

- Wineshop Operator
The owner of a wine shop in the Yüeh-yang Tower
- Lü Tung-pin (the main role)
A Taoist immortal, whose Taoist title is Ch'un-yang-tzu, and his given name was Yen.
- The Willow Spirit (Kuo Ma-erh)
The spirit of a willow tree; later takes human form as Kuo-Ma-erh, owner of the tea house in the Yüeh-yang Tower
- Hó La-méi (the plum spirit)
The spirit of a plum tree; later takes form as a woman and wife of Kuo Ma-erh
- Head of Street
A city official
- An Official
An official in Yüeh-yang Tower area
- Chung-li of Han, Li, Lan Ts'ai-ho, Chang-kuo-lao, Hsü Shen-weng, Han Hsiang-tzu, and Ts'ao Kuo-chiu
A group of immortals in disguise—assistants to Lü Tung-pin in the transformation of the willow spirit
- Clerks and attendants

The scene is a wine shop in the Yüeh-yang Tower overlooking the Yangtze River in the Yüeh-chou district (of Hunan Province). It is early morning.

WINE CLERK: (enters, reciting a jingle)

My wine is pure clear.

A string of cash can buy two bottles.

It may fill up one's stomach.

It makes one's penis urinate painfully.

(speaks) I am a wine shop operator. My shop is located in the Yüeh-yang Tower. Everyone, whether from the north or south, merchant or traveler, seller or buyer, would stop at the tower to drink. This morning, I got the wine warmed up, and the shop sign hanged up. (calls out) Customers, wine is ready—ready.

LÜ TUNG-PIN: (enters, carrying a basket of ink sticks) Your humble Taoist is Lu Yen. Another name is Tung-pin, with a Taoist title—Ch'un yang-tzu. I was a Confucian scholar of the T'ang Dynasty. Later, I met my teacher, Chung-li,¹ through whose help and enlightened persuasion, I was able to achieve the Tao of immortality. While feasting at the P'an T'ao Festival,¹ suddenly I noticed a streak of blue air coming up from the world underneath. It means that an immortal has emerged. When I took another look, it is located in the Yüeh-yang district of Yüeh-chou. I'll ride the clouds and descend there, disguised as a scholar selling ink-sticks. (calls out) You people on the street come and buy my good ink-sticks. (sings—tune of *Tien-chiang-ch'un*, in the mode of *Hsien-lü*)

The lustre of this ink shines in a study room.

Its soot was gathered on the T'ai-hua Mountain, on the Fairy's Palm.²

Further, made by the five Lis and three Changs,³

When it enters an ink-slab,

It makes sounds like wind in pines.

(in the tune of *Hun-chiang-lung*)

Shaped like a shuttle's head or a lute, it could aid a poetic brush,

By the window, bright and clear, for studying books.

I just passed through a Taoist temple, several fasting halls . . .

The bamboo desks, have secretly taken on the lustre of the