the oranges and ate them? They were an offering! Quickly, speak up, who stole them and ate them? If you don't speak up I'll bear a grudge against all of you, even if you're not guilty!"

When the women heard this they looked at the altar, and sure enough the oranges weren't there any more. They all stood there dumbfounded, upset that they had been so blind as not to notice who stole the oranges and ate them.

Then Wen-ch'ang said, "Someone must have eaten them. If you don't speak up, I'll conduct a search, and if I don't find them, then someone must have eaten them. I'll just smell the breath on each of you, and I'll be able to tell who it was."

There was nothing they could do but go along with this, so once again Wen-ch'ang was victorious. (#10a)

In some stories his aim is to steal or to cheat people out of goods or money.

Once, at the great gathering of the seventh day of the seventh month by the old calendar, an especially large crowd of people came, and everyone was squeezed together like sardiness. There was one man who was carrying a bolt of cloth under his arm, walking along with a companion and complaining about Hsu Wen-ch'ang. It happened that Hsu Wen-ch'ang overheard him. In the midst of the jostling, Hsu Wen-ch'ang made his way over to the man and pulled the cloth away from him. He didn't run away, but put the cloth on top of his head. The other man realized that some petty thief had stolen his cloth, and he began to yell and curse. When Hsu Wen-ch'ang heard it, he thought it was very funny. So he asked the man, "Where was the cloth when you lost it?" The man answered, "I was carrying it under my arm." Wen-ch'ang replied, "No wonder you lost it. Se how I'm carrying my cloth on my head? I certainly haven't lost *it!*" The man regretted his carelessness, and Wen-ch'ang gained a bolt of cloth. (#77)

One day a Tutor from a certain district threw a piece of melon rind over a wall, and as it happened, Hsu Wen-ch'ang was just then passing by and saw him do it. So he ran over, and pretending to be very worried, said, "Sir, this is most unfortunate. The Official Secretary across the wall will surely take you to court."

The Tutor said, "On what charges?"

Wen-ch'ang said, "He would say the rind you threw hit his child and injured him."

The Tutor said, "Then what should I do? Can you think of something for me?"

Wen-ch'ang thought a moment and said, "This will take care of it. You give him five strings of cash for reparations, and all can be settled peacefully." The Tutor couldn't think of a better way, so he gave him the five strings of cash.

Then Wen-ch'ang hurried over to the Official Secretary's house and said, "Sir, this is most unfortunate! The Tutor across the wall will surely take you to court. He said he heard you swearing at him for throwing the melon rind."

The Secretary said, "That is terrible. You've got to think of something!"

Wen-ch'ang said, "How about this. It really isn't much, just give him five strings of cash and the whole thing will be settled." The Secretary had to give it to him, and they settled on a day to meet.

Wen-ch'ang also told the Tutor when they were to meet.

On the appointed day, both men did in fact come, and Wen-ch'ang said, "The money has been paid, so there really isn't anything else to discuss." When they heard this, each man thought he was talking about him, and Wen-ch'ang got ten strings of copper cash without any trouble. (#87)

Many pranks are directed against Buddhist monks.

One day Hsu Wen-ch'ang was taking a boatripe out into the countryside. There was a monk on the same boat, talking with the other passengers about Wen-ch'ang's past in very uncomplimentary terms. He had no idea that Wen-ch'ang was in fact on board. When Wen-ch'ang heard what he was saying he became very angry, but he did not let his anger show, though he determined to take his revenge.

