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**TAKING TIGER MOUNTAIN BY STRATEGY** Special Issue



# A QUOTATION FROM CHAIRMAN MAO TSETUNG

Revolutionary culture is a powerful revolutionary weapon for the broad masses of the people. It prepares the ground ideologically before the revolution comes and is an important, indeed essential, fighting front in the general revolutionary front during the revolution.

# TAKING TIGER MOUNTAIN BY STRATEGY

(October 1969 Script)

Revised collectively by the *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* Group of the Peking Opera Troupe of Shanghai

## "Hongqi" Editor's Note:

The modern revolutionary Peking Opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*,\* carefully revised, perfected and polished to the last detail with our great leader Chairman Mao's loving care, now glitters with surpassing splendour. Here we publish the script of the opera as was staged in Peking in October 1969 and recommend it to worker, peasant and soldier readers at all posts. All theatrical troupes should take this as the standard version when they present the opera.

## CAST

Yang Tzu-jung	Scout platoon leader of the Chinese People's Liberation Army (PLA)	Chang Ta-shan	Railway worker
Shao Chien-po	PLA regimental chief of staff	Li Yung-chi's wife	
Li Yung-chi	Railway worker	Other villagers	
Chang Pao	Hunter's daughter	Vulture	Bandit chieftain of Tiger Mountain, leader of Kuomintang's "Fifth Peace Preservation Brigade of the Eastern Heilungkiang Region"
Shen Teh-hua	PLA scout platoon deputy leader	Luan Ping	Liaison adjutant under Horse Cudgel Hsu, bandit chieftain of Breast Mountain
Medical Orderly	PLA girl medical orderly	Bandit Chief of Staff	
Young Kuo	PLA guard	Bandit Chief Adjutant	
Chung Chih-cheng	PLA soldier	Bandit Captain	
Lu Hung-yeh	PLA soldier	"Terribles" and other bandits	
Lo Chang-chiang	PLA soldier		
Other Soldiers			
Hunter Chang	Chang Pao's father		
Mother Li	Li Yung-chi's mother		

\* Previously translated as *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*.

## SCENE ONE ADVANCING IN VICTORY

Winter, 1946. A snowy forest in northeast China.

*(A PLA pursuit-detachment in battle array, a red flag at its head, enters swiftly. The fighters execute a dance depicting their march against the wind along a snow-covered mountain trail.)*

Lo: Halt!

*(The men form ranks.)*

Lo: Report, Chief of Staff. We've come to a fork in the road.

Shao: We'll rest here.

Lo: Right. Lu Hung-yeh!

Lu: Here.

Lo: Stand guard!

Lu: Right. *(Exit.)*

Lo: We'll rest here.

Other soldiers: Right.

*(Young Kuo hands Shao a map. Shao examines it and then looks at the terrain.)*

Lo: Supply Chief! We'll rest here.

*(A voice responds: "We'll rest here!" Horses neigh. The men stamp their feet to warm up and shake off the snow from their capes.)*

Shao: You must be tired, comrades.

Soldiers: Not at all.

Shao: Good. Comrades Yang Tzu-jung and Shen Teh-hua are scouting up ahead. We've arranged to meet them here. The regiment Party Committee sent us as a pursuit-detachment into this snowy forest in accordance with Chairman Mao's directive, "**Build stable base areas in the Northeast.**" Our job is to arouse the masses in the Mutanchiang area, wipe out the bandits, consolidate the rear, co-ordinate with our field army and smash the U.S.-backed Kuomintang attacks. It's a task of great strategic importance. That Vulture and his diehard gang have hidden themselves deep in the mountains. We've been trudging through the snow for days, but there's still no sign of them. We must display our style of continuous fighting. *(Decisively)* "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty —**

Shao and soldiers: "**To win victory.**"

*(Lu Hung-yeh enters.)*

Lu: Report! Platoon leader Yang and Comrade Shen are back.

*(The two enter and salute.)*

Yang: Report!

Shao: Comrade Tzu-jung, you have had a tiring job.

Yang: We went out in disguise, according to orders, and on our way we rescued a boy — a mute, in an isolated ravine. Thanks to his father's directions, we reached a little hamlet called Black Dragon Valley. Our investigations there put us on the trail of the Vulture.

Shao: Excellent.

Yang *(sings "hsi pi yao pan"\*)*:

This section is infested with bandits.

They call themselves "Third Regiment of the Fifth Peace Preservation Brigade."

Last night they pillaged Black Dragon Valley.

*(Changes to "kuai pan")*

Vulture, vicious and cruel, has committed monstrous crimes.

After their pillage they fled toward Chiapi Valley.

It looks like they have returned to Tiger Mountain.

Shao: We're on the Vulture's trail, comrades. We must press on. Lo Chang-chiang!

Lo: Here.

Shao: We'll camp at Black Dragon Valley tonight.

Lo: Right.

Shao: Comrade Tzu-jung!

Yang: Here.

Shao: We need more information on the enemy.

Take Comrades Shen Teh-hua . . .

Shen: Here.

Shao: Chung Chih-cheng!

Chung: Here.

Shao: And Lu Hung-yeh!

Lu: Here!

Shao: And do some more scouting.

Yang: Right.

Shao: Be off now.

*(All strike dramatic pose.)*

Curtain

\* *Hsi pi yao pan* and other similar terms in the text such as *kuai pan*, *hsi pi hsiao tao pan*, *hsi pi san pan*, *fan erh huang tao pan*, *erh huang man pan*, *erh huang erh liu*, *liu shui* and *hui lung* are various styles of singing in Peking Opera. Each has its own fixed tune, structure, mode, rhythm and tempo. Modern revolutionary Peking Opera has critically assimilated various styles of singing from traditional Peking Opera, with many creative improvements to suit the portrayal of proletarian heroes.

## SCENE TWO CHIAPI VALLEY PILLAGED

Dusk. The edge of the village Chiapi Valley. A withered tree stands slanting by the side and crags stand on either side of the gully.

*(The routed bandit gang of the Kuomintang "Fifth Peace Preservation Brigade" is retreating to its lair. Passing by Chiapi Valley, Vulture, the bandit chieftain, peeps at the village.)*

Bandit Chief Adjutant: On our way back this time we've made off with quite a pile, Chief. This village is right on our doorstep. We ought to leave it alone.

Bandit Chief of Staff: That's right. As the saying goes, "A rabbit doesn't foul its own hole."

Vulture: Who cares? Go and grab me some of those paupers. We'll put them to work building fortifications. Men and women — both will do.

Bandit Chief of Staff *(takes the hint)*: I get it. *(He leaves with the bandit gang for the village. The adjutant starts to go too, but Vulture stops him.)*

Vulture: Say, it must be nearly ten days since Howling Wolf went off to find Luan Ping, isn't it?

Bandit Chief Adjutant: That's it, I'm getting worried about this too.

Vulture: When we get back to Tiger Mountain, the first thing we'll do is to get more men to join us.

Bandit Chief Adjutant: Yes. If Howling Wolf can find Luan Ping and get his hands on Horse Cudgel Hsu's Contacts Map, the whole Mutanchiang area will belong to us.

Vulture: I hear Commissioner Hou is also looking all over for that map. We mustn't let him get it.

Bandit Chief Adjutant: Don't worry, Chief. Howling Wolf and Luan Ping are sworn brothers. That map won't fly away.

Vulture: You know, openly the Americans are working for peace talks between the Kuomintang and the Communists, but actually they're transporting soldiers north for Chiang Kai-shek. I hear Chiang Kai-shek has turned up in Shenyang and is overseeing the fighting. They want to wipe out all the Communist troops north and south of the Great Wall in three months. Our chance has come, it seems to me.

Bandit Chief Adjutant: Fine. When the Kuomintang army returns, you'll be made commander of all northern Manchuria. First it was Marshal Chang, then the Manchoukuo of the Japanese,

and now the Kuomintang of Chiang Kai-shek. None of them could do without you. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Vulture: Ha! Ha! Ha!

*(Dogs bark in the village. Vulture swaggers off with Bandit Chief Adjutant in the direction of the village. Flames leap up and shouting is heard.) (Li Yung-chi enters hurriedly, carrying a hunting rifle and some game.)*

Yung-chi *(sings "hsi pi hsiao tao pan")*:

Flames leap to the sky and people shout, *(Changes to "kuai pan")*

Mothers call to their sons, children cry for their mothers;

Again the bandits burn, kill and rob, I'll have it out with them though I die.

*(Bandits enter dragging villagers, young men and women bound by ropes. Li Yung-chi fights with the bandits while the young people are beaten by the bandits and dragged off.)*

*(Yung-chi's wife is dragged on, followed by her mother-in-law holding her baby. Bandit Captain snatches the infant and throws it over the cliff. Yung-chi, furious, attacks bandits desperately. His left arm is hurt.)*

*(Vulture enters and shoots at Yung-chi.)*

Yung-chi's wife: Yung-chi! *(Flings herself to cover him and falls dead.)*

*(Vulture and the other bandits go off.)*

Yung-chi *(heartbroken and enraged, gazes at his wife)*: Mother of my child . . .

Mother Li *(rushing over, overwhelmed with grief)*: Daughter-in-law. . . .

Yung-chi *(sings "hsi pi kuai pan")*:

Disaster comes like a bolt from the blue, Fury burns in my breast; I swear I shall avenge!

Vulture!

I'll hack you to pieces for this blood debt.

*(He starts to go for Vulture. Bandits swarm on and tie him up. He struggles with all his might.)*

Mother Li: Yung-chi!

Yung-chi: Mother!

*(Yung-chi is taken away.)*

Yung-chi: Mother! Mother!

Mother Li *(following him in on her knees)*: Yung-chi!

Curtain

## SCENE THREE

### ASKING ABOUT BITTERNESS

Afternoon. A remote mountain valley. In a small log cabin, bowls and chopsticks lie in disarray on a table.

*(Chang Pao clears the table. Hunter Chang looks outside.)*

Pao: That man and woman were rough types, Dad. They finished off the bit of venison we'd just got.

Chang: Do you know who they were?

Pao: He said he was from the Chinese People's Liberation Army.

Chang: Huh! Eight years ago, when the bandits dragged me away, I saw him in their lair on Tiger Mountain. People call him Howling Wolf. He's a bandit.

Pao: Oh!

Chang: We can't stay here any longer, Pao. Let's get our things together at once and go to your uncle Ta-shan's in Chiapi Valley.

Pao: Right. *(Gets some belongings together.)*

Chang *(to himself)*: Those two fur traders who came through here a few days ago said the Communists were now in our old home village helping the poor to win emancipation. I wonder if it's true.

Pao: They're good men, those two. If they hadn't carried me home, I would have frozen to death in the ravine.

Chang: That's true. Hurry now.

Pao: Yes.

*(Chang ties a bundle. Pao gets the pelts down from the wall. She sees figures moving outside the window.)*

Pao: Somebody's coming again, Dad.

*(Chang covers Pao's mouth with his hand.)*

Chang: Hush!

*(They listen attentively. Yang, Shen, Chung and Lu enter, muffled in capes and hoods which hide the red star on their caps. Alertly they walk across the snow.)*

Yang *(sings "hsi pi san pan")*: We've been closely following a suspicious pair, but here in the mountains we've lost the trail—

Shen: Say, Old Yang, isn't this where Hunter Chang lives?

Yang: That's right. *(Sings.)*

We'll call on the hunter again for help to solve our problem.

Comrades Shen and Lu!

Shen and Lu: Here.

Yang: You two scout on ahead. Report back here if you have any information.

Shen and Lu: Right. *(Exit.)*

Yang: Young Chung! Stand guard.

Chung: Right. *(Exit.)*

Yang *(walks up to the cabin and knocks)*: Hey there, neighbours!

*(The hunter comes out with apprehension.)*

Chang *(examines Yang)*: You are. . .

Yang: Don't you recognize me? I'm the fur trader who was here a few days ago.

Chang: Fur trader?

Yang: Yes.

*(Pao runs out.)*

Yang *(to Pao)*: Your father doesn't remember me, little brother. Wasn't I the one who brought you home that day?

*(Pao examines him closely, wants to speak but stops, nods.)*

Yang *(has observed and guessed the truth but doesn't let on)*: What a clever child!

Chang *(observes Yang carefully, recognizing him)*: Ah, you're Master Yang.

Yang: Yes.

Chang: That's right. And we discovered we're from the same province. Come in, come in.

*(They all go in.)*

Yang *(to Pao)*: Are you feeling better now?

Chang *(quickly)*: He's a mute.

Yang: Yes, of course.

Chang: You're a trader, but today you are in uniform. What's your job, after all?

Yang: I'm not a trader. *(Throws back his hood to reveal the red star on his cap.)* I'm a soldier of the Chinese People's Liberation Army.

Chang *(sceptically)*: You too from the People's Liberation Army?

Yang: Yes. Have you seen any PLA men before?

Chang *(guardedly)*: No. . . no, never.

Yang *(sitting down on a wooden block)*: We didn't have a chance to talk much, last time. We came over from Shantung Province. We are battalions led by Chairman Mao and the Communist Party.

Chang: But what are you fellows doing all the way up here?

Yang: Fighting bandits. *(Picks up an axe and slams it down on the wood block.)*

Chang: Fight bandits? Can you do that?

Yang *(standing up)*: We've got a big force not far behind. Our PLA has won several big victories

in the northeast. The whole Mutanchiang area has been liberated. We've smashed most of the bandits. Only the Vulture and his gang are left. They've buried themselves deep in this mountain forest, but we will wipe them out too, and soon.

Chang *(bitterly)*: That Vulture . . .

Yang: Old Chang, the Vulture has devastated these parts. You two have hidden yourselves here in this forest, you must have been deeply wronged.

Chang *(sits down and passionately seizes the axe)*: . . .

Yang: Go ahead, Old Chang, tell us about it.

Chang *(not wanting to mention the painful past)*: It's eight years now, why talk about it?

*(Puts down the axe.)*

Pao *(bursts out)*: Dad! . . .

Chang *(startled and then painfully)*: Pao, how could you. . .

Yang *(with deep feeling)*: It's all right, child. The Communist Party and Chairman Mao will back us up. Go ahead.

Pao: I will, Uncle, I will.

*(Sings "fan erh huang tao pan")*

Disaster struck one snowy night eight years ago, *(Switches to "kuai san yen")*

Vulture killed my grandma and carried off my ma and dad;

Uncle Ta-shan in Chiapi Valley took me in,  
My dad escaped and came back,  
But my ma threw herself off a cliff and died.  
Oh, Mother!

In the mountains we hid;

Afraid I'd fall into those devils' hands,  
Dad dressed me as a boy and said I was mute.

*(Changes to "yuan pan")*

We hunted in the mountains during the day,  
At night we thought of grandma and ma;

*(Changes to "to pan")*

We looked at the stars and the moon

And longed for the time

When the sun would shine over these mountains,

When I would be able to speak freely,

When I could dress like a girl again,

When we could collect our debt of blood;

If I only had wings I'd take my gun

And fly to the summit and kill all those wolves!

Oh, Dad! *(Flings herself into Chang's arms)*

Yang *(furious, sings "hsi pi yuan pan")*:

Young Pao has accused the bandits of their crimes,

Every word stained with blood, every sound choked with tears.

They rouse me to the utmost rage;

The oppressed everywhere have blood accounts  
To settle with their oppressors.

