of them eat the food with their plates on their knees, softly: That dog must go. It's become a political matter now. Don't gobble, Mr Baloun, you'll get ulcers.

BALOUN: Not from potatoes I shan't, from a nice fat chicken maybe.

MRS KOPECKA: It said in the paper the disappearance of Councillor Vojta's dog was an act of vengeance by a section of the population against a pro-German official. Now they're looking for it so they can smoke out the nest of subversive elements. It must be got out of the Chalice, and today.

SCHWEYK: It isn't very convenient at the moment. Only yesterday I sent Lieutenant Bullinger an express letter saying I wanted 200 crowns for the dog and I wouldn't let him have it till I got the money.

MRS KOPECKA: Mr Schweyk, you're taking your life in your hands writing letters like that.

SCHWEYK: I don't think so, Mrs Kopecka. Bullinger's a swine, but he'll find it quite natural that business is business, otherwise nothing's sacred, and he needs the dog for his wife in Cologne, I'm told. A collaborationist doesn't work for nothing, just the opposite, he even gets paid more these days because his own people despise him, I have to be compensated for that, why else do it?

MRS KOPECKA: But you can't do business while you're stuck here.

SCHWEYK amiably: I'm not wasting my time here. I've already cost them one waggonload of soap. It isn't difficult. In Austria once, when they banned strikes, the railwaymen stopped traffic for eight hours just by carrying out all the safety regulations to the letter.

MRS KOPECKA energetically: All the same, that dog must be got out of the Chalice, Mr Schweyk. I have a certain amount of protection from Mr Bretschneider, who's still hoping to start something with me, but that won't go far. Schweyk is only half listening to her, as two German soldiers have been taking a great steaming cooking-pot past and serving goulash
into the guard's aluminium plate. Baloun, who has long since finished eating, has stood up, and as if in a trance is following the trail of the food, sniffing.

**SCHWEYK**: I'll come and get him. Just look at that!

**GERMAN SOLDIER** shouting sharply at Baloun: Halt!

**MRS KOPÉCKA** to Baloun, as he comes back discontented and upset: Do pull yourself together, Mr Baloun.

**SCHWEYK**: In Budweis there was a doctor who had diabetes so bad that all he was allowed to eat was a tiny bit of rice pudding, and him a great barrel of a man. He couldn’t keep it up and went on eating the leftovers in the pantry on the quiet. He knew just what he was doing and after a bit he decided it was all too silly, so he told his housekeeper to cook him a seven-course meal, pudding and all, and she cried so much she could hardly dish it up, and he put a funeral march on the gramophone to go with it and that was the end of him. It’ll be just the same with you, Baloun, you’ll finish up under a Russian tank.

**BALOUN** still shivering from top to toe: They’re handing out goulash.

**MRS KOPÉCKA**: I’ve got to go. She picks up the dishes and leaves.

**BALOUN**: I only want to have a look. To the soldier, who is eating: Are the helpings always as big as that in the army, soldier? That’s a nice big one you’ve got. But maybe it’s only when you’re on guard, so you can keep wide awake, or else we might clear off, eh? Could I just have a sniff maybe?

*The soldier sits eating, but between bites he moves his lips.*

**SCHWEYK**: Don’t bother him with questions. Can’t you see he’s got to learn the number by heart, or he’ll be sending the wrong waggon off to Bavaria, you idiot? To the soldier: You’re right to make sure you know it, anything can happen. They’ve stopped putting the destinations on the waggons now because saboteurs used to rub them off and write the wrong address on. What was that number: 4268, wasn’t it? Look, you don’t need to keep saying it under
your breath for half an hour, let me tell you what to do, I
got this tip from an official in the department where they
issue licences to traders, he was explaining it to a pedlar
who couldn’t remember his number. I’ll show you how it
works for yours and you’ll see how easy it is. 4268. The
first figure is a 4, the second a 2. So the first thing to
remember is 42. That’s twice two, or starting the other way
round, it’s 4 divided by 2, and there you’ve got your 4 and
your 2 next to each other again. Don’t get alarmed now;
what’s twice 4? 8, isn’t it? Right, fix in your memory that
the 8 in 4268 is the last in the series, and the only other
thing you need remember is that the first figure is a 4, the
second a 2, the fourth an 8, and then you just need some
good way of remembering the 6 that comes before the 8.
It’s dead easy. The first figure is a 4, the second a 2, 4 and 2
is 6. So you’re quite clear that the second number from the
end is a 6, and now, as the man at the licensing office would
have said, the order of the figures is permanently fixed in
our memory. You can get the same result even easier. He
explained this method to the pedlar too. I’ll do it again for
you with your number.

*The soldier has been listening wide-eyed. His lips have stopped
moving.*

_schweyk:_ 8 less 2 is 6. So there’s your 6. 6 less 2 is 4, so
there’s your 4. 8 and the 2 in between gives you 4-2-6-8.
It’s easy enough to do it another way again, using multipli-
cation and division. This is how you get the answer then:
he said you must remember that twice 42 is 84. There are 12
months in a year. So you take 12 from 84, that leaves us
with 72; take off another 12 months, that’s 60. So that’s our
6 fixed, and we cancel the nought. Now we’ve got 42-6-84.
Since we’ve cancelled the nought we also cancel the 4 at the
end, and there we’ve got our number complete again. You
can do it with division too, like this. What was our number,
by the way?

_voice off:_ Guard, what’s the number of the wagggon for
Bavaria?
SOLDIER: What is it?
SCHWEYK: Right, just a moment, I’ll work it out by the system with the months. There are 12 of them, aren’t there—agreed?
SOLDIER desperately: Tell me the number.
VOICE: Guard! Are you asleep?
SOLDIER: shouts: I’ve forgotten it. For-got-ten! To SCHWEYK:
To hell with you!
VOICE roughly: It’s got to go with the 12.50 to Passau.
SECOND VOICE further off: Let’s take this one then, I think that’s it.
BALOUN satisfied, indicating the soldier, who is looking upstage appalled: He wouldn’t let me sniff his goulash.
SCHWEYK: For all I know a waggonload of machine-guns is on its way to Bavaria now. Philosophically: But by that time perhaps what they’ll need most in Stalingrad will be combine-harvesters and it’ll be Bavaria’s turn to want machine-guns. Who can tell?

Saturday night at the Chalice. Among the customers Baloun, Anna, Kati, Young Prochazka and two SS men on their own. Dancing to the music of a player piano.

KATI to BALOUN: I told Mr Brettschneider at the inquiry that I’d already heard the SS were after the dog. I didn’t mention your name, only your friend Mr Schweyk’s. And I didn’t say anything about Mr Schweyk pretending he didn’t know you so he could get into conversation with us. Was that all right?
BALOUN: Anything’s all right as far as I am concerned. I won’t be with you much longer. They’ll not half be surprised to see me.
ANNA: Don’t be so gloomy, Mr Baloun, it doesn’t help. And
that SS man over there will ask me to dance again if I go on sitting around like this. You ask me.

Balam is about to get up when Mrs Kopecká comes downstage and claps her hands.

Mrs Kopecká: Ladies and gentlemen, it’s coming up to half past eight, time for the Beseda—partly to the SS men—our traditional dance we dance among ourselves, it mayn’t please everyone but we like it. The music’s on the house. Mrs Kopecká puts a coin in the piano and the company dance the Beseda, stamping very loudly. Balam and Anna join in. The aim of the dance is to get rid of the SS men, and so their table is barged into, etc.

