

S8 E07 - The Red Fort

Transcription by Duncan Gray, corrections by Kurt Adkins. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

SECOMBE:

There should be a law against it.

GREENSLADE:

There is.

SECOMBE:

What's it called?

GREENSLADE:

The Home Service.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORD

SECOMBE:

And it's that sort of material, folks, that makes the BBC give in to ITV.

GREENSLADE:

It's all right you running Auntie down, but you know which side your bread's buttered, mate.

SECOMBE:

Yeah, you do all right out of it as well, mate. My life! Eh? What?

GREENSLADE:

Oh?

SECOMBE:

I seen you knocking back the gin at the old BBC cocktail parties, there, Wal. I seen you staggering out reeking of whisky and your pockets full of cheese biscuits. You're alright, there, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

This... this is outrageous!

SECOMBE:

You'll get a muffin up your conk. Shut your big dinner grind and read that. Go on, read on, there, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

I've a good mind...

Give us the old posh [UNCLEAR], there, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

I've a good mind to go back to the P and O. (CLEARS THROAT)

SELLERS:

(OFF – SOUNDS LIKE:) You're all fuffle.

GREENSLADE:

We start the all-leather Goon Show with a map of Delhi in 1857. Next, let us show you a contour map of Jane Mansfield showing the south col.

SECOMBE:

Give me back that family treasure. Where's my speaking trumpet? Hello, folks. Hello, folks. Calling folks. Presenting to you, Captain Hugh Jympton to tell a tale of India.

ORCHESTRA:

BUGLE SOUNDS "THE LAST POST"

CAPTAIN HUGH JYMPTON:

[SELLERS]

India, 1857. I'd just been gazetted to the First Offence Fusiliers. I shall never forget that 3rd of August.

GRAMS:

INDIAN MUSIC

CAPTAIN HUGH JYMPTON:

It was 130 degrees in the shade. Gad, the sun was hot. As I sat there in the sweltering heat, the perspiration poured off my dufta, ran down the fur on my topee and sizzled on my hot steaming curry. Gad, I thought. I wonder what the folks at home are doing now.

FRED BOGG:

We weren't doing anything actually.

CAPTAIN HUGH JYMPTON:

And just across the road I could hear the old man signing documents in his office.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Oohhh! Oh! Blast these flies. Oh! 'Dear Sir...'

FX:

QUILL ON PARCHMENT

BLOODNOK:

(WRITING) 'Consignments of women arriving from England are not up to War Department standards. As it is, we are returning two crates of them which went off during the voyage. And as you know, we soldiers consider women to be a sacred animal. Please expedite'.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

Ah... Er, j-just a moment, I haven't got my medals on.

FX:

JANGLE OF MEDALS

BLOODNOK:

And they're all long-service ones, you know. Come in.

SEAGOON:

Good morning, Major. Ah, your medals are showing, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I... I beg... beg your pardon. Dear, oh, dear. Captain Seagoon. What's up now?

SEAGOON:

Can your wife keep a secret?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Then I'm safe.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, but I'm not married.

SEAGOON:

You're...? Wait! Then who was that lady in your house?

BLOODNOK:

That was no lady, that was my batman.

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaahhhhhh! It's the heat, sir. My eyes are going. I... I want a transfer.

BLOODNOK:

Right, stick this on your arm.

SEAGOON:

Gad! It's a nude anchor and a g-string.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Belonged to my mother. She was a sailor.

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha-aaa...

BLOODNOK:

Oh! You naughty man. What's the matter with you this morning, Seagoon? Why have you got such a long face?

SEAGOON:

Heavy dentures, sir.

BLOODNOK:

I see. Well, have you seen... have you seen a doctor?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I just saw one walking down the road.

BLOODNOK:

Good, good, good, good, good. Then you must let nature take its course.

SEAGOON:

Yes. That reminds me, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Mm?

SEAGOON:

There's a native outside says he's a better man than I am.

