

## APPENDIX V

Chorus VI of The Rock as printed in C.P.P. p. 159 continues in the text of the play as follows (pp. 42-47) :

But come, let us not lose hope in the world, prematurely;  
 The world is not quite given up to diplomacy,  
 Combinations and the finding of formulas.  
 There are always the young, the devoted,  
 The enthusiasts, breakers of fetters.  
 And some such I now see approaching  
 With aloft their gay banner of sunrise.

Enter REDSHIRTS in military formation.

O you who thus intrude upon a house of sorrow,  
 Your looks are horrid, but your hearts no doubt are pure  
 Bring you some succour for our failing strength?  
 Bring you some light to lead our faltering steps?  
 Brooding on backward time, abysmal future,  
 Outward oppression and within betrayal,  
 We beg some word of comfort and assurance.

REDSHIRTS / in unison, with military gestures /.

Our verse

is free

as the wind on the steppes

as love in the heart of the factory worker

thousands and thousands of steppes

million and millions of workers

all working

all loving

in the cities  
                   on the steppes  
production has risen by twenty point six per cent  
we can laugh at God!  
our workers  
                   all working  
our turbines  
                   all turning  
our sparrows  
                   all chirping  
all denounce you, deceivers of the people!

CHORUS.

Alas! there is no help here.

Yet they are young, with fairly intelligent faces.

O Jesus, Saviour of Man, preserve us

From Man, the Saviour of Man,

The Saviour who destroys Man in Men.

But who comes now, approaching from our right?

Shall these avail us?

The right of some is the left of others,

The right of some is the wrong of others,

It is best to suspend judgment.

Enter BLACKSHIRTS, in military formation.

BLACKSHIRTS [saluting]. Hail!

We come as a boon and a blessing to all,

Though we'd rather appear in the Albert Hall.

Our methods are new in this land of the free,

We make the deaf hear and we make the blind see.

We're law-keeping fellows who make our own laws -  
And we welcome SUBSCRIPTIONS IN AID OF THE CAUSE!  
Hold out collection tins.

MALE CHORUS:

Friends, kindly solve the riddles in your speech:  
 Are you obedient to the Law of GOD?  
 Are you with those who reverence the Temple?

BLACKSHIRTS.

Your vesture, your gesture, your speech and your face,  
Proclaim your extraction from Jewish race.  
We have our own prophets, who're ready to speak  
For a week and a day and a day and a week.  
This being the case, we must firmly refuse  
To descend to palaver with anthropoid Jews.

CHORUS.

There seems no hope from those who march in step,  
 We have no help from those with new evangels.  
 Is there yet hope from those who hold the world,  
 From those who have the glory and the power?  
 And here comes one who has noble seeming,  
 Experienced, wise, a man of balanced judgment:  
 And him we will accost.

Enter PLUTOCRAT. During this and the following speech  
other PLUTOCRATS, FLASH LADIES, GUNMEN and other shady  
and rapacious individualists getting lower and lower in  
class, enter, until the stage is pretty full. As he enters,  
 BLACKSHIRTS hold out tins again, and he drops a penny in each.  
 Stranger! if strange you are, for yet I think

I have a sad acquaintance with your face.  
 Are you among the loyal to the Faith?  
 Are you among the children of the Church,  
 Prepared for sacrifice and suffering?

PLUTOCRAT [very suavely]

Let me assure you, first of all,  
 I have a great respect for Mother Church.  
 She is the bulwark of society,  
 The great maintainer of stability.  
 Her ceremonies, too, are very fine.  
 Most impressive, most impressive.  
 For Church and State and Liberty I stand.  
 I wish to reassure you on this point,  
 Lest otherwise you fail to understand  
 The trifling criticisms that I make  
 Wholly inspired by the wish to help you.  
 It grieves me very much to have to say this -  
 Yet I must say, in humble charity,  
 The Church is most oppressive to the poor.

Cheers from REDSHIRTS

I feel that I am qualified to speak,  
 Having been active in philanthropy;  
 For any man who makes a million pounds  
 Has done at least a million pounds of good.  
 Some clergyman are grossly overpaid;  
 You are extortionate in rents and tithes;

Cheers from BLACKSHIRTS

And then the Ecclesiastical Commission

Might be reformed. These seem small points, I know;  
 But there's one grievance that must be put right -  
 And one that I have suffered from myself -  
 You must make some concessions towards divorce,

Cheers from ALL

Though, mind you, I don't want divorce made cheap -  
 That cheapens marriage. Yet, when all is said,  
 I think the Church an excellent institution.  
 You don't mind such frank speaking, do you now?  
 From one who has so much goodwill as I.

CHORUS.

There is no help in parties, none in interests,  
 There is no help in those whose souls are swaddled  
 In the old winding sheets of place and power  
 Or the new winding sheets of mass-made thought.  
 O world! forget your glories and your quarrels,  
 Forget your groups and your misplaced ambitions,  
 We speak to you as individual men;  
 As individuals alone with GOD.

Alone with GOD, you first learn brotherhood with men.

CROWD grumbles and mutters, rising to a sullen roar, and  
 manifests disapproval.

PLUTOCRAT / in a conciliatory manner /

I have here an alternative to offer,  
 Hoping it will commend itself to all.  
 For after all, we're all at heart agreed;  
 The things we want are really all the same.  
 So why not try to find a formula?

And I, who am the soul of moderation,  
And earnest spirit of conciliation,  
Have been exploring every avenue  
To find the terms on which we can agree.  
We all, I know, have various interests,  
And there's the Church to be considered too.  
So I have had a little image cast,  
And I must say, you'll find it very neat,  
Something I'm sure that all of you will like.  
It looks like Gold, but its real name is POWER.

Enter at back, FLUNKEYS bearing the GOLDEN CALF. ALL cheer uproariously and kneel for a moment. Then rise and begin to push and shove and pursue the image across stage. Fall to struggling with each other indiscriminately. The calf is dismembered. Exeunt in tumult.