Balam sings:

When the midnight churchbells ring
Feel your oats and have a fling.
Yupp-i-diddle, yupp-i-day
Girls come out to play.

The Others join in:

Let you pinch their rosy cheeks
Most of them have four cheeks each
Yupp-i-diddle, yupp-i-day
Girls come out to play.

The SS men stand up swearing, and push their way out. After the dance Mrs Kopecká comes in again from the back room and goes on rinsing her glasses. Kati brings the first customer of scene 3 over to her table.

First Customer: Folk dancing’s a new idea at the Chalice.

Very popular it is; the regulars know Mrs Kopecká listens to Radio Moscow while it’s going on.

Balam: I shan’t be dancing with you much longer. Where I’m going they don’t dance the Beseda.

Anna: I’m told we were very rash to go into the Moldau gardens. It’s dangerous because of the German deserters who set on you.

First Customer: They only go for men. They’re after civilian clothes. There’s German uniforms being found every morning now in Stromovka Park.
KATI: And anybody loses his suit that way doesn't find it so easy to get a new one. They say the Clothes Rationing Bureau have stopped clothes and hats being made out of paper now. Because of the paper shortage.

FIRST CUSTOMER: Clothes Rationing Bureau! The Germans just love bureaus, they spring up like mushrooms all over the place. It's a matter of making jobs for themselves so they aren't called up. They'd rather torment us Czechs with milk rationing and food rationing and paper rationing and all the rest. Scrimshankers.

BALOUN: They'll finish me off. I can see only one future for me.

ANNA: What on earth are you talking about?

BALOUN: You'll find out soon enough, Anna. I suppose you know that song 'Myriad doors and gateways' about the painter who died young. Would you sing it for me, it's my case exactly.

ANNA sings:
Myriad doors and gateways he could paint you straightforwardly
Loved his decorating, kept no lady waiting.
You won't see him around, he's six feet underground.
—You mean that one?

BALOUN: That's it.

ANNA: But heavens, you're not going to make away with yourself, Mr Baloun?

BALOUN: What I'm going to do to myself will fill you with horror, Anna. I'm not taking my life but something much worse.

*Enter Schweyk with a parcel under his arm.*

SCHWEYK to BALOUN: Here I am with your goulash meat. You needn't thank me, because I'm having that camp bed in your kitchen in exchange.

BALOUN: Show me, is it beef?

SCHWEYK energetically: Take your paws off it. It's not to be unpacked here. Good evening, ladies, are you here too?

ANNA: Good evening. We know all about it.
**SCHWEYK** pulling Baloun into a corner: What have you been letting out now?

**BALOUN**: Only that we know each other and it was a trick pretending we didn’t. I didn’t know anything to let out. You’re welcome to my camp bed. You’ve saved a friend from the edge of the precipice, just let me sniff it through the paper. Mrs Mahler from across the road offered me 20 crowns for it, but I’m not interested. Where did you get this?

**SCHWEYK**: On the black market, from a midwife who got it from the country. About 1930 she delivered a farmer’s child with a little bone in its mouth, and she burst into tears and said ‘That means we’ll all go hungry’, that’s what she predicted long before the Germans were here, and every year the farmer’s wife sends her a food parcel so she won’t go hungry, but this year the midwife needs the money to pay her taxes.

**BALOUN**: Let’s hope Mrs Kopecka has some real paprika.

**MRS KОPECKA who has joined them**: Go back to your table, in half an hour I’ll call you into the kitchen. And in the meantime act as if nothing was happening. *To Schweyk, when Baloun has gone back to his table*: What sort of meat is this?

**SCHWEYK reproachfully**: Mrs Kopecka, I’m surprised at you. Mrs Kopecka takes the parcel out of his hand and looks into it carefully.

**SCHWEYK at the sight of Baloun talking to the girls with huge excited gestures**: Baloun is too worked up for my liking. Put plenty of paprika in it, so it tastes like beef. It’s horse. *She fixes him sternly*. All right, it’s Mr Vojta’s pom. I had to do it, because the Chalice’ll get a bad name if one of your regulars is so hungry he has to join the Germans.

**CUSTOMER AT THE BAR**: Service, please!

*Mrs Kopecka gives Schweyk the parcel to hold, in order to serve the customer quickly. At this moment a heavy vehicle is heard drawing up and then SS men enter, headed by Lieutenant Bullinger.*

**BULLINGER to Schweyk**: Your landlady was right when she said you’d be in the pub. *To the SS men*: Clear a space!
Schweyk, while the SS men push the other customers back:
Where’ve you got that dog, you swine?
SCHWEYK: Beg to report, sir, it said in the newspaper the dog
had been stolen. Didn’t you see it?
BULLINGER: Ah, taking the mickey, are you?
SCHWEYK: Beg to report sir, no sir. I only wanted to suggest
you read the papers, otherwise you might miss something
and then not be able to take drastic measures about it.
BULLINGER: I don’t know why I stand here listening to you
it’s sheer perversity on my part, I probably just want to see
how far a character like you will go before he’s hanged.
SCHWEYK: Yes, lieutenant, that’s why, and because you want
the dog.
BULLINGER: You admit you wrote me a letter asking 200
crowns for the dog?
SCHWEYK: Lieutenant Bullinger, sir, I admit that I wanted
the 200 crowns, because I should have had expenses if the
dog hadn’t been stolen.
BULLINGER: We’ll have something more to say about that at
Gestapo headquarters. To the SS men: Search the whole
place for a pomeranian dog. Exit an SS man.
Off stage furniture can be heard being overturned, things being
broken, etc. Schweyk waits in philosophic calm, his parcel under his
arm.
SCHWEYK suddenly: They keep quite a good slivovitz here too.
An SS man bumps against a little man as he goes past. As the
latter steps back he treads on a woman’s foot and says ‘I beg your
pardon’, whereupon the SS man turns round, knocks him down with
his truncheon and, together with one of the other SS men, drags him
off at a nod from Bullinger. Then the SS man who has been searching
comes back with Mrs Kopecka.
SS MAN: House searched, sir. No dog found.
BULLINGER to Mrs Kopecka: This is a nice little hornet’s nest
of subversive activity you’re passing off as a pub. But I shall
smoke it out.
SCHWEYK: Yes indeed sir, Heil Hitler. Otherwise we might
get too big for our boots and say to hell with the regula-
tions. Mrs Kopecka, you must run your pub in such a way that everything is as transparent and clear as the water of a running spring, like Chaplain Vejvoda said when he...

BULLINGER: Silence, swine. I’m thinking of taking you along with me and closing your establishment down, Mrs Koscheppa!

Brettschneider who has appeared at the door: Lieutenant Bullinger, may I have a private word with you?

BULLINGER: I don’t know what we could have to discuss. You know what I think you are.

Brettschneider: It concerns new information with regard to the whereabouts of the Vojta dog, which we have received at Gestapo headquarters and which should interest you, Lieutenant Bullinger.

The two men go into a corner and begin to gesticulate wildly. Brettschneider seems to imply that Bullinger has the dog, he seems to say 'me?' and to get angry, etc. Mrs Kopecka has returned indifferently to rinsing her glasses. Schweyk stands there in amiable unconcern. Then unfortunately, Baloun starts a successful attempt to get his parcel. At a sign from him a customer takes it from Schweyk and passes it on. It reaches Baloun, who turns it round in his hands recklessly. An SS man has been watching the parcel’s peregrinations with some interest.

SS MAN: Hey, what’s going on there?