BLOODNOK:

Gunga Din?

SEAGOON:

That's him.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Ahhhh, hello, Jim. Hello Jiiiiim. Pardon me, sir. There's trouble in the old bazaar. Trouble iiiiin the bazzzaaaaaaar!

BLOODNOK:

Stop raving and get on with it.

JIM SPRIGGS:

The devils are going around shouting "Down with the English".

SEAGOON:

What? I'll send the Irish Guards to deal with them.

JIM SPRIGGS:

It's the Irish Guards who are shouting it.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? I'll have their shamrock ration cut in half for this.

JIM SPRIGGS:

How painful for them. But there is terrible trouble, sir. Terri... (MILLIGAN CRACKS UP) Terrible trouble, siiiiiir. The control mound is in great danger.

SEAGOON:

Danger?!

JIM SPRIGGS:

In great dangerrrrr. Danger, ohhhh...

SEAGOON:

Danger, hooooo!

JIM SPRIGGS:

Danger.

SEAGOON:

Major, I want a transfer.

FX:

TRANSFER SLAPPED ON ARM

SEAGOON:

Gad, the cap badge of Hobsons Horse.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it belonged to my father.

SEAGOON:

How long was he with the Hobsons Horse?

BLOODNOK:

Until the day it died. Asking all these questions, Seagoon? You must be rather new out here.

SEAGOON:

Yes, sir. New out here but... old everywhere else.

BLOODNOK:

Well, gentlemen, we'll have to face it. The natives are revolting.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I don't know, some of them are nice chaps.

BLOODNOK:

Where did you hear that?

SEAGOON:

Take It From Here, 1952.

GRAMS:

LARGE DISTURBANCE OUTSIDE

BLOODNOK:

Listen, if that's the right sound effect, it sounds like hostile natives.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, sir. I'll go outside and soothe them.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) There'll always be an England
And England shall be free.
If England means as...

GRAMS:

JEERS FROM THE CROWD

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Unmusical swines. They'd have had to pay two guineas a time to hear that at the Palladium. My life!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF, VERY FAINT) Lew! Lew!

SEAGOON:

Lew! Lew! 'Ere, 'ere. Oh, no.

BLOODNOK:

Well, let me quell them, lad. Hand me my military violin.

GRAMS:

GOES OUT OF DOOR AND PLAYS 'OLD COMRADES MARCH' ON THE VIOLIN. LOTS OF SOUNDS INCLUDING DONKEY BRAYING (FRED THE OYSTER), GRUNTS, RASPBERRIES.

BLOODNOK:

The filthy swines! Look at my uniform! I'll soon show them. I'll give them the last turkey in the shop.

SEAGOON:

No, not that!

BLOODNOK:

Abdul?! Now then, hand me that magnifying glass.

GRAMS:

GOES OUT DOOR. CROWD GASPS AND FLEES. DOOR OPENS AGAIN.

BLOODNOK:

There, that got rid of them. Oh, ho-ho.

SEAGOON:

Major, what did you do?

BLOODNOK:

I'm not going to say but they'd never allow it on television, that's all.

SEAGOON:

Well, anyhow, it's... given us breathing space to re-organise.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes. Haveldar Singhiz Thing?

SINGHIZ THING:

[HINDI], Sahib?

BLOODNOK:

Why are the men mutinying?

SINGHIZ THING:

Indeed, sir. There is a nasty rumour that the cartridges for their rifles are being greased with banana skins.

SEAGOON:

Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well?

SINGHIZ THING:

Well, sir, the natives look upon the banana as a sacred animal.

BLOODNOK:

What? Rattle me crowthers. That's a lot of...

SEAGOON:

Woowoowoowoo.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Just time for a... That... That's a lot of superstitious nonsense. The banana's a non-sacred animal.

SEAGOON:

Nevertheless, sir, the native troops are enflamed.

