followed by establishment of West and East German states.
Eisler, Dessau and Elizabeth Hauptmann arrive from US and
join the Ensemble.

1950
Brecht gets Austrian nationality in connection with plan to
involve him in Salzburg Festival. Long drawn-out scheme for
*Mother Courage* film. Spring: he and Neher direct Leni's *The
Tutor* with the Ensemble. Autumn: he directs *Mother Courage*
in Munich; at the end of the year *The Mother* with Weigl,
Ernst Basch and the Ensemble.

1951
Selection of *A Hundred Poems* is published in East Berlin.
Brecht beats off Stalinist campaign to stop production of
Dessau's opera version of *Lucullus*.

1952
Summer: at Buckow, east of Berlin, Brecht starts planning
production of *Coriolanus* and discusses Eisler's project for a
*Faust* opera.

1953
Spring: Stalin dies, aged 73. A 'Stanislavsky conference' in
the East German Academy, to promote Socialist Realism in the
theatre, is followed by meetings to discredit Eisler's libretto for
the *Faust* opera. June: quickly suppressed rising against the East
German government in Berlin and elsewhere. Brecht at
Buckow notes that 'the whole of existence has been alienated
for him by this'. Khrushchev becomes Stalin's successor.

1954
January: Brecht becomes an adviser to the new East German
Ministry of Culture. March: the Ensemble at last gets its own
theatre on the Schiffbauerdamm. July: its production of *Mother
Courage* staged in Paris. December: Brecht awarded a Stalin
Peace Prize by the USSR.

1955
August: Shooting at last begins on *Mother Courage* film, but
broken off after ten days and the project abandoned. Brecht in
poor health.

1956
Khrushchev denounces Stalin's dictatorial methods and abuse
of power to the Twentieth Party Congress in Moscow. A copy
of his speech reaches Brecht. May: Brecht in the Charité
hospital to shake off influenza. August 14: he dies in the
Charité of a heart infarct.

1957
*The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui, The Visions of Simone Machado*
and *Schweyk in the Second World War* produced for the first time
in Stuttgart, Frankfurt and Warsaw respectively.
Kilka

Gal'y Gay and Gal'y Gay's wife

Gal'y Gay sits one morning upon his chair and tells his wife: Dear wife, I have decided in accordance with our income to buy a fish today. That would be within the means of a porter who drinks not at all, smokes very little and has almost no vices. Do you think I should buy a big fish or do you require a small one?

Wife: A small one.

Gal'y Gay: Of what kind should the fish be that you require?

Wife: I would say a good flounder. But please look out for the fishwives; they are lustful and always chasing men, and you have a soft nature, Gal'y Gay.

Gal'y Gay: That is true but I hope they would not bother with a penniless porter from the harbour.

Wife: You are like an elephant which is the unwieldiest beast in the animal kingdom, but he runs like a freight train once he gets started. And then there are those soldiers who are the worst people in the world and who are said to be swarming at the station like bees. They are sure to be hanging around in numbers at the market place and you must be thankful if they don't break in and murder people. What's more they are dangerous for a man on his own because they always go around in fours.

Gal'y Gay: They would not want to harm a simple porter from the harbour.

Wife: One can never tell.

Gal'y Gay: Then put the water on for the fish, for I am beginning to get an appetite and I guess I shall be back in ten minutes.
Street outside the Pagoda of the Yellow God

Four soldiers stop outside the pagoda. Military marches are heard as troops move into the town.

JESSE: Party, halt Kilkoal This here is Her Majesty's town of Kilkoal where they are concentrating the army for a long-predicted war. Here we are, along with a hundred thousand other soldiers, all of us thirsting to restore order on the northern frontier.

JEP: That demands beer. He collapses.

POLLY: Just as the powerful tanks of our Queen must be filled with petrol if we are to see them rolling over the damned roads of this overrated Eldorado so can the soldier only function if he drinks beer.

JEP: How much beer have we left?

POLLY: There are four of us. We still have fifteen bottles. So we must get hold of another twenty-five bottles.

JESSE: That demands money.

URIAH: Some people object to soldiers, but just one pagoda like this contains more copper than a strong regiment needs to march from Calcutta to London.

POLLY: Our friend Uriah's suggestion with respect to a pagoda which, though rickety and covered with flyshit, may well be bursting with copper surely merits our sympathetic attention.

JEP: All I know, Polly, is I've got to have more to drink.

URIAH: Calm down, sweetheart. This Asia has a hole for us to crawl through.

JEP: Uriah, Uriah, my mother always used to say: Do what you like, my darлингest Jeraiah, but remember pitch always sticks. And this place stinks of pitch.

JESSE: The door isn't properly shut. Watch out, Uriah, you bet there's some devilry behind it.

URIAH: Nobody's going through this open door.

JESSE: Right, what are windows for?

URIAH: Take your belt and make a long line to fish for the collection boxes with. That's it. They attack the window. Uriah smashes one, looks inside and starts fishing.

POLLY: Catch anything?

URIAH: No, but my helmet's fallen in.

JESSE: Bloody hell, you can't go back to camp with no helmet.

URIAH: Oh boy, am I catching things! This is a shocking establishment. Just look. Snares. Mantraps.

JESSE: Let's pack it in. This isn't an ordinary temple, it's a trap.

URIAH: Temple equals temple. I've got to get my helmet out of there.

JESSE: Can you reach it?

URIAH: No.

JESSE: Perhaps I can get this latch to lift.

POLLY: Don't damage the temple, though.

JESSE: Owl! Owl! Owl!

URIAH: What's up now?

JESSE: Hand's got stuck.

POLLY: Let's call it off.

JESSE indignantly: Call it off? I need my hand back.

URIAH: My helmet's in there too.

POLLY: Then we'll have to go through the wall.

JESSE: Owl! Owl! Owl! He pulls his hand out. It is covered with blood. They'll have to pay for this hand. I'm not calling it off after that. Give us a ladder, come on!

URIAH: Wait! Hand over your paybooks first. A soldier's paybook must never be damaged. You can replace a man anytime, but a paybook is sacred if anything is. They hand over their paybooks to him.

POLLY: Polly Baker.

JESSE: Jesse Mahoney.
JIP crawling up: Jeriah Jip.

URIAH: Uriah Shelley. All from the Eighth Regiment. Stationed at Kanterdan, machine-gun section. Shooting will be avoided so that no visible damage is done to the temple. Forward!

JIP calls after them: I'll mount guard. Then at least I won't have gone in. The yellow face of Wang, the boxy, appears at a small window above. How do you do? Are you the honourable owner? Delightful part of the world, this.

URIAH within: Hand me your knife, Jesse, so I can force these collection boxes open.

Wang smiles, and Jip smiles too.

JIP to the boxy: It is just awful, belonging to a troupe of hip popotamuses like that. The face disappears. Come on out.

There's a man wandering around upstairs.

Electric bells are heard at intervals within.

URIAH: Watch where you step. What is it, Jip?

JIP: A man upstairs.

URIAH: A man? Everybody out! Hoy!


JESSE: Uriah's ripped his trousers on a bamboo hook, and the boot on Polly's good foot is stuck in a mantrap.

POLLY: And Jesse's tangled up in electric wire.

JIP: That's just what I expected. Next time you go into building why not use the front door?

JIP goes in through the door. The three climb out above, pale, bleeding and ragged.

POLLY: This calls for vengeance.

URIAH: This temple doesn't fight fair. Filthy, I call it.

POLLY: I want to see blood.

JIP from within: Hey!

POLLY: bloodthirstily advances on to the roof, but his boot gets stuck: Now my other boot's gone.

URIAH: Now I shall shoot the place up.

The three climb down and aim their machine-gun at the pagoda.

POLLY: Fire!

They fire.

JIP within: Owl! What are you doing?

The three look up, horrified.

POLLY: Where are you?

JIP within: Here. You've gone and shot me through the finger.

JESSE: What the devil are you up to in that rat trap, you fool?

JIP appearing in the doorway: I wanted to get the money. Here it is.

URIAH joyfully: Trust the biggest rat on us all to get it first go off. Aha! Come out of that door at once.

JIP sticks his head out of the door: Where did you say?

URIAH: Out of that door at once!

JIP: Oh, what's this?

POLLY: What's up with him?

JIP: Look!

URIAH: Now what?

JIP: My hair! Oh, my hair! I can't go forwards and I can't go back! Oh, my hair! It's stuck fast to something. Uriah, see what's sticking to my hair. Oh, Uriah, get me free! I'm hanging by the hair.

POLLY tipples over to Jip and looks down at his hair.

POLLY: His hair is stuck to the door frame.

URIAH abouts: Your knife, Jesse, so as I can cut him free! Uriah cuts him free, Jip lurches forward.

POLLY amused: And now he's got a bald patch. They examine Jip's head.

JESSE: A bit of the skin came off too.
Uriah looks at the two of them, then icily: A bald patch we give us away.

Jesse with a venomous look: A walking 'Wanted' notice! Uriah, Jesse and Polly confer among themselves.

Uriah: We'll go back to camp and get a pair of scissors, then come back this evening and crop all his hair off so the bald patch can't be seen. He gives back the paybooks. Jesse Mahoney!

Jesse taking his paybook: Jesse Mahoney!

Uriah: Polly Baker!

Polly taking his paybook: Polly Baker!

Uriah: Jeriah Jip! Jip tries to get up. I'll hold on to you. His points to a pelauquin in the courtyard. Sit in that leather box and wait till dark. Jip crawls into the pelauquin. The other three walk off dejectedly, shaking their heads. When they have left, Weng the bowey appears in the doorway of the pagoda and takes some of the hair stuck in which he examines.

Country Road between Kilkoo and the Camp

Sergeant Fairchild appears from behind a shed and nails a poster to it.

Fairchild: It is many moons since I, Bloody Five, known also as Tiger of Kilkoo, the Human Typhoon, a sergeant in the British Army, experienced anything as marvellous as this. Points at the poster. Pagoda of the Yellow God broke into. Roof of said Pagoda riddled with bullets. What have we in the way of a clue? Four ounces of hair stuck to pitch. If the roof is riddled with bullets then there must be a machine-gun section involved; if there are four ounces of hair at the scene of the crime then there must be a man who is four ounces short. So if there is a machine-gun section containing a man with a bald patch then those are the offenders. It is all plain as a pikestaff. But who is this coming? He steps behind the shed. The three approach and observe the poster with alarm. Then they go dejectedly on their way. But Fairchild appears from behind the shed and blows a police whistle. They stop.

Fairchild: Have none of you seen a man with a bald patch?

Polly: No.

Fairchild: Just look at you. Take your helmets off. Where is your fourth man?

Uriah: Why, Sergeant, he's relieving himself.

Fairchild: Then we'll just wait for him and find out if he has seen a man with a bald patch. They wait. He seems to take a lot of relieving.

Jesse: Yes, sergeant. They go on waiting.

Polly: Perhaps he went a different way?

Fairchild: It would be better for you, let me tell you, if you had summarily shot one another in your mothers' wombs than if you turn up at my roll call tonight without your fourth man. Exit.

Polly: Let's hope that wasn't our new sergeant. If that rattle-snake is taking tonight's roll-call we might as well line up against the wall straight away.

Uriah: Before they sound the roll-call we'll have to have a fourth man.

Polly: Here's a man coming now. Let's have a quiet look at him. They hide behind the shed. Widow Bagbrick comes down the street. Gayl Gay is following her, carrying her basket of cucumbers.

Bagbrick: What are you moaning about? You're being paid by the hour, aren't you?

Gayl Gay: That'll be three hours then.

Bagbrick: You'll get your money. This is a road that hardly anyone uses. A woman might have a hard time resisting a man that wished to embrace her.
GALY GAY: In your profession as a canteen owner always involved with soldiers, who are the worst people in the world, you must know certain holds.

BEGBICK: Ah, sir, you should never say such things to a woman. Certain words put women in a state when their blood gets aroused.

GALY GAY: I am only a simple porter from the harbour. I will be roll-call for the new lot in a few minutes. You can hear the drums already. At this hour there's not a soul on the road.

GALY GAY: If it's really as late as all that I'll have to turn around and hurry back to the town of Kilkoe, for I still have a fish to buy.