In a couple of strides he reaches Baloun and takes the parcel away from him.

SS MAN handing the parcel to Bullinger: Sir, this parcel was just being smuggled to one of the customers, that man there, sir.

BULLINGER opens the parcel: Meat. Owner step forward.

SS MAN to Baloun: You there! You were opening the parcel.

BALOUN troubled: It was pushed into my hands. It don’t belong to me.

BULLINGER: So it don’t belong to you, don’t it? Ownerless meat, apparently. Suddenly shouting: Then why were you opening it?

SCHWEYK when Baloun can find no answer to this: Beg to report,
Lieutenant Bullinger, that this stupid fellow must be innocent because he'd never have looked inside the parcel if it had been his as he'd already have known what was in it.

**Bullinger to Baloun**: Where did you get it from?

**SS Man when Baloun again does not reply**: I first noticed that man—pointing to the customer who took the parcel from Schweyk—passing the parcel along.

**Bullinger**: Where did you get it?

**Customer unhappily**: It was pushed into my hands, I don't know who did it.

**Bullinger**: This pub seems to be a branch of the black market. To Brettschneider: You were just sticking your neck out on the landlady’s behalf, if I’m not mistaken, Mr Brettschneider.

**Mrs Kopecka steps forward**: Gentlemen, there are no black market deals going on at the Chalice.

**Bullinger**: No? He slaps her across the face, I'll show you whether there are, you dirty Czech bitch.

**Brettschneider excitedly**: I must ask you not to judge Mrs Kopecka without a hearing. I know her to be quite uninterested in politics.

**Mrs Kopecka very pale**: I won't stand for being hit.

**Bullinger**: What's this? Contradicting me? Slaps her again.

Take her away!

*Since Mrs Kopecka now tries to attack Bullinger the SS man hits her over the head.*

**Brettschneider bending over Mrs Kopecka as she lies on the ground**: You'll have to answer for that, Bullinger. You won't manage to distract attention from the Vojta dog that way.

**Schweyk stepping forward**: Beg to report, I can explain everything. The parcel doesn't belong to anybody here. I know, because I put it down myself.

**Bullinger**: So it was you, was it?

**Schweyk**: It belonged to a man who gave it me to keep an eye on while he went to the gents, at least that's what he said. He was about medium height with a fair bea.
Bullinger astonished at this unlikely story: Tell me, are you soft in the head?

SCHWEYK looking at him straight and seriously in the eye: I already told you I was. I've been officially declared an idiot by a board. That's why I was kicked out of voluntary war work too.

BULLINGER: But you're bright enough for the black market, is that it? When I get you back to headquarters you'll find a hundred certificates are bugger all use to you.

SCHWEYK submissively: Beg to report, sir, that I quite realize they'll be bugger all use to me, because I've been landing in this sort of a mess ever since I was a kid, when all the time I've meant well and tried to do whatever they wanted. Like the time in Lubova when I was going to help the caretaker's wife at the school there to hang out her washing, if you'd come out into the passage I could tell you what happened. I got into the black market same way as Pontius Pilate got in the creed, a bit of an accident you might say.

BULLINGER staring at him: I just don't know why I listen to you at all, and this is the second time too. Maybe because I've never seen as big a crook before and the sight hypnotizes me.

SCHWEYK: I suppose it's like if you suddenly saw a lion in Charles Street, where you don't usually come across them, or like the time in Chotebor when the postman caught his wife with the caretaker and stabbed her. He went straight to the police to give himself up, and when they asked him what he did afterwards he said that as he came out of the house he saw a man going round the corner stark naked, so they let him go, thinking he was soft in the head, but two months later it came out that just at that time a lunatic had escaped from the asylum there without any clothes on. They didn't believe the postman even though it was the truth.

BULLINGER astonished: I keep on listening to you. I can't drag myself away. I know what you're thinking—that the Third Reich will last a year perhaps, or maybe ten years—
but let me tell you we're likely to be here for 10,000 years, put that in your pipe and smoke it.

**SCHWEYK:** You've come to stay then, as the sexton said when the landlady of the Swan married him and dropped her teeth in a tumbler for the night.

**BULLINGER:** Do you piss white or do you piss yellow?

**SCHWEYK (amiably):** Beg to report, I piss yellowy-white, lieutenant, sir.

**BULLINGER:** And now you're coming along with me, even if certain people—pointing to Brettschneider—are ready to stick out their neck for you so far they catch it in a noose.

**SCHWEYK:** Very good, sir. Order must prevail. The black market's a bad thing and won't stop till there's nothing left to sell. Then we'll have order, right?

**BULLINGER:** And we shall get the dog too.

*Exit Bullinger with the parcel under his arm. The SS men seize Schweyk and lead him off.*

**SCHWEYK (good-naturedly, on leaving):** I only hope you won't be disappointed when you do. A lot of my customers, when they get a dog they've been particularly keen on and have turned the place upside down for, they don't much care for it any more.

**BRETTSCHEINIDER to Mrs Kopecka, who has come to again:** Mrs Kopecka, you are the victim of certain conflicts between certain factions of the Gestapo and the SS, enough said. However, consider yourself under my protection, I shall be back shortly to discuss the matter with you in private. *Exit.*

**MRS KOPERKA (staggering back to the bar, where she ties a drying cloth around her bleeding forehead):** Anyone like a beer?

**KATI (looking at Schweyk's hat, which is still hanging over the table where the regulars sit):** They didn't even let him take his hat.

**CUSTOMER:** He'll not come back alive.

*Enter young Prochazka, sheepishly. He is horrified to see Mrs Kopecka's blood-stained bandage.*

**YOUNG PROCHAZKA:** What happened to you, Mrs Kopecka? I saw the SS driving away—was it the SS?

**CUSTOMERS:** They hit her over the head with a truncheon...
because they said the Chalice was mixed up in the black market.—Even Mr Brettschneider of the Gestapo spoke up for her, or else she'd have been arrested.—They've taken one fellow away.

**Mrs Koçekka:** Mr Prochazka, the Chalice is no place for you.

*Only true Czechs come here.*

**Young Prochazka:** Honestly, Mrs K., I've felt terrible since I last saw you, and I've learned my lesson. Can't you give me a chance to make up for it?

*Mrs Koçekka's icy look makes him shudder, and he creeps out, crushed.*

**Kati:** The SS are jumpy too because yesterday they pulled another SS man out of the Moldau with a hole in his left side.

**Anna:** They throw enough Czechs in.

**Customer:** And all because they're having a bad time of it in the East.

**First Customer to Baloun:** Wasn't that your friend they took away?

**Baloun bursting into tears:** It's my fault. It all comes from my gluttony. Time and again I've asked the Virgin Mary to give me strength and shrivel up my stomach somehow, but it's no use. I've got my best friend in such a mess they'll probably shoot him tonight, and if not he can thank his stars and it'll be first thing tomorrow.

**Mrs Koçekka putting a slivovitz in front of him:** Drink that. Crying won't help.

**Baloun:** Bless you. I've broken things up between you and your young man, and you'll not find a better one, it's only that he's weak. If I'd made the vow you asked me to maybe it wouldn't all look so black. If only I could make it now, but can I? On an empty stomach? Oh God, where will it all end?

**Mrs Koçekka goes back to the bar and begins to rinse glasses again:** Put a penny in the piano. I'll tell you where it will end.