BLOODNOK:

Well, we all are. It's the dohbi itch, you know. Tell them to drink caster oil.

SEAGOON:

Are you mad, Major?

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

The natives regard castor oil as a sacred animal. I'm only a simple Englishman and... and I know that.

BLOODNOK:

You're simpler than I thought.

SEAGOON:

And so saying, he pointed to a map of Dehli where Major Bloodnok was preparing to do battle.

GRAMS:

RHUBARB

JIM SPRIGGS:

Alright, eyes up. Eyes front, Jiiim. Eyes front. Commanding Officer, attennnnn... shun.

GRAMS:

PARADE COMES TO ATTENTION

BLOODNOK:

Er, as you were, men. I presume you *were* men before you, er... Well, never mind about that. Er, now, gentlemen. The Seefaris are up in arms and down in legs, under the leadership of the Red Bladder.

SEAGOON:

What is the disposition of his troops?

BLOODNOK:

They're a lot of miserable... Ah, well, I believe that he and his mutineers are a thousand miles away.

SEAGOON:

Correction, sir. We've just had news that they're only half a mile away.

BLOODNOK:

What?! Follow me.

GRAMS:

PARADE SPEEDS INTO THE DISTANCE, THEN PAUSE, THEN PARADE SPEEDS BACK FROM THE DISTANCE

BLOODNOK:

All right. Stop, stop. Well. *Now* they're a thousand miles away.

SEAGOON:

They're not, *we* are.

BLOODNOK:

So! We are the same distance from them as they are from us. The cunning devils!

SEAGOON:

Major, it's no good, we've got to attack the Red Fort. It's the key to the whole of India.

BLOODNOK:

All right, then. I want three brave men and a coward.

SEAGOON:

I'll be the coward, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Too late, I've already volunteered. You'll have to be the three brave men. You're just the right size, I think, anyway. Now Seagoon, you three black up your faces, put on evening dress and muffle your banjos.

SEAGOON:

Don't be silly, sir. The muffled banjo is considered a sacred animal.

BLOODNOK:

Then you'll have to attack unaccompanied. Now, you know what we want?

SEAGOON:

Yes, sir. The inside leg measurement of the key to the rebel fort.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, sir, leave it to me. Yes, sir, I will do it, sir. I'll see to it, sir. Yes, sir. You can rely on me absolutely to...

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, will you!

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, outside the tradesman's entrance of the Red Fort, sounds are heard coming from a dustbin.

FX:

SOUNDS OF CUTLERY ON PLATES, EATING AND BELCHING

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, yes, Moriarty. When Grytpype-Thynne invites someone to dine, they dine in the style to which they're accustomed. Here, have another fillet of fishbone.

MORIARTY:

(SWALLOWS)

GRYTPYPE:

Nourishment, that's what you need, my dear Count, nourishment. Bring the roses back to your knees.

MORIARTY:

But Grytpype, this life of luxury in this dustbin, *it's too good to be true!* What are you after? What do you want from me? What is it? What cars do you want of me? I want cars!

GRYTPYPE:

We've never had it so good, have we?

MORIARTY:

Never had it so good.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, I'll tell you. Now, I have a great plan, Moriarty. Soon this dustbin will be resting inside the Red Fort and then I have a certain idea.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww...

GRYTPYPE:

Ahhh. But shhh! Someone is approaching downwind.

MORIARTY:

Lucky for them.

SEAGOON:

Yes, it's me, folks. Where's my muffled speaking trumpet? Hello, folks! Haaaallo, folks! I'm speaking through my muffled speaking trumpet from directly outside the main gate of the Red Fort. We're disguised to look like Indian GPO engineers. Now to afford an entrance.

WILLIUM:

I can afford an entrance captain, I just 'ad me slate money.

SEAGOON:

Right! Well, knock on the door with your slate.