BEGBICK: Would you mind my asking you, Mr—I hope I've got the name correctly—Galy Gay, whether the profession of porter demands exceptional strength?

GALY GAY: I could never have imagined that unforeseen events would once again delay me for almost four hours from quickly buying a fish and returning home, but I'm like an express train once I get started.

BEGBICK: Yes, there is quite a difference between buying a fish to eat and helping a lady to carry her basket. But possibly the lady might be in a position to express her gratitude in a manner that would be more enjoyable than the eating of a fish.

GALY GAY: I must confess I would like to go and buy a fish.

BEGBICK: How can you be such a materialist?

GALY GAY: You know, I am a funny sort of person. Sometimes I know even before I get up: today I want a fish, or I want a curry. When that happens the whole can come to an end, but I just have to get a fish or a curry as the case may be.

BEGBICK: I understand, sir. But isn't it too late? The shops are closed and they are out of fish.

GALY GAY: You see, I am a man with great powers of imagination; I get fed up with a fish, for instance, even before I have set eyes on it. People set out to buy a fish, and first of all they buy that fish and secondly they carry that fish home, and thirdly they cook that fish till it is done, and fourthly they devour that fish, then at night after they have drawn a thick black line under their digestion they are still preoccupied with the same depressing fish, just because they are the sort who have no power of imagination.

BEGBICK: I see, you're only thinking of yourself all the time. Pause. Hmm. If you are only thinking of yourself I suggest you take your fish money and buy this cucumber, which I will let you have as a favour. The cucumber is worth more, but you can keep the difference in return for carrying my basket.

GALY GAY: But I do not require a cucumber.

BEGBICK: I would never have expected you to humili ate me so.

GALY GAY: It is just that the water for the fish has already been put on.

BEGBICK: I see. Have it your own way. Have it your own way.

GALY GAY: No, no, believe me, I'd be only too glad to oblige you.

BEGBICK: Not another word, talking only makes it worse.

GALY GAY: Far be it from me to disappoint you. If you are still prepared to let me have the cucumber, here is the money.

URIAH to JESS and POLLY: That is a man who can't say no.

GALY GAY: Careful, there are soldiers about.

BEGBICK: God knows what they are doing around here at this hour. It is almost time for roll-call. Quick, hand me my basket, why should I go on wasting any more time standing here gossiping with you? But I would be happy to welcome you as a visitor to my beer waggon at the camp, for I am the widow Begbick, and my beer waggon is famous from Hyderabad to Rangoon. She takes her packages and leaves.
Canteen of the Widow Leokadja Begick

Soldiers are singing "The Song of Widow Begick's Drinking Truck."

Soldiers:

In Widow Begick's drinking tank
You always gets the things that you likes best.
That's where the Indian Army drank
When you was drinking at Mummy's breast.

From Halifax to Hindustan
Horse, foot and guns, the service man
Wants what the widow has to sell.

It's toddy, gum and hi, hi, hi
Bypassing heaven and skirting hell.

Shut your big mouth, Tommy, keep your hair on,

As you slide down Soda Mountain into Whisky Dell.

In Widow Begick's drinking tank
You always gets the things that you likes best.
That's where the Indian Army drank
When you was drinking at Mummy's breast.

From Halifax to Hindustan
Horse, foot and guns, the service man
Wants what the widow has to sell.

It's toddy, gum and hi, hi, hi
Bypassing heaven and skirting hell.

Shut your big mouth, Tommy, keep your hair on,

As you slide down Soda Mountain into Whisky Dell.

And when it's war in Cooch Behar
We'll stock ourselves with gum and smokes and beer
And climb on Begbick's drinking car
To show those wogs who's master here.
From Halifax to Hindustan
Horse, foot and guns, the service man
Wants what the widow has to sell.
It's toddy, gum and hi, hi, hi
Bypassing heaven and skirting hell.
Shut your big mouth, Tommy, keep your hair on
Tommy
As you slide down Soda Mountain into Whisky Dell.

BEGBICK entering: Good evening, you military gentlemen, I am the Widow Begbick and this is my beer waggan which gets hooked on to the great troop trains and goes rolling over the entire Indian railway system; and because you can travel and drink beer and sleep in it at one and the same time it is called 'Widow Begbick's Beer Waggan' and everybody from Hyderabad to Rangoon knows that it has been a refuge to many an affronted soldier.

In the doorway stand the three soldiers with Galy Gay. They thrust him back.

URIAH: Is this the Eighth Regiment canteen?

POLLY: Are we addressing the owner of the canteen, the world-famous Widow Begbick? We are the machine-gun section of the Eighth Regiment.

BEGBICK: Only three of you? Where is your fourth man?

They enter without answering, pick up two tables and carry them to the left where they build a kind of partition. The other soldier look on in astonishment.

JESS: What kind of a man is the sergeant?

BEGBICK: Not nice.

POLLY: It is most disagreeable that the sergeant should not be nice.

BEGBICK: They call him Bloody Five, alias The Tiger of Kilkoe, the Human Typhoon. He has an unnatural sense of smell, he can smell criminal activity.

JESS, POLLY and URIAH look at one another.

URIAH: Indeed.

BEGBICK to her guests: This is the famous MG section which swung the battle of Hyderabad and is known as The Shower.

SOLDIERS: From now on they're part of our lot. Their crimes are said to follow them like shadows. A soldier brings in a 'Wanted' notice which he nails up. And right on their tail comes another of those signs.

The guests have stood up and slowly leave the canteen. URIAH whistles.

GALY GAY entering: I've been to this kind of establishment before. Printed menus. They have a whopping one at the Siam Hotel, gold on white. I bought one once. If you've got the right contacts you can get anything. One thing on it is Chiaqua sauce. And that's just a side dish. Chiaqua sauce!

JESS, pushing Galy Gay towards the partition: My dear sir, you are in a position to do three poor soldiers in distress a little service with no inconvenience to yourself.

POLLY: Our fourth man has been delayed taking leave of his wife, and if there are not four of us at roll-call we shall all be thrown into the black dungeons of Kilkoe.

URIAH: So it would help if you would put on one of our uniforms. You'd only need to be present when they number off the new arrivals and answer to his name. Just to keep the record straight.

JESS: That's all.

POLLY: A cigar more or less that you might feel like smoking at our expense would not be worth mentioning.

GALY GAY: It is not that I am reluctant to oblige you, but unfortunately I have to hurry home. I have bought a cucumber for dinner and therefore cannot do exactly as I would like.

JESS: Thank you. Frankly, it is what I expected of you. That's the point: you cannot do exactly as you would like.
You would like to go home, but you cannot. Thank you, sir, for justifying the confidence we placed in you this instant we set eyes on you. Your hand, sir.

He seizes Galy Gay's hand. Uriah motions him imperiously into the corner behind the tables. As soon as he is in the corner a dozen rush him and undress him except for his shirt.

URIAH: Permit us, for the said purpose, to clothe you in the noble garb of the glorious British Army. He rings. Bogick appears. Widow Begbick, can a man speak freely in these parts? We need a complete uniform. Bogbick produces a box and tosses it to Uriah. Uriah throws it to Polly.

POLLY TO GALY GAY: Here is the noble garb we purchased for you.

JESSE SHOWING HIM THE TROUSERS: Put this garb on, brother Galy Gay.

POLLY TO BEGBICK: It's because he lost his uniform.

THE THREE OF THEM DRESS GALY GAY.

BEGBICK: I see. He lost his uniform.

POLLY: Yes, a Chinese in the bath house managed to abase our friend Jip's service dress.

BEGBICK: I see: in the bath house?

JESSE: As a matter of fact, Widow Begbick, we're having a bit of a lark.

BEGBICK: I see: a lark?

POLLY: Isn't that right, my dear sir? Isn't it all a bit of a lark?

GALY GAY: Yes, it's a sort of a bit of a -- cigar. He laughs. The three laugh too.

BEGBICK: How helpless a weak woman is against four and a half strong men. Let no one ever say the Widow Begbick deferred a man from changing his trousers.

She goes to the rear and writes on a slate: T pair of trousers, tunic, 1 pair of buttons etc.

GALY GAY: What's all this about?

JESSE: It's all about nothing, really.

GALY GAY: Won't it be dangerous if it gets found out?

POLLY: Not in the least. And in your case, once equals never.

GALY GAY: True enough. Once equals never. Or so they say.

BEGBICK: That uniform will be five shillings an hour.

POLLY: Sheer bloody extortion, three's the limit.

JESSE AT THE WINDOW: Rain clouds are coming up fast. If it rains now the palanquin will get wet, and if the palanquin gets wet they'll take it into the pagoda, and if they take it into the pagoda Jip will be discovered, and if Jip is discovered we're sunk.

GALY GAY: Too small. I'll never get into it.

POLLY: You see, he can't get into it.

GALY GAY: And the boots pinch horribly.

POLLY: Everything's too small. Unusable! Two bob.

URIAH: Shut up, Polly. Four bob because everything's too small and particularly because the boots pinch so. Don't they?

GALY GAY: To the highest degree. They pinch quite particularly.

URIAH: The gentleman isn't such a crybaby as you, you see, Polly.

BEGBICK COMES UP TO URIAH, READS HIM TO THE REAR AND POINTS AT THE 'WANTED' SIGN: This poster has been up all round the camp for the last hour, stating that a military crime has been perpetrated in this town. The guilty parties have not yet been identified. And if the uniform costs no more than five shillings it's because I'm not having the whole company dragged into this crime.

POLLY: Four shillings is a lot of money.

URIAH COMING FORWARD: Be quiet, Polly. Ten bob.

BEGBICK: Anything that might besmirch the company's honour can generally be cleaned up in Widow Begbick's Drinking Car.

JESSE: By the way, Widow Begbick, do you think it'll rain?

BEGBICK: To answer that one I'd have to take a look at the sergeant, Bloody Five. It's well known throughout the
army that when it rains he gets into the most appalling states of sensuality and is outwardly and inwardly transformed.

JESSE: You see, this lack of ours absolutely depends on it not raining.

BEGBICK: Not a bit of it. Once it starts raining Bloody Fine from being the most dangerous man in the British Army becomes harmless as a kitten. As soon as he gets one of his fits of sensuality he is blind to everything going on around him.

A SOLDIER calls into the room: All out for roll call; it's that pagoda business, there's supposed to be a man missing. So they're calling the roll and checking paybooks.

URIAH: His paybook!

GALY GAY kneels down and wraps up his old clothes: I take good care of my things, you see.

URIAH to GALY GAY: Here's your paybook. All you have to do is to call out our comrade's name, very clearly and as loud as possible. Nothing to it.

POLLY: And our lost comrade's name is JERIAH JIP. JERIAH JIP!

GALY GAY: JERIAH JIP!

URIAH to GALY GAY as they walk off: It's a pleasure to men well-bred persons who know how to conduct themselves in any situation.

GALY GAY steps just inside the door: And what is in it for me?

URIAH: A bottle of beer. Come on.

GALY GAY: Gentlemen, my profession of porter obliges me to look after my own interests in any situation. I was thinking of two boxes of cigars and four or five bottles of beer.

JESSE: But we need you for that roll call.

GALY GAY: Exactly.

POLLY: All right. Two boxes of cigars and three or four bottles of beer.

GALY GAY: Three boxes and five bottles.

JESSE: I don't get it. You just said two boxes.

GALY GAY: If you're going to take that line it will be five boxes and eight bottles.

A bugle call.

URIAH: Time we were out of here.

JESSE: Right. It's a deal if you come along with us straight away.

GALY GAY: Right.

URIAH: And what is your name?

GALY GAY: JIP! JERIAH JIP!

JESSE: So long as it doesn't rain.

POLLY comes back to BEGBICK: Widow Begbick, we understand the sergeant becomes very sensual when it rains. And now it's going to rain. See to it that he's blind to whatever goes on around him for the next few hours, or else we risk getting found out. Exit.

BEGBICK looking after them: That man's not called Jip, I happen to know. That's a porter called Galy Gay from Kilkooa, and at this very instant a man who is by no means a soldier is forming up under the eyes of Bloody Fine. She takes a mirror and goes to the rear. I'll stand here where Bloody Fine is sure to see me, and lure him in.

Second bugle call. Enter Fairchild. Begbick looks at him seductively in the mirror and sits down in a chair.