The next morning, when the boat was moored outside a village, and the monk was still sound asleep, Wen-ch'ang stuck his head out of a window and saw a girl washing rice by the side of the river, and a plan immediately came to mind. He stole the monk's cap and put it on, then stood on the bow of the boat and took a leak in the direction of the girl. The girl went back and told her father what happened, and he immediately had the monk pulled off the boat and roundly beaten. The monk never knew why he got that beating. (#13a)

Hsu Wen-ch'ang was a penniless scholar, and once when he was going from the countryside to the city he stopped in the evening at a temple to seek lodging for the night. When the monks in the temple saw the shabby condition of his clothes, they treated him rather rudely. At the same time a wealthy merchant had stopped there to rest, and the monks were very solicitous toward him. Hsu Wen-ch'ang felt that this was most unfair, and he asked a monk, "Why do you treat me so rudely while you are so solicitous toward him?" The monk answered, "Sir, you don't realize that our Buddhist way is 'To treat bad treatment as not bad treatment, and to treat not bad treatment as bad treatment.'"

When Hsu Wen-ch'ang heard this he said nothing, but raised his fist and served the monk a few punches. The monk was furious and asked why he did it. He replied, "Brother, you don't don't realize that our Confucian way is 'To take hitting as not hitting, and not hitting as hitting.'" There was nothing the monk could do but accept the situation. (#16)

A significant number of stories involve word-play, from puns and riddles which anyone could enjoy, to sophisticated poems and allusions which only a literate person could understand. Here are two stories based on puns.

Hsu Wen-ch'ang wanted to hire some farm laborers. They asked for two ounces of silver a month, but he promised them 1.9 ounces [*yi liang chiu*].¹ The workers were quite pleased.

When the work was finished and he was handing out wages he said, "Do you want to drink it, or borrow a jug and take it with you?" The workers were perplexed. He said, "Although you asked for two ounces of silver, I just agreed to one ounce of wine [*yi liang chiu*]."^m (#91)

Once Hsu Wen-ch'ang's friends said to him, "At such-and-such a place there is a very beautiful woman. If you can spend the night with her we will treat you to a fine banquet." When Hsu Wen-ch'ang heard this he gladly accepted.

That evening, red clouds covered the whole sky and snowflakes swirled

down endlessly. Hsu Wen-ch'ang dressed up like a beggar, and carrying a few cupfuls of rice he came to the woman's house and asked her to let him use her stove. (In the south, very poor people often borrow other people's stoves to cook their rice.) When the woman saw how pathetic he looked, she agreed, and even lent him the steamer so he could cook it himself.

After eating, Hsu Wen-ch'ang also asked the woman, "Ma'am, it is so late, may I ask you to do a good deed and let me sleep by the woodpile?" The woman saw that it really was very late, and that the sky was filled with snow, which kept coming down harder and harder, so she agreed to his request.

Early the next day, when the sky was just beginning to turn light, Hsu Wen-ch'ang got up, ran into the courtyard, and grabbed a duck, which he crushed to death with a brick. Then he slipped away.

When the friends heard Hsu Wen-ch'ang's news, they hurried over to the gateway of the woman's house to eavesdrop. They heard her shouting, "You really are a good-for-nothing! I let you sleep here. You turned the steamer back and forth as you wished, and you crushed the duck to death, and then you ran off as soon as it was morning. What a good-for-nothing!"

[“Steamer” (*lung*)ⁿ sounds like “to dally” (*lung*),^o and “duck” (*ya*)^p sounds like “crush” (*ya*).^q So the friends thought they heard something slightly different from the above.]

When the friends heard this they believed he had really done it, so once again Hsu Wen-chang ate a banquet for free. (#12)

In another group of anecdotes Hsu Wen-ch'ang uses the device of giving a false name in order to accomplish his tricks. Once, for example, he offered to take a blind man to a pool to bathe on a hot summer day. He told the blind man his name was All Come Look (Tou Lai-k'an),^r and that he would guard the blind man's clothes, and the blind man should call him when he had finished bathing. When he called, of course, Hsu Wen-ch'ang did not respond, but the women in the neighboring village thought there must be something interesting on, and they all rushed over to have a look. (#44).