*A customer puts a coin in the player piano. It lights up and a*
transparency shows the moon over the Moldau as it flows majestically away into the distance. As she rinses her glasses Mrs Kopecka sings the 'Song of the Moldau':

The stones of the Moldau are stirring and shifting
In Prague lie three emperors turning to clay.
The great shall not stay great, the darkness is lifting.
The night has twelve hours, but at last comes the day.

For times have to change. All the boundless ambitions
Of those now in power will soon have been spent.
Like bloodspattered cocks they defend their positions
But times have to change, which no force can prevent.

The stones of the Moldau are stirring and shifting
In Prague lie three emperors turning to clay.
The great shall not stay great, the darkness is lifting.
The night has twelve hours, but at last comes the day.

INTERLUDE IN THE HIGHER REGIONS

Hitler and General von Bock, known as 'the Killer', in front of a map of the Soviet Union. Both are over life size. Martial music.

VON BOCK

Excuse me, Herr Hitler, your new offensive
Is costing thousands of tanks, bombers and guns, and
they're expensive.
On top of that, men's lives: well, all the troops call me a bleeder
Meaning just that I obey my leader
But if you think Stalingrad's a pushover, I tell you you're mistaken.

HITLER

Herr General von Bock, Stalingrad will be taken
I've told all my people that we're winning.

VON BOCK

Herr Hitler, the winter is almost beginning
Just imagine the snowdrifts soon as the blizzards blow around here.
We would do better not to be found here . . .

**HITLER**

Herr von Bock, I'll round up the peoples of Europe like so many cattle
And the *Little Man* shall salvage my battle.
Herr von Bock, you are not to let down the side.

**VON BOCK**

And my reinforcements?

**HITLER**

Will be supplied.

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*Cell in a military prison with Czech prisoners who are waiting for their medical. Among them Schweyk. They wait stripped to the waist, but all are pretending to have the most pitiful illnesses. One, for example, lies stretched out on the ground as if dying.*

**A BENT MAN:** I've seen my lawyer and got some very reassuring information. They can't put us in the army unless we want to go. It's illegal.

**MAN ON CRUTCHES:** Then what are you going around bent double for if you don't expect to be put in?

**BENT MAN:** Just in case.

_The man on crutches laughs ironically._

**DYING MAN on the ground:** They wouldn't risk it with cripples like us. They're unpopular enough already.

**SHORT-SIGHTED MAN triumphantly:** They say in Amsterdam a German officer was crossing one of those things called a gracht, a bit on edge round eleven at night, and he asked a Dutchman what time it was. All the Dutchman did was give him a solemn look and say 'My watch has stopped'. He walked on unhappily and went up to another, and before
he had a chance to ask the man said he'd left his watch at home. The officer's supposed to have shot himself.

DYING MAN: He couldn't stand it. The contempt.

SCHWEYK: They don't shoot themselves as much as they shoot other people. There was a young innkeeper in Vržlov whose wife was deceiving him with his own brother, and he punished the two of them with contempt and nothing else. He'd found a pair of her drawers in his brother's pony-cart, so he put them on the dressing table thinking it would make her ashamed. They had him certified incompetent by a local court, sold his pub and ran away together. He was right to this extent, though: his wife told a girl friend she'd felt a bit uncomfortable about taking his fur-lined winter overcoat with her.

BENT MAN: What are you here for?

SCHWEYK: Black market. They could have shot me, but the Gestapo needed me as a witness against the SS. I was helped by the quarrels among the bigshots. They pointed out to me that I'm lucky with my name, because it's Schwyck with a 'y', but if I spell it with an 'i' that makes me of German extraction and I can be conscripted.

MAN WITH CRUTCHES: They're even taking them from the long-term prisons now.

BENT MAN: Only if they're of German extraction.

MAN WITH CRUTCHES: Or voluntary German extraction, like this chap.

BENT MAN: The only hope is to be a cripple.

SHORT-SIGHTED MAN: I'm short-sighted. I'd never recognize an officer so I wouldn't be able to salute.

SCHWEYK: Then they could put you in a listening-post reporting enemy aircraft, it's even better if you're blind for that, because blind men develop very sharp hearing. There was a farmer in Socz for instance put out his dog's eyes to make it hear better. So they'll have a use for you.

SHORT-SIGHTED MAN desperately: I know a chimney-sweep in Brevnov—give him ten crowns and he'll give you such a temperature you'll want to jump out of the window.
BENT MAN: That’s nothing, in Vršovice there’s a midwife’ll pull your leg so far out of joint for 20 crowns that you’re a cripple for the rest of your life.

MAN WITH CRUTCHES: I had mine pulled out of joint for five.

DYING MAN: I didn’t have to pay anything. I’ve got a real strangulated hernia.

MAN WITH CRUTCHES: If you have they’ll operate you in Pancrac hospital, and where’ll you be then?

SCHWEYK gaily: Anyone listening to you lot’d think you didn’t want to fight for the defence of civilization against Bolshevism.

A soldier comes in and busies himself with the bucket.

SOLDIER: You’ve mucked up this bucket again. You can’t even shit properly, you foul lot.

SCHWEYK: We were just speaking of Bolshevism. Do you people know what Bolshevism is? The sworn accomplice of Wall Street that’s determined on our destruction under the leadership of the Jew Rosenfelt in the White House? The soldier keeps fiddling with the bucket in order to hear more, so Schweyk goes on calmly: But they don’t know what they’re up against. Do you know the song about the gunner of Przemyśl in the First World War, when we were fighting the Czar? He sings:

He stood beside his gun
And just kept loading on.
He stood beside his gun
And just kept loading on
When a bullet very neatly
Cut his hands away completely.
He didn’t turn a hair
Just kept on standing there.
He stood there by his gun
And just kept loading on.

The Russians are only fighting because they have to. They’ve no agriculture, because they’ve turned out the big landowners, and their industry’s hamstrung by their mania
for levelling down and because the more thoughtful workers resent the managers’ high salaries. In other words there’s nothing to beat, and once we’ve beaten it the Americans will have missed the boat. Am I right?

SOLDIER: Shut up, Conversation’s not allowed.

He goes off angrily with the bucket.

DYING MAN: I think you’re an informer.

SCHWEYK cheerfully: Informer, me? No. It’s just that I listen to the German radio regularly. You ought to try it, it’s a scream.

DYING MAN: It’s not. It’s a disgrace.

SCHWEYK firmly: It’s a scream.

SHORT-SIGHTED MAN: That doesn’t mean you have to arsecrawl to them though.

SCHWEYK didactically: Don’t say that. It’s an art. There’s many a little insect would be glad to crawl up a tiger. The tiger can’t get at him, and he feels pretty safe, but it’s the getting in is the problem.

BENT MAN: Don’t be vulgar. It isn’t a nice sight, when Czechs will put up with anything.

SCHWEYK: That’s what Jaroslav Vaniek told the consumptive pedlar. The landlord of the Swan in Budweis, a great ox of a man, only half filled the pedlar’s glass, and when the poor wreck said nothing Vaniek turned to him and said ‘Why d’you stand for that, you’re as much to blame as he is’. The pedlar just sloshed Vaniek a fourpenny one, that was all. And now I’m going to ring the bell and get them to get a move on with their war, my time’s valuable. Stands up.

LITTLE FAT MAN who has so far been sitting to one side: You are not to ring that bell.

SCHWEYK: Why not?

LITTLE FAT MAN authoritatively: Because things are moving quite fast enough for us.

DYING MAN: Very true. Why did they pull you in?

LITTLE FAT MAN: Because my dog was stolen.

