

BEZTAKTIST

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THE SPIRIT OF EASTER



PSYCHOLOGY OF CIUS OFFICE

KK: I know that chair is a status symbol but I shall always have this chair and this desk. I'm never moving. Never.

FAS: Don't you like the corner ?

KK: No, I hate to be cornered.

FAS: Oh I like corners. I like to watch people.

LIBERALISM DOWN-UNDER

(On 19 February, Dr. Lupul gave a lecture on "The Tragedy of Canada's White Ethnic." After the talk, most participants adjourned to the Power Plant bar. Amidst the discussion came this enlightening gem)

Well, I don't know about Ukrainians, but I'm from Aussieland, and down there we bloody hate everybody. We hate Asians, Brits, Canadians, you name it, we hate 'em. We even hate New Zealanders.

Alan O'Shea

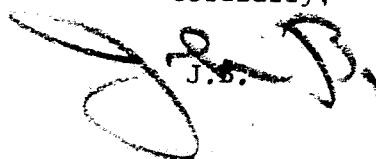
CIUS AUTHOR CONCERNED WITH IMAGE

4 March 1982

Sorry this matter of a photo has become such a big operation.

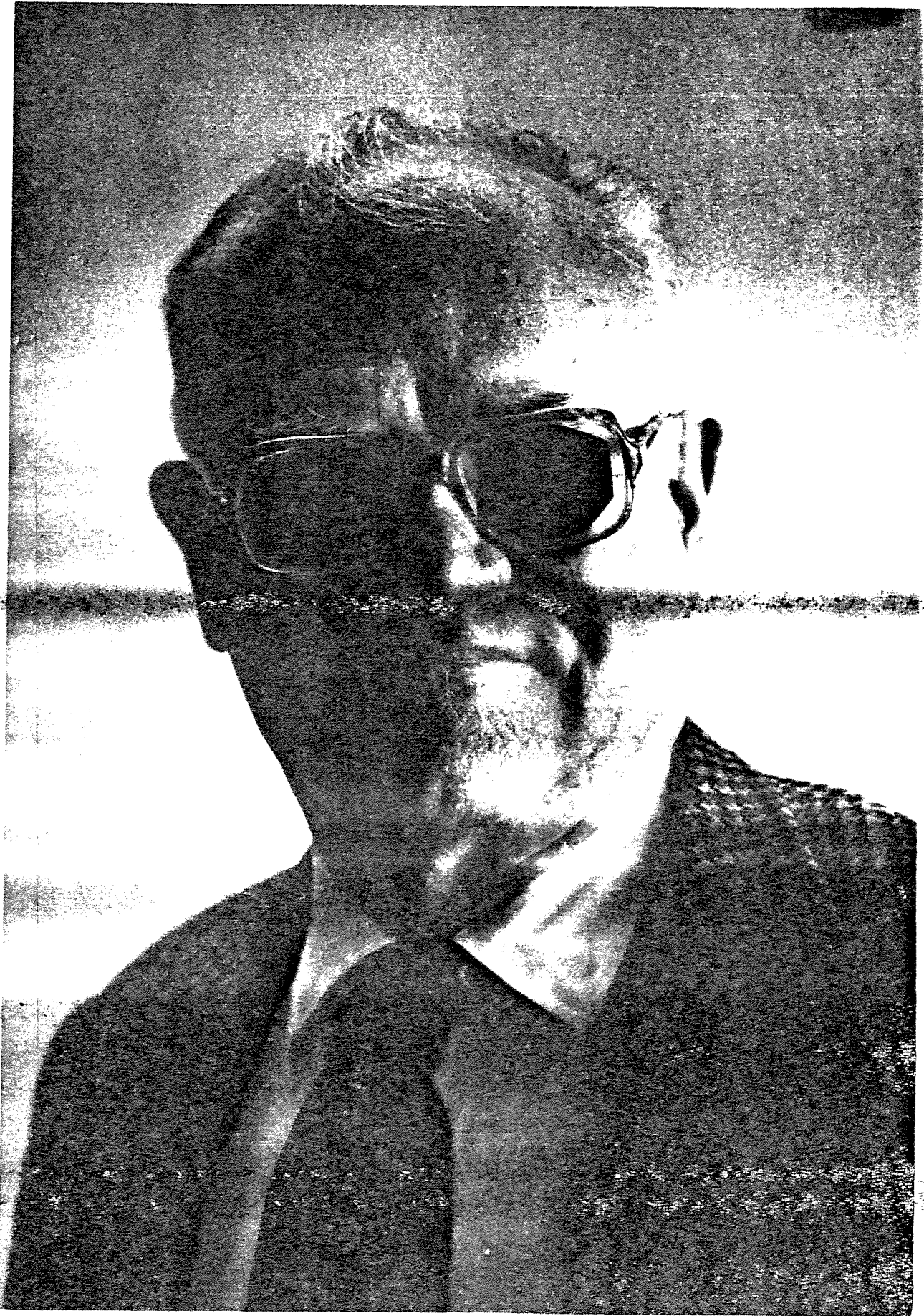
Hope one of the enclosures will fill the bill. The resemblance, however, to Mafia types is most discomfoting!