Another time, he told a blind man that his name was Just Now (Kang Ts'ai).^s Then, after relieving himself in a shrine, he ran off, leaving the blind man to reply to the angry monks who discovered the desecration, "Just Now did it." (#45a) Or again,

One day Hsu Wen-ch'ang was passing by the gateway of a certain house and saw a child in front of the gate, standing guard over two large salted fish. He heard someone inside say, "If anyone touches them, call me." The voice was lovely and soft, and Hsu Wen-ch'ang wanted very much to see her, but to go right up and take the fish would be too disgraceful. So he went and bought two cakes, and walked up to the child, who said, "Who are you?" "I am your uncle," he said, handing the cakes to the child. "My name is Just Kidding [Huang Ni-te]."^t With that he stood up and lifted the fish off the drying rack.

When the child saw what he was going, he called inside, "Mama, someone is taking the fish!" "Who?" "Just Kidding!" Nothing more came from

inside. Then Hsu Wen-ch'ang picked up the fish, and the child shouted again, "Mama, someone took the fish!" "Who?" "Just Kidding!" Finally the child started to cry, and said, "Mama, Just Kidding took away the fish, Just Kidding took away the fish!" Then she had to come out. By this time Hsu Wen-ch'ang had gone round to the back gate and put the fish in the kitchen, and then he took off his cap and long gown and watched the commotion from among the crowd. Naturally, he got a good look at her face. (#46)

A more sophisticated group of stories has Hsu Wen-ch'ang engaged in writing poems, inscriptions, and such. These are the hardest of the stories to render into English, but the following example will give an idea of what they are like.

Once a man with a pockmarked face brought a fan to Hsu Wen-ch'ang and asked him to write a poem on it. Hsu Wen-ch'ang wrote this poem:

Helter-skelter the design,
Dots and circles out of line,
Shun all flowers, I suggest,
Or bees might come and make a nest.

The pockmarked man didn't know that the poem was ridiculing him, and he often made a great display of using the fan. Only later did someone explain to him what Hsu Wen-ch'ang had meant. (#60)

Another kind of literary joke involves a written message which can be punctuated in different ways to mean different things. In Classical Chinese, of course, punctuation was frequently not indicated by the writer, thus making possible Hsu Wen-ch'ang's joke in the following story.

Fifth Chou was a friend of Hsu Wen-ch'ang's, and since his wife had just died, he asked Hsu Wen-ch'ang to look for someone to succeed her. Hsu Wen-ch'ang said, "This is certainly a duty one must perform for a close friend; please await word from me." After several days Fifth Chou received a letter from Hsu Wen-ch'ang saying, "There is a young woman of the Wang family, with small and delicate figure, and jet black hair. She does not have pockmarks. She has small feet, not large, exactly as you wanted. Please send me your reply forthwith."

Fifth Chou was very happy when he read the letter, and he felt very grateful for the devotion Hsu Wen-ch'ang had displayed in arranging this. He accepted the engagement, but when his bride arrived, she turned out to be a club-footed, bald, pockmarked dwarf. Fifth Chou was furious, and he accused Hsu Wen-ch'ang of cheating and lying to him.

... [Later, after composing a poem similar to the one about the pockmarked man translated above, Hsu Wen-ch'ang explains that he had not been lying at all in his letter. What he had meant was:] "There is a young woman of the Wang family, with a small and delicate figure; jet black hair she does not have; pockmarks; her small feet are not exactly as they should be. If you want her. . . ." (#72)

Hsu Wen-ch'ang's pranks only seldom turn to his disadvantage,

but in a few cases he does get his just reward, either by accident or because he meets someone as clever as he.