Avenge the wrongs, wipe out the grievances,  
An eye for an eye and blood for blood!

*(Switches to "liu shui")*

Destroy the Vulture, and the people will win liberation,

Rise as masters and greet the sun in these deep mountains.

Follow their saviour, the Communist Party,

And bring the land a new life,

As in our old home in Shantung,

Good days will be here forever.

Chang *(with emotion)*: Old Yang!

*(Chang sits down with Yang. Pao affectionately hands Yang a bowl of water which he drains.)*

Chang: You've said what's in my heart, Old Yang. But beating Vulture won't be easy. His Tiger Mountain stronghold is protected by nine groups of twenty-seven forts. He can attack, he can defend, and he can slip away. Nobody can touch him.

Yang: I see. They say it's very hard to get to the top of the mountain.

Chang: Exactly! There's only one path up front, and it's very steep. Besides, it's very carefully watched. How can anyone get up there?

Yang: Then how did you manage to get away that time?

Chang: There's a dangerous trail down the back of the mountain with steep cliffs and crags. No one dares to use that trail, so it's unguarded. Eight years ago, that's where I came down. If I hadn't been lucky enough to fall on a tree branch, I'd have been dashed to pieces.

Yang: You've given us some very useful information. As long as we all pull together, there's no mountain top we can't conquer.

Chang: Right. We're all looking forward to that day. *(Laughs)* You mustn't blame me for taking you as a stranger. A man and a woman were here a while ago. The man was no doubt a bandit, but he said he was from the PLA.

Pao: Dad saw him eight years ago on Tiger Mountain. He's called Howling Wolf.

Yang: Howling Wolf, eh? What else did he talk about?

Chang: He called the woman sister-in-law and said he was Luan Ping's sworn brother.

Yang *(bursts out)*: Luan Ping? *(Leaves his seat.)*

Chang *(stands up)*: The woman must be Luan Ping's wife. Howling Wolf had a big row with her over some map or other.

Pao: A Contacts Map.

Chang: That's right.

Yang: Contacts Map?

(Chung Chih-cheng enters and comes into the cabin.)

Chung: Platoon leader, Old Shen and Lu are back.  
(Shen and Lu enter. They go into the cabin.)

Shen: Old Yang, in the forest northeast of here we found the body of a woman with a bloodstained glove lying beside her.

(Gives glove to Yang.)

Lu: There was a strong blizzard and the snow had already blotted out any footprints. We couldn't tell where the murderer had gone.

Yang: Have you seen this glove before, Old Chang?

Chang (examines glove): Yes. It belongs to Howling Wolf.

Yang (coming to a conclusion): He must have killed her and snatched the Contacts Map. This is a complicated business, comrades, and that Luan Ping we caught is mixed up with the case. Lu Hung-yeh!

Lu: Here.

Yang: We are going after the murderer. You report back to the chief of staff and tell him I suggest we interrogate Luan Ping and dig out the story

of the Contacts Map.

Lu: Right. (Goes out at a run.)

Yang: This is urgent, Old Chang, we've no time to chat now. Here's a bit of food for you and Pao.  
(Unties his ration bag and hands it to Chang.  
Shen unties his and gives it to Pao.)

Chang: Old Yang!

Shen: Please take it.

Pao (moved): Uncles. . . .

Yang: Goodbye for now. (Turns to go.)

Chang: Where are you going, Old Yang?

Yang: After Howling Wolf.

Chang: You can't get him. He's sure to be heading for Tiger Mountain. That trail has always been hard to follow, and in this snowstorm a stranger could never find it. Come, Pao and I will show you the way.

Yang (touched, goes to Chang): Thank you, Old Chang.

Chang: Let's go.

(All strike dramatic pose.)

Curtain

## SCENE FOUR

### DRAWING UP A PLAN

Early morning. Black Dragon Valley. The detachment has spent the night. Inside the command post, a charcoal fire burns bright. Outside, the wind roars and heavy snow falls. In the background, majestic mountains and deep forests.

Shao (with composure sings "erh huang tao pan"):

Icy wind howls through the woods,  
Rustling branches shake the deep gully.

(A gust blows the door open. He goes to door and looks out.)

(Sings, changing to "hui lung")

Snowflakes dance in a hazy mist,  
The mountains are mantled in silver;

What a magnificent scene of the north!

(He closes the door, changes to "erh huang man pan")

Beautiful our land, majestic and grand,  
How can we let ravaging beasts again lay it waste?

(Changes to "yuan pan")

The Party Central Committee points the way,  
Revolutionary flames cannot be quenched.

Bearing the hopes of the people, the PLA fight north and south

To plant the red flag all over our country.

Let the Yanks and Chiang gang up,  
Talking sham peace while making attacks,  
Fighting openly and sniping in the dark.

Let them resort to a hundred tricks,  
With justice in our hands, class hatred in our hearts,

One against ten, we'll sweep away all reactionaries.

(Yang enters.)

Yang: Report!

Shao (recognizes his voice): Old Yang!

(Yang goes into room. Shao rushes to greet him.)

Shao: Did you catch the murderer?

Yang: We got him. We found this letter and this map concealed in his clothes. (Hands them over.)

Shao: Well done!

Yang: The trails in these parts are hard to find. Luckily, Hunter Chang acted as our guide. The murderer passed himself off as one of our PLA scouts, but the hunter exposed him. He admitted that he's a Tiger Mountain man named Li Chung-hao, better known as Howling Wolf.

Shao: Good. That hunter has been a great help. Long ago Chairman Mao told us: "The revolutionary war is a war of the masses; it can be waged only by mobilizing the masses and relying on them." Without the masses we can't move a step.

Yang: How true! Hunter Chang also told us of two trails up the mountain. I've sketched them, according to his description. (Hands Shao a sketch map.) Howling Wolf admits to the open trail going up the face of the mountain. He says there are no fortifications along it and that it's easy to climb.

Shao: Hm. Obviously a lie. Have you made arrangements for the hunter and his daughter?

Yang: We left them our grain rations. They're planning to move to Chiapi Valley.

Shao: Good. (Looks at map and letter.) Look, Old Yang, Luan Ping never said anything about this map.

Yang: No, he didn't. Howling Wolf says it shows the location of three hundred secret contact places of the Breast Mountain gang here in the northeast. It's something very important.

Shao: Luan Ping has been brought here. We'll question him right away and find out all about the Contacts Map.

Yang: I'll get Luan Ping. (Turns to go.)

Shao: He's your old adversary, Old Yang. You'd better do the questioning.

Yang: Right.

(Shao goes into inner room.)

Yang (to the guard at the door): Young Chang.

Chang: Here.

Yang: Bring Luan Ping.

Chang: Right.

(Young Kuo brings Luan Ping into the room. Luan Ping sees Yang and wants to come over to greet him. Yang waves him to a chair. Luan sits down.)

Yang: Luan Ping.

Luan: Yes, sir.

Yang: How are you getting on with your confession?

Luan: I want to come clean. I'm owning up to everything.

Yang: There's one thing you haven't mentioned yet.  
Luan: Officer, I don't have a thing in the world except the clothes on my back.

Yang (suddenly): What about that map?

Luan: Map?

Yang: The Contacts Map.

Luan (startled): Oh! (Pretending to be calm.) Ah, let me think. . . . (Strikes a thoughtful pose.) Ah, yes, yes, I remember now. They say Horse Cudgel Hsu had a map of secret contacts.

Yang: They say?

Luan: Don't misunderstand me, officer. Horse Cudgel Hsu considered that map precious. I never had a chance to set my eyes on it.

Yang: Luan Ping, you ought to understand our policy.

Luan: I do, I do. Leniency to those who confess; severity to those who resist.

Yang: I'm asking you—what was your job on Breast Mountain?

Luan: You know that. I was a liaison adjutant.

Yang: A liaison adjutant who says he knows nothing about liaison stations and has never seen anything of the Contacts Map. Huh! It's plain you don't want to tell the truth.

(Luan pretends to be helpless.)

Yang (with sudden fury): Take him out!

Kuo: Get out!

Luan (leaning against the chair, panic-stricken): No, no. I. . . . (slaps his own face) I deserve to die for trying to fool you, officer. I'll tell you the truth now. There is a map showing Horse Cudgel Hsu's secret contacts all over the northeast, three hundred in all. That map is now in my wife's hands. Let me out, and I'll find her and get the map and give it to you. I want to make amends and earn lenient treatment. (Bows.)

Yang: Besides those three hundred places, where else did you have contacts?

Luan: Where else? Tiger Mountain. But for a long time Vulture has been trying to get sole control of northern Manchuria by himself. He and Horse Cudgel Hsu were only friends on the surface, so I had very few dealings with him. Last year Vulture invited me to a Hundred Chickens Feast to celebrate his birthday, but I didn't go.

Yang (listens with attention to his confession): I want a detailed report on all your contact points. You'd better come clean.

Luan: Yes, yes.

Yang: Take him away.

Kuo: Now get out. (Takes Luan out.)

(Shao comes out from other room.)

Yang: He's a crafty one.

Shao (humorously): The craftiest fox can't escape the skilled hunter. Anyhow, his story about the Contacts Map is the same as Howling Wolf's.

Yang: And he also let slip a mention of the Hundred Chickens Feast.

Shao: Umm.

Yang: And in that letter, Vulture is again inviting him to the feast this year. There's something queer here.

Shao: I agree.

(Shen Teh-hua enters.)

Shen: Report!  
Shao: Come in.  
(Shen goes into room.)  
Shen: Chief of Staff, the comrades are eager to attack Tiger Mountain. They have written requests for battle assignments.  
Shao: I suppose you took the lead?  
Shen: I . . .  
Shao (laughs and sits down by the fire): I can understand how the comrades feel. Our fraternal units have sealed off all the roads and ferry points in the Mutanchiang area. Vulture can't get away. But he's a wily bird, hard to deal with. Haven't we discussed it several times? If we sent a large force after him, it would be like trying to hit a flea with your fist. No good. Since the task is urgent, we haven't the time to lure the bandits down the mountain and destroy them one by one. Ours is a special mission. We must remember what Chairman Mao tells us — strategically we should despise our enemy, but tactically we should take him seriously. Comrade Teh-hua, please call another democratic meeting of the comrades and talk it over in the light of the latest developments.  
Shen: Right. (Exit.)  
(Yang starts to leave.)  
Shao: Old Yang, what's your suggestion?  
Yang: I want to question Howling Wolf again and find out more about that Hundred Chickens Feast.  
Shao: Go ahead. I'll be waiting to hear your proposal.  
Yang: Right. (Exit.)  
Shao (sings "hsi pi kuai san yen"):  
In the past few days we've learned much about the enemy,  
We've analysed carefully and pondered over our plan;  
Tiger Mountain has a system of bunkers and tunnels,  
So the better course is to take it by strategy.  
Select a capable comrade to disguise as one of their kind,  
Then penetrate into the enemy's lair,  
And strike from without and within;  
Who should we choose for this critical task? —  
(Thinks.)  
(Changes to "yuan pan")  
Yang Tzu-jung has all the qualifications to shoulder this load,  
Born of a hired-hand peasant family, with sterling qualities,  
From childhood he struggled on the brink of death;

Burning with hatred, he found his salvation  
In the Communist Party and took the revolutionary road.  
(Switches to "erh liu")  
He joined the army and vowed to uproot exploitation,  
A veteran in battle, he's distinguished himself many times.  
By wits, he blew up many an enemy fort,  
He's entered enemy territory, killed traitors  
And rescued many comrades and villagers.  
He's fought many a battle with bandits here in the forest,  
Caught Luan Ping and Hu Piao and took Howling Wolf as well.  
If I send him on this dangerous mission alone,  
I'm confident, with his heart red as fire,  
A will strong as steel,  
He'll surely overcome the Vulture.  
(Shen Teh-hua enters. Goes into the room.)  
Shen: Chief of Staff.  
Shao: How did your meeting go, Comrade Teh-hua?  
Shen: We analysed the situation and decided that taking it by strategy is the only answer. We shouldn't try a direct attack. The best way would be to get a comrade into the enemy stronghold. . . .  
Shao: You're right. Come, let's talk it over.  
(Yang enters and goes into the room. Shao scrutinizes him. Shen looks on in surprise.)  
Yang: Hu Piao is here to present the map. (Waves his hand in bandit greeting.)  
Shao: Hu Piao? Old Yang, ha, ha, ha!  
Shen: Old Yang!  
Yang: Ha, ha, ha! (Sits down.)  
Shao: Tell us quick, what's your idea?  
Yang: It seems to me, Chief of Staff, the best way to take Tiger Mountain is by strategy.  
Shao: Precisely.  
Yang: The enemy's Hundred Chickens Feast is a good opportunity.  
Shao: Have we found out all about it?  
Yang: Yes. Vulture celebrates his birthday on the last day of the last month of the lunar year. He gives himself a feast of chickens extorted from a hundred different families. They call it the Hundred Chickens Feast. (Rises.) I suggest we send a comrade up there in disguise to find out how the tunnels and bunkers are laid out. Then, when all the bandits are in the main hall during the Hundred Chickens Feast, get them drunk. . . .  
Shao: And the detachment will spring an attack and take it before they know what's happening!  
Yang: Right. Chief of Staff, let me have this job.

Shen: The comrades also propose Old Yang for the job.  
Shao: Good. Comrade Teh-hua (giving him the Contacts Map), make a copy of this. Also notify the others there will be a Party branch committee meeting later on.  
Shen: Right. (Exit.)  
Shao: Old Yang, you're going to disguise as a bandit and make your way into the enemy's stronghold. Are you sure you can do it?  
Yang: There're three things in my favour.  
Shao: The first?  
Yang: Horse Cudgel Hsu and his Breast Mountain gang have just been defeated. I can go there as his cavalry adjutant Hu Piao, who is in our hands. Vulture has never seen him. I've learned the bandits' secret language and won't be found out.  
Shao: And the second?  
Yang: If I present Vulture with the Contacts Map as a gift at our first meeting, I'll win his trust.  
Shao: Fine!  
Yang: The third condition is the most important. . . .  
Shao: The loyal heart of a PLA soldier dedicated to the Party and Chairman Mao.  
Yang (from the heart): You understand me completely, Chief of Staff.  
Shao (with deep feeling): Old Yang, this is no ordinary task.  
Yang: Chief of Staff! (Sings "hsi pi yuan pan")  
A Communist always heeds the Party's call,  
He takes the heaviest burden on himself;  
I'm set on smashing the chains of a thousand years  
To open a freshet of endless happiness for the people.  
(Switches to "erh liu")  
Well I know that there's danger ahead,  
But I'm all the more set on driving forward;

No matter how thickly troubled clouds may gather,  
Revolutionary wisdom is bound to win.  
(Changes to "kuai pan")  
Like the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains,  
I shall break through every obstacle;  
The flames that blaze in my red heart  
Shall forge a sharp blade to kill the foe.  
Shao: Good. You can take Horse Cudgel Hsu's black-maned steed and ride northeast along the trail Hunter Chang has pointed out. . . .  
Yang: And wind my way up the mountain.  
Shao: The detachment will go to Chiapi Valley, arouse the masses and prepare for battle.  
We'll wait for word from you.  
Yang: I'll put a message for you in the pine grove southwest of Tiger Mountain. The tree will be marked in the agreed manner.  
Shao: I'll send Shen Teh-hua on the twenty-sixth to pick it up.  
Yang: I guarantee it will be there on time.  
Shao: Good. The detachment will set out as soon as we've heard from you. We'll strike from within and without and destroy Vulture and his gang.  
Yang: This is a well-thought-out plan, Chief of Staff. It's decided then.  
Shao (grips Yang's arms, very stirred. After a pause):  
Be bold but cautious, Comrade Tzu-jung.  
(Sings "hsi pi kuai pan")  
I'm confident you can fulfil this crucial mission.  
Everything depends on this all-important task;  
We'll call a Party committee meeting to approve the plan,  
With collective wisdom we'll defeat the enemy.  
(Yang and Shao clasp hands tightly in dramatic pose.)