FAIRCILD: Don't cast such devouring glances at me, you white-washed Babylon. Things are bad enough already. Three days ago I took to my bunk and began washing in cold water. On Thursday my unbridled sensuality forced me to proclaim a state of siege against myself. It is a particularly disagreeable situation for me since only today I sniffed out a crime virtually without precedent in military history.

BEGBICK:

Follow, o Bloody Fine, thine own great nature
Unobserved! For who will learn it?
And in the pit of my arm, in my hair
Learn who thou art. And in the crook of my knee forget
Thy fortuitous name.
Pathetic discipline! Poverty-stricken Order!
Therefore, Bloody Five, I entreat thee come
To me in this night of tepid rainfall
Exactly as thou fearest to: as man
A contradiction. As must-but-don't-want-to.
Come now as man. Just as nature made thee
With no tin hat. Confused and savage and tied up in thy
And defenceless victim of thy instincts
And helpless slave of thine own strength.
Come, then, as man.

FAIRCILD: Never. The collapse of Mankind started when
the first of these Zulus left a button undone. The Infantry
Training Manual is a book check-a-block with weaknesses, but it is the one thing a man can fall back on
because it stiffens the backbone and takes over responsibility towards God. Verily a hole should be dug in the
ground and dynamite put in it so as to blow up the entire
planet; then they might just begin to realize one man's
business. It's all plain as a pikestaff. But will you, Bloody
Five, be able to last out this rainy night without the
widow's flesh?

BEGBICK: So when you come to me tonight I want you to
wear a black suit and have a bowler hat on your head.

A VOICE OF COMMAND: Machine-gunners fall in for roll call!

FAIRCILD: Now I must sit by this door post so as to keep
an eye on this scum they're counting. Sits down.

VOICES OF THREE SOLDIERS outside: Polly Baker. - Urk.
Shelley. - Jesse Mahoney.

FAIRCILD: Heh, and now there will be a slight pause.

GALY GAY's VOICE outside: Jeremiah Jip!

BEGBICK: Correct.

FAIRCILD: They're up to something again. Insubordination without. Insubordination within. He stands up and
starts to leave.

BEGBICK calls after him: But let me inform you, Sergeant,
that before the black rains of Nepal have fallen for three
nights you will take a more lenient view of human failings,
for you are perhaps the most sex-ridden individual under
the sun. You will hobnob with insubordination, and the
descendants of the temple will gaze deep into your eyes, for
your own crimes will be as numberless as the sands of the
sea.

FAIRCILD: Ho, we'd take action in that case, my dear,
believe me, we'd take action in exemplary fashion against
that insubordinate little Bloody Five. The whole thing's
plain as a pikestaff. Exit.

FAIRCILD's VOICE outside: Eight men up to the navel in
hot sand for non-regulation haircuts!
Enter Uriah, Jesse and Polly with Galy Gay. Galy Gay steps
forward.

URIAH: Scissors, please, Widow Begbick.

GALY GAY to the audience: This sort of little favour, man to
man, can't do any harm. You scratch my back and I'll
scratch yours, that's the idea. Now I'll drink a glass of beer
as if it were water and tell myself: you've done these
gentlemen a good turn. And all that counts in this world is
to take a chance now and then and say 'Jeremiah Jip' the
way another man would say 'Good evening', and be the
way people want you to be, because it's so easy.

Begbick brings a pair of scissors.

URIAH: Time we looked for Jip.

JESSE: That's a nasty storm blowing up.

The three turn to Galy Gay.

URIAH: I am afraid we're in a great hurry, sir.

JESSE: We've still got to crop a gentleman's hair, you see.

They turn to the door. Galy Gay runs after them.

GALY GAY: Couldn't I help you with that too?

URIAH: No, we have no further need of you, sir. To Begbick:

Five boxes of cheap cigars and eight bottles of brown ale
for this man. On the way out: There are some people
who will keep sticking their noses into everything. Give them a finger and they'll have your whole hand.
The three hurry out.

GALY GAY:
Now I could go away, but
Should a man go away when he is sent away?
Perhaps once he has gone
He may be needed again? And can a man go away
When he is needed. Unless it has to be
A man should not go away.
Galy Gay goes to the rear and sits down in a chair by the door.
Bagbick takes beer bottles and cigar boxes and places them in a
circle on the ground in front of Galy Gay.

BEGBICK: Haven't we met somewhere? Galy Gay shakes his
head. Aren't you the man who carried my basket of cucumbers for me? Galy Gay shakes his head. Isn't your name Galy
Gay?

GALY GAY: No.
Beet Bagbick shaking his head. It grows dark. Galy Gay falls
asleep on his chair. Rain falls. Bagbick is heard singing to off
music.

BEGBICK:
Often as you may see the river sluggishly flowing
Each time the water is different.
What's gone can't go past again. Not one drop
Ever flows back to its starting point.

Interior of the Pagoda of the Yellow God

WANG the bourge and his sarsistan

SARISTAN: It is raining.

WANG: Bring in our leather palanquin out of the rain. The
sarsistan goes out. Now the last of our takings have been
stolen. And now the rain is coming in on my head through
those bullet holes. The sarsistan drags in the palanquin. Groans
from within. What's that? He looks inside. I knew it must be
a white man as soon as I saw what a disgusting state the
palanquin was in. Oh, he's wearing a uniform. And he's got
a bald spot, this thief. They've simply cut his hair off.
What shall we do with him? Since he is a soldier he must
be without brains. A soldier of his Queen, coated with
sicked-up drinks, more helpless than an infant hen, too
drunk to recognise his own mother. We can hand him to
the police. What's the good of that? Once the money has
gone what's the good of justice? And all he can do is
grant. Furiously: Heave him out, you cheese-hole, and
stuff him in the prayer-box, but make sure his head is on
top. Our best answer is to make a god of him. The sarsistan
puts Jip into the prayer box. Get me some paper. We must
hang out paper flags at once. We must immediately paint
posters for all we are worth. No false economies: I want it
to be a big operation, with posters that can't be overlooked.
What's the good of a god that doesn't get talked about? A
knock at the door. Who is calling on me at this hour?

POLLY: Three soldiers.

WANG: Those will be his comrades. He admits the three.

POLLY: We are looking for a gentleman, or more specifically
a soldier, who is sleeping in a leather box that once stood
outside this rich and distinguished temple.
Wang: May his awakening be a pleasant one.
Polly: That box however has disappeared.
Wang: I understand your impatience, which originates in uncertainty; for I too am looking for some men, about three all told, specifically soldiers, and I cannot find them.
Uriah: That will be extremely difficult. I'd say you might as well give up. But we thought you might know something about that leather box.
Wang: Unhappily not. The unpleasant fact is that all your honourable soldiers wear the same clothes.
Jesse: That is not unpleasant. Inside the said leather box just now is sitting a man who is very ill.
Polly: Having moreover lost a certain amount of hair through his illness he is in urgent need of help.
Uriah: Might you have seen such a man?
Wang: Unhappily not. I did however find hair such as you mention. But a sergeant in your army took it away with him. He wished to give it back to the honourable soldier.
Jip groans inside the prayer box.
Polly: What is that, sir?
Wang: That is my cow who is slumbering.
Uriah: Your cow does not seem to slumber very well.
Polly: This is the palanquin we staffed Jip into. Permit me to inspect it.
Wang: It will be best if I tell you the whole truth. It is the same palanquin.
Polly: It's as full of nick as a slop pail on the third day of Christmas. Jesse, it's obvious Jip was here.
Wang: He couldn't have been in that, now, could he? Nobody would get into such a filthy palanquin.
Jip groans loudly.
Uriah: We've got to have our fourth man. Even if it means murdering our own grandmother.
Wang: I fear the man you are looking for is not here. But make it clear to you that the man who in your opinion is here but of whose presence I have no knowledge is not yet

One of them has a face, so you can see who he is, but three of them have no faces. You cannot recognise them. Now the man with the face has got no money, so he is not a thief. Those with the money however have got no faces, so you cannot know them. Unless they are together, that is. But once they are together the three faceless ones will grow faces, and other people's money will be found on them. You will never make me believe that a man who might be here is your man.
The three threaten him with their weapons, but at a sign from Wang the sacristan appears with Chinese worshippers.
Jesse: We shall not disturb your night's rest any longer, sir. Besides, your tea doesn't agree with us. Your drawing, to be sure, is very clever. Come along.
Wang: It grieves me to see you depart.
Uriah: Do you really believe that when our comrade wakes up, no matter where, wild horses will prevent him from coming back to us?
Wang: Wild horses possibly not, but a small portion of domestic horse, who knows?
Uriah: Once he's shaken the beer out of his head he'll be back. The three bow amid deep bows.
Jip inside the prayer box: Hey!
Wang draws the attention of the worshippers to his god.
The Canteen

Late at night. Galy Gay is sitting in his chair, still asleep. The two soldiers appear in the window.

Polly: He's still sitting there. Like an Irish mammoth, isn't he?
Uriah: Perhaps he didn't want to leave on account of the ticket.
Jesse: Who can say? Anyhow we're going to need him again now.
Polly: Don't you think that Jip will be back?
Jesse: Uriah, I know that Jip will not be back.
Polly: We can hardly tell this porter the same old tale again.
Jesse: What do you think, Uriah?
Uriah: I think I'll have a kip.
Polly: But suppose this porter now gets up and walks out of that door our heads will be hanging by a mere thread.
Jesse: Definitely. But I'm turning in now too. You can't expect too much of a fellow.
Polly: Perhaps it's best if we all have a kip. It's too depressing and it's really all the fault of the rain.

Exeunt the three.

Interior of the Pagoda of the Yellow God

Towards morning. Large posters on all sides. The sound of an old gramophone and of a drum. Religious ceremonies of some importance appear to be going on in the background.

Wang approaches the prayer box; to the suqriistan: Roll those camel-dung balls quicker, you trash! Close to the prayer box: Is the honourable soldier still asleep?

Jip inside: Shall we be de-training soon, Jesse? This truck is shaking so dreadfully, and it's as cramped as a water closet.
Wang: Honourable soldier, you must not imagine that you are in a railway truck. If anything is shaking it is the beer in your honourable head.
Jip inside: Nonsense. Who's that singing in the gramophone?
Can't it stop?
Wang: Come on out, honourable soldier, eat a piece of meat from a cow.
Jip inside: Is it all right for me to have a piece of meat, Polly?
He pounces on the sides of the prayer box.
Wang running to the rear: Quiet, you wretches! The god you can hear knocking on the walls of the holy prayer box is asking for five tael. Grace is being shown unto you. Take a collection, Mah Sing.
Jip inside: Uriah, Uriah, where am I?
Wang: Knock a little more, honourable soldier, on the other wall, honourable general, with both your feet, emphatically.
Jip inside: Hey, what is this? Where am I? Where are you? Uriah, Jesse, Polly!
Wang: Your grovelling servant is desirous of knowing what food and strong drinks the honourable soldier wishes to call for.
Jip inside: Hey, who's that? What is that voice that sounds like a fat rat talking?
Wang: That moderately fat rat, colonel, is your friend Wang from Tientsin.
Jip inside: What town am I in now?
Wang: A wretched town, exalted patron, a hole known as Kilkoo.
Jip inside: Let me out!
Wang to the rear: When you have finished rolling the camel dung into balls, lay them out on a dish, beat the drum and light them. To Jip: At once, honourable soldier, if only you promise not to run away.
JIP inside: Open up, you voice of a muskrat, open up, doors, hear I!

WANG: Wait, wait, ye faithfull! Stay where you are for one instant. The god will speak to you in three thunderclaps. Count them carefully. Four, no, five. Too bad he only wishes you to sacrifice five taels. *Taps on the pavement in a friendly tone:* Honourable soldier, here is a beefsteak in your mouth.

JIP inside: Oh, now I feel it, my insides are utterly corroded, I must have rinsed them in pure alcohol. Oh, it may be that I have had too much to drink and now I am having to eat the same amount.

WANG: You may eat a whole cow, honourable soldier, and beefsteak already awaits you. But I fear you will run away, honourable soldier. Do you promise me that you will not run away?

JIP inside: Let's have a look at it first. *Wang lets him out.* How did I get here?

WANG: Through the air, honourable general. You can fly through the air.

JIP: Where was I when you found me?

