

Proletarians of All Countries, Unite!

ISKRA

(THE SPARK)

Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party

No. 2

FEBRUARY 1901

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Translated from the Russian. This edition reproduces, in translation, the full text and article structure of the original four-page broadsheet (a digitised, OCR-scanned copy of which was supplied for translation). The masthead epigraph reads “From a spark a flame shall be kindled!—the

*Decembrists’ reply to Pushkin,” and the paper is described on this issue as organ of the Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party. A small number of passages were illegible or badly garbled in the source scan (faded type, torn columns, pre-reform Cyrillic orthography, and, in this issue, a work of short fiction printed in very small type across several columns); these were reconstructed from context rather than transcribed with confidence, and are bracketed in the text with the tags **[RECONSTRUCTED TEXT]** ... **[END RECONSTRUCTED TEXT]**. The endnotes at the close of this issue are later scholarly annotations appended to a subsequent reprint edition (they refer to events of mid-1901 and cite a published volume of correspondence) rather than part of the original February 1901 issue; they are translated here but kept clearly separated under their own heading.*

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

The nineteenth century has ended. What did it give the working class? And what can this class expect from the twentieth century, now beginning?

The nineteenth century was marked by an astonishing development of technology. The productive forces of civilised societies grew, in the course of this century, to an enormous, unprecedented scale. Their growth naturally brought with it a growth of social wealth.

But the rapidly growing wealth of civilised countries did not eliminate the poverty that existed within them. On the contrary: the unprecedented development of the productive forces became a new factor in its increase. This was very aptly pointed out, and well explained, by certain members of the English Royal Commission appointed to investigate the causes of the stagnation of industry and trade (Trade Depression). In a special memorandum, which formed part of the Commission's "Final Report," these members state that, as a result of the growth of the productive forces, the conditions of existence of civilised societies have fundamentally changed: formerly the main difficulty for them lay in the scarcity and costliness of necessities and conveniences; but now it consists in the fact that, thanks to the development of machine production, it becomes ever harder for people who possess nothing but their own labour-power (that is, proletarians) to find employment, and hence the means of life.

This means that the struggle for existence in the civilised societies of the nineteenth century became harder and more bitter the more their productive forces grew—that is, the more the material possibility increased of driving poverty, and the sufferings bound up with it, out from among them.

Poverty was engendered by abundance. This contradiction, to which the brilliant Fourier long ago pointed, has passed into the twentieth century unresolved. Its removal will constitute the chief social task of this latter century.

The harder and more bitter the struggle for existence became in the civilised societies of the nineteenth century, the more the chances of moral degradation, and even of complete moral degeneracy, increased for individual members of these societies. Their criminality grew, on the whole, far faster than their population, while among the convicted the proportion of recidivists steadily increased, plainly demonstrating the complete failure of the measures adopted by civilised societies for their own moral improvement.

Thus, if the growth of the productive forces engendered poverty where it might have created a hitherto unseen material well-being, then, by making the struggle for existence harder and complicating social life, that same growth led to a multiplication of moral suffering and moral corruption in precisely those places where it might, by removing the temptations of the economic struggle for life, have given the strongest impetus to the moral ennoblement of civilised mankind.

This contradiction, too, was not resolved by the nineteenth century, and it too has passed whole into the twentieth.

Whatever the open and secret, mercenary and disinterested defenders of capitalism may say, there can be no doubt that the increasing difficulty of the struggle for life, together with this multiplication of the chances of moral corruption, means a worsening of the workers' condition. In this respect the nineteenth century was unfavourable to them.

But it was extraordinarily favourable to them in another respect. It gave them—or, at least, their advanced, most sensitive and developed

section—that which is more important to them than all material blessings, and without which no fundamental improvement of their lot is possible: a clear consciousness of the irreconcilable opposition between their interests and those of their exploiters, and the firm conviction that the emancipation of the workers must be, and can only be, the work of the workers themselves.

Just as the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were marked by the liberation movement of the bourgeoisie, so the nineteenth century was the century of the liberation movement of the working class. Herein lies the chief distinguishing feature of its cultural history, and the most precious inheritance it has bequeathed to the twentieth century.

But between the liberation movement of the bourgeoisie and the liberation movement of the proletariat there is an essential difference. The liberation movement of the bourgeoisie was accomplished in the interest of a minority. Its triumph did not eliminate the exploitation of man by man, but only changed its form. The liberation movement of the working class is accomplished in the interest of the enormous majority, and its triumph will forever put an end to the exploitation of some people by others. That is why the victory of the proletariat will, at the same time, be the realisation of the very highest of all those moral ideals to which civilised mankind has ever attained. The victory of the labour movement, to which many—whether deliberately or through misunderstanding—attribute only narrow, crude, "belly" aims, will in reality be the greatest triumph of moral idealism.

But standing between the struggling proletariat and its great goal is the fierce and short-sighted egoism of the upper classes, who feel themselves perfectly well off under the present social order and, at best, might voluntarily agree only to certain partial modifications of it. Thanks to this ferocious and short-sighted egoism, no small amount of workers' blood has been shed in the nineteenth century, and, in all likelihood, no small amount will be shed in the twentieth as well. And against this egoism the proletariat has only one remedy: the union of its forces for the conquest of political power. When the working class, by one means or another, achieves political mastery, then the obstinacy of the exploiters' conservatism will shatter against the revolutionary energy of the exploited, and then the contradictions we have noted, inherited by the twentieth century from the nineteenth, will be removed; the reign of capitalism will be at an end; the era of socialism will begin.

The twentieth century will realise the best, the most radical aspirations of the nineteenth. But however firmly convinced we are of the proletariat's victory, however clearly we see the great goal that stands before it, we do not wish to deceive either ourselves or our readers. We by no means think that an easy victory awaits us. On the contrary, we know well how hard is the road that lies before us. Many partial defeats and bitter disappointments await us upon it. In the course of this road, no small number of people who seemed closely bound together by a unity of identical aspirations will part ways with one another. Already, even now, two different currents are becoming apparent within the great socialist movement, and it may be that the revolutionary struggle of the twentieth century will lead to what one might, *mutatis mutandis*, call a split between the Social-Democratic "Mountain" and the Social-Democratic "Gironde."

But whatever difficulties, defeats and disappointments await the revolutionary proletariat in its struggle, its ultimate triumph cannot be in doubt. It is guaranteed both by the general course of social development in the civilised world and, in particular, by the development of that productive force which Marx called the most important of all: the working class itself. The socialist ideal penetrates ever more deeply into the ranks of the proletariat, developing its thought and multiplying tenfold its moral strength. Against people fighting in the name of this ideal, the bourgeoisie can, even now, oppose only bare force and the unconsciousness—true, still a very considerable one—of a part of the

toilers. But unconsciousness will give way to consciousness; the advanced workers will push the backward ones forward, and then... then the bourgeoisie will have nothing left but "non-resistance to evil by violence," because on the side of the revolutionaries physical force too will then stand.

Such is the state of affairs in the West. But what are we to say of our own fatherland? Russia is far from being as wealthy, or as educated, as the countries of Western Europe. But even in Russia social development has not passed without leaving a trace for socialism, and in Russia too the nineteenth century bequeaths to the twentieth a precious inheritance: the embryo of a Social-Democratic Labour party. The historical situation is undoubtedly very favourable to the rapid growth of this embryo. If it is true that one country can and must learn from others that have gone ahead of it, then socialist Russia can and must learn a great deal from the socialists of Western Europe. The most important, the quite irreplaceable lesson taught us by the whole history of West-European socialism is that, in any given country, the immediate tasks and tactics of the workers' party are determined by the actual social relations of that country. To forget these relations, guiding oneself by general socialist propositions, means abandoning the soil of reality. We, Russian Social-Democrats, must remember that the twentieth century sets before us a political task which has, with greater or lesser completeness, already been solved in the West; among us that autocracy still flourishes in its full glory, of which West-European people know only by hearsay. The destruction of the autocracy is absolutely essential for the successful and correct development of our party. If, between West-European socialists and their great goal, there stands the egoism of the propertied classes, then between our own nascent party and the West-European socialist family there stands, like a Chinese wall, the autocratic tsar with his police state. But there is no wall that human energy cannot destroy. The Russian Social-Democratic party will take upon itself the initiative of the struggle against absolutism, and it will deal it a mortal blow, relying on the more or less vigorous, direct or indirect support of all those elements upon whom the now-heavy, clumsy edifice of unlimited monarchy presses.

Political liberty will be the first great cultural conquest of Russia in the twentieth century.

[G. Plekhanov]

THE WORKING CLASS AND "THE RUSSIAN BANNER"

We are accustomed to attach far too little importance to the harm that the vile reactionary press brings into the life of the people—a press which alone enjoys the freedom to say what it needs to say, at a time when a censor's muzzle has been fastened on every honest word. All of us, of course, detest *Svet* ("Light"), *Moskovskiy Vedomosti* ("Moscow Gazette"), *Novoye Vremya* ("New Time") and similar organs of the press, but we usually detest in them only the representatives of the classes hostile to us—the nobility, the bourgeoisie, the officialdom. We are not always clear about the harmful role this press plays in beclouding popular consciousness: in the sense of diverting the ever-growing feelings of indignation and protest among the people toward a kind of struggle that can only harm the people's own interests. We have fallen into the habit of looking upon the consciousness of the working masses as a kind of blank slate, on which "living activity," struggle, sketches out the proper ideas, which the agitator need only bring into a certain order. A mass struggle against the capitalists has begun, protest has arisen among the masses—that, it is thought, is enough to guarantee the correct development of the masses' consciousness. A mass economic struggle has begun—and one may rest easy that working-class thought will, step by step, free itself from the whole inheritance of the ages, from

all the lies of the prejudices that have overcome it. Let the agitator only rein in his own zeal, let him not hurry to bring to the masses everything he knows: let him confine himself to a clear formulation of what the mass already feels unconsciously. Do not do violence to working-class thought—we are told from various quarters—do not be in a hurry to explain to the working masses questions the understanding of which is still foreign to them, do not speak of political questions when the mass has only just begun

to struggle for its daily bread, do not be in a hurry to speak of socialism when even the necessity of the struggle to shorten the working day is not yet everywhere understood. Life will do its own work—say these counsellors—there will be time, and these good things will become timely; one need only "hasten slowly," not run ahead.

In practice, it turns out that life does not tarry. It turns out that life is a good deal more complex than the preachers of slow haste imagine. It turns out that this life, and the class contradictions it engenders, not only clarify the consciousness of the working masses but sometimes also muddy and darken it: if this life, in certain of its aspects, eases the agitator's task of enlightening and revolutionary work, then, in other aspects, it makes that work harder, heaping new obstacles in its path. It turns out that the shaping of the consciousness and feelings of the mass is influenced not by the conditions of factory labour alone, not by the workers' relations to the capitalist alone; it turns out that the whole of that harmful, reactionary political preaching which a certain part of the legal press engages in likewise enters into that "life" which serves as the school in which working-class thought is formed. Those sides of life which influence the consciousness of the masses in a corrupting fashion are forever developing, and every advance in the spread of literacy among the people, every rise in the intellectual demands of the working folk, brings with it, under present political conditions, an increase in that portion of moral poison which is carried into the ranks of the readers of *Novoye Vremya*, *Svet*, and similar literary sewers.

In the city of Kharkov there exists a "patriotic" newspaper, *Yuzhny Kray* ("The Southern Region"), which has long stood in the front ranks of the reactionary press. This worthy comrade of *Moskovskiy Vedomosti* has won the monopoly right to form the consciousness of the Kharkov inhabitant: for indeed, for twenty years now the government has stubbornly refused everyone the right to publish another newspaper in Kharkov. In this way *Yuzhny Kray* has been able, without meeting objection, to sow in the minds of its readers hostility toward Poles, Germans and so on. It is known that among the working class the reading of local papers is becoming ever more widespread. Falling on the fertile soil of age-old prejudices, the seeds sown by the "patriotic" press bear fruit. It is with such fruit that we wish to acquaint our readers.

This autumn a fire broke out at the enormous hemp-spinning and rope-making mill near the Novaya Bavaria station outside Kharkov, after which the management set about dismissing workers en masse, without regard to the fact that many of them had been specially brought to Kharkov from the Vladimir district. Strong discontent naturally arose, finding expression in the following hectographed proclamation, distributed at the end of September:

[RECONSTRUCTED TEXT] *The proclamation names, in a garbled string of foreign-sounding surnames, several individuals it blames for the workers' grievances—rendered here as best as the source scan allows: "Kommer, Vilg, Idnzinburg, Mukharsky"* **[END RECONSTRUCTED TEXT]**

"Brothers! How much longer are we to endure the Polish yoke? How much longer are we to submit to the boors—and all the other scoundrels who are sucking all the juice out of us! Have the Poles once again seized Little Russia, and will all the blood shed by Russians in conquering Poland turn out to have been shed in vain? They have tormented us enough, fined us unjustly enough, mocked and jeered at us enough. Our

rights are trampled underfoot by the Poles, but we must defend them. We can bear it no longer! We were the ones who worked at the fire, burned our clothes, maimed our hands, risked our lives—while the Poles, our dear fellows, smoked their cigarettes, snickered, and amused themselves with tea and beer. We put out the fire, we worked—and they would not even let us wet our throats! And afterwards, what? For them, a reward; for us, our discharge! Fine employers indeed!!! Why, in Poland the Poles do not let Russians into their own factories. Why then are Poles given preference among us here: paid more, given rewards, while we are treated like incapable fools? We are not marching against the Tsar, but against the enemies of Russia. And the police and the gendarmes will thank no one when they learn that Poles are being advanced here while their own kind are being squeezed out. It is not only against our directors that we must struggle: more than once already they have been sewn into sacks and rolled about the yard, and other reckonings have been settled too, and some have been sent to the next world.

“We must gather together, brothers, and talk it over calmly, and decide how we are to teach a lesson to this whole Polish-Jewish rabble.

“Let us act together! Forward, brothers!!! More courage, and the Russian banner will once again proudly rise over our mill!!! Down with the Poles!!! Forward to struggle and victory!!!”