SCHWEYK interested: It wasn’t a pom, was it?

LITTLE FAT MAN: What do you know about it?
**SCHWEYK:** I bet your name’s Vojta. I’m very pleased to meet you. *He offers his hand, which the fat man ignores.* I’m Schwyck, I don’t suppose that means anything to you, but you can shake my hand, I bet you’re not pro-German any more now they’ve got you in here.

**LITTLE FAT MAN:** I accused the SS of having stolen my dog, on the evidence of one of my servants, is that good enough for you?

**SCHWEYK:** Quite good enough. Back in Budweis there was a teacher who had a down on one of his pupils and this pupil accused him of having a newspaper on the music stand while he was playing the organ in church. He was very religious and his wife had a lot to put up with because he had stopped her wearing short skirts, but after that they twitted him and teased him so much that in the end he said he’d even stopped believing in the Marriage at Cana. You’ll march off to the Caucasus all right and shit on old Hitler, only like the landlord of the Swan said it all depends where you shit on what.

**LITTLE FAT MAN:** If you’re called Schwyck there was a fellow who pushed up to me, a young man, as I was being brought in at the gate. He just managed to say ‘Ask for Mr Schwyck’ and then they got the gate open. He must still be standing around down there.

**SCHWEYK:** I’ll have a look. I’ve kept expecting that one morning there’d be a little bunch of people waiting outside the prison, the landlady from the Chalice, she wouldn’t want to be left out, and maybe a big fat man, all waiting for Schwyck, and no Schwyck there for them. Help me up, one of you fellows. *He goes to the little cell window and climbs on the back of the man with the crutches to look out.*

It’s young Prochazka. I don’t think he’ll be able to see me. Give me your crutches.

*He gets them and waves them around. Then young Prochazka evidently sees him and Schwyck makes himself understood with broad gestures. He outlines a fat man with a beard—Baloun—and makes the gesture of stuffing food into one’s mouth and carrying*
something under one's arm. Then he gets down off the man's back.

What you just saw me doing probably surprised you. We had a gentlemen's agreement, that was what he came for, I always felt he was a decent type. I was just repeating what he was saying, with all that business, so he'd see I'd got it. He probably wanted me to be able to march off to Russia with nothing on my mind.

Commands are heard outside, and marching feet, then a military band begins to play the Horst Wessel march.

DYING MAN: What's going on? Did you see anything?

SCHWEYK: There's a crowd of people at the gate. Probably a battalion marching out.

BENT MAN: That's a dreadful tune.

SCHWEYK: I think it's nice, it's sad yet it's got a swing to it.

MAN ON CRUTCHES: We'll soon be hearing it a lot more.

They play the Horst Wessel march whenever they can. Some pimp wrote it. I'd like to know what the words mean.

LITTLE FAT MAN: I can translate it for you. The banner high / And tightly closed the columns / Storm troops march on with firm and steady tread. / The comrades who have shed their heroes' blood before us / March on with us in spirit straight ahead.

SCHWEYK: I know a different version, we used to sing it at the Chalice: He sings to the accompaniment of the military band, singing the chorus to the tune and the verses to the drumming in between:

Led by the drummer the
Sheep trot in bleating.
Their skins make the drumskin
Which he is beating.

The butcher calls. They don't see where he's leading
But march like sheep with firm and steady tread.
The sheep before them in the slaughterhouse lie bleeding
And march in spirit once their body's dead.
They hold up their hands to show
The work that they do
Hands that are stained with blood
And empty too.
The butcher calls. They don’t see where he’s leading
But march like sheep with firm and steady tread.
The sheep before them in the slaughterhouse lie bleeding
And march in spirit once their body’s dead.

The crosses that go before
On big blood-red banners
Are angled to twist the poor
Like bloody great spanners.
The butcher calls. They don’t see where he’s leading
But march like sheep with firm and steady tread.
The sheep before them in the slaughterhouse lie bleeding
And march in spirit once their body’s dead.

The other prisoners have joined in the second and third choruses. At the end the cell door opens and a German military doctor appears.

**DOCTOR:** Nice of you all to join in the singing so merrily.
You’ll be pleased to know that I consider you all healthy enough to join the army, and that you’re hereby enlisted. Stand up, the lot of you, and put your shirts on. Ready to move off in ten minutes. *Exit.*

**PRISONERS:** Crushed, put their shirts on again.

**BENT MAN:** Without a medical examination it’s completely illegal.

**DYING MAN:** I’ve got cancer of the stomach, I can prove it.

**SCHWEYK to the little fat man:** They’ll put us in different units, I’m told, so we’re not together and can’t start buggering about. All the best, Mr Vojta, pleased to meet you, and see you all again in the Chalice at six o’clock after the war.

**SCHWEYK:** Greatly moved, shakes everyone’s hand as the cell door opens again. He marches out first, smartly.

**SCHWEYK:** Heitler! On to Moscow!
Weeks later. Deep in the wintry Russian steppes Hitler's good soldier Schweyk is marching to join his unit in the Stalingrad area. He is muffled up in a huge pile of clothes on account of the cold.

**Schweyk sings:**

*When we marched off to Jaromíř*

*Believe it, you folks, or not*

*We reached the town at suppertime*

*And got there on the dot.*

*A German patrol challenges him.*

**First Soldier:** Halt! Password!

**Schweyk:** 'Blitzkrieg!' Could you tell me the way to Stalingrad, I've got accidentally separated from my draft and I've been marching all day.

*The first soldier examines his army papers.*

**Second Soldier** passing his flask: Where are you from?

**Schweyk:** Budweis.

**Soldier:** Then you're a Czech.

**Schweyk** nods: I've heard things aren't too good up at the front. *The two soldiers look at each other and laugh grimly.*

**First Soldier:** What would a Czech be looking for up there?

**Schweyk:** I'm not looking for anything, I'm coming to help protect civilization against Bolshevism just like you, or else it'll be a bullet in the guts, am I right?

**First Soldier:** You could be a deserter.

**Schweyk:** Not me, because you'd shoot me on the spot for breaking my oath as a soldier and not dying for my Führer, Heil Hitler.

**Second Soldier:** So you're one of the keen ones, are you? *Takes his flask back.*

**Schweyk:** I'm as keen as Tonda Novotny when he applied at the vicarage in Vysocany for the job of sexton not knowing if the church was protestant or Catholic, and because the
vicar was in his braces and there was a woman in the room
he said he was a protestant and got it wrong for a start.

**FIRST SOLDIER:** And why must it be Stalingrad of all places,
you doubtful ally?

**SCHWEYK:** Because that’s where my regimental office is,
mate, where I’ve got to get my papers stamped to show I’ve
reported, otherwise they’re bugger all use and I shan’t be
able to show my face in Prague again. Heil Hitler!

**FIRST SOLDIER:** And suppose we said to you ‘Sod Hitler!’
and we’re deserting to the Russians and taking you with us
because you can speak Russian, because Czech is supposed
to be like it.

**SCHWEYK:** Czech’s very like it, but I’d say you’d do better
not to, I don’t know my way around here and I’d sooner get
directions to Stalingrad

**FIRST SOLDIER:** Perhaps you’d rather not trust us—is that
the reason?

**SCHWEYK:** I’d rather think you were good soldiers. Because
if you were deserting you’d be bound to be taking some-
thing with you for the Russians, a machine-gun or some-
thing, maybe a good telescope, something they could use,
and you’d hold it up in front of you so they wouldn’t shoot
you at sight. That’s the way it’s done, I’m told.