WANG: Designing to eat in an old palanquin, Beelzebub. And where are my comrades? Where is the Eight Regiment? Where is our machine-gun section? Where are those twelve troop trains and four elephant parks? Where is the whole British Army? Where have they all gone, you grimly yellow spittoon?

WANG: Somewhere beyond the Punjab Mountains a month ago. But here is a beefsteak.

JIP: What? And me? Where was I? What was I doing when they were moving off?

WANG: Beer, much beer, one thousand bottles, and making money too.

JIP: Didn’t people come asking for me?

WANG: Unfortunately not.

JIP: That is disagreeable.

WANG: But if they should come now, looking for a man in the uniform of a white soldier, should I bring them to you, honourable Minister of War?

JIP: That is not necessary.

WANG: If you don't want to be disturbed, Johnny, just step into this box, Johnny, in case anyone comes who offends your eye.

JIP: Where’s that beefsteak? *Sits down and eats.* It's far too small. What is that ghastly noise?

JIP: *To the sound of drumming the smoke from the cannon-dung balls rises to the ceiling.*

WANG: That is the prayers of the faithful who are down on their knees back there.

JIP: It’s from a tough part of the cow. Who are they praying to?

WANG: That is their secret.

JIP eating more quickly: This is a good beefsteak, but it is wrong that I should be sitting here. Polly and Jesse are sure to have waited for me. They may still be waiting. It’s as soft as butter. It is bad of me to be eating. I can hear Polly telling Jesse: Jip will definitely be back. As soon as he’s sobered up, Jip will be back. Uriah may not exactly burst himself waiting, because Uriah is a bad man, but Jesse and Polly will say: Jip will be back. No question but this is an appropriate meal for me after all that liquor. If only Jesse didn’t have such blind faith in his old friend Jip; but as it is he’s saying: Jip won’t let us down, and of course that’s hard for me to bear. It’s all wrong that I should be sitting here, but this is good meat.
The Canteen

Early morning. Gay Gay is still asleep in his chair. The three are eating breakfast.

POLLY: Jip will be back.
JESSE: Jip won't let us down.
POLLY: As soon as he's sobered up, Jip will be back.
URIAH: You never can tell. Anyway we won't let this pot out of our hands so long as Jip is still out on the tiles.
JESSE: He never left.
POLLY: He must be frozen stiff. He spent the whole night on that wooden chair.
URIAH: But we had a good night's sleep and are in fine shape again.
POLLY: And Jip will be back. That much is clear to my sound, well-rested military mind. As soon as Jip wakes up, he'll want his beer, and then Jip will be back.

Enter Wang. He goes to the bar and rings. Enter Widow Begbick.

BEGBICK: I'm not serving native undesirables, nor yellow ones neither.
WANG: For a white man: ten bottles of good light beer.
BEGBICK: For a white man: ten bottles of light beer. She gives him the ten bottles.
WANG: Yes, for a white man. Exit Wang, bowing to all. Jem, Polly and Uriah exchange looks.

URIAH: Jip won't be back now. We must take some beer on board. Widow Begbick, in future you will keep twenty beers and ten whiskies permanently at action stations. Begbick pours beer and goes out. The three drink and observe the sleeping Gay Gay.
POLLY: But how do we manage it, Uriah? All we have is Jip's paybook.

URIAH: That's enough. That'll give us a new Jip. People are taken much too seriously. One equals no one. Anything less than two hundred at a time is not worth mentioning. Of course anybody can be of a different opinion. An opinion is of no consequence whatever. Any level-headed man can level-headedly adopt two or three different opinions.
JESSE: They can stuff their 'personalities'.
POLLY: But what's he going to say if we turn him into Private Jeriah Jip?
URIAH: His kind change of their own accord, you know. Throw him into a pond, and two days later he'll have webs growing between his fingers. That's because he's got nothing to lose.
JESSE: Never mind what he says, we've got to have a tooth man. Wake him up.
POLLY wakes Gay Gay: Dear sir, what a piece of luck that you didn't leave. Circumstances have arisen which prevented our friend Jeriah Jip from reporting here on time.
URIAH: Are you of Irish extraction?
GALY GAY: I think so.
URIAH: That is a help. I trust you are not over forty, Mr Galy Gay?
GALY GAY: I am not as old as that.
URIAH: Brilliant. Have you by any chance got flat feet?
GALY GAY: Somewhat.
URIAH: That settles it. Your fortune is made. For the time being you can remain here.
GALY GAY: Unhappily my wife is expecting me in connection with a fish.
POLLY: We understand your hesitations: they are honourable and worthy of an Irishman. But we like your appearance.
JESSE: And what's more, it fits the bill. There may perhaps be an opening for you to become a soldier. Gay Gay is silent.
URIAH: The soldier's life is extremely pleasant. Every week they give us a handful of money and all we have to do in
Man equals Man

return is to foot it round India gazing at these highways and pagodas. Kindly take a look at the comfortable leather sleeping bags that are issued to a soldier free of charge. Cast your eye on this rifle bearing the trademark of the firm of Everett and Co. Mostly we amuse ourselves fishing with tackle bought for us by Mum, as we laughingly call the army, while a number of military bands take it in turns to provide music. For the remainder of the day you amble in your bungalow or idly observe the golden palaces of one of those Rajahs, whom you may also shoot if you feel inclined. The ladies expect a great deal from us soldiers but never money, and that, you must admit, is yet another attraction. Galy Gay is silent.

POLLY: The soldier's life in wartime is particularly pleasant. Only in battle does a man attain his full stature. Do you realise that you are living in momentous times? Before each infantry attack the soldier is given a large glass of spirits free of charge, after which his courage is boundless, positively boundless.

GALY GAY: I realise that the soldier's life is a pleasant one.

URIAH: Definitely. So this means you can keep your military uniform with its pretty brass buttons and have a right to be called Mr at any moment: Mr Jip.

GALY GAY: You cannot wish to cause unhappiness to a poor potter.

JESSE: Why not?

URIAH: You mean you want to leave?

GALY GAY: Yes, I am leaving now.

JESSE: Polly, go and get his clothes.

POLLY WITH THE CLOTHES: What's the reason for your not wanting to be Jip, then?

Fairchild appears at the window.

GALY GAY: The fact that I am Galy Gay. He goes to the door.

The three look at one another.

URIAH: Just wait a minute longer.

POLLY: Have you ever heard the saying: More haste, less speed?

URIAH: You are up against the sort of men who don't like accepting free gifts from strangers.

JESSE: Whatever your name is, you should get something for having been so obliging.

URIAH: It all boils down - all right, keep your hand on the doorknob - to a bit of business.

Galy Gay steps short.

JESSE: This bit of business is as good as anything Kilkos has to offer, aren't I right, Polly? You know, if we could manage to get our hands on that . . .

URIAH: It is our duty to offer you a chance to get in on this stupendous bit of business.

GALY GAY: Business? Did I hear you say business?

URIAH: Possibly. But you've no time for that, have you?

GALY GAY: There's having time and having time.

POLLY: Oh, you'd have time all right. If you knew what this bit of business was you'd have time all right. After all, Lord Kitchener had time to conquer Egypt.

GALY GAY: I should think so. You mean it's a big bit of business?

POLLY: For the Maharajah of Peshawar it might be. But it might not be all that big perhaps for a big man like you.

GALY GAY: What would I have to contribute in this bit of business?

JESSE: Nothing.

POLLY: At the most you might have to sacrifice your moustache, which could possibly provoke undesirable notoriety.

GALY GAY: I see. He takes his things and starts for the door.

POLLY: What an utter elephant!

GALY GAY: Elephant? Elephants are a goldmine of course. If you've got an elephant you'll never end up in the workhouse.

Excitedly takes a chair and sits down in the centre of the group.
URIAH: Elephant? You bet we've got an elephant.
GALY GAY: Would your elephant be such as to be instantly available?
POLLY: An elephant! That's something he seems extremely keen on.
GALY GAY: So you have an elephant available?
POLLY: Who ever heard of a bit of business involving an unavailable elephant?
GALY GAY: Well, in that case, Mr Polly, I too would be glad to get my cut of this.
URIAH hesitantly: The only trouble is the Devil of Kilkoo.
GALY GAY: The devil of Kilkoo, what's that?
POLLY: Speak quieter. You're speaking the name of the Human Typhoon, Bloody Five, our sergeant.
GALY GAY: What does he do to get such names?
POLLY: Oh, nothing. Occasionally when a man gives the wrong name at roll call he bundles him up in six feet of canvas and dumps him in among the elephants.
GALY GAY: So you need a man with a head on his shoulders.
URIAH: You have that head, Mr Galy Gay.
POLLY: A head like that has something in it.
GALY GAY: Nothing to speak of. But I do know a riddle that might be of interest to educated persons like yourselves.
JESSE: You are in fact surrounded by expert riddle-guessers.
GALY GAY: It goes like this: what's white, is a mammal, and can see as well behind as in front?
JESSE: That's a hard one.
GALY GAY: You'll never guess this riddle. I couldn't guess it myself. A mammal. White. Sees as well behind as in front.
A blind white horse.
URIAH: It's a prodigious riddle.
POLLY: And you just keep all that in your head?
GALY GAY: As a rule, because I'm no good at writing. But fancy I'm the right man for any bit of business.
The three go to the bar. Galy Gay takes a box of his cigars and hands it round.

URIAH: Matches!
GALY GAY while lighting their cigars: Gentlemen, permit me to prove to you that you have selected no bad associate for your bit of business. Do you happen to have some heavy objects handy?
JESSE points to some weights and clubs lying along the wall by the door: There you are.
GALY GAY taking the heaviest weight and lifting it: I'm a member of the Kilkoo Wrestling Club, you see.
URIAH handing him a bottle of beer: Anyone can tell that from the way you behave.
GALY GAY drinking: Yes, we wrestlers have our own way of behaving. There are certain rules. For instance, when a wrestler comes into a room full of people, he hoists his shoulders on entering, raises his arms to shoulder height, then lets them dangle and saunters into the room. He drinks. Join up with me and you can rob a bank.
FAIRCHILD enters: There's a woman out here who is looking for an individual called Galy Gray.
GALY GAY: Galy Gay! Galy Gay's the name of the individual she's looking for.
FAIRCHILD looks at him for a moment, then fetches Mrs Galy Gay.
GALY GAY to the three: Don't worry, she's a gentle soul, being as how she's from a province where nearly everyone is friendly. You can rely on me. Galy Gay has tasted blood.
FAIRCHILD: Come in, Mrs Gray. There's a man here who knows your husband. He comes back with Galy Gay's wife.
MRS GALY GAY: Excuse a humble woman, gentlemen, and pardon the way I am dressed, I was in such a hurry. Ah, there you are, Galy Gay. But are you really you in that army uniform?
GALY GAY: No.
MRS GALY GAY: I can't make you out. How do you come to be in uniform? It doesn't suit you a bit, ask anybody. You're a strange man, Galy Gay.
URIAH: She isn't right in the head.
MRS Galy Gay: It's not easy being married to someone who cannot say no.

Galy Gay: I wonder who she's talking to.

Uriah: Sounds like insults to me.

Fairchild: In my opinion Mrs Gray is extremely lucid in the head. Please go on talking, Mrs Gray. Your voice is more grateful to my ears than a coloratura soprano.

MRS Galy Gay: I don't know what you're up to this time with your big ideas, but you'll come to no good end. Come along now. Why don't you say something? Have you got a sore throat?

Galy Gay: I do believe you are addressing all that to me.

You've mistaken me for someone else, let me tell you, and what you're saying about him is stupid and tactless.

MRS Galy Gay: What's that? Mistaken you? Have you been drinking? He can't stand drink, you see.

Galy Gay: I'm no more your Galy Gay than I'm the Army Commander.

MRS Galy Gay: I put the water on around this time yesterday, but you never brought the fish.

Galy Gay: What's this about a fish? You are talking as if you had lost your wits, and in front of all these gentlemen too!

Fairchild: This is a most remarkable case. It conjures up such frightful thoughts that cold shivers go running down my spine. Does any of you know this woman? The three shake their heads. How about you?

Galy Gay: I've seen many things in my life, from Ireland to Killora, but I never before set eyes on this woman.

Fairchild: Tell the woman your name.