WILLIUM:

Right. Knock, knock, knock.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

RED BLADDER:

Yimum ballaboo! Itchy kitchy coo. Toola, toola, yakadoola and your father, too. Now, what d'you want, blimey? Knocking us up this time of night!

SEAGOON:

We're just testing a door knocker.

RED BLADDER:

Did it work?

WILLIUM:

We don't know, we're waitin' to see if anyone answers.

RED BLADDER:

Well I hope they hurry up. I can't stand here all night with my door open. It's bad enough standing here with it shut.

WILLIUM:

All right, lets start again, then. Knock, knock.

RED BLADDER:

Who's there?

WILLIUM:

Cohen.

RED BLADDER:

Cohen who?

WILLIUM:

Cohen answer the door.

RED BLADDER:

Ah, so you're back.

WILLIUM:

No, it's me front, mate.

SEAGOON:

Willium, you're not going getting any laughs. Let me try and be funny.

WILLIUM:

That's a laugh for a start, innit.

SEAGOON:

Red Bladder, we've come to disconnect your phone.

RED BLADDER:

I haven't got one.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, we've brought one with us.

RED BLADDER:

All right, little jokers. Come in.

SEAGOON:

Don't bother to wait up, we'll lock up for you.

RED BLADDER:

Okay. And don't forget to put the cat out. He's a British spy.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you give me away, now. My disguise... (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) My disguise was perfect until you said that. Points to mum's old drawers painted to look like tabby cat.

SEAGOON:

Gad, it's secret agent Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yee-hee!

SEAGOON:

Just the fellow. Give me a hand to remove the fort door and get it back to camp.

BLUEBOTTLE:

But if we take it away, captain, they'll notice it.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense, if it's not there how can they notice it? If it was there they'd notice but then there wouldn't be anything to notice, would there? I mean if it was only... if it's not there they wouldn't notice it. I mean, if it, erm... um... hummm...

SEAGOON AND BLUEBOTTLE:

(SINGING) Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, Britons never never never shall...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

BLOODNOK:

We must have that door of the fort. Any news of Seagoon and his blacked-up raiding party?

GREENSLADE:

No, sir, but we've captured three natives who say they're Seagoon blacked up.

BLOODNOK:

What? Send them in.

SEAGOON:

Let me go! It's all a mistake, I tell you! Let me go, you...

BLOODNOK:

Right. Now then, who are you three people?

SEAGOON:

We're me, Seagoon. I'm not a native. Look, I... I'll roll my sleeves up.

BLOODNOK:

So! A native with european arms!

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon took the door of the fort down to the locksmith's shop where even now they're making a duplicate key.

FX:

LOCKSMITH WORKING TYPE NOISES, HAMMERING ON METAL...

LALKAKA:

[MILLIGAN]

I don't know what's happening. I don't know what's happening here, I... I cannot... don't understand.

LAKAGEE:

[SELLERS]

Well, in a minute you will understand.

LALKAKA:

Using a tantamount of patience will bring it to a conclusion, I say.

LAKAGEE:

This is a job for Hindustani.

LALKAKA:

You realise the significance of getting this [UNCLEAR]?

LAKAGEE:

I do, I do, yes.

LALKAKA:

Yes, alright.

LAKAGEE:

No, no.

LALKAKA:

Steady, Mr Lackagee. Most imperative that we... we keep this in great perspective so we can condition right, you understand.

LAKAGEE:

I totally understand what you are saying.

LALKAKA:

Shabas.

LAKAGEE:

Shabas. Dear, oh, dear. One moment, Mr Lalkaka. Would it not be more advantageous if we stood the door in the upright position?

LALKAKA:

You are speaking line 3 and I haven't spoken line 2 yet.

LAKAGEE:

Ah, but... I am wondering whether the line 1 you were saying was replaced with some other utterings [UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

You are coming... you are going back to bengali babu and then callicut long live. And then let Missy give you three pints daily, but on Sunday.

LAKAGEE:

I get none.

LALKAKA:

What would you do?