Curtain

## SCENE FIVE UP THE MOUNTAIN

A few days after the previous scene. In the foothills of Tiger Mountain. A deep snowy forest. Tall, straight pines reach to the sky. Sunshine filters down through the trees.

Yang (sings offstage vigorously "erh huang tao pan"):  
I press through the snowy forest, spirit soaring!  
(Yang enters in disguise. He spurs his horse onwards. He executes dances depicting his journey through the dense forest, leaping across a stream, mounting a ridge, dashing down a

steep slope, galloping across a distance and then looking all around.)  
(Sings "hui lung")  
With boldness and determination the mountains  
I staunchly face.  
(Switches to "man yuan pan")  
Let the red flag fly all over the world,  
Be there seas of fire and a forest of knives, I'll charge ahead.  
How I wish I could order the snow to melt,

*(Changes to "san pan")*  
 And usher in spring to change the world of men.  
*(Switches to "hsi pi kuai pan")*  
 The Party gives me wisdom and courage,  
 Risks and hardship are as naught;  
 To wipe out the bandits I must dress as a bandit,  
 And pierce into their stronghold like a dagger.  
 I'll bury Vulture in these hills, I swear,  
 Shake the heights with my will.  
 With my courage the valleys fill,  
 At the Hundred Chickens Feast my comrades  
 and I  
 Will make a shambles of the bandits' lair.  
*(A tiger roars in the distance. The horse is startled, stumbles. Yang reins in the horse, makes it rear, turns and halts it. Leaps from the horse. The tiger's roar draws nearer. Yang quickly leads his horse off. Re-enters, throws off his overcoat, pulls out pistol and fires at tiger. The tiger screams and falls dead. Other shots are heard in the distance.)*  
 Yang *(immediately alerted)*: Shooting! The bandits are coming down the mountain. *(Calmly)* I've just killed one beast, and now a whole pack is here. I'll see that you go the same way. *(Bandit Chief of Staff shouts offstage: "Halt!" He enters with a gang of bandits. Yang puts on his overcoat, walks forward coolly and gives a bandit salute.)*  
 Bandit Chief of Staff: What road do mushrooms travel? What's the price?  
*(Yang, head high, does not reply.)*  
 Bandit A *(seeing the tiger Yang has killed, cries in fear)*: A tiger, tiger!  
*(The other bandits hastily draw back.)*  
 Yang *(laughs)*: Brave, aren't you? That tiger is dead.

## SCENE SIX

### INTO THE BANDITS' LAIR

Immediately after the previous scene. The interior of Tiger Hall. A gloomy cave lit by several lamps.

*(Vulture sits in a chair, his lieutenants — the "Eight Terribles" — stand on either side in a disorderly fashion. Other bandits stand at the left rear side of the hall. Vulture signals to Bandit Chief of Staff to summon the newcomer.)*

Bandit Chief of Staff: Chief's orders. Bring liutzu in.

Bandits: Bring liutzu in!  
*(Yang enters, head high.)*

Yang *(sings "hsi pi kuai pan")*:

Though I've come alone to the tiger's den,  
 Millions of class brothers are by my side;  
 Let Vulture spew flames ten thousand leagues high,  
 For the people I'll fearlessly take this monster on.

*(Advances and gives a bandit salute.)*

Bandit A *(looks over at the beast)*: A beautiful shot. Right through the head.  
 Bandit Chief of Staff: Did you kill it?  
 Yang: It got in the way of my bullet.  
 Bandit Chief of Staff: Quite a man. Which mountain are you from? What are you doing here?  
 Yang *(taking the initiative)*: I suppose you fellows are from Tiger Mountain?  
 Bandit Chief of Staff: That's obvious. *(Realizes he has made a slip.)* Where are you from?  
 Yang: That's not for you to ask. I want to see Brigadier Tsui in person. I've important business with him.  
 Bandit Chief of Staff: How is it you don't know the rules of the mountains? You're not a liutzu. You're a kungtzu.\*  
 Yang: If I were a kungtzu, would I dare come barging into Tiger Mountain?  
 Bandit Chief of Staff *(threateningly)*: Moha? Moha? *(Yang, his mind made up, does not reply.)*  
 The Bandits: Speak up.  
 Yang *(haughtily)*: I'm not saying anything till I see Brigadier Tsui.  
 Bandit Chief of Staff *(helplessly)*: All right then, let's go. Where's your gun?  
 Yang: Don't be scared. *(Tosses his pistol to Bandit A. Points at the tiger and his horse.)*  
 Bandit Chief of Staff: Carry the tiger. Lead the horse.  
 The Bandits: Yes!  
*(Yang strikes dramatic pose. Then resolutely, calmly and courageously he strides ahead.)*

Curtain

\* Bandits' secret language.

Vulture *(suddenly)*: The god of heaven shields the earthly tiger.\*

Yang: Precious pagoda represses the river sprite.\*  
 Terribles: Moha? Moha?

Yang: Speak exactly at the stroke of noon. No one has a home.\*

Vulture: Why is your face so red?\*

Yang: My spirits are flourishing.\*

Vulture: Why so yellow again?\*

*(The bandits press closer, sword and gun in hand.)*

Yang *(calmly)*: I smeared it with wax to ward off the cold.\*

*(Vulture shoots out an oil lamp with his automatic. Yang takes a pistol from Bandit Chief of Staff. With one shot he knocks out two oil lamps. The astonished bandits whisper among themselves and are stopped by the Terribles.)*

\* Bandits' secret language.

Vulture: According to you, you're one of Brigadier Hsu's men?  
 Yang: I am his cavalry adjutant, Hu Piao.  
 Vulture: Hu Piao? Since you are Brigadier Hsu's man, let me ask you — when did you join his ranks?  
 Yang: When he was chief of police.  
 Vulture: I hear he has a few possessions he prizes the most.  
 Yang: There are two.  
 Vulture: What are they?  
 Yang: A fast horse and a sharp sword.  
 Vulture: What does his horse look like?  
 Yang: It has a curly coat and a black mane.  
 Vulture: What kind of sword has he?  
 Yang: A Japanese officer's sabre.  
 Vulture: Who gave it to him?  
 Yang: The Japanese Imperial Army.  
 Vulture: Where was it presented?  
 Yang: At Wuholou in the city of Mutanchiang.  
 Vulture *(pauses)*: If you really are Brigadier Hsu's cavalry adjutant, why did I see only Adjutant Luan Ping and not you at the last meeting called by Commissioner Hou?  
 Yang: I didn't rate very high with Brigadier Hsu. How could I compare with someone like Luan Ping? He was the one who went to all the important functions.  
 Vulture: Why have you come to Tiger Mountain?  
 Yang: I want to join you, Brigadier, and rise in the world. This is the first time I've crossed your threshold, but none of you big brothers seem to trust me. Aren't you being a bit ungallant?  
 Vulture *(laughs)*: We have to think of our stronghold's safety.  
 Terribles: Ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 Vulture: When did the Breast Mountain stronghold fall, Hu Piao?  
 Yang: The third day of the twelfth lunar month.  
 Vulture: What took you so long to get here?  
 Yang: It hasn't been easy for me to get here, Brigadier. After Breast Mountain was taken, I was hiding out in White Pines Dale for a while.  
 Vulture: White Pines Dale?  
 Yang: In the home of Luan Ping's uncle.  
 Vulture: Did you see Luan Ping?  
 Yang: Yes.  
 Vulture: And Howling Wolf?  
 Yang: Howling Wolf?  
 Vulture: Uh.  
 Yang: I don't know about him.  
 Vulture: Hu Piao, you are here but why isn't Luan Ping with you?  
 Yang: Luan Ping?  
 Vulture: That's right.  
 Yang: Ah, say no more about him.  
 Vulture: What do you mean?  
 Yang *(looks meaningfully at other bandits)*: Well. . . *(Vulture signals and all the bandits except the Terribles leave.)*  
 Vulture: Hu Piao, what's the matter with Luan Ping?  
 Yang: It's a long story.  
*(Sings "hsi pi hsiao tao pan")*  
 Just talking about him enrages me. . .

Vulture: What did he do?  
 Yang *(changes to "hsi pi yuan pan")*:  
 He cares nothing for the code of our brotherhood.  
 Vulture: How did he go back on it?  
 Yang *(sings)*:  
 We were lucky to get away when Breast Mountain fell,  
 I urged him to come with me and join your brigade on Tiger Mountain.  
*(The Terribles look at each other with satisfaction.)*  
 Vulture: Is he coming?  
 Yang *(sings)*:  
 Every man is free to make his own choice,  
 But he shouldn't have —  
 He shouldn't have attacked friends so viciously.  
 Vulture: What did he say?  
 Yang: He said. . . .  
 Vulture: What?  
 Yang: Well. . . .  
 Vulture *(impatiently)*: Out with it, Old Hu, be quick.  
 Yang: He said — *(sings)* Vulture has to take Commissioner Hou's . . . .  
 Vulture: What?  
 Yang *(sings)*: Orders.  
 Vulture *(leaps to his feet in anger)*: Ah! What? I take orders from him!  
 Terribles: Rubbish, who does he think he is?  
 Yang: That wasn't all he said.  
 Terribles: What else?  
 Yang *(sings)*: The Eight Terribles are a pack of worthless rats.  
 Terribles *(enraged and shouting)*: What! That son of a bitch.  
 Yang *(sings, switching to "hsi pi liu shui")*:  
 He said he's a phoenix who wants a high branch to perch on,  
 That Commissioner Hou is a big tree and his roots are deep.  
 Terribles: To hell with him.  
 Yang *(sings)*: As we were speaking he produced a map —  
 Vulture: Map?  
 Yang *(sings)*: A whole roll.  
*(Vulture dances around Yang covetously.)*  
 Yang *(switches to "hsi pi yao pan" as he continues singing)*: He was intending to take it to Commissioner Hou to earn a promotion.  
 Vulture: Was it the Contacts Map?  
 Yang: Yes, the secret Contacts Map.  
 Vulture *(worried)*: Then he's given it to Commissioner Hou?  
 Yang: Don't be impatient. *(Continues singing with a satirical smile on his face)*  
 Pleased with himself, he grinned all over.  
 Vulture: So!  
 Yang *(sings)*: And brought out from the inside room,  
*(Switches to "hsi pi liu shui")*  
 A jar of wine.  
 I filled him eight bowls, one after the other,  
 Luan Ping got so drunk he couldn't see.  
 Terribles: Ha, ha. . . he got drunk.

Yang: So taking my chance while he was dead drunk, I . . .

Vulture: Yes?

Yang: I . . .

Vulture: Killed the dog?

Yang: I couldn't do that. We've been pals for years.

Vulture: Oh, oh. . . *(Changing his tone.)* Of course, of course. Friendship is important! Friendship is important! Go on, Old Hu, go on.

Yang: He had his plans, but I had ideas of my own.

Vulture: What did you do?

Yang: I . . .

Vulture: Yes?

Yang *(sings)*:  
I changed tunics with him while he was drunk,  
Then jumped on the black-maned horse, and  
through  
The snowstorm galloped directly to Tiger Mountain.

Vulture: You mean you've got the map, Old Hu?

Yang *(laughs lightly. Changing to "hsi pi kuai pan", sings)*:  
Look, Brigadier Tsui,  
This map here I present to you. *(Holds up the map.)*  
*(Standing high and looking down at the bandits, Yang holds out the map as Vulture respectfully flips the dust from his sleeves and takes it. He examines it avidly while the Terribles crowd around.)*

Vulture *(sings "hsi pi san pan")*:  
The map I've thought of day and night,  
Today is in my hands.  
*(In wild joy)* Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Terribles: You're a marvel, Old Hu, quite a man.

Yang *(meaningfully)*: With the map in our possession, Brigadier, the Mutanchiang area is ours.

Vulture: Right. Well said. When the Kuomintang army returns, I'll be a commanding general. And I'll make the rest of you brigadiers and division commanders.

Terribles: We rely on your beneficence, Chief. *(Laugh wildly.)*  
*(Yang laughs satirically.)*

Vulture: Because of what you've done for Tiger Mountain, Old Hu, I proclaim you Old Ninth.

Yang: Thank you, Chief.

Vulture: We belong to the Kuomintang army, you should have a proper rank. I appoint you full colonel and deputy regimental commander in the Fifth Peace Preservation Brigade of the Eastern Heilungkiang Region.

Yang *(going up the steps)*: Thank you, Chief, for your promotion. *(To Terribles)* I shall look to you brothers for help.

Terribles: Of course, of course.

Bandit Chief of Staff: Bring wine!

Terribles: Hey, bring wine!  
*(Bandits enter with wine for all.)*

Bandit Chief of Staff: Drink, everyone. Drink to congratulate Old Ninth.

Terribles: Congratulations, Old Ninth.

Vulture: For delivering the Contacts Map and winning his spurs.

Yang *(sings with vigour "hsi pi kuai erh liu")*:  
To their congratulatory toast, I will drink my fill,  
I shall not rest until my task is completed.  
The day is yet to come for me to show my skill,  
To write history I'll willingly shed my blood.  
*(With a triumphant smile, he drains his bowl.)*

Yang *(Vigorously)*: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Curtain

## SCENE SEVEN AROUSING THE MASSES

Chiapi Valley. Home of Li Yung-chi, both inside and out. Noon. A snowstorm is raging.

Mother Li *(sings "erh huang yao pan")*:  
I'm ill and unwell, our grain is gone,  
I call my son, but there is no reply.  
Oh the hatred of us poor, this debt of blood,  
When will it ever be redeemed?  
*(Chang Ta-shan enters.)*

Ta-shan: Aunt.

Mother Li: It's Ta-shan!  
*(Ta-shan comes into the house.)*

Ta-shan: Are you feeling any better today, Aunt?

Mother Li: I was dizzy than ever when I got up this morning.

Ta-shan: Aunt, here are some potato roots. *(Hands them over.)*

Mother Li *(stopping him)*: Oh, Ta-shan, you shouldn't. . .

Ta-shan: Aunt, Yung-chi is away but you have us neighbours.  
*(Ta-shan sets water to boil on the stove. Mother Li takes potato roots into the inner room. Yung-chi, his chin stubbly and clothes torn, pushes open the door and comes into house.)*

Ta-shan *(surprised)*: Yung-chi!

Yung-chi: Ta-shan!  
*(Mother Li emerges from inner room.)*

Yung-chi: Ma!

Mother Li: Yung-chi! *(Sings "erh huang san pan")*  
Can I be dreaming that you've returned?  
It pains me to see you so battered and bruised;  
How did you escape  
*(Switches to "erh huang erh liu")*  
From the tiger's den?

Yung-chi *(sings)*:  
I jumped down a cliff at the back of the mountain and got away.