**FIRST SOLDIER** *laughs:* You mean they’ll understand that
even if it isn’t Russian. I get you, you’re a crafty bastard.
And you’d sooner say you just want to know where your
grade at Stalingrad is. It’s that way. *He shows him.*

**SECOND SOLDIER:** And if anyone asks you, we’re a military
patrol and we gave you the full treatment, got that?

**FIRST SOLDIER** *as he goes:* And that’s not bad advice of
yours, mate.

**SCHWEYK** waving after them: Glad to help. Be seeing you.

*The soldiers move off quickly. Schweyk too continues in the direction
he was shown, but he can be seen to be wandering from it in a wide
arc. He vanishes into the gloom. When he reappears on the other
side he stops for a short time at a signpost and reads: ‘Stalingrad—
50 km.’ He shakes his head and marches on. The moving clouds in*
the sky are now red from distant fires. He looks at them interestedly as he marches.

SCHWEYK sings:
When Hitler sent for me
To help him win his war
I thought the whole damn lark would last
A fortnight and no more.

While he continues to march, smoking his pipe, the clouds turn pale again and the regulars’ table at the Chalice appears, bathed in pink light. Baloun is kneeling on the floor, next to him stands Mrs Kopecka with her embroidery, and at the table Anna is sitting behind a beer.

BALOUN as if reciting the litany: I now swear of my own free will and on an empty stomach, since all attempts by everybody to organize some meat for me have failed, that’s to say without me having had a real meal, by the Virgin Mary and all the saints, that I will never volunteer for the Nazi army, and may Almighty God help me. I do this in memory of my friend Mr Schweyk, now marching across the icy Russian steppes faithfully doing his duty because he has to. He was a good man.

MRS KOPECKA: Right, you can stand up now.

ANNA takes a drink from the beer mug, stands up and embraces him:
And now we can get married as soon as we’ve got the papers from Protivin. After kissing him, to Mrs Kopecka:
What a pity things haven’t worked out for you.

Young Prochazka stands in the doorway, a parcel under his arm.

MRS KOPECKA: Mr Prochazka, I forbade you ever to set foot in here again. It’s all over between us. Since your great love doesn’t even stretch to two pounds of pickled pork.

YOUNG PROCHAZKA: What if I’ve brought it, though?
Shows his parcel. Two pounds of pickled pork.

MRS KOPECKA: What, you’ve brought it? In spite of what you might get if they caught you?

ANNA: It’s not really necessary any more, is it? Mr Baloun has taken his oath without.

MRS KOPECKA: But you must admit it proves a genuine
affection on Mr Prochazka’s part. Rudolf! She embraces him ardently.

Anna: That would please Mr Schweyk if he knew about it, poor old fellow. She looks tenderly at Schweyk’s bowler, which is hanging over the regulars’ table. Take good care of that hat, Mrs Kopecka, I’m certain Mr Schweyk will be back to collect it after the war.

Baloun sniffing the parcel: Some lentils would go well with that.

The Chalice disappears again. From upstage staggers a drunk in two thick sheepskins and a steel helmet. Schweyk encounters him.

Drunk: Halt! Who are you? I can see you’re one of our lot and not a gorilla, thank God. I’m Chaplain Ignatius Bullinger from Metz, you don’t happen to have a drop of kirsch with you, do you?

Schweyk: Beg to report I haven’t.

Chaplain: That’s odd. I don’t want it for boozing, as you may have thought, you swine, admit it, that’s what you think of your priest; I need it for my car with the field altar back there, I’ve run out of petrol, they’re keeping the Lord short of petrol in Rostov, they’re going to have to answer for that all right when they stand before the throne of God and He asks in a voice like thunder ‘You motorized My altar, but what about the petrol?’

Schweyk: I don’t know, your Reverence. Could you tell me which is the way to Stalingrad?

Chaplain: God knows. Do you know the one about the bishop who asks the ship’s captain in a storm ‘Are we going to make it?’, and the captain answers ‘We’re in God’s hands now, bishop’, and the bishop just says ‘As bad as that?’ and bursts into tears?

Schweyk: Is Lieutenant Bullinger of the SS your brother, sir?

Chaplain: Yes for my sins. D’you know him? So you’ve no kirsch or vodka?

Schweyk: No, and you’ll catch cold if you sit down in the snow.
CHAPLAIN: It doesn't matter about me. But they're mean with their petrol, they'll see how they get along without God and without the Word of God in battle. By land, sea and air, and so on. I only joined their stupid Nazi Union for German Christians after the most terrible struggles with my conscience. For their sake I've scrapped Jesus the Jew and made him a Christian in my sermons, with lots of bull about his blue eyes and references to Wotan, and I tell them the world has got to be German, even if it costs rivers of blood, because I'm a worm, a wretched apostate worm who's betrayed his beliefs for pay, and they go and give me too little petrol and just look what they've brought me to.

SCHWEYK: The Russian steppes, chaplain, and you'd better come back to Stalingrad with me and sleep it off. He pulls him to his feet and drags him along a fee yards. You'll have to walk on your own feet, though, or I'll leave you lying here, I've got to find my draft and come to Hitler's rescue.

CHAPLAIN: I can't leave my field altar standing here or it'll be captured by the Bolsheviks, and what then? They're heathens. I came past a cottage just over there, the chimney was smoking, d'you think they'd have any vodka, just tap them on the head with your rifle butt and Bob's your uncle. Are you a German Christian?

SCHWEYK: No, the ordinary sort. Now don't start being sick over yourself, it'll freeze on you.

CHAPLAIN: Freeze? I'm as cold as the devil. I'll hot things up for them at Stalingrad, though.

SCHWEYK: You've got to get there first.

CHAPLAIN: I've no real confidence left any more. Calmly, almost soberly: You know, What's-his-name, they laugh at me to my face, me the priest of God, when I threaten them with hell. The only explanation I can see is that they think they're there already. Religion's going to pieces, and it's Hitler who's responsible, don't tell anybody I said so.

SCHWEYK: Hitler's a wet fart, I'm telling you because you're drunk. And who's responsible for Hitler, them that handed him Czechoslovakia on a plate at Munich for 'peace in our
time’, and a fat long time it was too. But the war’s lasted all right, and for a lot of people it’s been ‘war in our time’ from what I can see.

CHAPLAIN: So you’re against the war that has to be fought against the godless Bolsheviks, you swine. D’you know I’m going to have you shot when we get to Stalingrad?

SCHWEYK: If you don’t pull yourself together and get a move on you’ll never get there. I’m not against war, and I’m not walking to Stalingrad just for a lark, but because like Naczek the cook said back in the First World War ‘Get near the shooting, you’ll find something cooking’.

CHAPLAIN: Don’t give me that. You’re saying to yourself ‘They can stuff their war’, I can see it from your face. *Grabs him*. What do you want to be pro-war for, what do you get out of it, confess it means bugger all to you.

SCHWEYK *roughly*: I’m marching to Stalingrad, and you are too, because it’s orders and we’d probably starve here left to ourselves. I’ve told you once already.

*They march on.*

CHAPLAIN: War’s a depression business on foot. *Stops.* There’s that cottage, we’ll go in there, got your safety-catch off?

*A cottage appears, they go up to it.*

SCHWEYK: But just one thing, don’t kick up a row, they’re people like you and me, and you’ve drunk enough.

CHAPLAIN: Have your finger on the trigger, they’re heathens, don’t answer back.