Galy Gay: Jerash Jip.

MRS Galy Gay: This is the limit! All the same, sergeant, now I come to look at him I almost get the feeling that he is somehow different from my husband Galy Gay the per- ter, somehow different though I couldn't put my finger on it.
Interlude

Spoken by the Widow Leokadja Begbick.

Herr Bertolt Brecht maintains man equals man
- A view that has been around since time began.
But then Herr Brecht points out how far one can
Manoeuvre and manipulate that man.
Tonight you are going to see a man reassembled like a car,
Leaving all his individual components just as they are.
He has some kind friends by whom he is pressed
Entirely in his own interest.
To conform with this world and its twists and turns
And give up pursuing his own fishy concerns.
So whatever the purpose of his various transformations
He always lives up to his friends’ expectations.
Indeed if we people were to let him out of our sight
They could easily make a butcher of him overnight.
Herr Bertolt Brecht hopes you’ll feel the ground on
which you stand.
Slither between your toes like shifting sand
So that the case of Galy Gay the porter makes you aware
Life on this earth is a hazardous affair.

troops to take their guns and elephants and board the
trains, and orders those trains to head for the northern
frontier. Your General therefore commands you to be seated
in those trains before the moon is up.
Widow Begbick sits behind her bar, smoking.

Begbick:
In Yehoo, the city that is always crowded and
Where no one stays, they sing
A song of the Flow of Things
Which starts with:

She sings:

Don’t try to hold on to the wave
That’s breaking against your foot: so long as
You stand in the stream fresh waves
Will always keep breaking against it.

She stands up, takes a stick and starts pushing back the canvas
awnings.

I was seven years in one place, had a roof over
My head
And was not alone.
But the man who kept me fed and who was unlike anyone
else
One day
Lay unrecognisable beneath a dead man’s shroud.
All the same that evening I ate my supper
And soon I let off the room in which we had
Embraced one another
And the room kept me fed
And now that it no longer feeds me
I continue to eat.
I said:

9

The Canteen

The sounds of an army breaking camp. A loud noise is heard from
backstage.

The voice: War has broken out as predicted. The Army
will move to the northern frontier. The Queen calls on her
Sings:

Don't try to hold on to the wave
That's breaking against your foot: so long as
You stand in the stream fresh waves
Will always keep breaking against it.

She sits down at the bar again. The three enter with several soldiers.

URIAH in the centre: My friends, war has broken out. This period of disorder is over. So no more allowances cashmade for private inclinations. Galy Gay, the potter from Kilkara, has accordingly to be transformed in double quick time into the soldier Jeriah Jip. To this end we shall get him involved in a bit of business, as is normal in our day and age, which will mean constructing an artificial elephant. Polly, take this pole and the elephant's head that's hanging on that wall, while you, Jesse, take this bottle and pour it whenever Galy Gay wants to check if the elephant can make water. And I shall spread this map over the two of you. *They build an artificial elephant.* We'll present him with this elephant and bring along a buyer, and then if he asks the elephant we'll arrest him and say: How do you come to be selling a WD elephant? At that point he will surely think it better to be Jeriah Jip, a soldier proceeding to the northern frontier, than Galy Gay, a criminal with some chance of actually being shot.

A SOLDIER: Do you people really imagine he's going to take that thing for an elephant?

JESSE: Is it all that bad?

URIAH: He'll take it for an elephant all right, let me tell you. He'd take this beer bottle for an elephant if somebody points at it and says: I want to buy that elephant.

SOLDIER: Then you need a buyer.
under the microscope, we are getting under the skin of a
colourful character. Steps are being taken. Technology
intervenes. At the lathe or at the conveyor belt great men
and little men are the same, even in stature. Personally
Remember that the ancient Assyrians, Widow Begbick, depicted personality as a tree branching out. Like a
branching out! After which, Widow Begbick, it branches
in again. How does Copernicus put it? What turns? The
earth turns. The earth, in other words the human race.
According to Copernicus, i.e., man is not in the centre.
Take a look at him, now. Is that what is supposed to stay
in the centre? It’s antediluvian. Man is nothing. Modern
science has proved that everything is relative. What does
that mean? Table, bench, water, shoe horn — all relative.
You, Widow Begbick, me — relative. Look into my eye.
Widow Begbick, it’s an historic moment. Man is in the
centre, but only relatively speaking. Both go off.

No. I

Uriah calls out: Number One: The Elephant Deal. The
MG section transfers an elephant to the man whose name
must not be mentioned.

Gay Gay: One more swig from the cherry brandy bottle
one more puff at the Corona Corona, then the plunge in
life.

Uriah introduces the elephant to Gay Gay: Billy Humph, cham-
pion of Bengal, elephant in Her Majesty’s service.

Gay Gay sees the elephant and is alarmed: Is this the
elephant?

A soldier: He’s got a bad cold, as you can see from his
scarf.

Gay Gay worried, walks round the elephant: His scarf isn’t the
worst thing about him.

Begbick: I am the buyer. She points to the elephant. Sell me
that elephant.

Gay Gay: Do you truly want to buy this elephant?

Begbick: It makes no difference how big or small he is; it’s
just that I’ve wanted to buy an elephant ever since I was a
child.

Gay Gay: Is he truly what you imagined?

Begbick: When I was a child I wanted an elephant as big as
the Hindu Kush, but today this one will do.

Gay Gay: Well, Widow Begbick, if you truly wish to buy
this elephant I am the owner.

A soldier comes running from the rear: Pst... pst...
Bloody Five is going round the camp checking all railway
trucks.

The soldiers: The Human Typhoon!

Begbick: Stay here; nobody’s taking this elephant off me.

Begbick and the soldiers hurry off.

Uriah to Gay Gay: Look after the elephant for a moment,
will you? Hands him the rope.

Gay Gay: But what about me, Mr Uriah, where am I sup-
posed to go?

Uriah: Just stay there. He runs off after the other soldiers. Gay
Gay holds the rope by the extreme end.

Gay Gay alone: My mother used to say: No one knows any-
ting for sure. But you know nothing whatsoever. This
morning, Gay Gay, you went out to buy a small fish and
now you have got a large elephant, and nobody knows
what will happen tomorrow. It’s no concern of yours so
long as you get your cheque.

Uriah looks in: So help me, he’s not even looking at the
elephant. He’s keeping as far from it as he can. Fairchild is
seen passing by in the background. The Tiger of Kilkoo was
just passing by.

Uriah, Begbick and the rest of the soldiers reappear.
No. II

Uriah calls out: And now for Number Two: the Elephant Auction. The man whose name must not be mentioned sells the elephant.

Galy Gay fetches a bell; Begbrick puts a wooden bucket upon down in mid-stage.

A soldier: Got any more doubts about that elephant mate?

Galy Gay: As somebody is buying him I have no doubt.

Uriah: That's it; if somebody is buying him he must be all right.

Galy Gay: I can't say no to that. Elephant equals elephant, particularly when he is being bought.

He mounts the bucket to auction off the elephant, who is standing beside him in the centre of the group.

Galy Gay: Let's get on with the sale. I hereby invite bids for Billy Humph, the champion of Bengal. He was born a sure as you see him standing here, in the southern Punjab. Seven Rajahs stood by his cradle. His mother was white. He is sixty-five years old. That's no great age. Thirteen hundredweight, he weighs, and a forest that has to be cleared is to him like a blade of grass in the wind. Billy Humph, as you see him now, represents a small goldmine for his eventual possessor.

Uriah: And here comes Widow Begbrick with the cheque.

Begbrick: Does this elephant belong to you?

Galy Gay: Like my own foot.

A soldier: Billy must be pretty old, to judge from his uncommonly stiff deportment.

Begbrick: So you will have to bring the price down a little.

Galy Gay: His cost was two hundred rupees ex works, and he will be worth that until he goes to his grave.

Begbrick examines him: Two hundred rupees with a bell sagging like that?

Galy Gay: In my view he is nevertheless the thing for a widow.

Begbrick: Very well. But is he in good health? Billy Humph makes water. That will do. I see that he is a healthy elephant.

Five hundred rupees.

Galy Gay: Five hundred rupees. Going, going, gone at five hundred rupees. Widow Begbrick, you will take over this elephant from me as its previous owner, and settle by cheque.

Begbrick: Your name?

Galy Gay: Is not to be mentioned.

Begbrick: Kindly lend me a pencil, Mr Uriah, so that I may make out a cheque to this gentleman who wishes his name not to be mentioned.

Uriah aside to the soldiers: Arrest him when he takes the cheque.

Begbrick: Here is your cheque, man whose name is not to be mentioned.

Galy Gay: And here, Widow Begbrick, is your elephant.

A soldier: Laying his hand on Galy Gay's shoulder: In the name of the British Army, what are you up to?


The soldier: What is that elephant you have got there?

Galy Gay: Which elephant do you mean?

The soldier: The one behind you, broadly speaking. No prevaricating, now.

Galy Gay: I know not the elephant.

Soldiers: Cor!

A soldier: We can testify that this gentleman said the elephant belonged to him.

Begbrick: He said it belonged to him like his own foot.

Galy Gay: Starts to go: Unfortunately I have to go as my wife is expecting me urgently. He forces his way through the group. I'll be back to discuss the matter with you. Good night.

To Billy, who is following him: You stay here, Billy, don't be so pig-headed. That's sugar cane growing over there.
Man equals Man

URIAH: Halt! Cover that criminal with your service pistols.
Yes, a criminal, that's what he is.
Polly, inside Billy Climphul, laughs loudly. Uriah hits him.

URIAH: Shut up, Polly!
The front canvas stirs, leaving Polly visible.

POLLY: Damnation!
Galy Gay, now utterly bewildered, looks at Polly. Then he looks
from one to the other. The elephant runs away.

BEGBICK: What is going on? That's no elephant, it's just
men and tarpaulin. The whole thing's phoney. Such a
phony elephant for my genuine money!

URIAH: Widow Begbick, the criminal will forthwith be
bound with cords and flung into the latrine.
The soldiers bind Galy Gay and put him into a pit so that only
his head is visible. The artillery is heard rolling by.

BEGBICK: The gunners are loading up. When are you going to pack my canteen? You know, it is not just you
man that has got to be dismantled but my canteen too.
All the soldiers begin packing up the canteen. Before they have
finished Uriah chases them away. Begbick comes forward with a
basket loaded with dirty tarpaulins, kettles beside a small trophy
and washes them. Galy Gay listens to her song.

In this way I too had a name
And those who heard that name in the city said 'It's a
good name'
But one night I drank four glasses of schnapps
And one morning I found chalked on my door
A bad word.
Then the milkman took back my milk again.
My name was finished.
Like linen that once was white and gets dirty
And can go white once more if you wash it
But hold it up to the light, and look: it's not
The same linen.
So don't speak your name so distinctly. What is the point?

Considering that you are always using it to name a different
person.
And wherfore such loud opinions, forget them.
What were they, did you say? Never remember
Anything longer than its own duration.

She sings:

Don't try to hold on to the wave
That's breaking against your foot: so long as
You stand in the stream fresh waves
Will always keep breaking against it.

She goes off. Uriah and the soldiers come in from the rear.

No. III

URIAH calls out: And now comes Number Three: the Trial
of the Man Whose Name Is Not to be Mentioned. Form a
circle round the criminal and interrogate him and do not
stop until you know the naked truth.

GALY GAY: May I have permission to say something?

URIAH: You have said a lot tonight, mister. Does anyone
know what the man was called who put the elephant up for
auction?

A SOLDIER: He was called Galy Gay.

URIAH: Can anyone testify to that?

THE SOLDIERS: We can testify to that.

URIAH: What has the accused got to say on that point?

GALY GAY: He was someone whose name was not to be men-
tioned.

The soldiers grumble.

A SOLDIER: I heard him say he was Galy Gay.

URIAH: Isn't that you?
GALY GAY: Well, supposing I were Galy Gay, perhaps I might be the man you are looking for.

URIAH: Then you are not Galy Gay?
GALY GAY: No, I am not.

URIAH: And perhaps you were not even present when Billy Humph was put up for auction?
GALY GAY: No, I was not present.

URIAH: But you saw that it was someone called Galy Gay who conducted the sale?
GALY GAY: Yes, I can testify to that.