Mother Li *(sings)*:  
I'm overjoyed to see you but I grieve  
For my daughter-in-law and grandson.

Yung-chi *(sings "erh huang tao pan")*:  
So many crimes to avenge, so much hatred to pour out,  
Every incident engraved upon my heart.  
The fury in my breast bursts into flame,  
Some day I'll knife our foe to death.  
*(Voices offstage cry: "Soldiers are entering the village!" PLA fighters shouting: "Don't go away, neighbours, we are your own people!")*

Ta-shan: Another raid by Vulture?

Yung-chi: Are they after me?

Ta-shan: Hide, quick, I'll go out and take a look.  
*(Pulls out a dagger and exit.)*

Mother Li: Yung-chi, you'd better hide yourself, son, do.

Yung-chi: Hide? Where can I hide, Mother? I'd rather fight it out. It's them or me now. I break even if I take one of them, and two better still.

Mother Li: Yung-chi, you. . .  
*(Chung Chih-cheng and Lu Hung-yeh enter.)*

Lu *(knocks on the door)*: Anybody home?

Yung-chi: Yes. We're not all dead yet.

Lu: Neighbours!

Chung: Aunt!  
*(Yung-chi wrenches the door open. Chung and Lu enter. Chung closes the door behind him. Mother Li is alarmed. She moves closer to Yung-chi protectingly.)*

Lu: Don't be afraid, Aunt. We're. . .

Yung-chi: Come to the point.

Lu *(to Yung-chi)*: Neighbours, we're the Chinese People's Liberation Army.

Yung-chi *(looks them over)*: This "army" and that "army", I've seen plenty. Who knows what you really are! Speak out, whatever you want. If it's money, we haven't got any. If it's grain, your gang has already robbed us clean. If it's our lives. . .

Mother Li: Yung-chi!

Chung: Neighbours, we are worker and peasant soldiers. We protect the people.

Yung-chi: That's what you say.  
*(Mother Li dizzy.)*

Yung-chi: Ma!

Lu *(to Chung)*: Aunt's not feeling well. We'll get our medic to come.

Chung: Right.

Yung-chi: Who are you trying to fool! *(Supports his mother into inner room.)*  
*(Chung signals to Lu. They go out together, closing the door.)*  
*(Shao and Young Kuo enter.)*

Chung: Chief of Staff!

Shao: How are things going?

Lu: An old woman is sick inside.

Shao: Send for our medic. Tell her to bring some grain.

Lu: Right. *(Exit.)*

Chung: It's really tough to do mass work here.

Shao: The villagers here don't understand us. They've been fooled before. Don't you remember—Howling Wolf tried to pass himself off

as one of our scouts?

Chung: I know that.

Shao: If we don't arouse the masses, Young Chung, we won't be able to get a firm foothold and wipe out Vulture. On the other hand, unless we destroy the bandits, the masses won't be really aroused.

Chung *(smiles)*: I realize that.

Shao: Go and tell our men, we must be concerned about the welfare of the masses. We must explain our Party's policy patiently. We must carry out to the letter the Three Main Rules of Discipline and Eight Points for Attention.\* We've got to get things moving here by action.

Chung: Right. *(Turns to leave.)*

Shao: By the way, find out if Hunter Chang has arrived.

Chung: Right. *(Exit.)*  
*(Medical Orderly enters.)*

Medical Orderly: Chief of Staff! *(Hands him a sack of grain.)* Where's the patient?

Shao *(points to house)*: There.

Medical Orderly *(knocks at door)*: Hello, neighbour.

Shao: Our medic is here, neighbour. Open the door.  
*(Yung-chi rushes into outer room, a dagger in his hand. His mother follows, trying to stop him.)*

Mother Li: Yung-chi, you mustn't. . .

Yung-chi: What do I fear? I can fight it out with them with this.  
*(Stabs dagger into table.)*

Mother Li *(very upset)*: Yung-chi, I beg you.  
*(Faints.)*

Yung-chi *(supporting her hastily)*: Ma! Ma!  
*(Shao forces open the door. Goes in with Medical Orderly and Kuo. Protecting his mother, Yung-chi glares at Shao.)*

Shao: Give her first aid, quick!

Medical Orderly: Right!  
*(Shao slips off his coat and wraps it around Mother Li. Medical Orderly helps her into inner room, followed by Kuo and Yung-chi. Shao pours some grain into pot and sets it to boil.)*  
*(Yung-chi comes out for some water. Shao goes into inner room.)*

Yung-chi *(discovering pot of gruel, deeply moved, pensively)*: The People's Liberation Army? *(Sings "erh huang san yen")*  
These soldiers care for us folks and cure our ailments;  
They're considerate, kind and helpful.  
But soldiers and bandits were always of the same brood, always oppressing us.  
What's happened today is certainly very strange.  
Can the saviours we've longed for have really arrived?

Mother Li *(offstage)*: Water!  
*(Yung-chi fills a bowl with gruel. Kuo emerges and takes it in. Shao comes out.)*

\* The Three Main Rules of Discipline are: (1) Obey orders in all your actions; (2) Do not take a single needle or piece of thread from the masses; (3) Turn in everything captured.  
The Eight Points for Attention are: (1) Speak politely; (2) Pay fairly for what you buy; (3) Return everything you borrow; (4) Pay for anything you damage; (5) Do not hit or swear at people; (6) Do not damage crops; (7) Do not take liberties with women; (8) Do not ill-treat captives.



Shao: Your mother has come to, neighbour. Don't worry.  
Yung-chi: . . . .  
Shao: What's your name, neighbour?  
Yung-chi: Li Yung-chi.  
Shao: Were you born in these parts?  
Yung-chi: No. My family used to live in Shantung Province. My father worked in Tsinan but after the April 12 coup he was killed by Chiang Kai-shek in a strike. . .  
Shao (*angered and in sympathy*): Oh! . . . (*warmly*) But how did you people get here?  
Yung-chi: After Father died, Mother brought me here to try our luck.  
Shao: What do you do?  
Yung-chi: I'm a railway worker.  
Shao (*extremely excited*): Fine! So we're all one big family.  
Yung-chi (*looks Shao over carefully*): Whose troops are you anyhow? What are you doing here in these mountain forests?  
Shao (*warmly*): Neighbour!  
(*Sings "erh huang yuan pan"*)  
We're worker and peasant soldiers, come To destroy the reactionaries and change the world.  
We've fought for years north and south for the revolution,  
With the Party and Chairman Mao leading the way,  
A red star on our army caps,  
Two red flags of the revolution on our collars.  
Where the red flag goes dark clouds disperse,  
Liberated people overthrow the landlords,  
The people's army shares the people's hardships,  
We've come to sweep clean Tiger Mountain.  
Yung-chi (*his feelings bursting out like spring thunder, sings "erh huang peng pan"*)  
Our eyes are nearly worn out looking for you day and night.  
Who would have thought that here in the mountains today  
You'd come fighting the bandits and saving the poor.  
— Here before us is our own army!  
(*With feeling, switching to "yuan pan"*)  
Our own army! I shouldn't have confounded right and wrong,  
I shouldn't have taken friend for foe.  
I'm ashamed beyond words.  
(*Pushes down the dagger stabbed into the table.*)  
For thirty years I've been sweating like a slave.  
Feeling the welts and scars,  
I can hardly suppress my rage,  
I struggle in a bottomless pit.  
We all have misery and wrath to pour out,  
We all hate the bandits to the core.  
Some said our days of suffering would go on forever,  
Who would have believed an iron tree could blossom,  
That we would at last live to see this day?  
(*Changes to "to pan"*)  
I'll go with the Party to drive out those beasts,

Whatever the sacrifice and danger, be it fire or water,  
When Tiger Mountain is being swept clean and free,  
I, Yung-chi, in the front ranks will be.  
(*Shao grasps Yung-chi's hand. Lu calls offstage: "Chief of Staff!" Enters.*)  
Lu: These villagers have come to see you, Chief of Staff.  
(*Villagers swarm in, together with some soldiers. Mother Li comes out, supported by Medical Orderly.*)  
Villager A: Superior Officer. . .  
A Soldier: Grandpa, we don't use such terms, call him commander.  
Shao: Call me "comrade."  
Chung: Chief of Staff, this is Old Chang.  
Shao (*comes forward and shakes the hunter's hand*): So you're Old Chang. Have you come from the forest?  
Chang: We couldn't stay up there in the forest. We've moved in with Pao's uncle Ta-shan, here.  
Shao (*pats Pao on the shoulder*): A fine girl.  
Yung-chi: Old Brother Chang.  
Chang: Ah, Yung-chi, our saviours are here at last.  
Ta-shan: Commander, we're all burning with one desire — to attack Tiger Mountain.  
Shao: Our PLA is winning big victories at the front, neighbours. The Mutanchiang area has been liberated.  
Villagers: Wonderful!  
Shao: Vulture has no place to flee now.  
Ta-shan: We'll smash his den!  
Yung-chi: Give us guns, Commander.  
Villagers: Yes, give us guns, please.  
Yung-chi: If we have guns, there isn't a man in Chiapi Valley who couldn't bring down two or three of those bandits.  
Shao: You'll have your weapons. But none of you have warm winter clothes and every family is short of grain. How can you go after the bandits in the deep mountain forests?  
Villagers: What can we do then?  
Shao: There are plenty of medicinal herbs in Chiapi Valley and lots of timber. If we get the narrow-gauge train running again, we can ship them out and buy clothing and grain in return.  
Villagers: That's right.  
Shao: You can also organize a militia. We'll get the train running again and you'll have food and clothing. When we fight the Vulture, you'll be all the stronger.  
Yung-chi: When can we start repairing the railway?  
Shao: We can start right now. Let's all work together.  
Villager A: It's heavy labour, Commander.  
Chung: Grandpa, we fighters are all from poor families. When we've guns in our hands, we fight; when we've tools in our hands, we work.  
Yung-chi (*steps forward and grasps Shao's hand*): We really are all one family, Commander. (*Sings "erh huang to pan"*)  
We mountain folk mean what we say,  
Our words are straight, our hearts are true,

To seize a dragon we'll go with you —  
Villagers (*join in chorus*): Under the sea.  
Yung-chi (*sings*): To catch a tiger —  
Villagers (*in chorus*): We'll follow you up the heights.  
Yung-chi (*sings*): With the thunders of spring the earth will shake! Then Vulture —

Villagers and Soldiers (*sing in chorus "erh huang san pan"*):  
Your days are numbered!  
(*The army and civilians form a tableau of heroes, mighty and splendid.*)

Curtain

## SCENE EIGHT SENDING OUT INFORMATION

Dawn. A clearing on top of Tiger Mountain. Crags and forts are visible against distant peaks covered with snow. On right is a road leading to the foot of the mountain.  
Vulture: Is this where Old Ninth usually does his exercises?  
Bandit Chief of Staff: Yes.  
Vulture: Where else has he been?  
Bandit Chief of Staff: He's been around the forts on our five peaks.  
Vulture: What! You even let him inspect our nine groups of twenty-seven forts?  
Bandit Chief of Staff: He's one of us, isn't he? Why not show him how strong we are?  
Vulture: I don't like the look of things. There's a lot of activity down below, and Howling Wolf still hasn't returned. None of us ever set eyes on Hu Piao before. Why did he show up at a time like this? We've got to be careful.  
(*Bandit Chief Adjutant enters from right.*)  
Bandit Chief Adjutant: We've everything ready as you ordered, Chief.  
Vulture: Good. Put him to the test, the way I told you last night.  
Bandit Chief Adjutant: Yes, sir. (*Exit on right.*)  
(*Vulture and Bandit Chief of Staff, seeing somebody approaching, leave quickly on left front.*)  
Yang (*offstage sings "erh huang tao pan"*):  
Hacking through thorns and thistles,  
I battle in the heart of the enemy. (*Enters.*)  
(*Changes to "hui lung"*)  
When I look into the distance and think of my Comrades-in-arms, the army and the people, awaiting the signal  
To attack these wolves, my spirits soar.  
(*Changes to "erh huang man pan"*)  
The Party places great hopes in me,  
Comrades at the Party committee meeting offer weighty advice,  
Their many exhortations give me strength,  
Their flaming hearts warm my breast.  
(*Changes to "kuai san yen"*)  
I must never forget to be bold yet cautious,  
And succeed through courage and wits.  
The Party's every word is victory's guarantee,  
Mao Tsetung Thought is eternally glorious.  
(*Changes to "yuan pan"*)  
Tiger Mountain is indeed heavily fortified

With forts above and tunnels below.  
The leadership's decision to use strategy is right,  
A direct attack would mean heavy losses.  
After seven days here I know the disposition well,  
I have the secret report concealed on my person.  
Now at daybreak, pretending to take a stroll, I'll send it out. . .  
(*Notices something.*)  
Why have the guards suddenly been increased? Something's up.  
This message —  
If I don't get this message out,  
I'll miss the opportunity and ruin our attack plan,  
And let the people and Party down.  
(*Changes to "to pan"*)  
New Year's Eve is fast approaching.  
I mustn't hesitate, I must push on,  
Though the grass be knives and the trees swords,  
Down to the foot of the slope.  
What though the mountain be tall?  
To resist the bitter cold and melt ice and snow,  
I have the morning sun in my heart.  
(*The sun rises, filling the sky with red clouds which tinge the sharp crags.*)  
(*Offstage voices: "Hurry up." "I'm coming."*)  
(*Alert, Yang removes his coat and pretends to do traditional exercises. Two guards walk by pretending to be on patrol. They hail him.*)  
Guards: Good morning, sir.  
Yang: Morning.  
(*Guards go off, Yang ends his exercises. Shots ring out.*)  
Yang: Shooting!  
(*Shouts in the distance: "Charge!" "Kill!"*)  
Nearer voices cry: "The Communists are coming!" The shooting increases.)  
Yang: What? Can the comrades be here? (*Thinks, comes to swift decision.*) No, not at this time. The comrades wouldn't have come before Chief of Staff receives my message. (*The shooting becomes more intensive and shouts draw nearer.*)  
Yang: That shooting doesn't sound right either. That's another test. I'll reply to their trick with one of my own and get this message off. (*Fires two shots in the air. Calls towards the left.*)  
Brothers!  
(*Four bandits enter.*)

Yang: The Communists are here. Come with me and fight!  
*(The bandits rush off. Vulture and Bandit Chief of Staff enter stealthily. Bandit Chief Adjutant comes forward.)*  
 Vulture: Just a minute, Old Ninth.  
 Yang *(shouts to bandits offstage)*: Stay where you are.  
 Bandit Chief of Staff *(in same direction)*: Stop shooting.  
*(Bandits shout acknowledgement of order.)*  
 Yang *(to Vulture)*: What's the matter?  
 Vulture: It's a manoeuvre I ordered.  
 Yang: If you hadn't stopped me, I'd have fired this clip and got a few of them.  
*(Vulture laughs uproariously.)*  
 Yang: Why didn't you tell me you were arranging this manoeuvre, Chief? You. . .  
 Vulture: Don't let it bother you, Old Ninth. I didn't tell anybody about it. If you don't believe me, ask him. *(Points at Bandit Chief Adjutant.)*  
 Bandit Chief Adjutant *(pretentiously)*: Why, I thought the Communists were coming myself.  
 Yang *(chuckles with implied meaning)*: I wish they would. I'm just waiting for them.  
 Vulture: You're doing well, Old Ninth. *(Laughs.)*  
*(Bandit Captain, offstage: "Get a move on!" Enters, escorting another bandit who falls to the ground.)*  
 Bandit Captain: This fellow bumped into the wall outside, Chief.  
 Vulture: What!  
 Bandit A *(trembling)*: We went down, under orders. Far off, we saw the narrow-gauge train running again. But before we got to Chiapi Valley, we ran into some Communist soldiers.  
 Vulture: Chiapi Valley, eh? *(Suspiciously)* And you're the only one who got away?  
 Bandit A: Yes.  
 Bandit Chief Adjutant: Nine out of ten you were captured by the Communists and they let you go.  
 Bandit A: No, no.  
 Vulture *(draws his gun and points it at Bandit A)*: You bastard!  
 Yang *(intervenes)*: Why get excited, Chief? If he really had been a prisoner of the Communists he wouldn't dare come back.