Poor slaves of capital! Feeling the need to struggle against their enemy, they seize upon that very enemy’s weapon, upon his very language, upon those very ideas which the hangers-on of capital instil into the consciousness of the workers. Poor slaves! They forever hear, forever read of the “Russian banner” that proudly waves over millions of foreign peoples enslaved by the Russian tsar, and they have wished to feel themselves in the happy position of conquerors, have wished to demand for themselves too a share of the fruits of this victory. At every turn representatives of the bourgeoisie arrange their own profitable deals, playing on the “patriotic” string: Russian manufacturers demand and receive the right to plunder the whole people in the name of the interests of “Russian industry.” Under the banner “Russia for the Russians,” various strata of the bourgeoisie fight for the right to elbow aside their Polish, Jewish and other non-Russian rivals in the plundering of the people’s wealth. Is it any wonder that it should occur even to a handful of workers to make use of this glorious banner, in order, in the name of the Russian cause, to protest against the predatory doings of capital?

The trouble is only that what is wholesome for the bourgeoisie is death to the proletariat. The bourgeois, in his pursuit of profit, can allow himself to set one people against another, to sow national hatred, merely in order, under cover of fine phrases about the Russian banner, to snatch a percentage point or two of extra profit. The proletariat cannot allow itself this—cannot, because all its hope of improving its life lies in solidarity, in the union of all workers without distinction of nationality, and everything that sows discord between different nationalities hinders the cause of this solidarity and brakes the labour movement. You gentlemen wish to make out that you march not against the Tsar, but against the “enemies of Russia,” in the subjugation of whom the Russian tsars have shed no little blood of the Russian people (and a whole sea of blood of these very “enemies”). Yes, you are right: Poles, and together with them Finns, Jews, Armenians, Baltic Germans—all of these are “enemies of Russia”—that is, of that Russia which lives and grows fat on your labour, on your bloody sweat, which rules and issues laws, which builds its

well-being on your poverty, on your rightlessness, on your ignorance. But surely you yourselves, you who are dissatisfied with your own lot, you workers, are you too not “enemies” of this Russia? For you, precisely like the Poles and the other conquered peoples, make up that “internal enemy” against which a million bayonets are kept ready, whom

military discipline obliges the soldier to strike and stab at his commanders’ first order. Barely half a year has passed since the time of those May days when, in the streets of Kharkov, you yourselves were given a vivid lesson in the fact that you yourselves become “enemies of Russia” the moment you begin to demand your lawful rights; barely a few weeks have passed since your own brothers, recognised as Russia’s “internal enemies,” were sent off to Vyatka province for the crime of having stood courageously for the workers’ cause on those May days. And now you think of going over to the camp of the Tsar, the police and the gendarmes, in order, standing together with them beneath the “Russian banner,” to settle your own accounts at the expense of “enemies of Russia”—that is, at the expense of workers, just as you are, who happen to be Poles? A poor calculation, a shameful hope! By quarrelling with your fellow-workers, your brothers, and drawing closer to your enemies, the rulers and the exploiters, by placing yourselves beneath their patriotic banner, drenched in blood and mud, you only increase their strength—a strength that will tomorrow turn against you, as against the most dangerous, the most inveterate “enemies of Russia”—that same Russia which rules, issues laws, and plunders the working class.

Yes, it is true that after the fire at Novaya Bavaria the Russians were dismissed, but not the Poles. But this is explained not at all by any love the directors bear the Polish workers. Oh no! They would have gladly dismissed these too. The plain fact of the matter is that, in setting up a new branch of production in Kharkov, the capitalists had to bring in workers from far away—from the Vladimir district and from Poland. The man from Vladimir went off to a strange land without any bargaining, while the Polish worker first negotiated a sufficiently high wage and secured himself by a contract, so that he could not be dismissed at a moment’s notice the instant he became unwanted—thrown away like a squeezed lemon once all its juice has been extracted. The Polish workers proved more far-sighted and more exacting than the Russian ones. And there is nothing to be surprised at in this. For the Polish proletariat, through two decades of prolonged and stubborn struggle, has won for itself, at home, both higher wages and a shorter working day, and better treatment, and, however bad its position may still be, it is nonetheless not treated so unceremoniously as its Russian brother is. The Polish worker only justly enjoys the fruits of those thousands of sometimes bloody sacrifices which he has laid upon the altar of his own emancipation—exactly as does the Belgian worker, against whom too a senseless hatred sometimes flares up among south-Russian workers whose consciousness is not yet enlightened. Bring the same sacrifices to the workers’ cause, struggle, and then you too will rise to that same rung on which the Polish worker now stands. But do not inflame yourselves with envy at the sight of his better conditions of labour. In doing so you may, perhaps, worsen his position—but you will certainly ruin your own, digging an impassable abyss between yourselves and your fellow-workers, with whom you share one common cause, and exhausting your own strength in a fratricidal war for the amusement of the bourgeoisie.

Go to the Polish workers with a word of brotherly union and mutual respect; acknowledge the justice of the bitter grievance harboured in their breasts, inflicted by barbarous subjugation; acknowledge the Polish people’s right to seek for itself freedom from every yoke; renounce all solidarity with that Russia of officials, priests and capitalists, which counts the Poles among the “enemies of the fatherland”—and then you will find in your Polish comrades a brotherly response, and they will go arm in arm with you in the struggle for the workers’ cause.

It is not enough merely to call the working masses to struggle for the improvement of their lives: political and socialist agitation must enlighten their consciousness, and thereby make impossible the success of that harmful political preaching by which the legal and bourgeois press corrupts the mass of the people. Were we to confine ourselves to

propaganda of the economic struggle alone, for immediate demands, we would run the risk that, alongside the growth of indignation against capital, there would take root within the proletariat those age-old political prejudices which are forever nourished by the influence of the upper classes, working upon popular consciousness from the height of the throne, from the church pulpit, from the professor's chair, through military drill, and through the mighty weapon of the printed word.

[L. Martov]

AUTOCRACY AND THE ZEMSTVO¹

Russian history of the past twenty years presents an unbroken chronicle of reaction. When Alexander II was assassinated, Alexander III, on the advice of Pobedonostsev and Katkov, resolved to oppose to the heroic revolutionary movement of the Narodnaya Volya an unswerving defence of the autocracy by every means, even the most brutal and stupid. He succeeded in his struggle against the Russian revolution: his tactics met with support among the propertied classes of society, among the nobility and the great bourgeoisie, while the forces of the revolutionary organisation, unsupported by the working class—a class then still exhausted by a whole series of failures—ran dry at the very decisive moment. Having successfully dealt with the terrorist movement, Alexander III began to crush everything that might, even in the future, prove dangerous to the autocracy. Most dangerous of all, alongside the press and the university, must have seemed, in this respect, the organs of local all-estate self-government—the zemstvos. The zemstvos, established in 1864 and curtailed in 1890, received no political powers or tasks whatsoever. But, as organs of local economic self-government, they were always interested in defending their independence from the bureaucracy, which strove by every means to bind them hand and foot. The great political significance of the zemstvo lay, and lies, in its comparative independence from the power of officials. Within the sphere of its competence the zemstvo cannot be ordered to do this or that, to act this way and not that way. The government, for instance, wishes that only the ecclesiastical department should maintain schools, while meanwhile the zemstvo has by law the right to establish schools, and it cannot simply be forbidden to do so, so long as it has not been deprived of the right to allocate money for popular education and to concern itself with it generally. But the government has done everything in its power to make difficult for the zemstvo every undertaking accessible to it by law. Under the latest Zemstvo Statute of 1890, the governor has the right to suspend the execution of any resolution of a zemstvo assembly, if he considers it unlawful, or not corresponding to the general needs and interests of the state, or plainly infringing local interests. The final decision as to whether a zemstvo resolution suspended by the governor is lawful belongs to the Senate (when the governor or a minister deems the resolution unlawful) or to the Committee of Ministers (when the resolution is deemed not to correspond to the general needs and interests of the state, or plainly to infringe local interests).

Thus the fate of every resolution of local elected persons depends on the approval of the tsar's officials. This was the invention of Alexander III's ministers. Formerly, under Alexander II, the independence of the zemstvo was somewhat greater: then, at least, ministers and governors were not recognised as having the right to decide, against the opinion of the zemstvo men, what the local interests of the Mirgorod or Kolomna district actually were. To Nicholas II and his ministers, who saw in the most timid wishes and loyal petitions of the zemstvos in 1895 something close to an open revolt against autocratic power, even the restrictions imposed on the zemstvo by Alexander III seemed too few. They have invented, and go on inventing, still more. Last year the zemstvo was stripped of the administration of the food-supply business—that is, of all responsibility for supplying the population with grain in years of crop failure and famine—and this was handed over entirely to officials. The zemstvo administration of this matter seemed inconvenient to officials, and chiefly to ministers, because the zemstvos were unwilling to keep silent about the people's need in times of famine, whereas the government, which always has money for cannon, rifles and police, is entirely unwilling to release funds freely so that the people should not swell up from hunger. Last year, too, the ministers most jealous of guarding the omnipotence of the bureaucracy—Sipyagin, Minister of the Interior, and Witte, Minister of Finance (the cleverest and the most shameless of all the ministers)—against the opinion of the majority of

the State Council, which has not yet entirely lost its sense of shame, induced the Tsar to throw yet another log under the wheels of the Russian zemstvo. Henceforth the zemstvo will not have the right to increase its budget and its taxes by more than three per cent a year. This was done in order to prevent the zemstvo from calmly setting up schools, libraries, hospitals, hiring doctors, and so forth: on three per cent one cannot go far. The government, which fears the zemstvo because it consists, whatever else may be said, of more or less independent and useful people, does not wish the zemstvo's useful activity to grow stronger, to become necessary and beloved by the population. Besides this, there are those petty noblemen who would rather die than pay for schools and hospitals of use exclusively to the peasants. These petty noblemen, who live on various handouts from the government and are always ready to shout hurrah for the Tsar and toady to the governor, made a great deal of noise about the zemstvo ruining them for the sake of the peasants, and pestered the government to relieve them of what they called burdensome zemstvo taxes. To these faithful servants of the Tsar a new sop had to be thrown: partly for their sake, the already unloved zemstvo has been cut back further still.

But the chief thing is this: the government—that is, the officials, with the Tsar at their head—fears the zemstvo! One never knows: the day may come when zemstvo men will again say, as they have said before, that what Russia needs before anything else, and needs most of all, is freedom. For the ministers and the Tsar think to themselves: if things in the state are not entirely well—if, say, the workers begin to grow seriously restless, if the Poles and the Finns stop tolerating everything and wish to win back their former rights—then one may perhaps not be able to get away with a rude rebuff to the zemstvos, as was done in 1895, when the young Tsar rebuked the old zemstvo men who had come to congratulate him, for having, almost humbly, asked him for lawfulness and attention to the zemstvo. In troubled moments—and the Tsar and his ministers cannot but expect them—it would be unpleasant to have, hanging round one's neck, thirty-four zemstvo assemblies. Such a clamour might arise across the Russian land that it would grow hot for the Tsar and his ministers in St Petersburg. The government wishes to keep everything firmly in its own hand, so that not only now, but never, even a hundred years hence, should a single soul dare so much as to squeak, so that everything should be settled entirely with the approval of the Tsar—that is, in essence, of his officials. And if Russian people (even if only, for the present, the well-to-do landowners of whom, unfortunately, the Russian zemstvo almost exclusively consists) learn to think and act a little on their own, begin genuinely to manage local affairs themselves, they will gradually slip entirely out of hand. Once they have set up schools and libraries, they will teach the people something, will teach them at least to read—and a man who can read may be taught anything, may even become... a socialist and a revolutionary.

That is why the Russian worker and Russian Social-Democracy cannot look with indifference upon the government's war against the zemstvo. We must be for everything that in any degree at all works against the self-will of the officials—that is, against the autocracy of the Tsar.

The government has now bound the zemstvo hand and foot. But in its triumph it has grown insolent and has begun to run wild with reactionary excess. It is not enough for it, what has already been done: it is now hatching a firm plan to abolish the zemstvo altogether, or to gut it entirely of substance, so that not only the present-day zemstvo men, but their sons, grandsons and great-grandsons too, will forever remember that Nicholas II once and for all forbade Russian people to dream of a constitution, and hinted, in loyal-subject fashion, that lawfulness and freedom are better than arbitrary rule and slavery. On the intrigues against the Russian zemstvo, in which Minister of Finance Witte plays the chief role, we shall speak another time.

FEUILLETON

SPARKS

[RECONSTRUCTED TEXT] Several individual words and short phrases in this short story could not be read with confidence in the source scan; the sense has been reconstructed from context throughout.
[END RECONSTRUCTED TEXT]

The engine whistled, panted, hissed—and moved from its place, and crawled forward... then went faster and faster. For the last time some rough official voice shouted something from the platform, for the last time the electric lights of the station flickered in the windows, and the train entered the dark, hopeless autumn night and began to sink deeper and deeper into it, going faster and faster...

Stepan leaned back against the back of his seat and stared fixedly into the darkness. It was just as gloomy and foul in his own soul—worse could hardly be, gloomier could hardly be.

All around him, in the carriage, people were already settling down for the night; the last drowsy words could be heard, someone was already snoring; but Stepan was in no mood for sleep. Sleep, at a time like this, my God! After such a day? Stepan had never had to live through so hard a day. What had there not been, my God?! Abuse, and prison, and the whip! And for what?!

And before his eyes there stirred and rustled again, as though he were seeing it now, the huge crowd in the mill yard. “No, we do not agree. We want the owner, the owner!” And again he saw before him the heavy figure of the owner mumbling something from the porch of the mill in a slurred voice, not his own; and the smooth, ruddy face of the factory inspector, who kept repeating something about legality, smoothly waving his hand in the air.

“Just act according to the law, and everything will be according to the law. Get back to work!”