URIAH: So now you are saying that you were present after all?
GALY GAY: I can testify to that.

URIAH: Did you all hear? Do you see the moon? The moon has risen, and here he is up to his neck in this crooked elephant business. As for Billy Humph, wasn’t there something a bit wrong with him?

JESSE: There certainly was.

A SOLDIER: The man called it an elephant, but it was nothing of the sort, just made of paper.

URIAH: In other words he was selling a phoney elephant. Which of course carries the death penalty. What have you to say to that?

GALY GAY: Perhaps another elephant might not have taken him for an elephant. It is very hard to keep all this straight, your Honour.

URIAH: Indeed it is extremely complicated, but I think you will have to be shot none the less, because your behavior has been highly suspicious. Galy Gay is silent. Come to think of it, I have heard of a soldier by the name of Jip who even answered to that name at sundry roll calls, while trying to make people think his name was Galy Gay. Are you by any chance the Jip in question?
GALY GAY: No, certainly not.

URIAH: So you are not called Jip? Then what is your name?
No answer? Then you are a man whose name is not to be mentioned. Are you by any chance the man at the elephant auction whose name was not to be mentioned? What? Again no answer? That is immensely suspicious, almost enough to get you convicted. What is more, the criminal who sold the elephant is said to have been a man with a moustache, and you have got a moustache. Come on, men, all this calls for discussion. He goes to the rear with the soldiers. Two of them stay with Galy Gay.

URIAH as he leaves: Now he doesn’t want to be Galy Gay any more.

GALY GAY after a pause: Can you two hear what they are saying?

A SOLDIER: No.

GALY GAY: Are they saying that I am this Galy Gay?

SECOND SOLDIER: They are saying it’s no longer all that certain.

GALY GAY: Better remember: one man equals no man.

SECOND SOLDIER: Anybody know who this war’s against?
FIRST SOLDIER: If they need cotton it’ll be Tibet, and if they need wood it’ll be Pamir.

JESSE arriving: Surely that’s Galy Gay sitting tied up here?
FIRST SOLDIER: Hey, you, answer him.

GALY GAY: I think you’re mistaking me for someone else, Jesse. Take a good look at me.

JESSE: Ha, aren’t you Galy Gay? Galy Gay shakes his head. Leave us for a moment; he has just been sentenced to death, so I have to speak to him.

The two soldiers go to the rear.

GALY GAY: Has it come to that? Oh, Jesse, help me, you are a great soldier.

JESSE: How did it happen?

GALY GAY: Well, Jesse, it’s like this: I don’t know. There we were, smoking and drinking, and I talked my soul away.

JESSE: I heard them say it’s someone called Galy Gay who’s supposed to be killed.

GALY GAY: Out of the question.
JESSE: Ha, aren't you Galy Gay?
GALY GAY: Wipe the sweat from my face, Jesse.
JESSE does so: Look me straight in the eye, I'm your friend.
Jesse. Aren't you Galy Gay from Kilkoo?
GALY GAY: No, you must have got it wrong.
JESSE: There were four of us when we left Kankerda.
Were you with us then?
GALY GAY: Yes, at Kankerda I was with you.
JESSE goes to the rear to the other soldiers: The moon is not up, and he is already wanting to be Jip.
URIAH: All the same, I think we'd better put a little more fear of death into him.
The artillery is heard rolling by.
BEGBICK enters: That's the gunners, Uriah. Help me fold up the awnings. And the rest of you, carry on taking it down. The soldiers are loading sections of the canton into the wagons. Just one plank wall remains standing, Uriah and Begbick fold the tarpaulins.

I spoke to many people and listened
Carefully and heard many opinions
And heard many say of many things: 'That is for sure'.
But when they came back they spoke differently from the way they spoke earlier
And it was something else of which they said: 'That is for sure'.
At that I told myself: of all sure things
The surest is doubt.

URIAH goes to the rear. So does Begbick with her laundry basket,
passing Galy Gay. She sings:

Don't try to hold on to the wave
That's breaking against your foot: so long as
You stand in the stream fresh waves
Will always keep breaking against it.

GALY GAY: Widow Begbick, may I ask you to get a pair of scissors and cut my moustache off?
BEGBICK: What for?
GALY GAY: I know what for all right.
Begbick cuts off his moustache, wraps it in a cloth and takes it to the wagon. The soldiers receive it.

No. IV

URIAH calls out: And now for Number Four: the Execution of Galy Gay in the military cantonment at Kilkoo.

BEGBICK comes up to him: Mr Uriah, I have something for you here. She whispers something in his ear and gives him the cloth with the moustache in it.

URIAH goes to the lairine pit where Galy Gay is: Has the accused man anything further to say?

GALY GAY: Your Honour, they tell me the criminal who sold the elephant was a man with a moustache, and I have no moustache.

URIAH silently showing him the open cloth with the moustache: And what is this? You've really convicted yourself this time, my man, because cutting off that moustache of yours just shows your guilty conscience. Come now, man without a name, and hear the verdict of the Kilkoo court-martial which says that you are to be shot by a firing squad of five.

The soldiers drag Galy Gay out of the lairine pit.

GALY GAY shouting: You can't do that to me.

URIAH: You'll find that we can, though. Listen carefully, my man: first because you stole and sold a WD elephant—which is theft—; secondly because you sold an elephant which was no elephant—which is fraud—and thirdly because you are unable to produce any kind of name or identity document and may well be a spy—which is high treason.
GALY GAY: Oh, Uriah, why are you treating me like this?

URIAH: Come along now and conduct yourself as a good soldier like the army taught you. Quick march! Get moving so they can shoot you.

GALY GAY: Oh, do not be so hasty. I am not the man you are looking for. I have never met him. My name is Jip. I can swear it is. What is an elephant compared to a man's life? I didn't see that elephant, it was just a rope I was holding. Don't go away, please. I'm someone quite different. I am not Galy Gay. I am not.

JESSE: Oh yes you are, and nobody else. Under the trees rubber trees of Kilka Gal Gay will see his blood flowing. Get moving, Galy Gay.

GALY GAY: O God! Wait a minute, there has to be an official record listing the charges and showing that I didn't do it and that my name is not Galy Gay. Every detail must be weighed. You can't rush this sort of thing when a man is about to be slaughtered.

JESSE: Quick march!

GALY GAY: What do you mean, quick march? I am not the man you're looking for. All I wanted was to buy a fish, where do you find fish around here? What are those guns rolling by? What is that battle music blaring away? No, I am not budging. I'll cling to the grass. The whole thing must stop. And why is no one here when a man is being slaughtered?

BEGBICK: Once they start loading the elephants if you aren't ready you can be written off. She goes off. Gal Gay is led back and forth; he strides like the protagonist in a tragedy.

JESSE: Make way for the criminal whom the court martial has condemned to death.

SOLDIERS: Look, there's someone who's going to be shot. Perhaps it's a pity, he's not old yet. And he doesn't know how he got into this.

URIAH: Halt! Would you like to relieve yourself one last time?

GALY GAY: Yes.

URIAH: Guard him closely.

GALY GAY: They say that once the elephants arrive the soldiers will have to leave, so I must take my time to allow the elephants to get here.

SOLDIERS: Hurry up!

GALY GAY: I can't. Is that the moon?

SOLDIERS: Yes. It's getting late.

GALY GAY: Isn't that the Widow Begbick's bar where we always used to drink?

URIAH: No, my boy. This is the rifle range and here is the 'Johnny don't wet yourself' wall. Hey! Get fell in over there, you lot! And load your rifles. There should be five of them.

SOLDIERS: It's so hard to see in this light.

URIAH: Yes, it is very hard.

GALY GAY: Wait a moment, this won't do. You people must be able to see when you shoot.

URIAH to JESSE: Take that paper lantern and hold it beside him. He blindfolds Gal Gay. In a loud voice: Load your rifles! Under his breath: What are you doing, Polly? That's a live round you're putting in. Take it out.

POLLY: So sorry, I almost really loaded. And that could almost have led to a real disaster. The elephants are heard passing in the background. The soldiers stand for a moment as if transfixed.

BEGBICK off, calls: The elephants!

URIAH: It's all no use. He has got to be shot. I'll count up to three. One!

GALY GAY: All right, Uriah, enough is enough. The elephants have arrived, haven't they? Am I supposed to go on standing here, Uriah? But why are you all keeping so horribly still?

URIAH: Two!

GALY GAY laughing: You're a queer cuss, Uriah. I can't see you, because you blindfolded me. But your voice sounds just like if you were dead serious about it.
uriah: And one more makes...

G A L Y  G A Y: Whoah, don't say three, or you'll regret it. If you shoot now you're bound to hit me. Whoah! No, not yet. Listen to me. I confess! I confess I don't know what has been happening to me. Believe me, and don't laugh. I'm a man who doesn't know who he is. But I am not Galy Gay that much I do know. I'm not the man who is supposed to be shot. Who am I, though? Because I've forgotten. Last night when it rained I still knew. It rained last night didn't it? I beseech you, when you look over here or when this voice is coming from, it's me, I beseech you. Call it that place, say Galy Gay or something to it, be merciful! Give me a bit of meat. Where it goes in will be Galy Gay and likewise where it comes out. Or at the very least if you come across a man who has forgotten who he is, that'll be me. And it's him I am beseeching you to let go.

uriah: Once equals never! Three!

G A L Y  G A Y lets out a scream.

uriah: Fire!

G A L Y  G A Y falls down in a faint.

POLLY: Whoah! He fell of his own accord.

uriah shouts: Fire! So that he can hear he's dead.

The soldiers fire into the air.

uriah: Leave him there and get ready to move off.

G A L Y  G A Y is left lying as all the others exclaim.

No. IVa

Begbick and the three are sitting outside the packed wagon at a table with five chairs. To one side lies Galy Gay covered with a sack.

J E S S E: Here's the sergeant coming. Can you stop him poking his nose into our business, Widow Begbick?
BEGBICK: Eight women out of every nine would find the gory man divine.

FAIRCCHILD: Right: here we have the River Chadze. They stand five Hindus. Hands tied behind their backs. The along comes me with an ordinary service revolver, waves it in their faces a bit and says: this revolver has been firing. It has got to be tested. Like this. Then I fire—bang down you go, that man there! and so on four times more. That's all there was to it, gentlemen. He sits down.

JESSE: So that is how you came by your great name, which has made this widow your slave for life? From a humane point of view, of course, one might regard your conduct as unbecoming and say you are simply a swine.

BEGBICK: Are you a monster?

FAIRCCHILD: I would be very sorry if you took it like that.

Your opinion means a lot to me.

BEGBICK: But do you accept it as final?

FAIRCCHILD looking deeply into her eyes: Absolutely.

BEGBICK: In that case, my dear man, my opinion is that we must get my canteen packed up and have no more time for private matters, for now I can hear the lancers trotting past as they take their horses to be loaded.

The lancers are heard riding by.

POLLY: Are you still insisting on your own selfish desire, sir, even though the lancers are loading their horses as you have been told that for military reasons this canteen has to be packed up?

FAIRCCHILD bellowing: Yes, I am. Give me a drink.

POLLY: All right, but we'll soon settle your hash, my boy.

JESSE: Sir, not all that far from here a man clad in British Army service dress is lying under a rough tarpaulin. He is recuperating after a hard day's work. A mere twenty-four hours ago he was still—from a military point of view—a babe in arms. His wife's voice frightened him. Without guidance he was incapable of buying a fish. In return for a cigar he was prepared to forget his father's name. Some people took him in hand, because they happened to know of a place for him. Since then, admittedly at the cost of painful trials, he has become a man who will play his part in the battles to come. You on the other hand have declined into a mere civilian. At a time when the army is off to restore order on the northern frontier, a move that demands beer, you big shibboleth are deliberately hindering the proprietor of an army canteen from getting her beer wagon entrained.

POLLY: How can you hope to check our names at the last roll-call and enter all four of them in your sergeant's notebook as per regulations?

URIAH: How can you possibly hope to face a company thirsting to confront its countless enemies given the state you're in? Get up!

FAIRCCHILD rises unsteadily.

POLLY: Call that getting up?

Hit give Fairchild a kick in the bottom, which makes him fall down.

URIAH: Is this what they used to call the Human Typhoon?

Chuck that wreck into the bushes or he'll demonralise the company.