LAKAGEE:

I shall die.

LALKAKA:

Then your wife and children will cry.

LAKAGEE:

They will make a bonfire of me.

LALKAKA:

They will throw you in the sea.

LAKAGEE:

What will be the end of me?

LALKAKA:

I don't know.

LAKAGEE:

Oh, dear.

LALKAKA:

Now to... now... now to test the key out in the door we have made for this important door. Mr Lakagee, will you please hold the end of the door in a position like so.

LAKAGEE:

I will, I will, but Mr Lalkaka, would it not be more advantageous if we stood the door in the upright position?

LALKAKA:

Indeed, indeed, Mr Laka... er... Lakagee, that is a splendid idea, admitting.

LAKAGEE:

Of course, yes.

LALKAKA:

I... I will get Haveldar Singhiz Thing to hold the door upright against his face.

LAKAGEE:

Giving you credit for your intelligence but I do not see the point of having Haveldar Singh holding the door upright.

LALKAKA:

Look, please let... letting... letting me explain the... the... the reason [UNCLEAR], man. Listen... now, listen, please.

LAKAGEE:

I am listening. I am listening.

LALKAKA:

Will you kindly... will you kindly remain in a condition of serenity and calm.

LAKAGEE:

Alright, [UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

And I will explain the whole principle of the idea. Toodle pip.

LAKAGEE:

Explain. Chin chin.

LALKAKA:

Chin chin, [UNCLEAR] . Now the natural position of the door is being upright, is that not right so?

LAKAGEE:

Indeed, yes. Indeed, yes.

LALKAKA:

Hooray.

LAKAGEE:

I am in complete accordment with the statement you have just vouchsafed.

LALKAKA:

Alright. Therefore, in this position, we are able to make the requisite preparation for the testing of the key, is that not so?

LAKAGEE:

That is so, that is so.

LALKAKA:

That is so, [UNCLEAR].

LAKAGEE:

Now then, Haveldar Singh.

LALKAKA:

Haveldar Singh.

HAVELDAR SINGH:

I am standing by waiting immediately on your command.

LAKAGEE:

Well, rest your little curry bag on the chair. And hold the door between yourself and us two persons on the opposite side.

FX:

HEAVY OBJECT BEING MOVED

LAKAGEE:

Excellent, indeed.

LALKAKA:

Now then, we will insert the newly made key into the lock, so.

FX:

SCRATCHING OF KEY IN LOCK

Into the... Oh, oh, oh.

LAKAGEE:

Oh, dear, dear.

LALKAKA:

What is the trouble?

LAKAGEE:

It is not correctly fitting into the lock.

LALKAKA:

Haveldar Singh, a disaster has occurred for you. We fear you are locked in.

SEAGOON:

There you are, gentlemen. How's it going?

LALKAKA:

Sir, the key we made will not fit the Red Fort's door.

SEAGOON:

We must find how to open this door. It's... it's the only way we can get into the fort. Ah! Has anyone here got a hairpin?

FLOWERDEW:

I've got one, sir.

SEAGOON:

It's time you went on leave, isn't it?

FLOWERDEW:

Mmmm!

SEAGOON:

Now, see if this hairpin opens it.

FX:

KEY SCRATCHING IN LOCK AND THEN DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Got it!

RED BLADDER:

Here! I hope you put that cat out.

SEAGOON:

The Red Bladder! Major Bloodnok!

FX:

HORSE RUNS UP.

BLOODNOK:

Agh! What is it?

SEAGOON:

I've got The Red Bladder imprisoned behind this door.

BLOODNOK:

What? Let's look round the back. (PAUSE) There's nobody there.

SEAGOON:

He's escaped! Anyway, Major, you'll be pleased to know we've got the door to open.

BLOODNOK:

Ah! Let me try.

RED BLADDER:

So, Bloodnok! Hands up!