“Oh yes, according to the law! Is it according to the law, to change the rates in the middle of winter? You talk a great deal about the law... As the agreement was, so let it be—and let it not be a rotten one! We won’t go, we don’t agree!” the workers shouted. And the foremen went slinking among the crowd, persuading them. And that scoundrel Fomka was hanging about too, coaxing, cajoling: “Brothers, brothers!” His shifty, treacherous eyes darted about, seeking out whoever was speaking loudest. Ah, there is no enemy worse than one’s own kind, no one worse than a Judas, a traitor. How Stepan had rounded on him, how he had boxed his ear... Then blows rained down on him from every side, whoever could manage it... The scoundrel would not have got away alive, had the Cossacks not arrived in time, had it not been for their whips...

And now the whistling of the whips sounded again in Stepan’s ears. He trembled from head to foot, and his eyes filled with blood... And again he saw how a mounted detachment, with sabres, with whips, cut into the unarmed crowd, how it trampled it, crushed it... And he saw the thin, whip-lashed face of a woman, and that cruel, dull face of the well-fed beast who gave the terrible orders... And in the muffled groan of the whole crowd, giving way, driven mad with terror, there rang in his ears, more distinctly than anything else, some sobbing child’s little voice...

“Oh, devils! There’s no justice for you. You have the power and the laws! You come at us with flattery and the whip!...”

Stepan lurched forward and groaned dully. He groaned, and looked round. But all around, in the carriage, everything was quiet; almost everyone was asleep, no one had heard him. And again, clasping his hands tightly to his chest, he stared out of the window.

There, everything was bleak and gloomy; an immeasurable, empty, deserted plain stretched out before him, and a heavy, sullen, sunless sky hung low over it; here and there lonely, dark little trees ran backward, mournfully... Stepan gazed, and anguish gripped his heart ever more tightly and painfully...

Yet none of this need have happened—he and the others would not now be rushing off to different, distant corners of Mother Russia, and they would have won what they wanted, had they only held together, had they all stood firm on what they had decided. But instead, as soon as they began calling them out one by one:

“Will you go to work?”

“I—at the old rate... like everyone else...”

“Give him his discharge. And you, will you go?”

“I... like everyone.”

“Give him his discharge.”

And so they might all have stood on the one thing. They could not have dismissed them all. The work was pressing, no doubt. But instead:

“I... well... I, if the bosses order it...”

“I... like the bosses...”

And so they went, one after another, all of them—like sheep. They climbed right back into the noose themselves. And those who stood firm, they were the ones arrested and sent away. If nothing had been done to any of them, the old rate would have stayed. “Sheep, in a word, sheep,” Stepan muttered through clenched teeth, and pressed himself closer still to the window.

The night seemed to grow ever darker still, and the places around grew ever more deserted and desolate. Stepan seemed to be riding through some kind of wilderness... And the telegraph poles kept flashing by, one after another, and the train kept running and carrying Stepan ever further and further away.

“What a distance, my God! And he knows no one there. He’ll have his fill of hunger yet. Will he find work soon?” Stepan’s heart sank, and he let his hands fall in anguish.

Suddenly a faint, quick light flashed past the window. It was a spark that had flown off from the engine, then settled on the snow and went out. The spark had been small, and its light feeble, and yet everything around grew still darker when it went out. And how could it not go out, good Lord? There was nothing but snow, snow all around, and it had been so feeble.

There, a second one is flying too, and it too goes out at once. Another, another... After circling a little, they fell and went out, and the darkness after them grew still blacker. And Stepan’s heart contracted with anguish as he watched spark after spark go out, and he followed with hungry eyes the spark that hung longest in the air, and it seemed to him that things had grown lighter in his soul while this tiny little spark still whirled before his eyes.

“Look how tiny they are, and yet they give light too,” he thought, still following them with his eyes. “Only they’re feeble, and few... and so few of them! Real people are just as few in the world,” he thought, and his heart ached the more.

Now the darkness closed in and pressed from every side, so hopeless and terrible. And it swallows and extinguishes every spark that boldly flies out into space—so small and powerless, carrying its feeble, brief

light. The darkness stifles it, and once more reigns over everything undivided. Much, much light is needed to conquer all this darkness, so that people in the world might live in greater light and better: what can these little sparks do here? They will only be scattered by the wind in every direction and go out, perish... And all around, everything will remain just as grey and hopeless as it was.

And something seemed to rise up in Stepan's throat, and his heart grew still more full of anguish.

"Look how they're falling on the snow! Nine, ten," he counted mechanically the sparks. "It goes out, and it's as though it had never been. And so it is with us too!"

And he thought of old Matveich, who since his youth had seen many such sights, and of sick Petrukha with his sunken chest, whose family kept getting smaller and smaller, and of Nikolai, over whom his old mother had wailed so bitterly... These, his own people, these would not betray him, would stand shoulder to shoulder—and yet the people had been scattered every which way, and there remained only a grey, timid folk... While these, the real ones, for having stood by their comrades, must now lead a dog's life.

"Twenty, twenty-one... Ugh, a whole cluster flew out at once." Stepan lost count, gazing at the beautiful streak that flashed playfully and swiftly past the window. And there's another, and another!

The sparks now flew more merrily. They no longer appeared one at a time, but several at once, and no longer timidly as before did they glide through the air, but flew fairly straight and boldly, and did not go out so quickly. But now Stepan no longer noticed when they went out. Because, when one was carried far off to the side by the wind and settled on the snow, before his eyes there already flickered two, three, five more, still more beautiful and bigger, and he had no time to notice when these went out either, so quickly did new ones, and still newer ones, come flying.

And it seemed the night was no longer so dark, the snowy plain no longer so dreary and empty amid these quick, merry little flames; there no longer remained any complete darkness; sparks of every kind now whirled briskly and merrily about, and Stepan, watching them, forgot the gloom around him. They truly entertained him, and his heart no longer felt so heavy, and his thoughts, too, began to whirl more briskly in his head.

"Well, what of it! He's not going off into the forest, after all, is he. Everywhere hands are needed; God willing, he won't perish. He's a good worker," **[RECONSTRUCTED TEXT]** the exact meaning of the next several sentences describing Stepan's memories of the strike is uncertain in places owing to badly worn type in the original **[END RECONSTRUCTED TEXT]** non-drinking. And no one had turned him in, though for a long time they had eyed him sideways, and that scoundrel of a foreman had reported that he was "stirring up the people"—and yet, though they gave him sidelong glances, they were sorry to see him sent away. And afterwards—he alone, and one is only one head, but as they say, "though poor, at least it's one." How is one not to make a living? There's Semyon, with children hanging round his neck, and yet he held firm as a young fellow. He merely frowned darker than midnight, and did not complain. "The devil take you all! Even if I starve, I won't submit." There he is, that Semyonushka! And yet, when Semyon first came to the factory, he understood nothing at all, was meek and quiet, and could not even grasp how one could refuse to submit, when the bosses ordered it. Then it was really only with Matvei that Stepan could pour out his heart. And afterwards the people began to gather round. However you explain it all to them, what leads to what and the reason for it, they all say the same thing: what you say is true, it's true! Because everyone had been suffering, and their eyes only needed to be opened to their own lives. Once they've listened, they come back

again: tell us, they say, about yesterday; give us the little book, about this very thing. And how had it seemed to him earlier that everyone had been scattered!? No, Timofei is one of us, one can rely on him as on a mountain, and Vasily is a real fellow too; and a few others besides will be found. You can't drive them all away, you can't sift out every last grain with the finest sieve! No doubt they've been left for seed!"

A smile flickered on Stepan's lips, and he straightened up. And the sparks outside the window kept flickering and flickering, and there grew to be more and more of them. Now Stepan not only could not keep up with watching them fall and go out, but had somehow forgotten that they must fall and go out at all. They now flitted before his eyes, forever bright, forever alive, and so bold that it became cheerful to watch, and his soul grew lighter. There, another whole dancing cluster scattered in every direction; there, a whole row flies past in a bright streak, and seems to leave behind it some trace of light in the sky. And in the far snowy expanse, almost as far as the eye can reach, bright little flames are scattered, settling to the right, to the left, whole flocks of them circling and hopping before settling on the snow, while others swoop in on them, colliding and hurrying, one after another! They have brought this whole gloomy picture to life; and there is such an unceasing, brisk movement among them that it is a joy to watch, and one cannot look away.

"So it will be on earth too, when there come to be more real people," thinks Stepan, watching with admiration the little flames chasing and overtaking one another. When they go forward like this in pursuit of a better lot, of happiness, when they move forward together in just this way, not one by one, but in clusters, in crowds—and boldly, boldly!.. When they say to themselves that the darkness is frightening only while they sit huddled and downcast within it, that under a strong movement, under a skilful onslaught, it will scatter and vanish, that it can extinguish without a trace only the weak, solitary little sparks, and cannot withstand a common and united light before it—then... Ugh, how good!—Stepan even said aloud, when a broad, gleaming band of a million sparks, suddenly rushed forth swiftly and triumphantly, lighting up the horizon as though with a glow. Then they will achieve it, then they will achieve everything, and then there will be light on the earth, and truth, and happiness—yes, and happiness!

And more and more real people are being born, even before his very eyes. Following one, others eagerly come to listen, following those, still more. And whoever has understood, may perhaps, once or twice, grow timid, may perhaps, once or twice, fall silent—but he will not go back, no! And that thought, once it has taken root, will burrow deeper and deeper, until he becomes wholly his own man. The main thing is—one must not despair, must not stop. Everywhere, wherever there are people, there is now oppression, and evil, and injustice; everywhere one must open one's eyes to this, everywhere there is work to be done!

And a cheerful smile already played on Stepan's lips as, with that same eagerness, he went on watching the sparks. He saw himself in a new place, he was making new friends there, he was raising them up to a new struggle for a better lot for the working folk. And he was setting about it now, not as before, but better, more unobtrusively, more solidly. And the work went forward now, no longer in vain, but together, sensibly, boldly...

And the sparks now flew out in whole sheaves, and it was at times impossible to make out the individual sparks among them, so close together, so thickly, in whole bands did they rush forth; and these bands grew ever wider and brighter, ever more dazzling.

"That's it," Stepan whispered in ecstasy,—“the main thing is to be so close, breast to breast, shoulder to shoulder; whole hosts, one after another, without end!.. Then they won't be put out, then they won't be crushed. Then all the strength will be with us, with us—the working folk! And we ourselves shall win for ourselves the bright dawn of a new

life and a new happiness!...”

By now a happy smile no longer left Stepan’s face; a faint colour had risen in his cheeks, and his big eyes gazed rapturously at the picture unfolding beyond the window.

And it truly was wondrously beautiful. Enormous sheaves of light rushed off in every direction, now scattering into a whole cascade of sparks, now flooding almost half the sky with entire streams of light. Where had the whole gloominess and desolation of the surrounding scene gone? It was all filled with life, and movement, and light. And this light kept growing, kept spreading, penetrating into every remote, every dark corner, and triumphantly flooding it all with itself... And bold, lively little sparks flickered ceaselessly before his eyes.

“Good, good,” Stepan whispered soundlessly, with a happy smile.

He came to himself only from some jolt. The train had stopped at a large station. This was the provincial town where Stepan was to get off. He took his bundle and his pail and, with vigorous strides, set off, in the barely dawning light of the winter morning, along the streets of an unfamiliar, distant town.

FROM OUR PUBLIC LIFE

A New Drama in Yakutsk

Few in Russia yet know much of the Kalashnikov affair. And no wonder: it played itself out in the far northern reaches of Siberia, in that accursed Yakutsk wilderness to which people are carried not by their own free will, but by the savagery and self-will of tsarist arbitrariness. News from there travels for whole long months at a time—and a man may rot away in his grave before we learn of his death.

And over Ivan Kalashnikov the Siberian blizzards have long since piled up a mound of snow, while we have only now, only after half a year, received word of his terrible end...

Ivan Kalashnikov was a former sailor of the Volunteer Fleet. He did not breathe Yakutsk’s frosty air from birth. Before 1894 he had lived in the warmth of Odessa. He was a man who, by the testimony of his comrades, was extremely gifted; alongside his natural intelligence he combined a broad development; more than that: he was a man who felt with his whole soul the bitterness of the existence of the Russian working folk, the burden of life in this Russia he so warmly loved. He was a natural-born fighter for the good and happiness of the toiling classes. Capitalists oppress the workers, tsars support the capitalists with all their might—which means that the toiling classes must wage an unceasing struggle against both. And for this, these classes must be conscious and organised. This Ivan Kalashnikov understood clearly, and he gave his whole firm will, his boiling energy, all his knowledge and his whole life to the cause of developing the self-consciousness of the workers and of organising them. He worked chiefly among his fellow sailors. Developing the workers’ self-consciousness with pamphlet and word, organising them into circles and strike committees, he committed a crime against the tsarist laws of Russia. Our lawmakers, with a crown upon their heads and the image of that crown upon their buttons and epaulettes, know perfectly well that the spread of workers’ self-consciousness must be hindered by every means: by prison, by Siberia, by penal servitude, and, should it prove necessary, even by death—there is no need to stand on ceremony!

It was precisely to such ‘evildoers,’ hateful to the enslavers of the working folk, that Kalashnikov belonged. And for this he was exiled for ten years to the remotest parts of Eastern Siberia (Nizhne-Kolymsk), together with others (Nakhamkis, Tsiperovich, and others) for having created, in Odessa, the first serious Social-Democratic organisation of workers.

Just imagine what it means to be exiled to the Yakutsk region. It is the same as burying a living man in the grave. To tear an intelligent, class-conscious man away from people—from the very people to whose good and happiness he has resolved to devote his whole life—and to cast him out into empty desolation... To cut off from life the man thirsting for that very life, and to fling him into the snowy wilderness... A man who observes with deep interest the growth of truth and justice in life, to be exiled into some far kingdom to watch how the snowdrifts pile themselves up, one great mountain of snow after another... A man burning with the desire to trample out new roads in life, to be thrown into an impassable taiga, buried in forest and snow. So buried that he may live without living and without dying, may groan without any hope that his groan should ever reach Russia, may curse tsarist arbitrariness, knowing that his curse will freeze in Yakutsk’s frosty air just as the birds freeze there.

A terrible life! How a man condemned to such an existence must be tortured, tormented! Is there in such a man, cast out into the snowy wilderness, so much as a single spot that has not festered with pain? He is wholly torment and suffering, he is wholly pain and wounds, taut and

aching nerves. A man is at all times in such a state of exasperation that to an insult, from whatever filth and vileness it may come, he must respond far more sharply than a man of untattered nerves would.