Bandit Chief of Staff: That's right. Everyone knows how the Chief hates any man who lets the Communists capture him.  
 Vulture: Humph.  
 Yang *(to Bandit A)*: Get out of here. Can't you see you're making the Chief angry?  
 Bandit Chief of Staff *(kicks Bandit A)*: Beat it.  
 Bandit A *(softly, as he goes out)*: Honourable Ninth is a good man.  
 Bandit Chief of Staff *(to Bandit Captain)*: Give the order — tighten all defences.  
 Bandit Captain: Yes, sir. *(Exit.)*  
 Vulture *(dejectedly)*: Eh!  
 Bandit Chief of Staff: I'll send some men down on a raid, Chief. That will be something to celebrate at the Hundred Chickens Feast.  
 Vulture: Not a bad idea, but you must be very careful this time.  
 Bandit Chief of Staff: Very well. *(Exit.)*  
 Yang: We've nothing to worry about, with the defences we've got on Tiger Mountain. But we shouldn't just sit here and wait for them to come after us.  
 Vulture: What do you think we should do?  
 Yang: We ought to practise charging —  
 Vulture: Um.  
 Yang: And get our soldiers into top shape.  
 Vulture: That's it.  
 Yang: Then, after the Hundred Chickens Feast, we'll roll down into Chiapi Valley.  
 Vulture *(grasps Yang's hand)*: You're smart. Take command, Old Ninth. Put the men through some charging drills.  
 Yang: Right.  
*(Vulture laughs and goes out with Bandit Chief Adjutant.)*  
 Yang *(softly, contemptuously)*: That stupid ass! *(Sings "hsi pi kuai erh liu")*:  
 A fool and cheat, who plays another trick,  
 It gives me my chance down the mountain.  
 Comrade Teh-hua,  
 To fetch the message, we count on you,  
 When the time comes to rout the bandits  
 At the feast, victory songs we'll sing.  
*(Throws open his coat in dramatic pose.)*

Curtain

## SCENE NINE OFF TO THE ATTACK

Morning. The day before lunar New Year's Eve. The scene is the clearing outside Yung-chi's house. A couplet written on red paper is pasted on the palisade gate. The joy of emancipation is everywhere.

*(As the curtain rises the whistle of the narrow-gauge train is heard.)*  
*(Smiling villagers, with sacks of grain on their*

*backs, watch as the train sets out again, then they go off. A villager puts down the sack of grain he carries for Yung-chi's mother.)*

Mother Li *(sings "hsi pi liu shu")*:  
 Soldiers and people are one family, hearts linking,  
 Happiness fills our mountain village.

A good snow falls, everyone smiles,  
 Dividing food and clothing, we celebrate liberation.

*(Shao enters.)*

Shao: Aunt!

Mother Li: Commander!

Shao: Have you got enough food and things for the New Year?

Mother Li: Plenty. Who would have dreamed that Chiapi Valley could have such a good New Year? If you PLA boys hadn't come, I don't know what we'd have done.

Shao: The best is yet to come.

Mother Li: We owe it all to the Communist Party and Chairman Mao.

*(Shao puts the sack of grain on his back, ready to carry it in for Yung-chi's mother. Offstage, Yung-chi is drilling the militia.)*

Yung-chi *(offstage)*: One, two, three, four!

Militiamen *(offstage)*: One, two, three, four!

Mother Li: Those militiamen are full of pep. But the ones who will have to stay behind to guard the village are grumbling, especially Pao. She just won't hear of it.

Shao: Ah, that girl. . .

*(Offstage, militiamen shout: "Charge, charge!")*

*(Shao and Mother Li go off, talking.)*

*(Offstage, drilling militiamen cry again: "Target straight ahead. Charge, charge, charge!")*

*(Pao backs in, with her eyes still on the drilling militia.)*

Pao *(sings "erh huang hsiao tao pan")*:

Listen to the lusty shouts over the drill ground  
*(Changes to "hui lung")*

Where they are busy training,  
 Full of fight to smash the enemy.

I'm so anxious to join them

That my heart's afire.

*(Changes to "yuan pan")*

How I long for the day

When bandits are slain and a blood debt repaid.

With deep hatred, morning and evening

I sharpen my sword and oil my gun.

On the high cliff a blizzard may blow,

Storm the tigers' den — that I dare.

Why then pick on me to guard the village?

*(Changes to "to pan")*

I must see the Chief of Staff at once

And tell him again what's on my mind.

My resolve is to fight on the battlefield,

For I've pledged to kill them all.

*(Medical Orderly enters.)*

Medical Orderly: Pao!

Pao: Sister, put in a word for me. Let's go and see our Chief of Staff.

*(Pao rushes Medical Orderly along. Shao comes out from Yung-chi's house.)*

Shao: Hey, what are you two talking about?  
*(Yung-chi enters.)*

Pao: Uncle, let me go.

Shao: Well, the militia has to protect the village, too.

Pao: Humph, I hate that Vulture so much, I've got to kill him with my own hands. How could you keep me here! I must go.

Shao: But you're too young, Pao.

Pao: What, me too young?

Medical Orderly: Chief of Staff, Pao is class-conscious and skis well. She's a good shot, and can help me look after the wounded. Do let her go.

Yung-chi: Commander, this girl has been through much bitterness and is thirsting for revenge. Let her come along with us.

Shao: Militia leader, you're feeling the same way, eh?

Yung-chi: Let her go.

Shao: So you are all of one mind. All right, then. It's settled.

Pao: Hurray! *(Exit, leaping for joy, followed by Medical Orderly.)*

Yung-chi: Commander, the prisoners Luan Ping and Howling Wolf have been taken away. It looks like we're about to attack Tiger Mountain, eh?

Shao: Impatient, aren't you?

*(Yung-chi grins.)*

Shao: How long should it take us to reach the back path of the mountain at the rate we ski now?

Yung-chi: It's eighty li longer than the direct approach. I think we can do it in a day and a night at most.

Shao: Good. See that your militia is fully prepared.

Yung-chi: I'll see to that! *(Exit.)*

*(Chung and Lu enter.)*

Lu: Chief of Staff, why should we be marking time here? The comrades can all ski as fast as required. . .

Chung: And the militia has been organized.

Lu: And we've been sent reinforcements. . .

Chung: I think we ought to set out immediately. I'm sure we can win.

Shao: Comrades, we should guard against impetuosity at critical moments.

*(Calmly sings "hsi pi san pan")*:

Wait patiently for orders —

Chung: Right. *(Goes off with Lu.)*

Shao *(sings and changes to "hsi pi yuan pan")*:

Although I've urged patience

I can't keep calm myself.

The day to close in on the enemy is nearing.

But there's no sign of Shen returning with the message.

If anything goes wrong. . .

*(Changes to "kuai pan")*

I've another idea. We mustn't miss

Our chance at the Hundred Chickens Feast.

Yung-chi says there's a dangerous

Trail up the back of the mountain.

Surprise and courage will carry us

Charging into Tiger Hall.

*(Lo shouts and enters.)*

Lo: Shen is back, Chief of Staff.

*(Shen enters.)*

Shao *(hurries forward)*: Comrade Teh-hua.

Shen *(hands the message over, panting)*: I'm not late, am I?

Shao *(takes it)*: No, go and get some rest.

*(Exit Shen supported by Lo.)*

Shao *(eagerly reads message)*: ". . . A steep trail up the back of the mountain leads directly to Tiger Hall. . . Burning pine torches will be the

signal. . ." (Excitedly) Old Yang! You're a hero!  
(Young Kuo shouts offstage: "Chief of Staff!"  
He enters running, followed by Ta-shan and  
Yung-chi.)

Young Kuo: Report, Chief of Staff. When the train  
reached West Branch River, we found the bridge  
had been wrecked. We got out to repair it and  
were attacked by bandits. We drove them off. . .

Shao: What about those two prisoners?

Young Kuo: Howling Wolf was killed by a stray  
bullet.

Shao: And Luan Ping?

Young Kuo: He escaped while we were chasing the  
bandits.

Shao: Escaped? (Aside) If he heads for Tiger Moun-  
tain, that'll be dangerous for Comrade Yang Tzu-  
jung, and it may ruin our plan.

(Turns to Young Kuo and Yung-chi) Assemble  
the detachment, quick.

Young Kuo and Yung-chi: Right. (Exit.)

(A rail is struck, the call to fall in.)

Shao: Comrade Ta-shan, you and Hunter Chang  
take over the defence of the village.

Ta-shan: Right.

(Soldiers, militia and villagers enter.)

Shao: Comrades! (Sings "hsi pi san pan")

The situation has suddenly changed,

Our task is pressing,

Every second counts.

To arms, comrades,

Let's fly forward.

Shao: Forward march!

(Dark change.)

(A snowstorm. Soldiers and militia with Yung-  
chi as their guide set out quickly, braving wind  
and snow.)

(At the foot of a cliff, they remove their skis.  
One soldier starts climbing and slips; two others  
mount, carrying ropes. One of them slips and  
tries again. They lower the ropes when they  
reach the top. Shao and his men grasp the ropes  
and follow.)

(When the soldiers descend a slope, some roll  
down, others leap. They press onward quickly  
and boldly.)

Curtain

## SCENE TEN

### CONVERGING ON THE HUNDRED CHICKENS FEAST

Lunar New Year's Eve. Tiger Hall.

(The curtain rises amid shouting: "Bring 'liutzu'  
in!")

(Two bandits enter with Luan Ping.)

Luan: Chief.

Vulture: Luan Ping!

Luan: Yes, sir.

Vulture: Adjutant Luan!

Luan: Chief.

Vulture: What brings you here?

Luan: I've come — to wish you a happy birthday.

Ho, ho. . .

Vulture: Where did you come from?

Luan: I. . .

Vulture: Humph!

Luan: I. . .

Terribles: Speak!

Luan: I. . .

Terribles: Out with it!

Luan: I. . . I've come from Commissioner Hou.

Vulture (sneers): So you've been with Commissioner  
Hou.

Luan: Yes.

Vulture: Summon Old Ninth!

Bandit: Honourable Ninth, you are wanted.

(Yang enters, an Officer of the Day sash across  
his chest.)

Yang: Everything is ready for the feast, Chief.

Vulture: Look who's here, Old Ninth.

Yang (startled at the sight of Luan Ping but controls  
himself instantly. Taking advantage of the fact

that the enemy is essentially weak, he decides on  
the course of action to take): Oh, Brother Luan.  
Why have you come here? How are you getting  
along? What post did Commissioner Hou give  
you? I, Hu Piao, congratulate you on your  
promotion.

Terribles (mockingly): What are you now — regi-  
mental commander?

(They laugh.)

(Luan is bewildered.)

Vulture: What kind of post did Commissioner Hou  
give you?

Luan (recognizes Yang and smiles wickedly): Hu  
Piao, my eye! No. . . You're mistaken. . .

Yang (sternly): I'm mistaken, or is it you who are  
mistaken? I, Hu Piao, was friend enough and  
was playing the game. Not at all like you, Luan  
Ping. I advised you to join Brigadier Tsui, but  
you tried to drag me off to Commissioner Hou.  
You can't say I wasn't playing fair. (Presses on.)  
Answer the Chief. What business brings you  
here?

Luan (turns away from Yang): Chief, listen to  
me. . .

Yang: Look here! Today is the Chief's fiftieth  
birthday. There's no time for your nonsense.

Vulture: Right. Come to the point. I want to know  
why you've come.

Luan: To join your forces, Chief.

Vulture: Oh!

Yang: Then why did you go seeking an appoint-  
ment from Commissioner Hou?



Yang Tzu-jung captures Vulture, the bandit chief, alive.



Shao Chien-po, Regimental Chief of Staff.



Li Yung-chi, railway worker.



Chang Pao, hunter's daughter.

# Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy

Scene I: "Advancing in Victory".



Scout Platoon Leader Yang Tzu-jung (centre) reports what he finds about the bandits to Regimental Chief of Staff Shao Chien-po.

Scene III: "Asking about Bitterness". Yang Tzu-jung explains to Hunter Chang and his daughter Pao that by following the Communist Party and Chairman Mao they can wipe out the Vulture's bandit gang.





Yang Tzu-jung and the pursuit-detachment converge on the feasting bandits and wipe them out.



Yang Tzu-jung spurs his horse through the snowy forest on the way to the enemy's mountain stronghold.

The pursuit-detachment and militia under Shao Chien-pa skiing towards Tiger Mountain.



Scene VIII: "Sending out Information". Yang Tzu-jung, after seven days in the bandits' lair, is ready to send out the secret report to his comrades.



Scene V: "Up the Mountain". Yang Tzu-jung galloping through the snowy forest.

Scene VI: "Into the Bandits' Lair". Yang Tzu-jung shows Vulture the Contacts Map.

Yang Tzu-jung coolly drinks a congratulatory toast as the bandits huddle over the Contacts Map.