Cordially,



J.S.

(see over)



The Beztaktnist History of the USSR: 3. The Civil War

Lenin was in despair. The Bolshevik regime was under assault from all sides. At first the opposition has seemed innocuous, a few SRs, Mensheviks, bleeding hearts. But the latest news was black. The Don and the Kuban areas had been taken over by tsarist generals. The names of Krasnov and Denikin had entered Stalin's files.

"Damn those Cossacks !" Lenin expostulated.

"Never trust a Ukrainian," commented Stalin.

"What are you doing, Stalin ?" Lenin observed the papers scattered over Stalin's desk.

"I have three columns, Comrade Levin. One for the living, one for the dead, and one for those who are going to be dead very soon."

"You are too fond of paperwork, Stalin. If you're not careful you'll turn into a bureaucrat."

"Thank you, Comrade Levin."

"Never mind thanking me. I'm sending you to the front. The tsarist vermin are threatening the food supplies to Moscow by besieging Tsaritsyn. I'm putting you in charge of defence operations."

"Don't be an idiot, Lenny," said Trotsky, who had just entered the room.

"What's the name of the general attacking ?" Stalin ignored Trotsky.

"Rasputin !" said Trotsky.

"You're a liar !" roared Stalin.

"Krasnov," said Lenin. Stalin carefully wrote out the name, added it to the "soon to be dead" file and left the room.

The city of Tsaritsyn was shrouded in smoke. The defenders had dug a trench close to the tsarist lines but the attacks were sporadic. Stalin appeared in the gloom. He was unhappy, concerned about his files in Petrograd.

"They'll be stolen," he muttered to himself, "That swine Bronstein will take them for sure." His only hope was for a quick victory, but all the signs spelled a long drawn-out struggle. Suddenly he spotted two cannons close to the outskirts of the city.

"Who's in charge of those cannons ?" he asked.

"I am, Comrade," a sailor stepped forward

"Are you a sailor ?"

"Yes, Comrade."

"Are you sure you know how to fire a cannon ?"

"Of course, Comrade !" The man was scornful. You'll pay for that look, thought Stalin. But he kept silent. Instead he said.

"Fire them at our trenches."

"What did you say ?"

"I said fire them at our trenches, just behind the trenches to be precise, unless, of course, you'd like to be court-martialled ?"

The sailor ran to the first cannon and fired a salvo at the Bolshevik defenders. At the second salvo the men began to run toward the enemy lines.

Krasnov raised his field glasses.

"My God, they're attacking," he yelled, "Fall back, fall back at once." The tsarist forces retreated in some disarray.

"Congratulations, Stalin !" Lenin exclaimed, "A remarkable victory."
"Thank you Comrade Levin," Stalin beamed, as he caressed his files, "Would you grant me a small request ?"
"Naturally, Comrade."
"I would like to change the name of the city of Tsaritsyn."
"I couldn't agree more," Lenin nodded, "It's a disgrace. What do you suggest ?"
"Well," Stalin was hesitant, "I was thinking of Stalingrad."
"STALINGRAD ?" Lenin was incredulous. In the background, Kamenev and Zinoviev shook with laughter.
"You want to name a city after yourself ?" asked Lenin.
"Well it seemed appropriate after the victory-"
"Who do you think you are ? Napoleon ? Why there would be no end to it. We'd have Leningrad, Stalingrad, Sverdlovsk. We're supposed to be socialists, not egocentric little chauvinists. Do you understand ?"
"Yes, Comrade Levin," Stalin sulked into his pipe.
"You stupid Georgian," said Trotsky.

SAMPLE HOLUBTSI

In constructing Table 1, repetition of reprinting of individual writings by Marx and Engels has been eliminated to the maximum in the case of those languages in which Marx and Engels Works have lately appeared as consecutively-numbered series.

Several indicators may be employed to measure such differences, but our choice is unavoidably limited only to those available.

The uncensored Hegel emerges from these manuscripts as something of a dialectical opposite of himself: a radical democrat, who was, however, afraid of jail or exile, and chose to be censored by somebody other than, perhaps, an underground nobody. 43 Such surprises do happen in the history of ideas.

Perhaps it may be worth noting at this place that the reason for Engels' Supplement was also not the Bohm-Bawerk piece, K. Marx and the Close of His System, even though the Supplement and the Bohm-Bawerk piece were published almost simultaneously. But Engels died without seeing the Bohm-Bawerk piece. And in the revised edition of his Capital and Interest, which came out next, Bohm-Bawerk did not claim that he was the reason for the Supplement either, even though it was some feat of intellectual calisthenics on his part to characterize the Supplement as a disavowal of Marx by Engels..

Selected Works of Vsevolod Holubnychy