Some piece of filth and vileness inflicted an insult upon Kalashnikov, and he paid for it with his own life.

On June 28, 1900, a mail barge passed through Nizhne-Kolymsk. Kalashnikov rowed out to it in his boat and asked the Cossacks whether there was a letter for him. In reply, the district administrator Ivanov, who happened to be aboard the barge, uttered some coarse insult: the tsar's servant, one must suppose, was in a foul mood and found it possible to vent his displeasure on the exile. Ivanov is a man who has never had in him anything but baseness and vulgarity, who worships no god but the god of gain, and who, out of nowhere, insults a man who had laid down his life for his fellows! Kalashnikov could not bear it, and, paying no heed to the fact that Ivanov's companions were Cossacks, hurled himself from his boat onto the barge; why he did so he himself, most likely, could not have said: perhaps to spit in the face of the tsar's lackey, perhaps even to kill him—who can reason clearly at such a moment! On Ivanov's order, Kalashnikov was seized, and blows rained down on him from every side, wherever they might land, while Ivanov himself set about trampling the bound 'enemy' with his own feet. When the 'enemy' had been beaten senseless, half to death, they threw him back into the boat, and the current of the river, by some miracle, carried him to shore. Two days later Kalashnikov shot himself. All this time he had gone about gloomy, eating and drinking nothing—as was proved by the medical examination of the corpse—and at last he could bear no more, could not endure the beating of some Ivanov, a man in name only, since he has hands only to grab and to tear, and a mouth only to chew what he has grabbed...

His fellow exiles demanded an inquiry. Ivanov was summoned by the district police chief and appeared at Nizhne-Kolymsk on August 20. On September 14, he was met in the street by Kalashnikov's comrade Ergin, a graduate of St Petersburg University. He was out hunting* and carried a gun loaded with buckshot. Seeing Ivanov, he asked him what had happened with Kalashnikov; the district administrator once again answered with insolence, and Ergin, his whole soul sick over his comrade's fate, filled with a sense of vengeance, whether consciously or not—it is hard to say where the line lies—cocked the hammer and killed Ivanov. This took place in the town, near the police station: the tsar's hired men came running at the shot, and, giving himself up under arrest, Ergin said: "I have killed the district administrator."

* There was a goose-hunting season at the time. [RECONSTRUCTED TEXT] the sense of this brief footnote is uncertain in the source scan [END RECONSTRUCTED TEXT]

Ergin, according to those who knew him in St Petersburg, is a very good-natured man; one would have found it hard even to suppose he could kill anyone.

Life itself, this accursed life of Yakutsk exile, drives men to bloody reckoning, allowing them no time to weigh whether the exchange of the half-man Ivanov for genuine people, people in the better sense of the word, is worthwhile.

This is not the first such story in Yakutsk. There have already been several, if not exactly like it, then very close in kind. Nor is it only in Yakutsk. Indeed, in Russia generally... What has our unhappy homeland not seen? What has it not fallen to men like Kalashnikov to live through, for the crime of devoting their soul, all their strength, their mind, their feeling and their will, to the service of the workers' cause. For this, tsarist reprisal overtakes them! And after all this there are still found such well-wishers of the workers who say that one must not struggle against tsarist arbitrary rule!

The blood of murdered and tormented comrades calls, without words, to struggle against tsarist violence; it proclaims that without this struggle all Russia will be turned into a graveyard, that our best forces, our Kalashnikovs, will perish in the far-off snows at the very moment when they are most needed by the workers' cause...

Organise, comrades; steep yourselves in consciousness, and with all your strength, by every means, fight against the Tsar! With you stand not only all the living fighters for the freedom and happiness of the toiling classes, but also the shades of fighters tormented by tsarist arbitrary rule.

We add the following further details to the above account of the shattering drama in Yakutsk.

A few days after Kalashnikov's beating, Ergin and Yanovich, who were setting off to hunt, met with him. Kalashnikov was terribly upset and did not say a single word about what had happened. He had a Berdan rifle with him; he said he was going hunting. A little later, not far off, a shot rang out. Yanovich rushed toward the sound and found Kalashnikov already dying, with a note beside him in which he blamed Ivanov for his death...

The scoundrel Ivanov, this 'civilised' Yakut, had, it is said, formerly been secretary to the police in Verkhoyansk.

Here are brief biographical details on these new victims of the Russian government.

Alexander Alexandrovich Ergin—arrested in St Petersburg in the summer of 1896 in the case of the 'Lakhta' printing press and the 'Group of Narodovoltsy.' Sentenced to two years in the Kresty prison (with time served counted toward the sentence) and eight years' exile to Eastern Siberia. Exiled to Kolymsk, the worst place on the face of the earth.

Lyubov Vladimirovna Ergina (née Lazareva), his wife, was exiled to Kolymsk for six years in the same case.

Ivan Mikhailovich Kalashnikov—a free-lance navigator. Arrested in Odessa in January 1894 (in the case of Nakhamkis, Tsiperovich and others). Having taken work as a sailor on a steamer, he carried on lively propaganda among the sailors and stokers. Arrest and exile broke off his ardent revolutionary activity. Before his involvement with the Odessa workers' organisation he had inclined toward anarchist views; by 1893 he had become a convinced Social-Democrat, and worked a great deal in maritime circles, where he enjoyed great popularity. Exiled (after a year and a half's solitary confinement) to Kolymsk in July 1895, where he perished so unexpectedly.

Peace to your ashes, comrade! Do the Odessa sailors still remember their fiery Vanya?

From Siberia we are written: "Bychkov has again been arrested, it is said, on the orders of the police department, which has long been searching for the 'political' Bychkov. Of late he had been living, and had been held (in the Makhaisky case), in prison as a townsman, Bychkov, holding a residence permit valid throughout the whole of Mother Russia...

"In Vilyuisk, at the end of September or in October, a search was carried out at Rosenblum's, by order from Irkutsk; since nothing was found on him, and something had to be found—for they had searched carefully—they seized some notebook or other and sent it to Irkutsk (probably to find some thread connecting it to the Makhaisky case).

"In August three men were brought here on barges: Goldman, a typesetter for the press of *Rabocheye Znamya* ('Workers' Banner'), seized at a print-shop in Bialystok, sent to Namsk district for five years; a Pole, a compositor, seized at the press of *Rabochaya Gazeta* ('Workers' Gazette') in Ekaterinoslav, is going to Verkhoyansk, for six

years; there too go Luzin, for five years, for supposedly anarchist views. In winter our comrades sentenced to Kolymsk and Verkhoyansk are to be brought there too, along with the Pole. The Pole's case is connected also with the Odessa arrests; the Odessan Gander, who is called a provocateur, is blamed for all of this."

A Festival of Obscurantism

On December 1 the local paper *Yuzhny Kray* celebrated with great ceremony the twentieth anniversary of its existence. Over these twenty years this paper has stood in the front rank of the guardians of autocracy, Orthodoxy, and the enslavement of the people. Its publisher—Yuzefovich, a Jew who converted to Orthodoxy and made a specialty of hounding Poles, Jews, Ukrainians and every other sort of non-Russian. A sufficiently soiled figure to count as a 'respected figure' in that part of the Russian press whose representatives are Grigmut (of *Moskovskiye Vedomosti*), Suvorin, Pyatkovsky (of *Nablyudatel*—"The Observer"), Komarov, Prince Meshchersky and other such knights of the 'truly Russian' persuasion. A sufficiently soiled figure to enjoy the well-earned trust of authorities who, hating anything remotely resembling an honest printed word, know how to value a newspaper as a weapon for corrupting the public. The government showed its favour toward *Yuzhny Kray* last year, granting it exemption from preliminary censorship, to which all provincial papers are subject. An even more important service the government renders *Yuzhny Kray* by systematically refusing anyone permission to publish another newspaper in Kharkov. Kharkov, one of the largest provincial cities, the government orders to make do with a single, so-called, newspaper. "You for us, we for you"—such is the battle-cry of the gang that holds Russia in its grip.

Given such circumstances it is understandable that *Yuzhny Kray's* jubilee turned into a festival for every guardian of obscurantism. Father Ioann of Kronstadt and the Kharkov archbishop sent their greetings, as representatives of a church which, in the business of corrupting the people's consciousness, plays exactly the role that the press of the Yuzefoviches* performs. *Moskovskiye Vedomosti* and similar publications congratulated their worthy fellow. The governor and other provincial authorities congratulated the jubilarian for having served the cause of autocracy so servilely for these full twenty years. Several professors expressed their respect for Yuzefovich in the name of that 'science' which sells itself to whoever holds decorations, ranks, fat salaries and pensions in his hands. The Kharkov merchantry sent an address of congratulation to the faithful defender of capitalist exploitation.

* Just before its jubilee, *Yuzhny Kray* printed a sermon by the Right Reverend Amvrosy, denouncing the cheap people's tea-rooms set up by temperance societies. "Do we not see in them the corrupting spirit of socialism?" the bishop inquired, adding with contrition: "God grant that we are mistaken."

But nowadays a public celebration is considered incomplete even by reactionaries if the 'plain folk' take no part in it. And so Yuzefovich's celebration too was not without its touching scene of addresses and gifts being presented by workers to the vilest enemy of the working class. The compositors of *Yuzhny Kray* presented Yuzefovich with an icon and an address, in which it was said that to his workers he is not a master but a father dear. Another address was presented by the errand-boys, a third by the society of printing-trade workers of Kharkov, which arranged a special meeting for the celebration of Yuzefovich and the presentation to him of an icon as well. Evidently the miserable philanthropic handouts of *Yuzhny Kray's* wealthy publisher have won him, among some of these typesetters in Kharkov, the reputation of a 'friend of the workers.' Unfortunately, a certain disarray in the course of Social-Democratic agitation in Kharkov, caused by the unceasing arrests, did not allow local comrades to open the eyes of the typesetters to the meaning of this celebration in which they took part out of their own lack of awareness.

On the evening of December 1, in the offices of *Yuzhny Kray's* editorial staff, a formal dinner was arranged with the participation of the governor and other secular and clerical dignitaries. By the appointed hour a crowd, chiefly of students, had gathered near the editorial premises. A great many copies of *Yuzhny Kray* were ceremonially torn apart in front of the editorial offices; students hired cabbies, tied a copy of the disgusting newspaper to a horse's tail, and drove it at a gallop to 'celebrate' the valiant organ of the press. No less worthy celebrants of the jubilarian appeared—dogs, wrapped in copies of *Yuzhny Kray*. The crowd in front of the editorial offices kept growing. Cries began to be heard: "Down with Yuzefovich, down with the venal press!" Stones flew through the windows of the editorial offices, and then, through the breaches thus made, flasks of hydrogen sulphide and other foul-smelling substances began flying into the dining room where the distinguished guests were dining. The dinner was spoiled, and the noble guests began quietly slipping away from the malodorous editorial offices. The worthy jubilarian three times begged the governor to call in the Cossacks, who did eventually appear, but by then the crowd was already dispersing. It is said that Yuzefovich lodged a complaint against the governor, accusing him of a criminal 'failure to intervene' in the demonstration.

The next day, on Sumskeya Street (in front of the editorial offices), an enormous crowd watched as glaziers and painters removed the traces of the previous day's brilliant celebration of the jubilee of this guardian of 'autocracy, Orthodoxy, and nationality.'

The Jubilee of N. K. Mikhailovsky

On November 14 of the year now ended, literary St Petersburg celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the literary activity of Nikolai Konstantinovich Mikhailovsky. It celebrated, one may say, behind closed doors, because our ill-starred press had been circularly instructed not so much as to breathe a word about this event. To keep silent at the orders of the authorities is a habitual matter for the Russian writer. "One gets used to it, one comes to love it," says the proverb. The Russian writer has grown so accustomed to being broken in that he is ready to make his peace even with Russian censorship, and meekly to bear its oppressive yoke!

Be that as it may, however, the celebration did take place—with a multitude of table speeches and a mass of addresses read aloud. Among those offering congratulations were both Marxists and non-Marxists, and the character of the Marxist greetings drew attention to itself: the 'hero of the occasion' himself hastened to mention, in one of the next issues of his own journal, with flattery, the honourable title of 'honest opponent' bestowed on him by several of these well-wishers.

Taking the occasion, we too shall attempt to characterise our own attitude to the jubilarian-writer. Mr Mikhailovsky was born under a lucky star: his first literary steps were carried along on the invigorating breeze of our renaissance, and the flowering of his activity coincided with the most revolutionary of eras in the life of the Russian intelligentsia. He gave that era his own personality, and not once on the pages of *Otechestvennyye Zapiski* did there rise the voice of the 'ordinary man,' expressing the feelings and thoughts of the intelligent-*raznochinets*, the socialist-intelligent... And ever since that time his literary name has shone with the reflected light of that heroic period: the seventies repaid a hundredfold the man who once brought them the best part of his own bright gift; they wove his name together with their own and cloaked it in the very charm inherent in themselves—cloaked it to such a degree that for a long time even a friendly reader did not notice, and could not have noticed, that he had lost sight of his own writer. Between the 'extreme left' and its once-beloved figure a rift gradually ripened: the young generation of the nineties, worn down in the years of reaction, sought a redeeming word, ready to give itself to whoever would lift from it the burden of its doubts. But in reply there sounded only feebly liberal speeches, without

faith, without strength, without passion—truly, sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. And when at last the young heard the awakening call and streamed into the ranks of the working masses, when everything alive was drawn toward the light of the new teaching, nothing stirred in the old writer's breast but a spiteful mockery, and his pen, filled with hatred, wrote nothing but sentences of condemnation...

We, Russian Social-Democrats, honour a writer who has deserved well of the cause, but into our attitude toward him there involuntarily creeps a note of bitterness: up to now he has been—a blinded opponent, our own strict and unjust judge.

We are written from Saratov that the police there confiscated an address to N. Mikhailovsky, signed by five thousand people. The address had been put out for signature at the local zemstvo bookshop; a police superintendent turned up there with a whole crowd of constables and precinct officers and demanded to know where the address was. The clerk in charge of the shop asked: "Do you wish to sign it?"—"No, arrest it!" came the answer, "on the governor's orders."