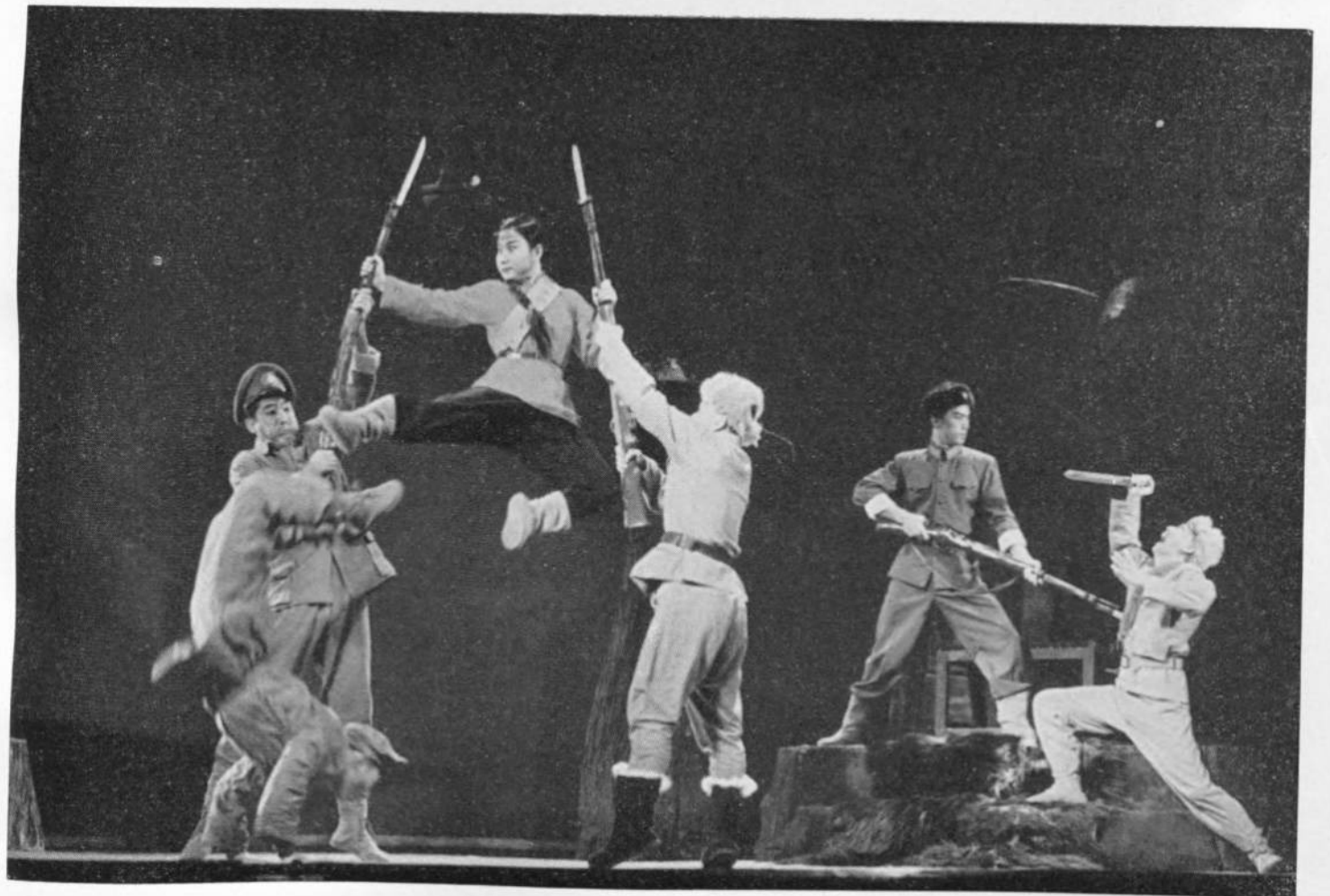
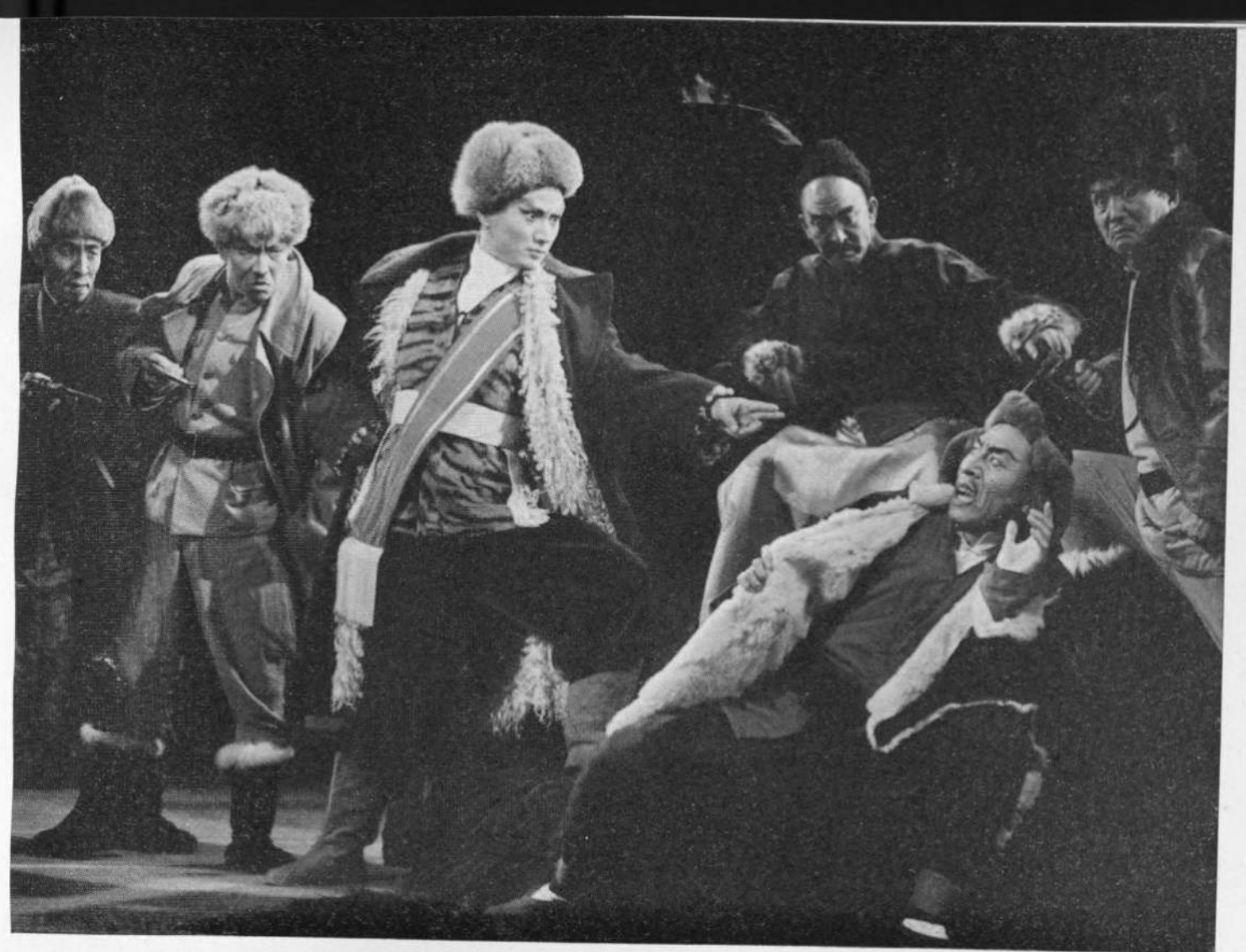


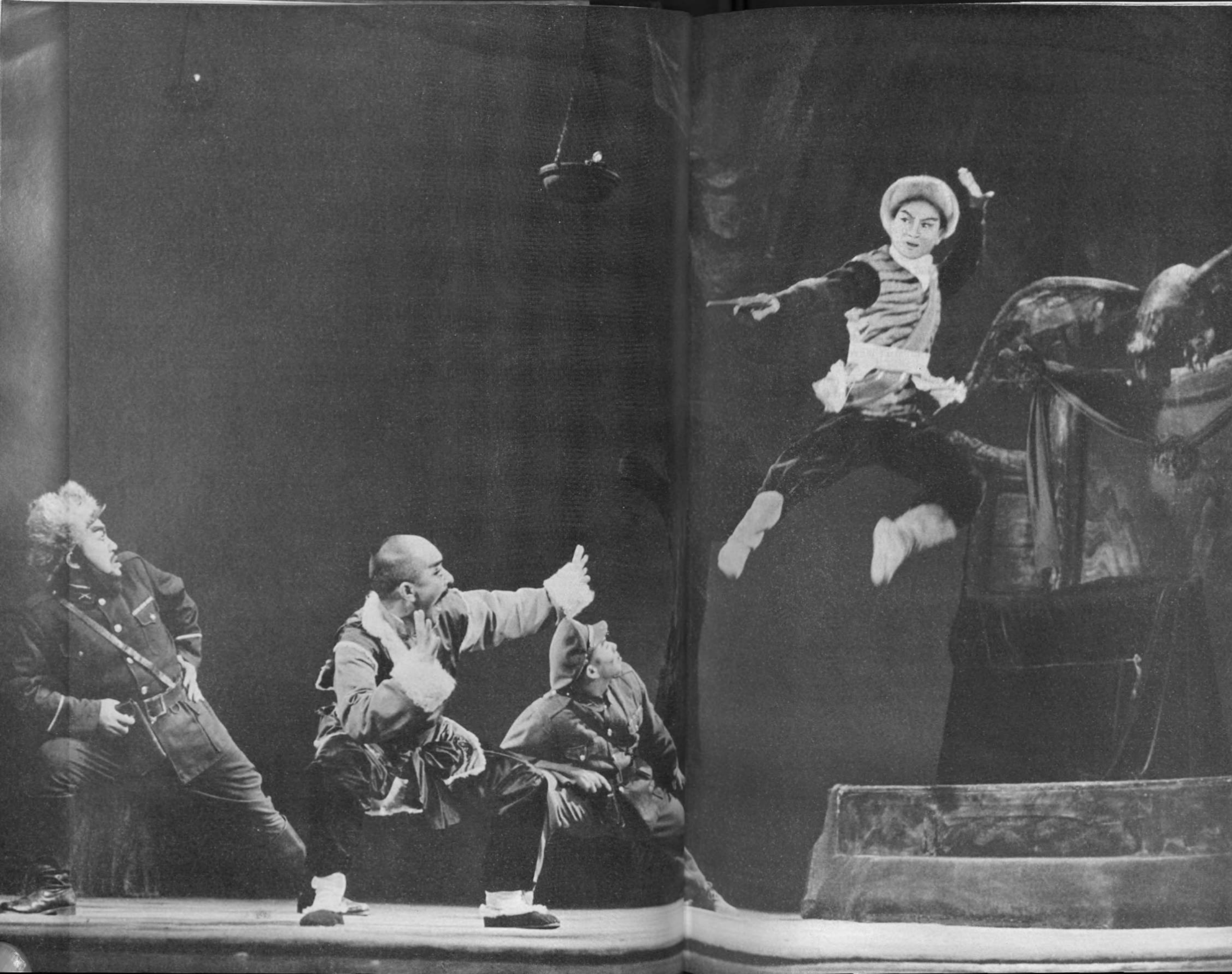
Upper left: Railway worker Li Yung-chi (left), whose class consciousness PLA commander Shao Chien-po has helped to raise, resolves to follow the Communist Party to destroy the bandits and make revolution.

Lower left: Scene IX: "Off to the Attack". The hunter's daughter, Chang Pao (centre), asks to join the attack on Tiger Mountain.

Upper right: Scene X: "Converging on the Hundred Chickens Feast". Yang Tzu-jung overwhelms the bandit Luan Ping and furiously denounces him.

Lower right: Chang Pao fights the bandits in Tiger Hall.





Yang Tzu-jung battles the bandits as the PLA and the people close in.

(Luan is confused, stumbles.)  
 Yang: Why has the commissioner sent you here?  
 The truth, now!  
 Terribles: Out with it and quick! Why have you come?  
 Luan: I'm not from Commissioner Hou.  
 Bandit Chief of Staff: That's not what the bastard said a moment ago. He certainly changes his tune fast. Quite a bird.  
 (The bandits laugh uproariously.)  
 Luan: Stop laughing! You've been fooled. He is not Hu Piao. He's a Communist armyman!  
 (Terribles draw their guns and point them at Yang.)  
 Yang (calmly): Ha, ha, ha! Well, so I'm a Communist armyman, since you say so. Now tell the Chief and the big brothers here more about this Communist armyman.  
 Vulture: That's right. You say he is not Hu Piao but a Communist armyman. How did you come to know him?  
 Luan (stammers): He . . . he . . . he . . .  
 Bandits: Heh.  
 Luan: He . . .  
 Yang: All this fellow can do is stammer and contradict himself. He's up to some trick, Chief.  
 Bandit Chief of Staff: I'll bet he was caught by the Communists, and then released.  
 Luan: No . . . no . . .  
 Yang: Did the Communists set you free? Or did they send you here?  
 Terribles: Speak!  
 Luan: I . . .  
 Bandit Chief Adjutant: The Communists sent you, didn't they?  
 Terribles: Speak. Be quick!  
 (Luan stares, tongue-tied.)  
 Yang: Chief, our defences on Tiger Mountain are absolutely watertight, and the Communists can't get in. But now this fellow has come. There's something fishy about this.  
 Luan (hastily): There isn't. I swear!  
 Yang: Luan Ping! (Sings "hsi pi kuai pan")  
 Capricious, sinister fellow,  
 Your evasiveness surely conceals tricks.  
 To our fortress you came, leaving your tracks  
 In the snow for the Communists to follow.  
 (He walks to the steps and calls.)  
 Captain —  
 (Bandit Captain comes forward.)  
 Bandit Captain: Here.  
 Yang (sings):  
 Double the guard and keep a close watch,  
 Let no one off duty without my order.  
 Vulture: Right. Without Old Ninth's order, no one is to leave his post.  
 Bandit Captain: Yes, sir. (Exit.)  
 (Terribles nod approvingly.)  
 Vulture (comes down from his seat, grasps Luan and throws him to the ground): You treacherous dog. First you tried to get Old Ninth to go with you to Commissioner Hou. Now you come here  
 to divide us and want to bring the Communists in. This is too much.  
 Luan: He's not Hu Piao, Chief. He's really a Communist armyman.  
 Yang: What a snake you are, Luan Ping! (Strides down the steps.) You're trying to do me in by the Chief's hand. Too bad I didn't bump you off when we drank at White Pines Dale.  
 Terribles: That's right.  
 Yang: Chief, I've never let myself be pushed around by little men. For your sake, I've offended this mad dog, so he's attacking me viciously. If you believe that I'm a Communist armyman, then finish me off at once. If you believe that I'm Hu Piao, then permit me to leave this mountain. It's either him or me; keep him or keep me. You decide as you please, Chief. (Removes his sash and tosses it onto the ground.)  
 (Vulture dumbfounded.)  
 Bandits: You mustn't leave, Honourable Ninth, you mustn't leave.  
 Terribles: Chief, Old Ninth mustn't leave.  
 Bandit Chief of Staff (picks up the sash and hands it to Vulture): Old Ninth mustn't leave, Chief.  
 Bandits: Old Ninth mustn't leave.  
 Vulture: Don't be childish, Old Ninth. Put it on, put it on. I'll treat you right. (Laughs.)  
 (Bandit Chief of Staff takes the sash from Vulture and puts it on Yang.)  
 Bandit Chief of Staff: Put it on.  
 Luan (realizes the situation is going against him, pleads): Chief. . .  
 Vulture (brushes him aside): Humph! (Returns to his seat.)  
 Luan: Chief! (Prostrates himself before Yang.)  
 Brother Hu Piao!  
 (Yang ignores him.)  
 Luan (slaps his own face): I'm trash, I'm worthless. I ought to be hanged!  
 Yang (shouts to the assembled bandits): The hour has come. Let everyone congratulate the Chief on his birthday.  
 Bandits: Get ready, everybody. Congratulate the Chief on his birthday.  
 Bandit Chief of Staff: It's your fiftieth birthday today, Chief. You mustn't let this cur spoil everything.  
 Bandit Chief Adjutant: It will be bad luck for Tiger Mountain if you don't blot out this evil star.  
 Bandits: Yes. He must be killed, killed!  
 Luan: Big brothers, Brother Hu Piao, Chief. . .  
 (Luan kneels down before the Vulture.)  
 Vulture (Laughs ominously): Ha! Ha! Ha! . . .  
 Luan: Chief, spare me! . . .  
 (Vulture waves his hand.)  
 Terribles: Kill him!  
 Luan: Chief, spare me! . . .  
 Bandit Chief Adjutant: Take him away.  
 Yang: I'll do it.  
 Luan: Honourable Ninth!  
 (Yang seizes Luan, who is paralysed with fright.)