One of Hsu Wen-ch'ang's favorite tricks was to tease country bumpkins. Once he saw a country fellow carrying buckets of night-soil on a bamboo pole. The man stopped by the side of the road and rested one end of the pole on a low wall while the other was propped up on his shoulder—he was shifting the weight. Wen-ch'ang quickly ran up to him and bowed. When the country man saw someone performing this act of courtesy toward him he was in a position where he couldn't return the bow, and yet it would not do not to respond; but just then the pole slipped from his shoulder and the buckets of night-soil spilled onto the ground. Hsu Wen-ch'ang did not have time to get out of the way and both of his feet were soaked with filth. So he didn't get to take advantage of the country bumpkin. (#99)

One day Hsu Wen-ch'ang was riding a horse outside the city, and he met a woman picking mulberries along the way. Hsu Wen-ch'ang said, "Miss, how many hundreds and thousands of mulberry leaves have you picked?" The woman was very clever, and she quickly answered, "How many hundreds and thousands of steps has your horse taken?" Hsu Wen-ch'ang coughed up a mouthful of phlegm, and holding it in his mouth asked the woman, "Miss, am I going to spite out this phlegm, or am I going to swallow it?" The woman loosened her trousers and said, "Sir, am I about to pee or shit?" When he realized what she was comparing his mouth to, he was so angry he could not speak. He had been defeated in teasing! (#100)

I would have chosen less vulgar stories to illustrate a defeated Hsu Wen-ch'ang, but there are none in Lin Lan's collection. The unavoidable fact is that stories about Hsu Wen-ch'ang frequently contain scatological elements.

The historical Hsu Wen-ch'ang himself was by no means a prude, as one can discover by reading his plays, especially *The Moonlight Monk* (*Yueh-ming Ho-shang*)^u; and we have ample evidence from his own writings and those of his contemporaries (e.g. Yuan Hung-tao,^E 1568–1610) that he had a quick temper and an irreverent attitude toward his fellow man. Wit, earthy interests, and a reputation for avenging any real or imagined slights, combine to make this historical rogue the perfect figure to be transformed into an archetypal clever rascal.

The popular Hsu Wen-ch'ang can easily perform any trick—supernatural feats excepted—that presents itself to a story-teller's imagination, whether the storyteller is an itinerant peddler, an illiterate nanny, or a refined scholar. He is not bound by the laws of decency, and in many stories this is the point of attention. At the same time, he has a wonderful verbal facility which can provide an additional source of amusement for highly literate humorists.

Cleverness and crudity can be found as co-elements in Chinese popular entertainment from at least the Yuan dynasty and no doubt much earlier. The anonymous Yuan *tsa-chü* *The Ghost of the Pot* (*P'en Erh Kuei*^v, translated by George A. Hayden in *Renditions*, Autumn 1974) contains both elements, for example, as do some of the stories in Ling Meng-ch'u's (1580-1644) *Er-p'ai*^w collections (see, for example, those translated by John Scott in *The Lecherous Academician*, London, 1973.)

As separate but related sources of humor, they are perhaps nowhere so clearly presented as in the figures of Monkey and Pigsy in *The Journey to the West* (*Hsi Yu Chi*).^x Numerous scholars have observed that Monkey can be considered to represent a person's intellect, while Pigsy represents the physical appetites. Though the humor in *The Journey to the West* is often more subtle than in Hsu Wen-ch'ang stories, many of the constituent elements are strikingly similar: the delight in using clever means of tricking opponents, and the quickness to take offense (both characteristic of Monkey); the insatiable appetite for food, drink, and women, and the frequent association with filth (characteristic of Pigsy); even the mockery of institutional Buddhism. These are traditional and recurring elements of Chinese humor, and they find a unified vehicle for popular expression in the figure of Hsu Wen-ch'ang.

Chinese Characters

In Text:

a	徐文長	m	一兩酒
b	呆女婿	n	籠
c	巧舌婦	o	弄
d	獸娘	p	鴨
e	徐渭	q	壓
f	秀才	r	都來看
g	林蘭	s	剛才
h	徐文長古事	t	謊你的
i	王芮	u	月明和尚
j	徐文長趣事	v	盆兒鬼
k	徐文長笑話	w	二拍
l	一兩九	x	西遊記

In Notes:

A	婁子匡
B	朱介凡
C	五十年来的中国俗文学
D	徐崑
E	袁宏道
F	徐文長傳
G	徐文長外集
H	王忱石
I	沈文華
J	張秀聲
K	俞良