Negotiations by telephone with the governor were of no avail, and the address was carried off.

The Saratov delegate at the banquet in Mikhailovsky's honour walked up to the platform with an empty portfolio in his hands and showed it to the public. There was applause, and laughter.

"With bitter laughter do I laugh."

The Closing of Sev. Kurier

On December 22, at a conference of four ministers, it was resolved "entirely to discontinue" publication of the newspaper *Severnny Kurier* ("The Northern Courier"). The government's announcement passes over in silence the motives for this ban. It is, as usual, laconic, wasting no words needlessly: like every decree, it simply says—thus it has been decided, and that is that!—and offers the most respectable public the pill it has prepared, to be swallowed without a word! And the public... will, of course, swallow this pill, as it has swallowed others, and not milder ones! It will swallow it all the more readily because it has never yet grown accustomed to treating the printed word with care, to regarding it as its own dearly won possession...

A genuinely free, freedom-loving public thought cannot be forbidden, any more than a bird can be forbidden in its cage: it cannot be strangled in censorship's embrace; it will find its own way through every barred gate, and will avenge the dishonour done to it...

For our society, for the whole of our democracy, it is a matter of honour to find a way out of the present shameful position: if such inoffensive organs as *Severnny Kurier* can no longer be tolerated in the ranks of our press, it means that the cause of the press is finally lost, that there is no room in it for a living, public word—it means we have come to the dilemma: *il faut se soumettre, ou se démettre*—either surrender to the enemy's will ("force will break even a straw"), or leave... but leave for the broad field of a free press, unacquainted with the censor's forced labour, and there raise a cry, summoning the living, awakening the sleeping. Gentlemen—you must choose!

Odessa

Odessa's liberal and radical public, like the public of many other cities, gathered to celebrate the jubilee of N. K. Mikhailovsky. A fairly radical address was drawn up, and about 1,500 signatures gathered. The local all-powerful pasha, Governor Shuvalov, ordered this address arrested, and this was done. At the head of the signatures under the address there figured the signatures of the city's mayor, Zelyony, and of the harbourmaster, Rear-Admiral Pereleshin. From these examples one can judge in what sort of circles the signatures were, among other things, being gathered. All the more glaringly does the following fact stand out:

this insolent, unlawful act by Shuvalov provoked no protest whatever. The little children ate their gruel, wiped their spoons, and said thank you. And this decrepit, cowardly 'intelligentsia,' meekly bearing every kind of spitting-upon, dares to look down with condescension upon the awakening labour movement, dares to reproach Social-Democrats for the 'narrowness' of their outlook in placing their revolutionary hopes on the proletariat, whose advanced layer already now stands infinitely higher than the liberal intelligentsia in the degree of civic manliness and readiness to give a rebuff to whoever tramples on its rights. Class-conscious Odessa workers are deeply indignant at the cowardly conduct of the Odessa 'intelligentsia' in the Shuvalov affair. In general, the governor strives to outdo even his own savage predecessor, Admiral Zelyony, in wilfulness and lawlessness.

A recent incident illustrates this. A reporter brought to the editorial offices of *Odesskiy Listok* a note that one of Odessa's constables had turned out to be an escaped convict. Under the (of course, unlawful) order established in Odessa, this piece of news, as touching on the internal life of the police sanctuary, was supposed, besides the general censorship, to go for review by the police administration. The police administration, naturally, considered it impossible to print. So much, it would seem, for the matter. But no—this was only the beginning. Late in the evening a policeman appears at the editorial offices and demands the editor on duty. He is told the editor on duty is asleep. The policeman leaves and returns some time later with the following declaration: "On the basis of the regulation on Reinforced Security, the police chief orders such-and-such a person to be woken up" (literally). Well, if it is on the basis of the regulation on Reinforced Security, then of course the Russian 'educated' inhabitant is ready even to undress and flog himself. The editor on duty is woken up on the strength of the regulation on Reinforced Security and, subjected to police interrogation, on the strength of his own baseness and cowardice (it is said this gentleman too once had something to do with 'ideas'), names to the police the reporter who supplied this piece of news, dangerous to the state order, to the effect that among plain scoundrels in the Odessa police there serves one who has already done time at hard labour. The police at once descend upon the reporter's flat, and fail to find him at home. Amid the commotion caused by the police raid, with his wife and children weeping, a police-officer lies down on the reporter's bed to wait for his return. When the reporter arrived, he first had to endure a soldierly tongue-lashing from the officer, and then, when he refused to name the policeman from whom he had learned the police secret, they locked him in a separate room under the guard of several constables, with the threat that if he did not name, by morning, the person who had given him the information, he would be marched off behind bars. It ended with the reporter naming some policeman from the Security Department.

The bellicose governor is not averse to extending his patronage to the working class. For those workers inclined to help themselves, Shuvalov busies himself finding them a government-issued lodging with a barred window; but as for those ready trustingly to await help from above, he is not averse to stretching out over them the beneficent hand of authority. This year, among artisans and, in part, among building workers, an *artel* [cooperative] movement arose. A well-known juggler of *artel* affairs, Mr Levitsky, was invited, and the matter, it seemed, went smoothly. Subsidies were obtained, permission secured from the authorities, and several *artels* ceremoniously began their activities. At the opening ceremony every conceivable dignitary was present, with Shuvalov at their head. Shuvalov proposed a toast to the all-Russian sultan Nicholas; the assembled *artel*-men replied with toasts to the Odessa sultan Shuvalov. The enlightened sultan expressed the hope that, by organising themselves into *artels*, the workers would improve their condition and free themselves from exploitation. He did not add (since this was, of course, taken for granted) that those workers who lacked the means to set up *artels*, for any attempt in some other way to improve their position and free themselves from exploitation, would have the pleasure of

conversing with the police authorities—not at a festive dinner, but in a prison cell. In a word, the artels began their existence under the blessing not only of the Russian Bernsteinians, but of the lawful authorities as well. Word of them travelled far. The newspaper *Severny Kurier* noted this bright phenomenon in a special dispatch, and Mr Levitsky held his head high, greatly proud that not only peasants but city workers too come to him for the organisation of artels.

Only the class-conscious workers of Odessa did not share in these general rejoicings over the artels. They were very soon able to see what significance artels might have for the labour movement. Believing they could arrange their well-being by the peaceful road of mutual aid, the artel-men at once adopted a hostile attitude toward the labour movement. One artel made it a rule that its members could not take part in illegal activity. Naturally! Otherwise they would let the artel down. Propaganda for improving workers' position by means of artels has run into collision with propaganda for improving workers' position by means of class struggle...

The innocent *intelligenty* who set up the artels took care to write into their statutes a prohibition on taking on hired labour. But drive nature out through the door, and it flies back in through the window. Under the capitalist mode of production, the nature of any economic enterprise—be it an artel, no matter how it is arranged, however pious the saints who set it up—consists precisely in this: not to let slip a favourable moment when a good market for one's product presents itself; and, in order to be able to cope with large orders, one must have at one's disposal a reserve of fresh labour-power. But how is this fresh labour-power to be obtained? Take in new members and share the profits with them? This is not very pleasant, and it is costly too: when the extra orders have been filled and business grows slack again, every additional partner will mean a diminished profit for the old members. And to avoid this, the simplest remedy is to seek fresh labour-power where it is always to be had in plenty—on the labour market. But hired labour is, by the artel's own statute, not supposed to exist. Yet if one cannot hire workers, one can take on apprentices—cheaper, and more convenient besides. And already the Odessa tailors' artel has set off down this well-worn road. May it have every success!

But here is the trouble: no sooner had the artels, set up with the aim of freeing workers from exploitation—so as not to muddy the waters, so to speak—begun freeing their own members from labour by exploiting apprentices, than the Odessa governor, having had his fill of playing the social reformer, once again remembered his role of police overseer. Artels are, of course, a calm business, and yet, all the same... there is something about them that smacks of free-thinking. And so, they say, the sovereign Odessa sultan has already given the order: that 'under him' no new artels are to arise. So here is the state of affairs: on the one hand it flatters certain figures to create a 'labour movement' that would not come into collision with the existing order; and on the other hand, the more modest a social undertaking is, the more perceptively Messrs Shuvalov ferret out, even in the least revolutionary of enterprises, traces of a 'free spirit.' What is one to do about that?

In October the Odessa Committee of the Party distributed at the Litovsky mechanical works a proclamation calling for a struggle against the projected lengthening of the working day, for better treatment, and for the removal of a foreman. The proclamation brought about a work stoppage, and as a result the demands were immediately met, with even some shortening of the working day. Soon afterward a proclamation was distributed at a tannery: gendarmes came rushing, but learned nothing about the 'instigators.' In October, too, a proclamation of its own was distributed by one person among the employees of the horse-tram company. The one who distributed it was arrested and, after sitting in custody for three weeks, gave up the name of whoever had helped him produce the proclamation.

In October, too, a proclamation of the Committee, on the pogrom against Jews that had taken place that summer, was distributed in 3,000 copies, explaining to the workers the harm that national hatred does to the interests of the working class.

On November 19, six workers were arrested in Kishinev, and on November 17, in that same city, Naum Liyashits, who had recently returned from Siberian exile, died of typhus in hospital. The deceased had been about twenty-five years old, but had already borne up under a great many persecutions for his devotion to the Social-Democratic cause. A locksmith by trade, while still at the trade school in Vilna he engaged in socialist propaganda and stood at the head of those protesting against the abuses committed in that educational institution, set up by the Jewish bourgeoisie. For beating up an informer of the school, Livshits was expelled from the school in 1895. He took up propaganda work in self-education circles among the workers of Vilna, and later moved to Bialystok in order to help the Social-Democratic movement then arising there. He did not stay long in Bialystok. In February 1896 he was arrested on the charge of keeping a conspiratorial flat and hectographing proclamations. After a year and a half of imprisonment, Livshits was exiled for three years to Eastern Siberia. When he and his fellow-exiles (Gozhansky, Lyubov Aizenshtadt, and the joiner Segal) were being transported through Vilna, the local workers organised a demonstration.

Having served out his term of exile, Livshits returned home with a burning desire to resume revolutionary work. He was much troubled by the evolution of our legal Marxist literature. "One must tear the mask from Messrs Struve and Tugan," he wrote on his way back from Siberia.* He had little time to work. From Vilna, where he had returned from exile, he was expelled, and in Kishinev, where he scraped by on a beggarly wage, he caught typhus, which carried him to his grave. In this man's death the labour movement loses a true revolutionary, a proletarian to his very fingertips.

* In printing this opinion of our late comrade, the editors think it necessary to note that on the stage of life, unlike on the theatrical stage, a mask is sometimes worn out of sincere error. The social harm of that error is, of course, in no way diminished by this.

On the Great Siberian Railway (a letter from Siberia)

How you marvel, looking closely at the local ‘provincial mentality’ here, wondering ‘what on earth do people live on here?’ From top to bottom everyone is caught up in a grey, feverish bustle, everyone, in one way or another, most cruelly pays for his modest crust of bread. The whole railway-building world is sharply split into two layers—top and bottom—and the whole life of the railway is divided into two eras: construction and operation. “Construction!” You, reader, can probably not imagine what this word means to an official of the railway-building department! A certain mysterious stirring in the higher ‘business’ spheres, sometimes even a certain ‘nod’ from above—and in the newspapers there appears a note on the beneficial significance of this or that line, on the future rise of native industry, or on the strengthening of the resources of the domestic ‘fist’ [i.e. native capital]. A building committee is formed, with lofty but by no means elevated personages at its head; old acquaintances are set in motion—and now onto the field of action there appears the seasoned pack of old railway wolves, of every sort of ‘hardened’ predator among engineers of the line and contracting engineers, around whom eagerly and playfully swarm the ‘young, but already old hands’—junior engineers, hangers-on, technicians, and every manner of gentleman belonging to the railway-building profession of their ‘own kind.’ Everyone is interested in the question of who will be ‘himself’—who will be the master, the head of the works. What rejoicing, when it turns out that ‘himself’—usually this is just how it turns out—likes to live well, but does not stop others from living too. In the wild backwoods, camps are pitched for this whole small but honest company, work begins, and—beware, the people’s millions! Yes, but surely honest people can be found anywhere, surely scandalous exposures can happen anywhere? First, the chief of works may, on his own authority, exile such an expositor from the confines of ‘his entrusted district’ (the affair of engineer Yugovich against engineer Linevich); and secondly, honest men of the bourgeois world are so easily got round! A tolerably ‘decent,’ ‘lawful’ salary, but above all—plenty of drudge technical work to keep him busy, *voilà tout*. Then this honest workhorse is kept so busy that he no longer even looks about him—quite literally, he has no time. But all around him things are seething. On level ground embankments are raised, and yet the actual size of the gradients and rises differs greatly from the nominal figures shown on the route plates. The line traces incredible zigzags, which can be explained only by the builder’s wish to pass by some solid ground in favour of some patch of shifting bog. Whole towns, Tomsk for instance, are left off to one side of the main line by inconceivable routes... What the profits of the construction bosses amount to may be judged from the fact that

* In reporting this opinion of our late comrade, the editors think it necessary to observe that on the stage of life, unlike on the theatrical stage, a mask is sometimes worn out of sincere error. The social harm of the error is, of course, in no way diminished by this.

even such small fry as bookkeepers, drawing less than a hundred roubles a month in wages, ride about during construction in fine carriages and lose several thousand roubles in a single evening at cards. It is officially known, for instance, that the mere painting of a bridge two hundred sazhen long cost some ten thousand roubles! In the more remote settlements outright orgies are arranged: at Nizhneudinsk, for instance, a bath of champagne was got up (literally!) for one lady of easy virtue. The engineer in charge of the local construction section, a certain Bertanovich, made his fortune in the three years of building and bought himself an estate worth 140,000 roubles on the shore of the Black Sea. In Tomsk the elders of the respectable club had to declare officially to the railway-construction engineers that their wives were not to be admitted, since their conduct scandalised local society... Well, is it not fair, then, that the town of Tomsk was left off the main line?