Yang (sings "hsi pi kuai pan"):  
 You've robbed and killed for dozens of years,  
 Your bloody hands have committed towering crimes.  
 To avenge the people, in the nation's name,  
 I sentence you to death.  
 (Drags him out. Shots are heard. Yang re-enters.)  
 Yang: Everything is ready for the celebration. Allow us to offer our respects, Chief.  
 Vulture: You're Officer of the Day, Old Ninth. You take over.  
 Yang: Brothers!  
 Terribles: Here.  
 Yang: Light the lamps in the hall, burn pine torches outside. Let's offer our best wishes for the Chief's birthday.  
 (Bandit Captain enters.)  
 Bandit Captain: Yes, sir. It's time for the celebration. (Exit.)  
 Terribles: Best wishes to you, Chief.  
 (Terribles and other bandits bow to Vulture.)  
 Yang (jumps on a stump): Brothers, let's eat and drink our fill. Get good and drunk.  
 Bandits: Right. We'll get good and drunk.  
 Yang: Please be seated at the table, Chief.  
 Vulture: After you, brothers.  
 Yang: It's your fiftieth birthday, Chief. You must be seated first.  
 Terribles: Yes, yes. You must be seated first, Chief.  
 Vulture: All right. Let's go. (Beside himself with elation.) Ha! Ha! Ha!  
 (Vulture leaves for adjoining cave room. Bandits file in after him and begin feasting. Bandit Captain enters.)  
 Yang (steps down from stump): Captain!  
 Bandit Captain: Here.  
 Yang: Call in the brothers on guard and let them drink their fill.  
 Bandit Captain: Yes, sir. (Exit.)  
 (Bandits can be heard playing rowdy drinking games in adjoining cave room.)  
 (Yang returns to the stump and looks around.)  
 Yang (sings "hsi pi kuai erh liu"):  
 The mountain is a blaze of lights on New Year's Eve,  
 (Walks down from stump.)  
 This is the signal to our troops.  
 The Hundred Chickens Feast has started as planned,  
 The bandits are drunk and befuddled.  
 I hope my comrades will come quickly  
 And smash this den of stubborn enemies.  
 How time drags, when I'm impatient,  
 Why haven't the comrades gone into action?  
 I long to go out and have a look.  
 (Controls himself. Changes to "yao pan")  
 But I must keep calm at this critical moment and block this secret tunnel. (Points at the spot below the Vulture's armchair.)  
 (Vulture, Bandit Chief of Staff and others enter drunk, staggering.)  
 Vulture: Why don't you join the feast, Old Ninth? Everyone wants to drink to your health.  
 Yang: Today's your fiftieth birthday. It's your health we should be drinking to. Fill the Chief's bowl.  
 (Everyone drinks.)  
 (Machine-gun shots are heard. Bandits throw down their bowls. Terrible B, wounded, enters.)  
 Terrible B: The Communists have sealed off the entrance to Tiger Hall with machine guns.  
 Vulture: Let's get out, brothers. Hurry!  
 Bandits: Charge! Charge!  
 (PLA men, offstage, yell: "Lay down your guns or die!")  
 Vulture: Into the tunnel with me, Old Ninth, quick.  
 (Pushes over the armchair, but Yang shoves him aside.)  
 Yang: You're not getting away!  
 (PLA men charge in shouting: "Lay down your guns or die!")  
 Vulture (to Yang): What? You're. . .  
 Yang: A member of the Chinese People's Liberation Army!  
 Vulture: Ah!  
 (Vulture draws his gun. Yang knocks it out of his hand. Vulture runs off. Bandits follow.)  
 Shen: Old Yang!  
 Yang: There's a secret tunnel here, comrades. Rescue the villagers and catch the Vulture alive.  
 (Runs to pursue Vulture.)  
 Shen: Charge, comrades!  
 (PLA men follow.)  
 (Shen fights with a Terrible. Bandit Chief of Staff enters, raises his pistol and fires at Shen, who dodges. Bullet hits the Terrible and kills him.)  
 (Lo rushes in after another Terrible. They fight. Pao pursues a bandit. They wrestle. She subdues him. She and Lo lead prisoners off.)  
 (Yung-chi, Medical Orderly, soldiers and militia, with villagers the bandits had been holding captive, walk across stage and go off.)  
 (Bandit Captain enters, running. Yung-chi shoots him dead. Another bandit runs in and is captured by Yung-chi.)  
 (Vulture enters, followed by two bandits, fleeing wildly. Yang pursues them and shoots the two bandits dead. He and Vulture lock in struggle.)  
 (Chung and soldiers chase on Bandit Chief Adjutant and bandits. They fight.)  
 (Yang grabs a gun and kills several bandits.)  
 (Shao, Shen, Yung-chi, Medical Orderly, Young Kuo and militia enter. They capture Vulture and all the bandits.)  
 (Pao, raging, wants to stab Vulture. Medical Orderly holds her back.)  
 Shao (pumps Yang's hand, very moved): Old Yang!  
 Yang: Chief of Staff!  
 (Shao introduces Yung-chi to Yang. The two warmly clasp hands. Dramatic pose.)

Final Curtain

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# STRIVING TO CREATE BRILLIANT IMAGES OF PROLETARIAN HEROES

## —What We Learned in the Creation of the Heroic Images of Yang Tzu-jung and Others

By the *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* Group of the Peking  
Opera Troupe of Shanghai

**G**UIDED by the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, the modern revolutionary Peking Opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* has been revised and polished to reach a greater degree of perfection. It has made its appearance before the public in a new presentation of heightened grandeur and power.

Eleven years have passed since the opera was first adapted and performed. But it has won real life only in the last seven years, when Comrade Chiang Ching directly led and personally participated in the revision of the script, seven glorious years from early 1963 to the present day, marked by sharp class struggles at every turn.

In mid-January 1963, Comrade Chiang Ching made an investigation and study of literature and art work. She came across this opera in Shanghai and saw that while there was much that was worthless in its content, it provided, in a way, the possibility of presenting contemporary life through Peking Opera. She decided to take it over and transform it thoroughly. From then on this theatrical piece and the type of opera it represents have steadily embarked on the revolutionary road guided by Mao Tsetung Thought. It was also from that time that the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and company began their flagrant attacks and relentless

sabotage against this opera and the revolution in Peking Opera.

The struggle found expression in many ways. There was the struggle between adherence and opposition to Chairman Mao's proletarian line on literature and art. There was the struggle between the proletarian headquarters headed by Chairman Mao and the bourgeois headquarters headed by Liu Shao-chi to win over the literary and art workers. There was the struggle, as regards ideas on art, between insistence on the principles of "making the past serve the present and foreign things serve China" and "weeding through the old to bring forth the new" and on the method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism on the one hand, and wrong tendencies such as preserving the old order and indiscriminate worship of everything foreign on the other. In creative work the focus of acute struggles is the creation of the leading character, the hero.

The theme of an opera or play is embodied in the images of characters and the plot is laid with the characters in mind. Of all the characters, the leading character is the most important. The kind of person this is to be determines which class is to dominate the stage, determines which class's representative is to hold the centre of the stage.

Our great leader Chairman Mao points out: "If you are a bourgeois writer or artist, you will eulogize not the proletariat but the bourgeoisie, and if you are a proletarian writer or artist, you will eulogize not the bourgeoisie but the proletariat and working people: it must be one or the other." This profound Marxist-Leninist thesis points out, from the nature of class and the nature of art, the fundamental difference between proletarian literature and art and bourgeois literature and art of all times. The renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and the counter-revolutionaries like his agent Chou Yang and company in literary and art circles spared no pains to eulogize and puff the literature and art which prettify the bourgeoisie. They opposed portraying worker, peasant and soldier heroes on the stage and let representatives of the exploiting classes dominate over the proletariat and other working people. Without extremely sharp and arduous struggle, the proletarian literary and art workers cannot really establish and eulogize worker, peasant and soldier heroes on the stage.

Guided by Chairman Mao's proletarian line on literature and art, we smashed the schemes of the class enemies and repudiated the "theories" they trumpeted. With the method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism, we have created the brilliant images of Yang Tzu-jung and other proletarian heroes. Not real-life individuals, these heroes are the typical representatives of thousands upon thousands of heroes in the revolutionary struggles. They are "on a higher plane, more intense, more concentrated, more typical, nearer the ideal, and therefore more universal than actual everyday life". The heroic image of Yang Tzu-jung in *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* is a brilliant typical representative without parallel in the history of the arts, a communist fighter battling unflinchingly for the complete liquidation of all exploiting classes and the system of exploitation itself, a powerful weapon for the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat and a mighty force to "help the masses to propel history forward".

Now we shall discuss some of the things we have learned in creating the heroic image of Yang Tzu-jung.

## Creating Proletarian Heroes by Combining Revolutionary Realism with Revolutionary Romanticism and Revealing the Inner Thoughts and Feelings of the Characters

How to create proletarian heroes of brilliance and full stature, showing all facets of his character, is a political task of prime importance which we face today, a new subject in the proletarian revolution in literature and art. Here lies the fundamental difference between proletarian literature and art and the literature and art of all exploiting classes, including bourgeois literature and art of the Renaissance, the Age of Enlightenment and the school of critical realism of the 19th century.

To tackle this subject successfully, we must follow Chairman Mao's teaching of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism. We must put our hero in a typical background of revolutionary class struggle in a given historical period, reveal completely and penetratingly and from various aspects the class traits embodied in his world outlook, thinking, style of work and moral fibre, show his high

political consciousness, and bring out the rays of communism in his heart. Such is the proletarian method of artistic creation we used in portraying Yang Tzu-jung, the proletarian hero in *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*.

Yang Tzu-jung is a scout hero of the Chinese People's Liberation Army who is armed with Mao Tsetung Thought and possesses revolutionary wisdom and courage characteristic of the revolutionary proletariat. At every link of the plot, we made literature, music, dance, acting and stage decor serve the portrayal of Yang Tzu-jung as a hero. Special attention was paid to the following main aspects: We portray both his deep class love for his commander, his comrades and the working people, and his bitter class hatred for U.S. imperialism, Chiang Kai-shek, the bandits and all class enemies. We portray both his firm revolutionary will to overthrow the Vulture

bandit gang, who are lackeys of U.S.-Chiang reaction, and his magnificent and high aspirations for the revolution. We show that he has aspirations for both the Chinese and the world revolution. We show both his indomitable and soaring courage and his cool and quick resourcefulness. All these facets rest firmly on one essential point, the soul of the hero: "the morning sun in my heart"—his infinite loyalty to Chairman Mao and Mao Tsetung Thought. Thus Yang Tzu-jung appears before us as a towering proletarian revolutionary hero with lofty ideals and the thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit of the proletariat, who in all circumstances gives prominence to proletarian politics. It is a brilliant image of a hero who is of full stature, showing all facets of his character.

The road taken in the portrayal of the hero in the new presentation is completely different from that in the original script.\* In the old script, a handful of representatives of the bourgeoisie, pursuing their reactionary political aims, did everything they could to smear Yang Tzu-jung. Under the pretext of "truthful writing", they actually insisted on stressing Yang Tzu-jung's "daredevilry and dashing roughness", that is, "bandit-like airs". They made Yang Tzu-jung hum obscene ditties on his way up the mountain and, in the bandits' lair, flirt with Vulture's foster-daughter, Rose, and tell dirty stories. They turned Yang Tzu-jung into a filthy-mouthed desperado reeking of banditry, a reckless, muddle-headed adventurer. The result was a living example of Liu Shao-chi's reactionary military line of blind risks, adventurism and warlordism.

We criticized and repudiated this wrong tendency and tried our best to give a typical portrayal of Yang Tzu-jung in the image of the proletariat. The following are some examples:

(1) The original script provided nothing that showed Yang Tzu-jung's contact with the masses, to say nothing of describing the flesh-and-blood ties and class feelings between him and the working people. Yet this is indispensable to the portrayal of proletarian fighters and to bringing out the spirit underlying Chairman Mao's great directive, "**Build stable base areas in the Northeast**". Following Comrade Chiang Ching's instruction, we cut out the two scenes centred on superstition and murder which were specially written to play up the negative roles. Instead we put in the scene, "Asking About Bitterness", which shows the fish-and-water relations between our army and the people. It shows Yang Tzu-jung's kinship with the working people, how he relies on the masses and does propaganda among them. It shows how with the help of the masses he pursues and captures

\* Issued prior to 1963.

Howling Wolf and secures more information on the Contacts Map and the Hundred Chickens Feast. This scene depicts two important aspects of his character, class love and class hatred. Without them, the audience cannot grasp the hero's class traits and he would remain to all appearances a reckless adventurer divorced from the masses.

(2) Though the original script showed how Yang Tzu-jung got himself accepted in the bandits' stronghold, it did not show the ideological strength arming him for this action and for defeating the enemy. This is particularly important for an outstanding Communist and scout hero armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. Following Comrade Chiang Ching's instruction we wrote for Yang Tzu-jung in Scene Four, when he volunteers for the mission to go into the bandits' lair, "A Communist", sung to the tunes of *hsi pi yuan pan*, *erh liu* and *kuai pan*. This singing passage gives expression to Yang Tzu-jung's unflinching determination to carry out Chairman Mao's strategic and tactical thinking, his high proletarian political consciousness, firm resolve and fighting will: "The flames that blaze in my red heart shall forge a sharp blade to kill the foe" and "Well I know that there's danger ahead, but I'm all the more set on driving forward". These characteristics are also brought out in the singing passages in Scenes Three and Five. In this way the character gains deeper ideological meaning. One sees Yang Tzu-jung the representative of thousands of worker-peasant soldiers educated by Mao Tsetung Thought, steeled and matured in revolutionary wars. If we did not stress the delineation of Yang Tzu-jung's high political consciousness nurtured on Mao Tsetung Thought, the audience would not know what ideological strength enables him to stride into the enemy's heartland, they might even worry or doubt if he could succeed in his mission.

Not only did the original script not portray Yang Tzu-jung as a fighter armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, it made no mention of Mao Tsetung Thought at all. Invincible Mao Tsetung Thought is the soul of all the heroes of the Mao Tsetung era. Without showing that the hero is armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, which is the fundamental aspect of his political consciousness, we cannot speak of creating the image of a proletarian hero. We revised Scene Eight thoroughly, writing for Yang Tzu-jung a long singing passage which is the centre of the whole scene, showing him to have "the morning sun in my heart" and complete loyalty to the Party and the people. It shows that Mao Tsetung Thought is the fountainhead of all his wisdom and strength. Without these, Yang Tzu-jung would be reduced to a shallow and vulgar outlaw.

(3) In the original script, Yang Tzu-jung was cast as a man with no aspirations for the Chinese or the world revolution. What was worse, he was shown as having little understanding of the importance of the battle of taking the bandits' stronghold to the War of Liberation as a whole. All he was thinking was: "In the endless sea of forest I have only my shadow as a companion", and "I see not a human being but white bones and bloodstains". That was his entire spiritual world.