*Out of the cottage come an old peasant woman, and a young woman with a little child.*

CHAPLAIN: Look, they’re going to run away. We’ve got to stop that. Ask where they’ve buried the vodka. And look at that shawl she’s wearing, I’ll have that, I’m freezing like hell.

SCHWEYK: You’re freezing because you’re drunk and you’ve got two fur coats already. *To the young woman, who stands without moving*: Good evening, which is the way to Stalingrad?

*The young woman points rather absent-mindedly.*

CHAPLAIN: Does she admit they’ve got vodka?
SCHWEYK: You sit down, I'll deal with them and then we'll go on, I don't want any trouble. To the woman, cordially: Why are you standing outside the house like that? Were you just going away? The woman nods. That's a thin shawl you've got on, though; have you nothing else? It's not really enough, is it?

CHAPLAIN sitting on the ground: Use your rifle butt, they're gorillas, the lot of them. Heathens.

SCHWEYK roughly: You bloody well shut up. To the woman: Vodka? This man is ill. Schwyk has accompanied all his questions with illustrative gestures. The woman shakes her head.

CHAPLAIN bad-temperedly: You shaking your head? I'll show you. Here am I freezing, and you shake your head. He scrambles to his feet with difficulty and staggers towards the woman, his fist raised. She retreats into the cottage, closing the door after her. The chaplain kicks it in and pushes his way in. I'll settle your hash.

SCHWEYK who has mainly tried to hold him back: You stay out. It's not your house. He follows him in. The old woman goes in too. Then a scream is heard from the woman and sound of a fight. Schwyk from within: And put that knife away. Stay still, will you! I'll break your arm, you swine. Right, outside! Out of the cottage comes the woman with the child. She has one of the chaplain's coats on. Behind her comes the old woman.

SCHWEYK following them into the open: Let him sleep it off. Make sure you get well away.

OLD WOMAN curtsys deeply to Schwyk in the old style: God protect you, soldier, you're a good man, and if we had any bread left I'd give you a crust. You look as if you could do with it. Which way's your road?

SCHWEYK: To Stalingrad, ma, to the battle. Could you tell me how I get there?

OLD WOMAN: You're a Slav, you speak the way we do, you haven't come to murder, you're not one of Hitler's lot, God bless you.

She begins to bless him with broad gestures.
SCHWEYK without embarrassment: Don’t worry, ma, I’m a Slav, and don’t waste your blessing on me, I’m a collaborationist.

OLD WOMAN: God shall protect you, my son, you’ve a pure heart, you’ve come to help us, you’ll help beat Hitler’s lot.
SCHWEYK firmly: No offence, I’ve got to get on, it’s not my own choice. And I’m beginning to believe you must be deaf, ma.

OLD WOMAN in spite of the fact that her daughter keeps tugging at her sleeve: You’ll help us to get rid of these bandits, hurry soldier, and God bless you.

The young woman pulls the old one away, and they move off. Schweyk marches on shaking his head. Night has fallen and the stars have appeared. Schweyk stops at a signpost again and turns a dark lantern on to it. Astonished he reads: ‘Stalingrad—50 km’ and marches on. Suddenly shots ring out. Schweyk immediately puts his hands up, holding his rifle, in order to surrender. No one comes, however, and the shots cease. Schweyk goes on more quickly. When he again appears in his circular course he is out of breath and sits down on a snowdrift.

SCHWEYK sings:

When we were stationed in Kovno
They couldn’t have been slicker
They had the boots from off our feet
For one tiny glass of liquor.

The pipe sinks from his mouth, he dozes off and dreams. The regulars’ table at the Chalice appears in golden light. Around it sit Mrs Kopecka in her bridal gown, young Prochazka in his Sunday suit, Kati, Anna and Baloun. In front of the latter is a full plate.

MRS KOPENKA: And what you’re getting for the wedding breakfast, Mr Baloun, is your pickled pork. You swore without it, and that’s to your credit, but a little bit of meat now and then won’t hurt to help you keep your vow.

BALOUN eating: You know, I really do like eating. God bless it. The dear Lord created everything, from the sun down to the caraway seed. Indicating his plate: Can that be a sin?
Pigeons fly, chickens peck up seed from the earth. The landlord of the Huss knew seventeen ways of cooking a chicken, five sweet, six savoury, four with stuffing. 'The earth brings forth wine for me, likewise bread, and I'm not able to use them', the minister at Budweis used to say, that wasn't allowed to eat because he had diabetes. I had a hare at the Schlossbräu in Pilsen back in 1932, the cook has died since, so people don't go there any more, and I've never had another like it. It was in gravy with dumplings. There's nothing special about that, but there was something in that gravy did things to the dumplings, quite fantastic, they'd hardly have recognized themselves, inspired they were, really first class, I've never come across anything like it again, the cook took the recipe to the grave with him. It's a real loss to mankind.

Anna: Don't complain. What do you suppose Mr Schweyk would say about it, when he probably hasn't even got a baked potato to his name?

Baloun: That's true, mustn't grumble. You can always manage. In Pudonice when my sister got married they had a real crowd, thirty of them, it was at the pub there, girls and chaps and the old folk too, and they kept going right through soup, veal, pork, chicken, two roast calves and two fat pigs, the lot from snout to tail, and dumplings with it and great barrels of sauerkraut, and first beer and then schnapps. All I remember is my plate was never empty and I had a bucketful of beer or a tumber of schnapps after every mouthful. At one point there was absolute silence, just like in church, that was when they brought the roast pork in. They were all such good pals together sitting there, eating their fill, I'd have gone through fire for any one of them. And there were all sorts among them, there was a judge from the County Court at Pilsen used to really have it in for the thieves and the workers when he'd got his wig on. Eating draws people's sting.

Mrs Kopecka: In honour of Mr Baloun I am now going to sing the 'Song of the Chalice'. She sings:
Come right in and take a seat
Join us at the table
Soup and Moldau fish to eat
Much as you are able.
    If you need a bite of bread
    And a roof above your head
    You’re a man and that will do.
    The place of honour’s here for you.
    If you’ve 80 Hellers.

We don’t want to know your life
Everyone’s invited.
Step inside and bring the wife
We shall be delighted.
    All you need’s a friendly face
    Clever talk is out of place
    Eat your cheese and drink your beer
    And you’ll find a welcome here
    So will 80 Hellers.

One day soon we shall begin
Looking at the weather
And we’ll find the world’s an inn
Where men come together.
    All alike will come inside
    Nobody will be denied
    Here’s a roof against the storm
    Where the freezing can get warm
    Even on 80 Hellers.

Everyone has joined in the refrain.

BALOUN: My grandfather used to be an accountant with the water board, and when they told him at the Pankrac clinic he’d have to cut down on his food or go blind he answered ‘I’ve seen quite enough, but I haven’t eaten enough by a long chalk’. Suddenly stops eating. Christ, let’s hope old Schweyk isn’t freezing to death out there in that icy cold.

ANNA: He mustn’t lie down. It’s just when you feel nice and warm that you’re closest to dying of exposure, they say.
The Chalice disappears. It is daytime again. A snowstorm has set in. Schweyk moves beneath a blanket of flakes. The rattle of tank tracks becomes audible.

Schweyk sitting up: Nearly dropped off. But now, on to Stalingrad!
He works his way up and starts marching again. Then out of the driving snow a large armoured vehicle appears full of German soldiers with chalk white or blueish faces under their steel helmets, all of them wrapped up in every kind of rags, skins, even women's skirts.