Here is another instructive fact: a former head of the construction traffic department on the Central Siberian Railway, a certain Mr Lyude,

entered into collusion with a rich Tomsk merchant, Fuksman, and the result was the following strange chain of events: on the line there was a desperate shortage of freight cars, and a whole series of the strictest orders were issued regarding the avoidance of ‘idle standing’ of such cars, while at Tomsk a whole flotilla of them patiently waited, month after month, on Mr Fuksman’s orders. But whenever Mr Fuksman deigned to ‘load up,’ his wagons would somehow go straight to the head of the queue, would go out with every train, in defiance of every rule of traffic... In the end Mr Lyude found it ‘inconvenient’ to remain in the service of the Siberian railway. An acquaintance of his was walking one day along a street in the town of Tomsk, when the aforesaid Mr Lyude happened to drive past. He recognised him, stopped him, and called out, ‘in broad daylight,’ in the presence of onlookers, this memorable tirade: “Good day, Mr X. Congratulations, you have been made chief of traffic on the Manchurian railway, and you know, there’s no ‘supervision’ there!”

As a result, every act of construction leaves behind it a whole sea of over-expenditure, and quite recently a commission, headed by the confidential state councillor Mikhailov, was to have travelled the Siberian line to investigate where twenty million roubles above the established norm had gone. This lavish commission most successfully made its way from St Petersburg to Irkutsk and back, and everything remains just as it was before.

[G. Krzhizhanovsky (?)]

[RECONSTRUCTED TEXT] The signature to this letter is followed by a question mark already in the source scan, indicating the attribution was uncertain to the original editors themselves. [END RECONSTRUCTED TEXT]

A Recent Incident at the St Petersburg Forestry Institute

Recently, at the Forestry Institute in St Petersburg, the following incident occurred. One of the students had long been seeking work, and, finding nothing suitable, placed a notice in the newspaper insistently requesting some sort of employment. The next day he receives a letter inviting him, on the appointed day, to Palkin’s tavern. He is to hold a book in his hand; the person wishing to speak with him will likewise be carrying a book. The student takes some technical textbook and sets off to Palkin’s. There he sees, in a corner, some gentleman holding a pamphlet on ‘Socialism in Russia.’ They fall into conversation, and the stranger at once turns to the question of the labour movement in Russia. He pulls a whole heap of illegal pamphlets out of his pocket, and, among other things, asks the student whether he might not pass along some money to the Red Cross [i.e. the political prisoners’ aid fund]. The student replies that he stands entirely apart from this work, but that at the Institute leaflets are always circulating in such quantities that he could probably find a way to pass the money along. “Very well,” answers the stranger, “for now, of course, I cannot give you this money—I don’t know you at all—but later on, once we’ve become acquainted, I shall pass on to you money, both my own and that of my acquaintances, contributed for this purpose.”

They part, agreeing to meet the next day at the same place to discuss further the work being offered by the stranger.

The next day the student is mysteriously led into a private room, where yesterday’s stranger appears before him... in the uniform of a gendarme officer!! Carefully locking the door, he addresses the student with the proposal that he become a paid police spy for 50 roubles a month. “But,” he warns, “should you refuse my proposal, be aware that our conversation must remain secret! Otherwise you will be expelled from the Institute forthwith, exiled from St Petersburg, and we shall spread it everywhere that you are a spy. We shall be believed—you may rest assured!”

Ignoring every threat, the student categorically refuses and goes straight to the Institute, where he tells the students everything that has happened. He is fully believed, and a delegation at once sets off to see the director. The director promises not only to refuse to allow the student's expulsion, but even to go to the Ministry of the Interior and negotiate personally, so that no such propositions may be made to his students again... The students are terribly aroused and will scarcely allow even one of the gendarme's threats to be carried out against their comrade... Yet meanwhile the gendarmes too are not asleep. A few days ago I met a certain woman student who told me: "What are you saying! Everyone is saying that this student of yours is a spy!"

From Kishinev

"...Over the past week our townsfolk have been greatly taken up with an event unprecedented in the annals of Kishinev, which quite stirred this sleepy little kingdom of ours. The fact is that in broad daylight in November 1900, eight workers were arrested, on whom a great deal of illegal literature was found. A week later, to everyone's astonishment, they were released. If there is no trap in this, then one must credit the gendarmes' conduct as being quite tactful. It was established that the arrested workers had had no connection at all with the intelligentsia. It was therefore entirely reasonable not to blow the matter up, so as not to stir up the local youth, who, had the affair taken a different turn, might easily have come to the conclusion that not only in Odessa, Moscow and St Petersburg, and in a few other towns besides, but even in Kishinev itself there exist certain 'elements' capable of taking in ideas of every kind. Had the gendarmes held these workers in prison for a few months, this conclusion would have received a strong impetus. However, all this is mere conjecture. There is much that is strange here: for instance, these searches in broad daylight. The 'blue uniforms' set off on their expedition, according to witnesses, at nearly nine in the morning, and returned, having taken eight prisoners of war and a considerable quantity of revolutionary weapons, at five in the afternoon."

CHRONICLE OF THE LABOUR MOVEMENT

LETTERS FROM FACTORIES AND WORKS

Strike at the Prokhorov Mines (on the Donets, a few versts from Yuzovka)

The strike began over a cut in wages. On September 15 it was announced that within two weeks wages would be lowered, and on October 3 a strike broke out at Mine No. 10, which then spread to the other mines as well (in all, about 800 men went on strike). At the same time as the wage cut, it was announced that the *artelshchiki* [gang foremen and labour contractors] were being done away with. These foremen served as intermediaries between the workers and the office, and sometimes made as much as 200 roubles a month off the workers. These foremen (twelve men) also took an active part in the strike.

On the morning of October 3, the workers at Mine No. 10 stopped the machine that lowers workers into the shaft, opened the valves of the signal whistles, and made their way to the house of the mine director, Bartnovsky, summoning him to negotiate. Not far off stood a crowd of women and children, the workers' families, awaiting the outcome of the negotiations. Meanwhile, a hundred Cossacks were at once summoned by telephone from the office of the Yuzovka works. Arriving on horseback, without inquiring into the matter, the Cossacks fell upon the crowd of women and children and began flogging them with their whips! The workers ran to help their families. At this moment workers from other mines arrived, from No. 27 and from Mishchensky; a melee broke out; the workers wrecked the office, threw all the papers about, smashed the windows of the officials, whose flats were located near the office. The destruction went on from morning until evening, the whole day. Early the next morning Cossacks arrived by train from Taganrog and from the Mokeyevsky works, with their Cossack commander Kalunitsky; they herded the workers into a barn, and there drove all the workers (some 300 men) through a gauntlet. A few dozen workers managed to hide in the hospital and at Mushketovo station. The Cossack detachments dealt with the workers for two days; then 300 of the men were driven off to Taganrog, while the remaining fifty were sent back down into the mines to work. A Cossack detachment then rode on to Mine No. 27 (near Yuzovka); there the Cossack commander interrogated the workers, seeking out the ringleaders, striking them in the face with his fists as he did so. Cossacks rode about the streets, flogging passers-by with their whips. When the Cossacks rode from No. 10 to No. 27, they came upon a crowd of workers who had only just been hired and had received a certificate of fitness for work from the hiring office. Kalunitsky flew at the crowd with the cry "You want to riot, do you, scoundrels!" and the flogging began. When it emerged, after the flogging, that these workers had taken no part in the strike and had only just been hired, the Cossack commander said: "This is on account, you sons of bitches." At the remaining three mines the workers were not beaten, but were simply seized and sent off to prison in Taganrog. At No. 10, two men were flogged nearly to death. The police investigating magistrate, speaking in the name of the gendarme authority, told the doctor that if he issued the men a certificate of ill-treatment, he would be exiled within twenty-four hours. One worker, suspected of having sounded the alarm whistles, was sent from the hospital to Taganrog while still ill. (After the strike a fire broke out at the hospital, and during the fire the patients' clothes were burned; the doctor refused to give them hospital clothing for the journey to Taganrog; the magistrate then declared that the worker would be sent to Taganrog naked.) At No. 27, eighteen men were seized, betrayed by the *artel* cook, who had overheard their conversation.

Results: at No. 10 wages were cut (by 15–20 kopecks a day); at the other mines they remained as before. Two weeks after the strike the

gendarme commander made the rounds of all the mines and demanded (in a polite form) that the engineers take on, both above ground and below, 'agents,' who were duly taken on. He justified this by saying he considered the strike to be the doing of the intelligentsia.

Yuzhny Rabochy (No. 3, November 1900), reporting on the strike described above, adds: "Strikes of this kind are becoming ever more frequent. A muffled grumbling is heard throughout the whole district. Exploitation is intensifying, discontent is growing, and perhaps we shall soon be witnesses to a grandiose movement of the hundred-thousand-strong army of miners."

MOSCOW

In September 1900 the Moscow Committee of the RSDLP issued a hectographed proclamation, "What Is To Be Done?" The proclamation points out that the old question "What is to be done?" constantly arises among student youth, and that the answer to this question was given by the founders of scientific socialism, Marx and Engels. The proclamation counsels the young "to treat with the greatest caution contemporary critics of Marxism," "especially such astonishingly unsuccessful critical attempts as, for instance, that of Eduard Bernstein," and calls for struggle against "the degrading rightlessness of the whole of our society." "May the union of the proletariat with the best part of the intelligentsia grow and grow stronger!"

LIBAU

In September of last year three watchmen of the local prison in Libau were arrested for socialist propaganda and for distributing socialist pamphlets among the inmates of the local central prison. A search of their flats on the prison grounds turned up genuine Latvian socialist pamphlets. They were denounced by one of the prison warders. (The reader may perhaps still recall the unprecedented event when, at Libau in May 1899, during the general strike, even the police constables distinguished themselves: they too went on strike on May 5 and sent a delegation to the police chief with a request to raise their meagre wages [from 12 roubles 50 kopecks to 5 roubles more]. The chief of police at first drove off the first three delegates without a word. But when, the next day, a new delegation appeared, this time made up of six constables, he agreed to raise their pay by 3 roubles.) Somewhat later two more constables were arrested, also accused of aiding socialist propaganda. All five socialists were sent to the Mitau prison, where they remain to this day.

The gendarme currently operating in Libau, and who has quickly made a name for himself through his activity—Vonsyatsky (a Polish renegade and convert)—was already known to the Lithuanians for having, as a gendarme lieutenant in Suwałki province, sown misfortune among Lithuanians and ruined several hundred families, exiling many from their homeland, letting some rot away in prison or turning others into invalids. This is a crude barbarian, lacking any intelligence, and devoid of any 'noble' feelings. Unable to uncover anything real, he began carrying out searches and arrests in Lithuania on the principle of 'better safe than sorry.' On this basis Lithuanians already known to Vonsyatsky were arrested. The persecution of Lithuanians in Lithuania has assumed enormous proportions. Vonsyatsky, without further reasoning, recognises any Lithuanian as a political criminal. Informing has become an epidemic. Drunkards and the like have found a pretext for existence, receiving rewards from Vonsyatsky. They openly confess to their trade and demand tribute from the inhabitants. Danilovich, who failed to reward the informer Tursky, has been under arrest ever since: a forged letter was planted on him at his flat. Searches have been carried out on every Lithuanian who acknowledges himself as such. Arrests have been made for putting on amateur theatricals (Janulaitis and Motiejus), schoolboys have been taken (Beletsky) and others. Our correspondent sends us (from last December) a list of forty-five persons who have suffered, adding that the names of many of those arrested are

unknown.

KHARKOV

The local committee of the RSDLP, in its proclamation "To All Kharkov Workers," once again draws attention to the rightlessness of the Russian people, expressed with particular clarity in the persecutions following May 1 in Kharkov. But searches and exile, prison and banishment, will not stop the movement. "The Committee is whole and unharmed. It has become even less possible to reconcile us to injustice. On the contrary, savage persecutions have only kindled in us a still stronger flame of hatred for our oppressors." "How can we not protest, how can we not struggle? This struggle has long raged, and rages everywhere. It is the age-old struggle between two hostile worlds: labour and freedom, on the one side, exploitation and oppression, on the other. Without this struggle not a single improvement has ever been won in the position of an enslaved people. How much grief and tears, how much suffering and how many human lives this struggle costs. How many noble fighters for freedom languished, for instance, in the dungeons of the Paris Bastille, more than a hundred years ago now. They did not languish there in vain: their blood bought the freedom of France. Every sacrifice dealt a fateful blow to the power of the tyrant kings, and now in France the working class can freely wage its struggle for its final emancipation. The same has been repeated in other countries too. Only among us does barbarous, despotic power still remain. Only among us does the tsarist throne still rest upon the enslavement of a starving people, in whom every awakening of consciousness is crushed. Only among us is it possible to imprison tens and hundreds of members of the intelligentsia and workers for the slightest striving toward freedom. Are we, then, to renounce the struggle, are we to fear sacrifice? No, comrades, Russian workers have already proved their capacity for a united struggle. Let us too show ourselves worthy of our comrades. Let us swear to put forward new fighters to replace comrades fallen out of the ranks, let us struggle to the end, until we are victorious, until, under the united pressure of the workers joined together, our own Bastilles crumble, until the yoke of despotism is scattered to dust. And in moments of persecution let us remember the famous scientist Galileo: when, by threats and torture, the ignorant priests seemed to have broken his resolve, and thought that he would now renounce his teaching on the motion of the earth around the sun, Galileo, to the horror of his tormentors, flung in their faces his famous words: 'And yet it moves.'

"Comrades! We are persecuted for having worthily celebrated May 1. Let us then begin now to prepare for an even worthier celebration of the next May 1. And when the bright festival of the working class dawns, let us throw in our tyrants' faces the bold words: 'And yet it moves!'"

Arrests continue here without let-up. A particularly large number were taken on December 5 and 14, mostly workers. Among those known by name: Makovsky (an engineer), Silverstov (brought from Riga), Gaidenko, Polyakov, Belinov (a worker), Grigoryev, Bogdanov, Skripnik, Kurilko (both arrested for the second time—workers). Of those arrested in October, many have been sent off to district prisons: Popov, Kozhevnikov, Bobrovsky, Shumov and others to Izyum; Dr Levin to Bogodukhov; the majority of the workers have been sent to the prison at Pechenegi station (famous in the 1870s as the 'Kharkov central prison').