A most essential political quality of a proletarian hero is to have the whole country and the whole world in mind, fight for the realization of communism, the "**supreme ideal of the future, a future of incomparable brightness and splendour**", and resolutely fulfil every task assigned by the Party. Lacking this ideal, a hero on the stage would not appear to have the whole world in his heart and his image could not be great and noble. Therefore we thoroughly revised Scene Five and wrote for Yang Tzu-jung a long singing passage set to the tune of *erh huang* followed by *hsi pi* to express his great and farsighted ideal and lofty revolutionary aspirations: "Let the red flag fly all over the world", and "Usher in spring to change the world of men". This revolutionary ideal is also revealed in singing passages in Scenes Three and Four, as for instance, "I'm set on smashing the chains of a thousand years to open a freshet of endless happiness for the people". We believe that a forceful portrayal of a hero's noble communist ideal is important in the combination of revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism. Without revealing this aspect of his character, Yang Tzu-jung would appear a dwarf who cares for nothing but what is right under his nose!

It is also important to depict two other aspects of Yang Tzu-jung's character—his soaring courage and quick resourcefulness. To show "spirit soaring" and "with my courage the valleys fill", we added a new prelude to Scene Five, which begins with stirring music portraying a galloping horse through a blinding snowstorm, followed by a new-type *erh huang tao pan* of sustained singing accompanied by music in quick rhythm. Even before Yang Tzu-jung enters, the audience sees with the mind's eye a fearless hero fast approaching on horseback, whip in hand. Then we designed for him spirited and militant dances depicting him riding on horseback and killing a tiger to emphasize his courage and daring.

To show his cool caution and alertness, in the long singing passage in Scene Eight, we stressed his careful reasoning and quick decisions borne of sharp observations, which enable him to "know the disposition well" in a short time. In addition, we arranged

three face-to-face battles of wits with Vulture and two with Luan Ping. The two aspects, courage and resourcefulness, are stressed again in the fight in the last scene. Without showing his daring courage, Yang Tzu-jung's image would not be lofty. Without showing his caution and resourcefulness, his image would not be firm and full.

We followed the same principle in portraying the other heroic characters. Li Yung-chi is a typical representative of the working people, a victim of exploitation and oppression who has a revolutionary tradition behind him and feels a bitter class hatred for the Kuomintang reactionaries. Once his class hatred is aroused, heightened and guided by the Chinese Communist Party and People's Liberation Army, it generates inexhaustible revolutionary strength. We depicted his searing class hatred for Vulture as he sings, "Vulture! I'll hack you to pieces for this blood debt", and described his profound class feelings for his mother and Chang Ta-shan and other class brothers. We showed both his meditation over "These soldiers care for us folks and cure our ailments", and his torrent of feeling when he realizes, "Here before us is our own army". For generations his family had suffered from crushing class exploitation—"Soldiers and bandits were always of the same brood, always oppressing us". And "the welts and scars" record a family history of blood and tears. When at last he learns that the saviour he has been longing for has come, his pent-up fury against the enemy and his deep class feelings for the Party and the worker-peasant soldiers burst forth, strengthening his iron will and resolve, "I'll go with the Party to drive out those beasts, whatever the sacrifice and danger, be it fire or water." These aspects of his character find development in his giving information on the trail to the bandits' stronghold, acting as a guide on the skiing trip and the fight with the bandits in the last scene. Thus, educated by the Party, Li Yung-chi makes steady progress to finally become head of the militia, a leader of the masses who, by uniting with the People's Liberation Army, fighting and winning victories together with them, distinguishes himself in the battle to annihilate the enemy.

In order to adhere to the method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism, and create lofty and rounded images of proletarian heroes through the revelation of their inner world from different aspects and in a manner as complete as possible, it is important to combine breadth with depth in the designing. If there is only breadth in design but no probing of the various facets, the opera becomes a flashy show without substantial content, a fleeting touch on many aspects but

lacking in artistic power and ideological persuasiveness. Therefore, after laying out the design to portray the hero from many aspects, we must enthusiastically make the best and fullest use of all artistic techniques to delineate his main thoughts and traits. We must unveil the facets of his character with depth, care

and force, and strive to probe and reveal his splendid inner world. This is meticulous work; rough handling will not do. In the course of revising the opera, workers, peasants and soldiers have given us many good and well-thought-out suggestions which were of great help to our work.

## The Depiction of Negative Characters, of Positive Characters Other Than the Principal Hero, and of Environment and Atmosphere, Must Unswervingly Serve the Purpose of Giving Prominence to the Principal Hero

A proletarian hero invariably shows his heroic qualities in fierce struggles against counter-revolutionary forces and in a revolutionary collective. Therefore, in creating proletarian literature and art, we must follow the principle of using negative characters as a contrast to the principal hero, using other positive characters to set off the principal hero, and using environment and atmosphere to etch the principal hero in bold relief. The handling of negative characters and secondary characters often affects to a great extent the image of the principal hero. In his *On Contradiction* Chairman Mao teaches us that the secondary aspects of a contradiction "in certain conditions. . . in turn manifest themselves in the principal and decisive role". So long as we consciously apply this principle, the image of the principal hero can, in certain circumstances, be made to shine like a bright moon against the clouds. On the contrary, if we go against this principle, if, for instance, we paint the negative characters in glowing colours, or concentrate on writing about "middle characters", or go in for trickeries, we shall dim, spoil or even blot out the brilliant image of the principal hero.

In dealing with this question, our experience tells us to pay attention to "three first places". Of all the characters, give first place to the positive characters; of the positive characters, give first place to heroes; and of the heroes, give first place to the principal hero. Therefore the characters, both positive and negative, and the environment must be handled in ways to give first place to the principal hero. Now let us discuss this question from the three aspects:

(1) Using negative characters as a contrast to the principal hero. Chairman Mao says, we "too, . . . portray negative characters, but this only serves as a contrast to bring out the brightness of the whole picture." To serve as contrast is to serve as subordinate. Who is to place whom under subordination is a question of who is to exercise dictatorship over whom on

the stage, a question of which class is to dominate the stage. On our socialist stage, proletarian heroes should dominate at all times, while negative characters can only serve as a contrast to them. That is to say, the handling of negative characters must serve the need of creating the principal hero. Otherwise, if negative characters are given the same weight as positive characters, or if they are shown to be arrogant and in domineering positions, the result will be a reversal of history, with exploiters and oppressors ruling the stage.

Scene Six in the original script is a case in point. Here Vulture was placed in a position above all the others and dominated them, while Yang Tzu-jung was put in a passive position, going round and round Vulture to set off this arrogant bandit chief. We have now reversed this reversal of history. We cut out the scenes in the original script which enhanced the enemy's arrogance. We shifted Vulture's seat from the centre of the stage to the side and made Vulture serve as a foil to Yang Tzu-jung from beginning to end. Yang Tzu-jung makes an impressive entry to the accompaniment of militant music and occupies the centre of the stage all through the scene. With the help of singing and dancing, Yang Tzu-jung is shown to hold the initiative at every turn and lead Vulture by the nose round and round the stage. When he presents the Contacts Map, Yang Tzu-jung stands on a higher plane while Vulture, followed by the other bandits, comes forward flipping the dust off his sleeves obsequiously to receive it. This alteration deflates the arrogance of the bourgeoisie and heightens the morale of the proletariat. Rejoicing over the change, the masses of the revolutionary people say: "It's fine!" "A complete turnover!" "We like it!" But the modern revisionists hate it, fear it and smart under it. They hysterically accuse us of "completely ignoring the laws of life and the rules of the stage". Now what are the "laws of life" or "rules of the stage"? In a word, their "laws of life" are "laws"

for restoring capitalism, their "rules of the stage" are counter-revolutionary "rules" ensuring dictatorship of the bourgeoisie on the stage! Not only will we completely ignore such "laws and rules", we will, frankly speaking, destroy them thoroughly. Destruction of the "rules of the stage" which made the exploiting classes masters of the stage is a tremendous victory for the proletarian revolution in literature and art.

(2) Using other positive characters to set off the principal hero. The relationship between the principal hero and other positive characters is one of dialectical unity too. While the principal hero is one of the class and one of the masses, he is at the same time the representative of his class and the masses. The masses are the basis from which the hero springs, and the hero sets an example for the masses. A great hero can emerge only from a heroic collective. Therefore, in portraying the principal hero we must not divorce him from the masses, yet we must make him stand head and shoulders above the masses. When we create a hero towering above the ordinary positive characters, we must also create a group of heroes who form the basis of the principal hero's existence and on whom the principal hero exerts his influence. But the two must not be of one and the same stature. The portrayal of the ordinary positive characters must proceed from the need to create the principal hero. Such portrayals must set off the principal hero and not steal his show. On the other hand, we must not in any way belittle the masses in order to show off the principal hero as a "superman", "a crane in a brood of chickens". For instance, in the original version\* of Scene One, the curtain fell on Shao Chien-po instead of Yang Tzu-jung, who had made his exit earlier and therefore did not leave a very deep impression with the audience. Now in the revised version the curtain falls on a group in dramatic pose with Yang Tzu-jung in the centre, a red flower set off by green leaves. Here, standing in bold relief among the heroes of the pursuit-detachment, Yang Tzu-jung impresses the audience from the very beginning of the opera as a figure at once ordinary and lofty.

In Scene Three Hunter Chang and his daughter Pao's awakening to class consciousness vividly and forcefully sets off hero Yang Tzu-jung's influence among the masses. Scene Four is the most typical example in which Yang Tzu-jung is set off by other characters. Here the Party branch committee meeting and the democratic meeting, absent in the old script, stress the fact that Yang Tzu-jung draws inexhaustible strength from the Party leadership and his comrades-in-arms. The singing passages and dialogue by Shao Chien-po and Shen Teh-hua give Yang Tzu-jung's life story and describe his class basis and political qualities as well as the complete confidence the Party and the masses have in him. Moreover, in "Advancing in Victory", and the skiing and fighting scenes, we have designed completely new dances

\* The script before 1967.

based on real life, while drawing on some traditional dance forms, to portray the high-spirited and militant heroes of the pursuit-detachment, the mass basis of Yang Tzu-jung's "firm determination and great strength". All this serves to show convincingly that although Yang Tzu-jung is carrying on the fight in the enemy's lair alone, he feels that millions of his class brothers are by his side, their flaming hearts warming him and giving him boundless wisdom and courage. This is a vivid embodiment of Chairman Mao's great thinking on people's war.

(3) Using environment to bring the principal hero to the fore. The proper use of environment is an essential element in the portrayal of the principal hero. A successfully designed stage setting does much good in revealing the innermost thoughts and feelings of the principal hero, while a poorly devised setting weakens the effect or even does harm. Therefore the presentation of environment, including decor, must serve the characters, the principal hero in particular. If we concoct something with no attention to the characters, if we pay attention to things and not to men, we would slide into bourgeois aestheticism.

There has been a sharp struggle in this respect in *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*. For example, in the original version, before Yang Tzu-jung went into the mountains, all the scenes in which the commander and fighters of the pursuit-detachment appeared had as backgrounds drooping branches and gnarled tree trunks, which created a bleak and melancholy atmosphere utterly out of tune with the vigour and militant mood of Yang Tzu-jung and his comrades-in-arms. The stage setting we see now is completely different. In Scenes One, Three, Four, Five and Nine, sturdy, towering trees form the background. Especially in Scene Five, a forest of giant cloud-touching pines pierced by shafts of sunlight and echoing the "spirit soaring" singing graphically heightens the unflinching, steely character of Yang Tzu-jung.

The stage setting for Scene Eight is a still more typical example. In the original script Yang Tzu-jung was cooped up in a dark narrow cave which conveyed a feeling of frustration and helplessness. This of course was in full accord with the narrow-minded humdrum and vulgar "ideal person" of the original script. It was completely out of tune with the character of the hero we want to create, a man holding the whole world in his heart and absolutely fearless. Following Comrade Chiang Ching's instructions, we repudiated this wrong tendency and made a thorough change in the environment and atmosphere. Yang Tzu-jung, as he sings, now stands like a straight green pine in the snow on a broad majestic mountain-top against a background of rugged peaks and a sky lighted up by the morning glow. When he reaches the line "To resist the bitter cold and melt ice and snow, I have the morning sun in my heart", the sun rays burst through multi-coloured clouds to crimson the towering peaks. This splendid picture, appearing with the music of "The east is red, the sun rises", symbolizes the lofty spiritual world of Yang Tzu-jung who has "the morning sun" in his heart.

## Cherish and Defend Model Revolutionary Theatrical Works

Chairman Mao teaches us: "The imperialists and domestic reactionaries will certainly not take their defeat lying down and they will struggle to the last ditch. After there is peace and order throughout the country, they will still engage in sabotage and create disturbances in various ways and will try every day and every minute to stage a come-back. This is inevitable and beyond all doubt, and under no circumstances must we relax our vigilance." In the course of creating *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, we have come to realize most profoundly that model revolutionary theatrical works came into being and matured in the life-and-death struggle between the two classes, the two roads and the two lines. The images of proletarian heroes were created in this struggle filled with hardship and twists and turns. From the time we began creating revolutionary theatrical works, the class enemies have never for a moment stopped their attacks and sabotage. In different situations the struggle took on different characteristics, and different tactics were used. We had barely begun to create the images of heroes when they tried to strangle the model revolutionary theatrical works at their birth. When these heroic images had established themselves on the stage, the class enemies adopted the tactic of "stealing the beams and pillars and replacing them with rotten timbers", trying in a thousand and one ways to distort and defame the proletarian heroes. When the heroic images we created became more mature, they fell back on a still more cunning tactic. They pretended to love model theatrical works while viciously trying to wreck them behind the scenes. Some tried to undermine our morale with the sugar-coated bullets of flattery and coaxing, hoping to distort these heroic images without our knowing it. There were charlatans who had the audacity to associate the heroes in the model revolutionary theatrical works with themselves or identify them as their relatives or friends, shamelessly claiming that he or someone else was actually this or that

character in a certain opera. They were trying to boost their own names, cash in politically, and undermine the prestige of model revolutionary theatrical works. Recently a person by the name of Sun claimed that he was Shen Teh-hua in *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*. He was in all places, boasting and bragging and trying his best to uglify the heroic images of the People's Liberation Army. He slandered the heroic fighters who fear neither hardship nor death as fainthearted cowards who wanted to lick the chicken bones left by the enemy, and distorted the PLA commanders and fighters with high proletarian political consciousness as rascal-like mercenaries. In trying to discredit the PLA and undermine the model revolutionary theatrical works he has betrayed himself as a downright political pickpocket. This makes us furious. We would like to advise the good-intentioned comrades not to be fooled by such persons but denounce and condemn them and clear away the poison they spread. We should all cherish, defend and consolidate the model revolutionary theatrical works with a high sense of political responsibility and revolutionary vigilance. As to the modern revisionists who mouth abuses of our model revolutionary theatrical works, they are only exposing their weak, panic-stricken, paper-tiger nature. Their abuses only prove that the model theatrical works have hit them at the vital spot. Model revolutionary theatrical works are our powerful ideological weapon for fighting imperialism and revisionism.

Looking back, the months and years were crowded with endeavour; looking forward, we are filled with pride. Let us hold even higher the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought and forge ahead courageously. We must quicken our ideological remoulding so as to create more brilliant images of proletarian heroes so that they will stand firmly forever on the socialist stage and screen in the service of the people of our country and the world.

## China Reconstructs

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Special issue on the modern revolutionary Peking Opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*

### COVER PICTURES:

Front: Yang Tzu-jung, leader of a PLA scout platoon, in the modern revolutionary Peking Opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*.

Back: Scene Nine: "Off to the Attack".

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