The soldiers sing the 'German Miserere':

One day our superiors said: Germany, awaken
The small town of Danzig has got to be taken.
They gave us tanks and bombers, then Poland was invaded.
In two weeks at the outside we had made it.
God preserve us.

One day our superiors said: Germany, awaken
Now Norway and France have got to be taken.
They gave us tanks and bombers, both countries were invaded.
Five weeks of 1940, and we'd made it.
God preserve us.

One day our superiors said: Germany, awaken
The Balkans and Russia have got to be taken.
The third year saw the Balkans and Russia both invaded.
We should have won, but something has delayed it.
God preserve us.

Wait till our superiors say: Germany, awaken
The depths of the ocean and the moon must be taken.
Over Russia's cold steppes they've left us to roam
And the fighting's tough and we don't know our way home.
God preserve us and bring us back home alive.

The armoured vehicle disappears again in the snowstorm. Schweyk marches on. A signpost appears, pointing at right angles to his
route. Schweyk ignores it. Suddenly, however, he stops and listens. Then he bends down, whistles softly and snaps his fingers. Out of the snow-covered undergrowth creeps a starving mongrel.

SCHWEYK: I knew you were there in the bushes, hanging about and wondering whether to come out or not, eh? You’re a cross between a schnauzer and an alsatian, with a bit of mastiff in the middle. I shall call you Ajax. Stop cringing and cut out that shivering, I can’t stand it. He marches on, followed by the dog. We’re going to Stalingrad. You’ll find other dogs there and plenty going on. If you want to get through the war in one piece, keep close to the others and stick to routine, don’t volunteer for anything, lie doggo till you get a chance to bite. War doesn’t last for ever, any more than peace does, and when it’s over I’ll take you along to the Chalice and we’ll have to keep an eye on Baloun to see he doesn’t eat you, Ajax. There’ll still be people wanting dogs, and pedigrees’ll still have to be faked because they want pure breeds, it’s a load of tripe but that’s what they want. Don’t get under my feet, or you’ll get a fourpenny one. On to Stalingrad!

The blizzard gets thicker and envelops them.

EPILOGUE

Hitler’s good soldier Schweyk is marching untiringly to Stalingrad, which remains just as far away as ever, when a wild music is heard amidst the snowstorm and a larger-than-life figure appears: Adolf Hitler. The historic meeting between Hitler and Schweyk takes place.

HITLER

Halt! Who goes there? Friend or foe?

SCHWEYK giving the customary salute:

Heitler!

HITLER over the storm:

I can’t hear what you say.

SCHWEYK louder:

I said Heitler. Can you hear me now?
HITLER
Yes.

SCHWEYK
It’s the wind that carries it away.

HITLER
You’re right, and we seem to be getting some snow. Do you recognize me?

SCHWEYK
Beg to report, sir, no.

HITLER
I am the Führer.

_Schweyk, whose hand has remained up in the Nazi salute, raises the other to join it in a gesture of surrender, dropping his gun._

SCHWEYK
Holy Saint Joseph!

HITLER
At ease. Who are you?

SCHWEYK
I’m Schweyk from Budweis at the bend in the Moldau. And I’ve come to help you at Stalingrad. But would you mind telling me just one thing: where is it?

HITLER
How the devil can you expect me to know any of our positions
In these blasted Bolshevistic traffic conditions?
The direct road from Rostov to Stalingrad looked no longer
than my finger on the map.
It is, though;—filthy Communistic trap!
What’s more, the winter’s set in early again this year—on
the first of November instead of the third.
It’s the second year running that that’s occurred.
This winter’s probably all part of their damned Bolshevistic theories.
As a matter of fact at the moment I don’t even know where
the front or the rear is.
I set out from the principle that the stronger side would win.
SCHWEYK
That’s just what’s happened.
*He has begun to stamp his feet and fling his arms around his chest, being extremely cold.*

HITLER
Mr Schweyk, remember, if the Third Reich should cave in the forces of nature were the only thing that could hold me.

SCHWEYK
Yes, the winter and the Bolsheviks. So you’ve already told me.

HITLER *beginning an extended explanation:*
History shows us that East and West don’t mix, and if . . .

SCHWEYK
Look, you explain it to me on the way, or else we’ll be frozen stiff.

HITLER
Right. Then forward.

SCHWEYK
But which way shall we go?

HITLER
Let’s try the north.
*They advance a few paces to the north.*

SCHWEYK stops, sticks two fingers in his mouth and whistles to Hitler:
That way there’s some pretty deep snow.

HITLER
Then the south.
*They advance a few paces southwards.*

SCHWEYK stops and whistles:
That way there are mountains of dead men.

HITLER
Then I’ll push East.
*They advance eastwards a few paces.*

SCHWEYK stops and whistles:
That way you’ll find an awful lot of red men.
HITLER
    You’re right.
SCHWEYK
    Maybe we could go home then? That’d make a bit of sense.
HITLER
    What: and face my German people without any defence?
    Hitler rushes in each direction, one after the other. Schweyk keeps whistling him back.
HITLER
    East! West! North! South!
SCHWEYK
    You can’t stay here, and you can’t get out.
    Hitler’s movements in all directions become quicker.
SCHWEYK begins to sing:
    Yes, you cannot retreat, and you cannot progress.
    You’re all rotten on top, below you’re a mess.
    The east wind is far too cold, and hellfire is far too hot
    So they’ve left it to me now to say whether or not
    I should heap you with shit or riddle you with shot.
    Hitler’s desperate attempts at escape have turned into a wild dance.

CHORUS OF ALL THE ACTORS taking off their masks and going down to the footlights:
    For times have to change. All the boundless ambitions
    Of those now in power will soon have been spent.
    Like bloodspattered cocks they defend their positions
    But times have to change—which no force can prevent.

The stones of the Moldau are stirring and shifting
In Prague lie three emperors turning to clay.
The great shall not stay great, the darkness is lifting.
The night has twelve hours, but at last comes the day.
Appendix

HENRY SLEPT BESIDE HIS NEWLY WEDDED*

Henry slept beside his newly wedded
Heiress to a castle on the Rhine
Snake bites, which tormented the false lover
Would not let him peacefully recline.

At the stroke of twelve the curtain parted.
On the sill a pale cold hand appeared.
In a shroud he saw his Wilhelmina
And her mournful, ghostly voice he heard.

Do not tremble, said his Wilhelmina;
Faithless lover, do not be afraid.
I have not come here in hate or anger
I've not come to curse your marriage bed.

Bitter grief my poor young life has shortened
I have died because I loved you well
But the Lord has fortified my spirit
Saved me from the headlong plunge to hell.

Why did I believe your protestations
That your love would always be the same
Never dreaming that for you to vanquish
Maiden's heart was but a paltry game?

Do not weep. This world does not deserve it
'Tis not worth a single tear or moan.
Live serene and happy with Eliza
Now that you have got her for your own.

Henry, you have treasure, ah, uncounted
Use it now to give my soul repose.
Give your Wilhelmine the peace of spirit
You denied her living, heaven knows.

Sacrifice! cried Henry in his fever;
That's what you have come to ask, he cried.

* This street ballad is sung by Kati and Anna in scene 4. Translated by Ralph Manheim.
Whereupon the poor spurned woman vanished
And the churl committed suicide.

God had mercy on her, but the faithless
Lover was condemned beyond repair.
Still he lives, an evil spooky monster
Wand’ring in the dreary midnight air.