Unemployment, as we point out below, is spreading ever wider, and thousands of other workers will join the miners if *Yuzhny Rabochy's* prediction comes true. Let them then recall these memorable words of the Tsar's servant who beat innocent workers: "This is on account for you, you sons of bitches!" Let this movement of the unemployed be directed against this savage, riotous and violent government; let them demand of it that it renounce its self-will and convoke the representatives of the people.

Unemployment is growing ever more severe, and news of it reaches us from every quarter. In *Yuzhny Rabochy* (No. 3, November 1900) we read: "In Ekaterinoslav, Kharkov, Odessa, Nikolayev, Mariupol, Yuzovka and other places, everywhere work is being cut back, workers dismissed by the tens and hundreds, everywhere the horrors of want, and the spectre of starvation looms over the workers' settlements... Wages have fallen to the lowest possible level: matters have reached such a point that almost nowhere in the whole south is piece-work pay to be had... At Yuzovka night work has been abolished (formerly work was carried on without a break, in three shifts). Workers are being dismissed gradually, in small batches... At Nikolayev the total number dismissed has reached 2,000; at Mariupol—600. Dismissals are occurring on a particularly large scale at Ekaterinoslav: some works, such as, for instance, the carriage-works of the Franco-Russian Company, are taking advantage of this occasion to replace their combative and class-conscious workforce with more submissive newcomers. Even at the railway workshops, work has been cut back by more than half, since the government's projected construction of a new stretch of the Ekaterinoslav line has been cancelled on account of the war with China." In the *St Petersburg Rabochy Listok* (No. 4, December 1900) we read: "By the hundred our 'breadwinners' and 'waterers' are throwing workers out into the cold and hunger. Like shadows our unemployed comrades wander the streets, from the Volynkin works, where one shift has been laid off; from Pal's, where half the night shift is not working; from Koenig's, from the Malaya Okhta weaving mill, from Shave's, from Thornton's and others. Wages at almost every mill have been cut by 20–30 per cent. At Thornton's, weavers earn 6–8 roubles a month; at Maxwell's, women earn 3–4 roubles, men 8–11 roubles; at Pal's, day-workers get 20 kopecks a day, and so on." Newspapers report from Kostroma province and from the Shuya–Ivanovo mill district that many mills have cut back production and let go of half or a third of their workers, while the remainder have had their wages reduced by 30 per cent. Theft and robbery are increasing. Orekhovo-Zuyevo is overrun with crowds of unemployed people who have come from various places, huddling in every conceivable hovel and suffering terribly while they wait for whatever work they can find.

Unemployment among factory and mill workers, famine among the peasantry—this is what Russia enters the twentieth century with! And the Minister of Finance, in his report on the budget for 1901 (we hope to return to this report), speaks of "the favourable results for our state economy" and expresses the hope that "the difficulties of our money market are passing." What preoccupies the Minister is "the high cost of capital": capitalists find it hard to obtain money for enterprises that would bring them profit. Capitalists without profit—that is the whole of the "difficulty," and not at all the fact that millions of workers and peasants are without bread and without work. "The European markets will right themselves of their own accord," Mr Witte reassures us. And will the workers, then, die off of their own accord too! Do they, then, have the right to live, if their labour cannot bring profit to the capitalists?

FOREIGN REVIEW

THE BALANCE-SHEET OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIAL-DEMOCRACY

(Continued.)

The position of the minority of English workers has undoubtedly improved over the last fifty to sixty years. But this can by no means be said of those millions of working folk who, now as before, receive an utterly beggarly, "hungry" wage. I say nothing of those millions who must have recourse to private and official "charity" merely in order not to die of hunger. Armies of tramps, of ragged men, of vagrants, of homeless beggars who do not even have a permanent place to sleep, have not disappeared from English soil; they continue to exist, constantly replenished by new recruits. And even many of the organised workers suffer from periodic unemployment and an excessively long working day (overtime hours). This is in good times. And during periods of acute industrial stagnation, members of trade unions go without work by the tens and even hundreds of thousands, live on benefits from their own organisations, and thereby exhaust their once-rich funds.

The chief conquests of these organisations, won on the ground of economic struggle, date from that period when English industry enjoyed a monopoly of sales throughout the world. But ever since new industrial countries began to compete with England in the world market, its organised proletariat has had to strain its forces above all merely to hold on to its old conquests, merely to stay at the level it had reached in that good old time when English manufactured goods met with no competition anywhere on earth. It is hard to dream of further improvements through struggle with employers, when even what has already been achieved is now under threat.

But even its present, insecure and by now far from brilliant position, the organised minority of the English proletariat has achieved to a considerable degree at the expense of the majority of unorganised masses, by way of a systematic, persistent squeezing-out, from those branches of labour in which its organisations predominate, of workers who have not received the corresponding professional training. Some unions accept as members, and permit to work, only those workers who have spent several years being trained beforehand in the given trade. In this way, great masses of the poorest unskilled labouring folk were artificially thrown out onto the street, or condemned to work wherever they could, under the worst possible conditions. The trained and organised workers achieved their aim—a certain improvement in their own position—at the cost of a worsening in the lot of tens and hundreds of thousands of workers who had no opportunity of acquiring a definite trade or profession. One part of the proletariat, the smaller part, created privileges for itself at the expense of the majority of its own brothers; the modest rise of the organised minority was purchased, to a considerable degree, at the price of a relatively still greater degradation, or a perpetuation, in its former wretched condition, of the greater part of the remaining mass of workers.

Are we, then, to conclude—the reader may perhaps ask—that the so much vaunted trade unions of England have, after all, brought no benefit whatever to its proletariat?—It is not so easy to answer this question properly and from every side as some may think. Nor was it with this aim that the preceding lines were written. I only wished to note and to emphasise that, in the sphere of immediate, tangible improvements in the living conditions of the working masses, the results of the labour movement in England, in the final reckoning, do not go beyond what has

been achieved by Social-Democracy in the other advanced countries of Europe. In a comparative assessment of the results of the English labour movement and of the contemporary Social-Democratic movement, one must take into account, besides what has already been pointed out above, the fact that the latter, in some countries, has had to wrest from state power, step by step, with its own strength, those very general national rights which in England were won by the joint efforts of various classes, so that its present-day workers' organisations have long enjoyed these rights as a ready-made legacy of the past.

Nor, indeed, does the centre of gravity of the results of the labour movement lie in the sphere of particular, isolated improvements. The most important and most essential of these results for England, I consider to be the creation of an enormous organised force within the proletariat. But the true historical significance of this force remains, for the present, in a latent condition; it does not manifest itself outwardly, and will not manifest itself, so long as it is guided chiefly not by general class interests but by the particular, egoistic interests of separate, relatively privileged groups of the proletariat. The workers' organisations on the European continent are considerably weaker than the craft unions of England. But, in compensation, their activity is animated and permeated by the idea of the class solidarity of the proletariat, independent of professional, tribal, and even state-national distinctions and divisions; their own particular, local, and professional interests, and their momentary advantages, they subordinate to the common, fundamental, international interest of the emancipation of the proletariat throughout the whole civilised world. Herein lies the great service of Social-Democracy, and in its successes on the road toward uniting the labouring masses into a class-conscious, international army of the proletariat lies the centre of gravity of the results it has achieved, or has already attained.

"Socialism," one Russian writer justly remarked, "became a great historical force only when it succeeded, by grasping the calling of the working class, in becoming its science and its faith."* But who has explained, and who explains, to the workers their own historical calling as a class? None other than socialists, or, more precisely, Social-Democrats. And if it is true that in knowledge lies strength, then it is evident that the strength of the working class must consist, above all, in the knowledge of its own historical task and of the means for its realisation. And if this is so, then we have full grounds to say that the proletariat itself becomes a world-historical force only to the degree that, in its own liberating efforts, it becomes imbued with, and is consciously guided by, the teachings of Social-Democracy, which constitute the science of the conditions, the paths, and the means of its full and final emancipation. It follows, then, that the growth of the social strength of the working class and the growth of the historical strength of socialism—that is, of Social-Democracy—constitute two inseparably linked phenomena, or, more precisely, one and the same phenomenon, viewed from two sides. The successes of Social-Democracy must be measured, above all, by the spread of its teachings and by its influence among the working masses. But, on the other hand, the more strongly they influence the thought and conduct of these masses in their efforts to improve their own position, the more consciously they take a stand against their exploiters, the fewer mistakes they make, the more purposeful the paths and means they choose for their struggle against the ruling classes, and the more, consequently, they draw nearer to the ultimate goal of the labour movement: to the full emancipation of the working class through its conquest of state power. The growth of the world-historical significance and strength of the proletariat merges, in this way, with the successes of the international Social-Democratic movement. The successes of the latter are the yardstick for measuring the former.

* "Apropos of the St Petersburg Strike," *Rabotnik*, No. 3–4.

From this point of view we shall attempt, in a following article, to examine the results of the international Social-Democratic movement.

[P. Axelrod]

183 STUDENTS SENT INTO THE ARMY*

On January 11 the newspapers published an official government communiqué from the Ministry of Popular Education on the conscription into the army of 183 students of Kiev University “for having taken part in a collective disturbance.” The Provisional Rules of July 29, 1899—this threat hanging over students and society—are being put into effect less than a year and a half after their promulgation, and the government seems positively in a hurry to justify its resort to this unprecedented punitive measure, bringing forward a full-blown indictment, sparing no dark colours in depicting the students’ misdeeds.

One outrage seems worse than the next. In summer, an all-student congress at Odessa, with a programme for organising all Russian students to voice protests of every kind concerning phenomena of academic, social and political life. For these criminal political aims all the student delegates were arrested, their documents confiscated. But the ferment does not subside; it grows, and persistently makes itself felt in many institutions of higher learning. Students wish freely and independently to discuss and manage their own common affairs. Their authorities—with that soulless formalism which has always distinguished the Russian bureaucracy—answer with petty carping, drive discontent to extreme lengths, and involuntarily push the thought of youth, not yet mired in the swamp of bourgeois vegetation, toward protest against the whole system of police and bureaucratic self-will.

The Kiev students demand the removal of a professor who has taken the place of a colleague who left. The authorities resist, drive the young people to “gatherings and demonstrations,” and... give in. The students hold a meeting to discuss why such vile things are possible as the rape of a girl by two ‘white-lining’ students (so rumour has it). The authorities sentence the ringleaders to solitary confinement. They refuse to submit. They are expelled. The crowd demonstratively sees the expelled students off at the railway station. A new meeting is called; the students remain, refusing to leave, until the rector appears. The deputy governor and the head of the gendarme administration arrive, with a detachment of soldiers, who surround the university and enter the lecture hall—and invite the rector to appear. The students demand—you might think, perhaps, a constitution? No, they demand that the punishment of solitary confinement not be applied, and that the expelled students be reinstated. The names of those present at the meeting are recorded, and they are sent home.

Consider this astonishing disproportion between the modesty and inoffensiveness of the students’ demands and the panic of a government that acts as though an axe had already been raised over the pillars of its rule. Nothing so betrays our “all-powerful” government as this very panic. Better than any “criminal appeals” it shows, to anyone who has eyes to see and ears to hear, that it feels itself utterly insecure and trusts only in the bayonet and the whip that guard it from popular vengeance. Schooled by decades of experience, the government has become firmly convinced that it is surrounded by combustible material, that the smallest spark, the least protest against solitary confinement, would be enough to set off a conflagration. And if that is so, then it is understandable that an exemplary reprisal is needed: send hundreds of students into the army as soldiers! “Give us a sergeant-major to teach the Voltaires a lesson!”—this formula has lost none of its currency. On the contrary, the twentieth century is fated to see it realised in earnest.

This new punitive measure prompts many thoughts and comparisons, being new precisely in its attempt to revive a long, long dead relic of the past. Three generations ago, in the time of Nicholas I, being sent into the army as a soldier was a natural punishment, entirely in keeping with the whole structure of Russian serf society. Young noblemen were sent into the ranks to force them to serve and to work their way up to officer rank, in abrogation of the freedom of the nobility. The peasant was sent into

the army as into a decades-long penal servitude, where he faced the inhuman torments of running the ‘green street’ [i.e. the gauntlet] and the like. But it has been more than a quarter of a century now since we have had ‘universal’ military service, whose introduction was once celebrated as a great democratic reform. Universal not merely on paper, but in practice too, military service is unquestionably a democratic reform: it breaks with estate-privilege and introduces the equal rights of citizens. But if this were really so in fact, could the sending of men into the army as soldiers then serve as a punishment? And if the government turns military service into a punishment, does this not prove that we stand far closer to the old recruit-levy than to any genuinely universal military obligation? The Provisional Rules of 1899 tear off the Pharisaical mask and expose the Asiatic essence of even those of our institutions which most resemble European ones. In substance, we have neither had, nor do we have, universal military service, because the privileges of noble birth and wealth create a mass of exceptions. In substance, we have neither had, nor do we have, anything resembling equal rights for citizens in military service. On the contrary, the barracks are steeped through and through with a spirit of the most outrageous rightlessness. The complete defencelessness of the soldier drawn from the peasantry or the working class, the trampling of human dignity, extortion, beating, and more beating. But for those who have influential connections and money—privileges and exemptions. It is no wonder, then, that being sent to this school of arbitrary rule and violence can serve as a punishment, and even a very heavy punishment, verging on a deprivation of rights. The government reckons on teaching ‘rebels’ discipline in this school. Is it not mistaken in this calculation? Will the school of Russian military service prove to be a school for revolution? Of course, not every student will be equal to enduring the full course of such a school. Some will be broken by the heavy drudgery, ruined by clashes with the military authorities; others—the weak and feeble—the barracks will intimidate; but a third group it will harden, will broaden their horizons, will force them to think through and feel through their own aspirations for liberation to the full. They will now experience, in their own persons, the full force of arbitrary rule and oppression, when their whole human dignity is made to depend on the whim of a sergeant-major, often disposed deliberately to mock at anyone ‘educated.’ They will see what the position of the common people actually is; they will suffer, in their own persons, the outrages and violence of which they will daily be made witnesses, and will understand that the injustices and petty persecutions from which students suffer are but a drop in the ocean of the people’s oppression. Whoever understands this will leave military service with a Hannibal’s oath to struggle, together with the advanced class of the people, for the liberation of the people from despotism.