BLOODNOK:

(SCREAMS) Let me go.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! The Red Bladder's captured Major Bloodnok. I'll have to get this door back to the Red Fort at once and liberate Bloodnok. (SHOUTS) Fall in to volunteer for a dangerous job!

GRAMS:

STAMPEDE OF BOOTS RUNNING AWAY.

ECCLES:

But dat only leaves me. (APPLAUSE) Ta, ta. There'll be a silver collection later, what?

SEAGOON:

Splendid, Eccles. I want you to guard that door with your life.

ECCLES:

Okay. (MUTTERS LEFTRIGHTLEFTRIGHT AS HE MARCHES BACK AND FORWARD) There's something funny going on here. I don't know about you, folks, but I think it's silly guarding a door. Wait a minute. Instead of me walking round it, I'll open it and walk through. That way I'll get to the other side quicker.

GRAMS:

DOOR OPENS. IMMEDIATE SOUNDS OF BATTLE, LOTS OF SHOOTING ETC.

SEAGOON:

You fool, Eccles! You've let all the mutineers out. Quick! After them!

ECCLES:

Right!

FX:

RUNNING FEET

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

CAPTAIN HUGH JYMPTON:

Meanwhile, inside the Red Fort.

RED BLADDER:

Come, Bloodnok. Sign this document giving India to us.

BLOODNOK:

Codswaggle me dongolas, never! Never! Torture me. Lock me in a dark room with six beautiful women. I'll never sign.

RED BLADDER:

Very well, I *won't* lock you in a dark room with six beautiful women.

BLOODNOK:

Thank heavens, saved.

RED BLADDER:

Instead, me challenge you to a duel. Name your weapons.

BLOODNOK:

One pair of clean underpants.

RED BLADDER:

Cor blimey, what you mean, mate?

BLOODNOK:

I challenge you to a battle of wits. Namely, a 19th century underpant wearing contest. We stand back to back and the first man to wear out the seat of his pants, dies. Of exposure.

RED BLADDER:

I accept.

BLOODNOK:

Are you ready? Back to back. Now, forty eight thousand paces, quiiiiick... march!

FX:

BOOTED FEET MARCH INTO DISTANCE

BLOODNOK:

Well, that got rid of him.

RED BLADDER:

That's what *you* think.

BLOODNOK:

Aaaaah! You swine! You let your legs go without you!

RED BLADDER:

Bloodnok, your time has come.

BLOODNOK:

Aaaaaahohh!

RED BLADDER:

Stand him against the wall.

BLOODNOK:

What?

RED BLADDER:

Firing squad... load.

NARRATOR:

[MILLIGAN]

Meanwhile, Seagoons relief column approaches.

FX:

MARCHING COLUMN

SEAGOON:

We must hurry, men. Left, left, left, right, left.

NARRATOR:

Back at the Fort.

RED BLADDER:

Take aim...

NARRATOR:

Back at the Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Faster men, faster.

FX:

FASTER MARCHING

NARRATOR:

Back at the fort.

RED BLADDER:

Any last requests, Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, don't shoot me.

NARRATOR:

Back at the fort. Back at the Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Hurry men, faster.

NARRATOR:

While, back at the fort.

RED BLADDER:

Fire!

FX:

FIRING SQUAD FIRE.

NARRATOR:

Back at the Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Halt. Too late. Fall out, lads. Get your money. See you next week.

GREENSLADE:

It's all in the mind, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME - "DING DONG THE WITCH IS DEAD"

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show. A BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan; with the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programmer produced by Roy Spear.

NOTES:

*1 "The last turkey in the shop" is performed by manipulating the male genitalia into a pose that looks something like the last turkey in the shop.

*2 The final spark that triggered the Indian mutiny of 1857 was provided by a controversy over a new rifle. To load it, the native troops had to bite the cartridge open. It was believed that the paper cartridges were greased with pork fat (which was regarded as unclean by Muslims), or beef fat, regarded as sacred to Hindus.