The three start dragging Fairchild to the rear.

A SOLDIER rushes in and stops at the rear: Is Sergeant Charles Fairchild here? The General says he is to hurry up and get his company fallen in at the goods station.

FAIRCCHILD: Don't tell him it's me.

JESSE: There is no such sergeant here.

No. V

Begbick and the three contemplate Galy Gay, who is still lying under the sack.

URIAH: Widow Begbick, we have reached the end of our assemblage. We believe that our man has now been reconstructed.
POLLY: I'd say all he needs now is a human voice.

JESSE: Have you got a human voice for this kind of ceremony, Widow Begbick?

BEGBICK: Yes, and something for him to eat. Take the crate here and write ‘Galy Gay’ on it in black chalk and then put a cross. They do so. Then form a funeral procession and bury him. The whole operation must not last more than nine minutes, as it's already a minute past two.

URIAH calls out: Number Five: Obsequies and Interment of Galy Gay, last of the personalities, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-five. The soldiers enter, doing up the packs. Pick up that crate there and form a neat funeral procession. The soldiers form up at the rear with the crape.

JESSE: And I shall step up to him and say: You are to deliver a funeral oration for Galy Gay. To Begbick: He won't say anything.

BEGBICK: That kind eats even when he's nobody.

She takes her basket over to Galy Gay, removes his sack and gives him food.

GALY GAY: More!

She gives him more; then she signals to Uriah and the procession comes downstage.

GALY GAY: Who's that they're carrying?

BEGBICK: That is someone who was shot at the last minute.

GALY GAY: What is he called?

BEGBICK: Wait a moment. Unless I am mistaken he was called Galy Gay.

GALY GAY: And what's to happen to him now?

BEGBICK: To whom?

GALY GAY: To this Galy Gay fellow.

BEGBICK: Now they're going to bury him.

GALY GAY: Was he a good man or a bad one?

BEGBICK: Oh, he was a dangerous man.

GALY GAY: Yes, he was shot, wasn't he; I was present.

The procession passes. Jesse steps and speaks to Galy Gay.

JESSE: Surely that is Jip? Jip, you must get up at once and give the address at this fellow Galy Gay's funeral, as you probably knew him better than any of us.

GALY GAY: Hey, are you actually able to see me down here?

JESSE: Yes, it's right. And what am I doing now? He bends his arm.

JESSE: Bending your arm.

GALY GAY: So I've bent my arm twice now. And now?

JESSE: Now you are walking like a soldier.

GALY GAY: Do you people walk the same way?

JESSE: Exactly the same way.

GALY GAY: And how will you address me when you want something?

JESSE: Jip.

GALY GAY: Try saying: Jip, walk around.

JESSE: Jip, walk around. Walk around under the rubber trees and rehearse your funeral oration for Galy Gay.

GALY GAY slowly walks over to the crate: Is this the crate he's in?

He walks around the procession as they hold up the crate. He walks faster and faster and tries to run away. Begbick holds him back.

BEGBICK: Are you looking for something? The Army's one remedy for all diseases, up to and including cholera, is castor oil. No soldier has any disease that castor oil won't cure. Would you like some castor oil?

GALY GAY shakes his head:

My mother on her calendar marked the day
When I came out, and the thing that cried was me.
This bundle of flesh, nails and hair
Is me, is me.

JESSE: Yes, Jeraiah Jip, Jeraiah Jip from Tipperary.

GALY GAY: Someone who carried cucumbers for tips.

Swindled by an elephant, he had to sleep quickly on a wooden chair for lack of time, because the fish water was
boiling in his hut. Nor had the machine-gun yet been cleaned, for they presented him with a cigar and five red barrels of which one was missing. Oh, what was his name?


Sounds of train whistling.

SOLDIERS: The trains are whistling. — Now it's every man for himself. They sling down the crate and run off.

JESSE: The convoy leaves in six minutes. He'll have to come as he is.

URIAH: Listen, Polly, and you too, Jesse. Fellow-soldiers. We are three survivors, and now that they have started sawing through the hair by which the three of us are suspended over the precipice you had better listen carefully what I say beneath the last wall of Kilkoo at approximately two o'clock in the morning. The man we want must be allowed a little time, since it is for all eternity that he will be changing. Therefore I, Uriah Shelley, am now drawing my service revolver and threatening you with instant death if any of you moves.

POLLY: But if he looks inside the crate we are sunk.

_Galy Gay sits down beside the crate._

GALY GAY:

I could not, without instant death
Gaze into a crate at a drained face
Of some person once familiar to me from the water's face
Into which a man looked who, so I realise, died.
Therefore I am unable to open this crate
Because this fear is in the both of me, for perhaps
I am the Both which has just come about
On our earth's transformable top surface:
A chopped-off batlike thing hanging
Betwixt rubber trees and hut, a night bird
A thing that would gladly be cheerful.
One man equals no man. Some one has to call him.

Therefore
I would gladly have looked into this chest
As the heart clings to its parents.

Given a forest, which would still be there
If no one walked through it, and the very man
Who walked through where a forest once was:
How do they recognise one another?
When he sees his own footprints among the reeds
With water spurtling into them, does that puddle mean anything to him?
What is your opinion?

By what sign does Galy Gay know himself
To be Galy Gay?
Suppose his arm was cut off
And he found it in the chink of a wall
Would Galy Gay's eye know Galy Gay's arm
And Galy Gay's foot cry out: This is the one?
Therefore I am not looking into this chest.
Moreover in my opinion the difference
Between yes and no is not all that great.
And if Galy Gay were not Galy Gay
Then he would be the drinking son of some mother who
Would be some other man's mother if she
Were not his, and thus would anyway drink.
And would have been produced in March, not in September
Unless instead of March he had
Been produced only in September of this year, or already
In September the year before
Which represents that one small year's difference
That turns one man into another man.
And I, the one I and the other I
Are used and accordingly usable.
And since I never gazed at that elephant
I shall close an eye to what concerns myself
And shed what is not likeable about me and thereby
Be pleasant.

Noise of moving trains.

GALGAY: And what trains are those? Where are they off to?
BEGBICK: This army is heading straight into the fire-belching cannon of the battles that have been planned for the north. Tonight a hundred thousand will march in a single direction. That direction is from south to north. When a man gets caught up in such a stream he seeks out two to march beside him, one right and one left. He looks for a rifle and a haversack and an identity disc to go round his neck and a number on that identity disc so that when they find him they can tell what unit he belonged to, so he can be given his place in a mass grave. Have you got an identity disc?

GALGAY: Yes.
BEGBICK: What’s on it?
GALGAY: Jeremiah Jip.
BEGBICK: Well, Jeremiah Jip, better have a wash, for you look like a rubbish heap. Make yourself ready. The army is leaving for the northern frontier. The fire-belching cannon of the northern battlefields are awaiting it. The army is thirsting to restore order in the populous cities of the north.

GALGAY washing: Who is the enemy?
BEGBICK: Up to now it has not been announced where we are making war on. But it begins to look more like Tibet.

GALGAY: You know something, Widow Begbick? One man equals no man, until some one calls him.

SOLDIERS: Everyone on board! — Get entrained! — Are you all present and correct?

URIAH: In one moment. Your funeral oration, Comrade Jip, your funeral oration!

GALGAY goes to the coffin: Therefore raise up Widow Begbick’s crate which contains this mysterious corpse, lifting it two feet high and plunging it six feet deep in the Kilkoan soil here, and listen to his funeral oration rendered by Jeremiah Jip from Tipperary, a very difficult job as I am unprepared. But never mind: here lies Gal Gay, a man who was shot. He set out to buy a small fish one morning, had acquired a large elephant by that evening and was shot in the course of the same night. Do not imagine, dearly beloved brethren, that he was of no consequence during his lifetime. Indeed he owned a straw hut on the fringes of the town as well as various other things which had best be passed over in silence. It was no great crime that he committed, good man that he was. And they can say what they like, and it was really an oversight, and I was much too drunk, gentlemen, but Man equals Man and that is why they had to shoot him. And now the wind is perceptibly cooler as it always is before dawn, and I think we should get away from here, it’s an uneasy place in other ways too. He steps away from the coffin: But why have you people got all your kit?

POLLY: You see, this morning we are to board the waggons going to the northern frontier.

GALGAY: Well, why haven’t I got all my kit?
JEB: Well, why hasn’t he got all his kit?

SOLDIERS bring his equipment.

JEB: Here’s your stuff, captain.

SOLDIERS carry a large bundle wrapped in straw mats to the train.

URIAH: He took his time, the swine. But we’ll get him yet.

Pointing to the bundle: That was the Human Typhoon. All go off.
In the Moving Train

Just before dawn. The company are asleep in their hammocks. Jim Uriah and Polly are sitting up on guard. Galy Gay is sleeping.

JESSE: The world is dreadful. Men cannot be relied on.

POLLY: The vilest and weakest thing alive is man.

JESSE: Through dust and water we have footed it down on the road in this overstrained country from the mountains of Hindu Kush to the great plains of the southern Punjab; from Benares to Calcutta, by sun and moon, we have seen nothing but treachery. This man whom we took under our wing and who has swiped our blankets and ruined our night's sleep is like a leaky oil can. Yes and no are the same to him, he says one thing today and another tomorrow. If Uriah, we have tried and failed. Let us go to Leah Begbick, who is sitting up with the sergeant to save him from falling off his bunk, and ask her to lie down with the man so that he feels good and asks no questions. Oh, she is there is still warmth in her, and once a man is happy with a woman he knows all the answers. Get up, Polly. They go over to Widow Begbick.

JESSE: Come in, Widow Begbick, we are at a loss what to do and are frightened of falling asleep, and here we are with this man who is ill. So you lie down with him, pretend he spent the night with you, and make him feel good.

BEGBICK enters half asleep: I'll do it for seven weeks' pay.

GALY GAY: You shall have all we earn for seven weeks.

Begbick lies down with Galy Gay. Jesse covers them with paper.

GALY GAY waking up: What is it that's shaking so?

JESSE to the others: That is the elephant nibbling at your leg you sniveller.

GALY GAY: What is it that's hissing so?
Leokadja Beckick. Duck your head in a pail of water and you'll know your lady friend all right. I don't suppose you know your own name, then, either?

Galy Gay: I do.
Jesse: All right, what is your name?
Galy Gay is silent.
Jesse: So you know your name?
Galy Gay: Yes.
Jesse: That's good. A man needs to know who he is when he is off to the war.
Galy Gay: Is there a war?
Jesse: Yes, the Tibetan War.
Galy Gay: The Tibetan. But suppose just for the moment the man didn't know who he is, that would be funny when he is off to the war, wouldn't it? Now you mentioned the Tibet, that's a place I always wanted to see. I used to know a man had a wife came from the province of Sulikin, which is on the Tibetan frontier. They are good people there, as used to say.

Beckick: Jippe, where are you?
Galy Gay: Who is she talking to?
Jesse: I think she is talking to you.
Galy Gay: Here.
Beckick: Come and give us a kiss, Jippe.
Galy Gay: I don't mind if I do, but I think you have got a bit muddled with someone else.
Beckick: Jippe!
Jesse: This gentleman claims his head is not quite clear, he says he doesn't know you.
Beckick: Oh, how can you humiliate me so in front of this gentleman?
Galy Gay: If I duck my head in this pail of water I'll kiss you right away. He sticks his head into the pail of water.
Beckick: Do you know me now?
Galy Gay lying: Yes.
Polly: Then you also know who you yourself are?

Galy Gay ishy: Didn't I know that?
Polly: No, because you were out of your mind and claimed to be someone else.
Galy Gay: Who was I, then?
Jesse: You're not getting much better, I see. What's more I still think you are a public menace, because last night when we called you by your right name you turned as dangerous as any murderer.
Galy Gay: All I know is that my name is Galy Gay.
Jesse: Listen to that, you people, he's starting all over again. You'd better call him Galy Gay like he says, or he'll throw another fit.

Uriah: Oh bollocks. Mr Jip from Ireland, consider yourself free to play the wild man right up to the point where you get tied to a post outside the canteen and the night rain comes down. We who have been your mates since the battle of the River Chadsie would sell our shirts to make things easier for you.

