

with deeds, all the fronts directed against Russia will collapse like houses of cards, and the opposition and sabotage of the middle class will break down of itself.

The Russian Revolution is and will remain the point of departure of the World Revolution, which, in turn, holds the destiny of the Russian Revolution in its hands. The Russian working class will conquer this crisis as they have conquered previous crises, but the Western proletariat must not look on idly while the "democratic" imperialistic vampires undermine the foundations of the Russian Communistic Society by a systematic process of exhaustion.

"No intervention in Russia, either secret or open!" must be the irresistible demand in all countries: a demand that will not be heeded unless it is supported by the strongest pressure of revolutionary mass-action.

Moscow, December 1918.

Autumn Slush

OR

The Reformer a Danger to Society

Costume Play by Rococo (August Strindberg)

Free Translation

COSTUMES: Mogol; Lama; Rococo, the Danger to Society; The Responsible Ministers; The Discontented.

ACT I

Mogol and Lama, sitting at a table with a double top, drinking champagne and distributing medals and decorations.

Mogol. Now this is going too far! They are attacking society

Lama. And morality and the foundations of the social body.

Mogol. Que faire?

Lama. We must keep them busy, give them something to think of, any old thing!

Mogol. One must make concessions in accordance with the spirit of the times, when one lives in the age of constitutional despotism. How would it be to permit them to reform society on condition that they begin by reforming themselves?

Lama. Well spoken, Mogol; that'll give them something to

keep them occupied! Reform themselves! Damned fine idea! But we must get someone to tell them that—preferably someone out of their own ranks; or else they will howl him down. Do you know of anyone?

Mogol. Do you think I don't know my sheep? I know Rococo. He is young in years, but old in reason. He has sense enough to affect asthma and the snuffbox, and does not scorn to walk about with the traditional bamboo cane, which has for centuries been the surest support of society, the family, and religion. He's the boy for me—or, rather, the man for me!

Takes up his key and whistles.

ACT II

Rococo. Here I am.

Mogol. Rococo, go at once and say to the Discontented that they shall have their reforms, if they will begin by reforming themselves.

Rococo. They can't do it!

Mogol. As if I didn't know that! But you might tell them so anyway.

Rococo. Of course I can say it! You can say anything if you only say it nicely.

Mogol. Well spoken! Now say it nicely, and show that you're a bright boy—man, I mean.

Rococo. To hear is to obey!

ACT III

THE MARKET-PLACE

Rococo and the Discontented

Rococo. You say you want reforms. You shall have one at once!

The Discontented. Spit it out!

Rococo. Reform yourselves!

The Discontented deliberate.

The Discontented. Good! We accept your royal offer, but we must have full authority!

Rococo. Here you have royal authorization to become moral, thrifty, sober, chaste, orderly, and honest. Is that enough?

The Discontented. That's enough. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV

MOGOL'S PALACE

Mogol. The Minister of Finances.

Finances. Oh, Great Mogol! It's a hell of a reformer you've