Galy Gay: No need for that about the shirts.
Uriah: Call him anything he wants.
Jesse: Shut up, Uriah. Would you care for a glass of water, Galy Gay?
Galy Gay: Yes, that is my name.
Jesse: Of course, Galy Gay. How could you be called anything else? Just take it easy, lie down. Tomorrow they will put you in hospital, in a nice comfortable bed with plenty of castor oil, and that will relieve you, Galy Gay. Tread delicately, all of you, our friend Jip, I mean Galy Gay, is unwell.

Galy Gay: Let me tell you, gentlemen, the situation is beyond me. But when it is a matter of carrying a cabin tank, never mind how heavy it is, they say every cabin tank is supposed to have its soft spot.
Polly stealthily aside to Jesse: Just keep him away from that pouch around his neck, or he'll read his real name in his paybook and throw another fit.
JESSE: Oh, how good a paybook is! How easily one forgets things! Therefore we soldiers, being unable to carry everything at once in our heads, have a pouch on a cord round each man's neck containing a paybook with his name in it. Because if a man spends too much time thinking about his name it is not good.

GALY GAY goes to the rear, looks gloomily at his paybook and returns to his corner. In future I shall give up thinking. I shall just sit on my bottom and count the telegraph poles.

THE VOICE OF SERGEANT FAIRCHILD: O misery! awakening! Where is my name that was famous from Cuttack to Couch Behar? Even the uniform I wore is gone. They bundled me into a train like a calf going to the slaughterhouse. They stopped my mouth with a civil hat and the whole train knows that I am no longer Bloody Five. I will go and fix this train so that it can be tossed to a rubbish dump like a twisted stovepipe. That is plain as a pikestaff.

JESSE: Bloody Five! Wake up, Widow Begbick! Fairchild enters in soiled civilian clothes.

GALY GAY: Have you been having trouble with your name?

FAIRCHILD: You are the most melancholy specimen of them all, and I shall start by crushing you. Tonight I am going to chop you all up ready for the canny. He rises. Widow Begbick sitting there; she smiles. I'll be damned! Then you are still, you Gomorrah! What have you done to me that I am no longer Bloody Five? Get away from me. Begbick laughs. What are these clothes I'm wearing? Do you call them suitable? And what is this head I've got? Do you suppose that's pleasant? Am I to lie down with you again, you Sodom?

BEGRICK: If you want to, do.

FAIRCHILD: I do not want to! Get away from me! The eyes of this country are upon me. I used to be a big gun. My name is Bloody Five. The pages of the history books are criss-crossed with that name, in triplicate.

BEGRICK: Then don't if you don't want to.

FAIRCHILD: Don't you realize that my manhood makes me weak when you sit there like that?

BEGRICK: Then pluck out your manhood, my boy.

FAIRCHILD: No need to tell me twice. He goes out.

GALY GAY cries out after him: Stop! Don't take any steps on account of your name! A name is an uncertain thing, you can't build on it.

FAIRCHILD: That is plain as a pikestaff. That is the answer. There we have a rope. There we have a service pistol. That's where we draw the line. Mutineers will be shot. That is plain as a pikestaff. 'Johnny Bowlegs, pack your kit.' No girl in this world will ever cost me a penny again. That is plain as a pikestaff. And I shall remain cool as a cucumber. I accept full responsibility. I have to do it if I am to go on being Bloody Five.

A shot is heard.

GALY GAY who has been standing in the doorway for some time laughs. Fire.

SOLDIERS in the wings on either side: Did you hear that scream? - Who was screaming? - Somebody must have got hurt. They've all stopped singing, even up at the front of the train. - Listen.

GALY GAY: I know who screamed and I know why. On account of his name this gentleman has done something extremely bloody to himself. He has shot off his manhood. Witnessing that was a great stroke of luck for me. Now I realize where such stubbornness gets you and what a bloody thing it is when a man is never satisfied with himself and makes so much fuss about his name. He runs over to Widow Begbick. Don't get the idea that I don't know you. I know you very well indeed. And anyway it doesn't matter. But tell me quickly, how far away is the town where we met?

BEGRICK: Many days' march, and it gets further every minute.

GALY GAY: How many days' march?
Man equals Man

BEGBICK: At the instant when you asked it was at least a hundred days' march.
GALY GAY: And how many men are there here travelling to Tibet?
BEGBICK: A hundred thousand. One equals no one.
GALY GAY: Of course. A hundred thousand. And what do they eat?
BEGBICK: Dried fish and rice.
GALY GAY: Everybody the same?
BEGBICK: Everybody the same.
GALY GAY: Of course. Everybody the same.
BEGBICK: They all have hammocks to sleep in, each man his own, and denims for summer.
GALY GAY: And in the winter?
BEGBICK: Khaki in winter.
GALY GAY: And women?
BEGBICK: The same.
GALY GAY: Women the same.
BEGBICK: And now, do you also know who you are?
GALY GAY: Jerahm Jip, that's my name. He runs over to the three others and shows them his name in his paybook.
JESSE AND THE OTHERS SMILE: Right. You know how to keep putting your name across, don't you, comrades Jip?
GALY GAY: How about food?
Polly brings him a dish of rice.
GALY GAY: Yes, it is most important that I eat. Exit. How many days' march did you say this train covers in one minute?
BEGBICK: Ten.
POLLY: Just look how he's making himself at home. How he stares at everything and counts the telegraph poles and gloats at the speed we are going.
JESSE: I cannot bear the sight of him. It is truly loathsome when a mammoth, just because a couple of rifles are shoved under his nose, chooses to turn into a louse rather than be decently gathered to the bosom of his forebears.

URIAH: On the contrary, it's a sign of vitality. So long as Jip doesn't come after us now singing 'For man equals man, since time began' I think we will be over the hump.
A SOLDIER: What's that noise in the air?
URIAH WITH A MERRY SMILE: That is the roaring of the artillery, for we are nearing the hills of Tibet.
GALY GAY: Isn't there some more rice?

[Scene XI]

Deep in Remote Tibet Lies the Mountain Fortress of Sir El-Djower

And on a hilltop Jerahm Jip sits waiting amid the thunder of guns

VOICES FROM BELOW: This is as far as we can go. — This is the fortress of Sir El-Djower which blocks the pass into Tibet.
GALY GAY'S VOICE BEHIND THE HILL: At the double! Or we'll be too late. He appears, carrying a gun tripod on his shoulder. Out of the train and straight into battle. That's what I like. A gun takes some living up to.
JIP: Haven't you seen a machine-gun section with only three men in it?
GALY GAY CHARGING ON IRRESISTIBLY LIKE A WAR ELEPHANT: There's no such thing, soldier. Our section consists of four men, for instance. One man to the right of you, one to the left and one behind you, after which it's proper for it to get through any pass.
BEGBICK APPEARS, CARRYING A GUN BARREL ON HER BACK: Don't run so fast, Jippie. The trouble is, you've got a heart like a lion. The three soldiers appear, groaning as they drag their machine-guns.
JIP: Hallo, Uriah, hullo, Jesse, hullo, Polly! Here I am again. The three soldiers pretend not to see him.
JESSE: We must get this machine-gun set up at once.
MAN:

URIAH: The gunfire's so noisy already you can't hear yourself speak.
POLLY: We must keep a particularly sharp eye on the fortunes of Sir El-Djowr.
GALY GAY: And I want to have first shot. Something is holding us up, it must be taken out. All these gentlemen can't be kept waiting. It won't hurt the mountain. Jess Uriah, Polly! The battle is starting, and I already feel the urge to sink my teeth in the enemy's throat. And be sure Widow Begbie, together assemble the gun.
JIP: Hallo, Jesse, hallo, Uriah, hallo, Polly! How are you all? Long time no see. I was a bit held up, you know. I hope you haven't had any trouble on your account. I couldn't make it sooner. I'm really glad to be back. But why don't you say something?
POLLY: How can we be of service to you, sir? Polly puts a dish of rice on the gun for Galy Gay. Won't you eat your rice ration? The battle will be starting soon.
GALY GAY: Gimmel! He eats. Yes: first I eat my rice ration, then I get my correct apportionment of whisky, and with I am eating and drinking I can study this mountain fortress and try to find its soft spot. After that it will be a piece of cake.
JIP: Your voice has completely changed, Polly, but you still like to have your joke. Me, I was employed in a flourishing business, but I had to leave. For your sakes, of course. Yet aren't angry, are you?
URIAH: This is where I fear we must inform you that you seem to have come to the wrong address.
POLLY: We don't even know you.
JESSE: It is of course possible that we have met somewhere.
But the army has vast reserves of manpower, sir.
GALY GAY: I should like another rice ration. You have not handed your ration over yet, Uriah.
JIP: You people really have become very different, you know.
URIAH: That is quite possible, that's army life for you.
and I know what a name is worth. O my children, when you called me Gay Gay that time, why didn't you call me Nobody? Such larks are dangerous. They could have turned out very badly. But I always say let bygones be bygones. He hands Jip the papers. Here is that paybook: take it. Is there anything else you want?

JIP: You're the best of this lot. At least you've got a heart. But the rest of you will have my curse.

GALY GAY: To save you people having to listen to too much of that I'm going to make a bit of a noise with this gun. Show us how it works, Widow Leghick.

The two of them aim the gun at the fortress and start loading.

JIP: The icy wind of Tibet shall shiver your bones to the marrow, you devils, never again shall you hear the harper bell in Kilkoan, but shall march to the end of the world and back, over and over again. The Devil himself, your master, will have no use for you once you are old, and you will have to go on marching night and day through the Cool desert and the waving green rye fields of Wales, and shall be your recompense for betraying a comrade in your Eexit.

The three are silent.

GALY GAY: All set. And now I shall do it with five shots.

The first shot is fired.

LEGHICK smoking a cigar: You are one of those great souls who made the army so dreaded in bygone days. Five men were a threat to any woman's life.

The second shot is fired.

I have proof that during the battle of the River Ch Anda was by no means the worst elements in the company dreamed of my kisses. One night with Leokadja Begg was something for which men would sacrifice their whole and save their shillings from two weeks' pay. They take names like Genghis Khan, famous from Calcutta to Cos Behar.

The third shot is fired.

One embrace from their beloved Irishwoman set their blood to righs. You can read in The Times how staunchly they fought in the battles of Bourbay, Katamkura and Daguth. The fourth shot is fired.

GALY GAY: Something that's no longer a mountain is tumbling down.

FAIRCHILD: What do you think you are doing? Take a look over there. Right, I am now going to bury you up to the neck in that earth to stop you shooting the whole Hindu Kush to pieces. My hand is steady as a rock. He aims his service pistol at Gay Gay. It's not shaking at all. There, is plain as a pikestaff. You are now looking at the world for the last time.

GALY GAY shouting enthusiastically: One more shot! Just one more. Just number five.

The fifth shot is fired. A cry of joy is heard from the valley below: The fortress of Sir El-Djowr that was blocking the pass into Tibet has fallen. The army is advancing into Tibet.

FAIRCHILD: Right. Once more I hear the familiar step of the Army on the march, and now I propose to take a few steps of my own. Steps up to Gay Gay. Who are you?

VOICE OF A SOLDIER from below: Who is the man who overthrew the fortress of Sir El-Djowr?

GALY GAY: One moment, Polly, pass me that little megaphone out of the ammunition box, so I can tell them who it is. Polly fetches the megaphone and hands it to Gay Gay.

GALY GAY through the megaphone: It was me, one of you, Jerry Jip!

JERRY: Three cheers for Jerry Jip, the human fighting-machine!

POLLY: Look!
The fortress has begun to burn. A thousand horrified voices cry in the distance.

DISTANT VOICE: Flames are now engulfing the mountain fortress of Sir El-Djowr, in which seven thousand refugees from Sikkim province had found shelter, peasants, artisans and shoptkeepers, most of them friendly, hard-working people.

GALY GAY: Oh. But what is that to me? The one cry and the other cry.

And already I feel within me
The desire to sink my teeth
In the enemy's throat
Ancient urge to kill
Every family's breadwinner
To carry out the conquerors' Mission.

Hand me your paybooks.
They do so.

POLLY: Polly Baker.
JESSE: Jesse Mahoney.
URIAH: Uriah Shelley.
GALY GAY: Jeriah Jip. At ease! We are now crossing the frontier of frozen Tibet.
Escour all four.