But no less than the cruelty of this new punishment, its degrading character provokes indignation. The government issues a challenge to everyone in whom any sense of decency still remains, by declaring the students who protested against arbitrary rule to be common rioters—much as it once declared exiled worker-strikers to be men ‘of depraved conduct.’ Look at the government communiqué: it is speckled with the words: disorder, riot, unruliness, shamelessness, licence. On the one hand, an acknowledgment of criminal political aims and of aspirations toward political protest; on the other—treating the students as mere rioters in need of a lesson in discipline. This is a slap in the face of Russian public opinion, whose sympathies toward the students are very well known to the government. And the only worthy answer that the students could give would be to carry out the threat of the Kiev students, and organise a sustained and firm strike of all students in every institution of higher education, demanding the repeal of the Provisional Rules of July 29, 1899.

But it is not students alone who are obliged to answer the government. The government itself has seen to it that this incident should become something far greater than a purely student affair. The

government appeals to public opinion, as though boasting of the vigour of its reprisals, as though mocking every liberation aspiration. And every conscious element in every stratum of the people is obliged to answer this challenge, unless it wishes to sink to the level of voiceless slaves who silently bear insult. And at the head of these conscious elements stand the advanced workers, and the Social-Democratic organisations inseparably bound up with them. The working class endures, unceasingly, an incomparably greater oppression and outrage from that very police self-will with which the students have now so sharply collided. The working class has already raised the struggle for its own emancipation. And it must remember that this great struggle lays great obligations upon it—that it cannot free itself without freeing the whole people from despotism, that it is obliged, before all else and above all else, to respond to every political protest and to render it every kind of support. The best representatives of our educated classes have proved and sealed with the blood of thousands of revolutionaries martyred by the government their capacity and readiness to shake off, from their feet, the dust of bourgeois society, and to join the ranks of the socialists. And that worker is unworthy of the name of socialist who can look on with indifference while the government sends soldiers against student youth. The student went to the aid of the worker—the worker must come to the aid of the student. The government wishes to fool the people by declaring that a striving toward political protest is mere unruliness. Workers must publicly declare, and explain to the broadest masses, that this is a lie, that the true seat of violence, unruliness and licence is the Russian autocratic government, the arbitrary rule of the police and the officials.

How to organise this protest—this must be decided by local Social-Democratic organisations and workers' groups. The distribution, scattering, and posting-up of leaflets, the organisation of meetings to which, so far as possible, every class of society should be invited—these are the most accessible forms of protest. But it would be desirable that, wherever there are strong and firmly established organisations, an attempt should be made at a broader and more open protest, by way of a public demonstration. A good example is furnished by the Kharkov demonstration of December 1 last year in front of the offices of *Yuzhny Kray*. The jubilee of this vile newspaper—which poisons every striving toward light and freedom, and glorifies every atrocity of our government—was being celebrated. A crowd gathered in front of the editorial offices, ceremoniously tearing apart copies of *Yuzhny Kray*, tying them to horses' tails, dragging dogs about wrapped in it, throwing stones and flasks of hydrogen sulphide through the windows with the cries: "Down with the venal press!" Such is the tribute of honour, in truth, deserved not only by the editorial offices of the venal press, but by all our governmental institutions. Only rarely do they celebrate a jubilee of official goodwill toward them; they deserve, at all times, the jubilee of a popular reckoning. Every manifestation of governmental arbitrary rule and violence is legitimate grounds for such a demonstration. And let the government's open declaration of its reprisal against the students not go without an open answer from the people.

[N. Lenin]

OUR NATIVE REPTILE

We are informed (with the informant vouching for the reliability of the report) that *Sev. Kurier* ("The Northern Courier") has been shut down at the insistence of the Police Department. The editors of this paper are blamed for allegedly having taken part in organising the recent demonstration, in Mr Suvorin's theatre, against the disgusting and vulgar play of Messrs Krylov and Litvin (Efron). Naturally, this dreadful 'crime' called for exemplary retribution, and the Police Department lost no time in hastening to take its revenge: it slammed shut the unfortunate

newspaper, since the four ministers who administer judgment and reprisal over our press are always ready to render him this kind of comradely service. The enemy has been destroyed... but the 'victor' has soiled himself with blood: we have just received news of an attempt at suicide by the paper's publisher, Prince V. V. Baryatinsky. The Russian government may now enter into its records yet another new victim—the bloody trophy of an inglorious triumph!

In our press only one man, Mr Suvorin, must be feeling like the guest of honour. Thanks to the good offices of his police friends, he alone is permitted, unpunished, to corrupt the Russian public—both from the stage and from the pages of his newspaper. As a monopolist of the printed word, he raises his voice all the louder when enforced silence reigns all around him, and boldly hurls his accusations into the face of adversaries who have been bound hand and foot. So it was, two years ago, after the memorable beating of the students; the same thing is now happening again, after the Kiev sentence. *Novoye Vremya* (see the issue of January 14) sheds crocodile tears over these victims of 'serf-like' rightlessness, the better, with this, to hiss its serpent's hiss and to blacken the name of the students who have suffered. It cries: "What barbarism!" And to whom does it cry this? Not to the bureaucracy, which has proved itself worthy of Arakcheyev, but to that very body of students over whom the sentence has just been passed, a sentence remarkable for its 'Asiatic' character.

Russian democracy must find a means of teaching this shameless publicist a lesson—and teaching him so thoroughly that this government reptile will never dare do the like again!

[N. Lenin]

FROM THE PARTY

In the previous issue of *Iskra* we reported that, toward the upkeep of the permanent International Socialist Secretariat, each of the eight great nations must contribute 1,000 francs. So it was given in the German report on the congress. We have now received a printed leaflet, signed by members of the Executive Bureau, the well-known leaders of Belgian Social-Democracy Anseele and Vandervelde (and the secretary Servy). From this leaflet it appears that the ten principal nations contribute 500 francs each, while the rest—Russia among them—contribute 200 francs each, about 80 roubles in our money.

From January of this year, at Stuttgart, from the well-known publisher G. Dietz, there will begin to appear a scholarly-political journal, *Zarya* (“The Dawn”), published and edited by several Russian Social-Democrats, with the close participation of G. V. Plekhanov, P. B. Axelrod and V. I. Zasulich. Entirely in solidarity with us on theoretical and tactical questions of Russian Social-Democracy, the editorial board of *Zarya* will carry out part of that programme set forth, at the same time as our own No. 1, in the statement “From the Editors.” The first issue of *Zarya* will contain, among others, the following articles: G. Plekhanov, “Once More on Socialism and Political Struggle”; K. Kautsky, “Reminiscences”; Starover, “What Has Happened?”; G. Plekhanov, “A Critique of Our Critics,” Article 1, Part 1: “Something on the Philosophical Exercises of Mr Struve”; N. Ryazanov, “Remarks on the Programme of *Rabocheye Dyelo*”; Byvaly, “On the Old and the New”; A. B., “What Does the Kharkov May Day Teach?”; G. Plekhanov, “The Fourteenth of December, 1825”; V. Zasulich, “The Struggle in Prison,” and others.

Letters, manuscripts and money for this publication may be sent, from abroad, to Dietz’s address (J. H. W. Dietz Verlag, Stuttgart); from Russia—to those persons who have connections with *Iskra*, and by the same means used in communicating with *Iskra*.

The third issue of *Yuzhny Rabochy* (November 1900) has appeared. Extensive and varied in its contents, this issue produces an especially fine impression through the revolutionary spirit and broad understanding of the tasks of Social-Democracy which its editors display. The lead article is devoted to the military courts in Warsaw and concludes with an ardent call “to prepare for decisive battle,” “openly to declare our hatred of arbitrary rule and our unshakeable resolve to put an end to it.” Thorough and interesting articles have been written on the emergency congress of mine-owners in Kharkov, on unemployment, on our relations with foreign workers, on V. Liebknecht. An excellent feuilleton, “The Avenger,” and a whole series of dispatches from the south of Russia. We greet, from the bottom of our hearts, the publication of our southern comrades, and wish them further success and further victories over the police and the gendarmes.

Two issues of the “Social-Democratic Workers’ Library” have appeared: No. 1, “From the Editors” (a pamphlet setting out the editors’ principles and basic views), and No. 2, “The Transvaal and China: Two Speeches by Keir Hardie and Liebknecht.” (Printed by the “Workers’ Library” press, 1900.) Alongside *Yuzhny Rabochy*, this new publication testifies that a narrowly economic trend cannot satisfy Russian Social-Democracy—that protest is growing and strengthening, not only against the trend of *Rabochaya Mysl*, but also against that eclectic tendency which attempts to occupy a middle ground between ‘economism’ and revolutionary Social-Democracy. “It is necessary to develop and educate the mass politically”—the authors of the first

pamphlet rightly say—“that is, to teach it to understand the significance not only of its immediate political demands, but also of political struggle in the broadest sense of the word... Our government is already the enemy of the worker as an autocratic government, as a form of rule with which the worker in general cannot come to terms, since it can be nothing but despotic... To assist in the training of knowledgeable propagandists and convinced agitators..., in intensifying the labour movement and the movement of emancipation in Russia generally... this is the aim of the Workers’ Library.” Some of the propositions of the pamphlet seem to us mistaken—for instance, that “the Russian bourgeoisie has, for the present, nothing left to wish for,” that “the bourgeoisie has been granted, among us, a certain, if wretched, political freedom”—but we do not think that this touches on any serious disagreement with the established views of Russian Social-Democrats. We wish to believe that we stand on the threshold of a new upsurge of our movement, and that it will now be able to rise to an understanding of, and to the fulfilment of, its great historical role.

The St Petersburg Union of Struggle.⁵

The Committee of the RSDLP has issued four issues of *Rabochy Listok* (Nos 1–4, November–December 1900), printed at its own press and signed by the “Committee of the Workers’ Organisation.” The duality of direction of the SPB Union’s new programme, which we noted in the previous issue, is also reflected in these leaflets. We wish our St Petersburg comrades a final break with the traditions of *Rabochaya Mysl*; we wish the advanced workers of the capital a swift liberation from the prejudice that the labour movement must necessarily be led by a committee of the workers’ organisation, as distinct from a committee of the Social-Democratic party—as though groups of socialist intellectuals were merely ‘executive groups’ attached to workers’ circles. The labour movement will be able to attain its liberating goal only when the advanced workers themselves become convinced Social-Democrats and active participants in revolutionary organisations, when they attain, not a separation from the revolutionary Social-Democratic intelligentsia, but, on the contrary, a close union with it.

THE POST-BOX

We have received a letter from an exiled worker, who asks the editors, on behalf of several comrades, to publish a collection on the methods used by gendarmes during investigations, and on the rules for conducting oneself under interrogation. A pamphlet by comrade V. Bakharev, *How to Conduct Oneself Under Interrogation*, recently appeared abroad, meeting, as a worker has justly remarked, a need that has “long been ripening.” In one of our forthcoming issues we hope to speak in more detail about this pamphlet and the questions it raises.

We inform all comrades who have given support to our publication that the method of communication we have chosen, which may at first sight appear to present many inconveniences, has proved entirely practicable. If every precaution is observed, materials are delivered quickly and reliably. We ask our correspondents: (1) to report every kind of leaflet and proclamation, adding, where possible, details of its distribution, together with every local publication and circulating manuscript; (2) to report, immediately upon its occurrence, and without ever waiting for fuller details or for a formal account to be composed, and without ever hesitating to pass on a bare and raw fact, every event of public interest; (3) to report what is known not only from direct observation, but also from the accounts or reports of other places, so that the editors may be able in good time to take measures for sending their own agents and so forth; (4) to devise some means by which the editors

might be able to communicate with each correspondent; (5) to collect, for transmission to the editors, all interesting local publications and separate issues of local newspapers; (6) to state, with complete precision, any wish that material be made public only under such-and-such conditions, or without any alterations whatsoever.

Printed by the “Iskra” press.

ENDNOTES

[RECONSTRUCTED TEXT] These endnotes are later scholarly annotations, appended to a subsequent reprint edition of this issue (they refer to events of 1901 and later, and cite a published volume of correspondence not available in 1901); they are not part of the original February 1901 issue. They are translated here, kept under their own heading, for completeness. [END RECONSTRUCTED TEXT]

Note 1

The author of the article “Autocracy and the Zemstvo”—P. B. Struve—was one of the most striking representatives of bourgeois liberalism, who evolved from Marxism to the Constitutional-Democrats [Kadets]. Although Lenin (Tulin) had, to a considerable degree, foreseen in Struve the future liberal as early as 1895, nevertheless Struve, notwithstanding all his leanings toward Bernsteinism and his flirtation with idealism, still remained, at this time, close to the Plekhanov–Lenin group, as is witnessed by the fact of his collaboration in the first issues of Iskra. In 1898 he was the author of the Manifesto of the [Party’s] First Congress. In 1900 he took part, together with Tugan-Baranovsky, in a conference of Social-Democrats at Pskov, at which the question of publishing a Social-Democratic organ abroad was discussed. But soon after his first appearances in Iskra, Lenin sharply attacked his foreword (signed “R. N. S.”) to Witte’s memorandum “Autocracy and the Zemstvo”—in the article “The Persecutors of the Zemstvo and the Hannibals of Liberalism” (in Nos 2–3 of *Zarya*). Plekhanov was not in a hurry to share Lenin’s pessimistic view of Struve’s character and hesitated to give his consent to the printing of Lenin’s article. Axelrod agreed with Plekhanov’s point of view only in part, and confined himself to a number of remarks on Lenin’s article. Lenin himself replied, in a letter to Axelrod of July 26, 1901, that he had taken into account all (Lenin’s own emphasis) of the softenings of expression indicated by Axelrod and Plekhanov, and had made every such softening everywhere: “In general,” he says in the letter, “I am by no means so insistent on particular softenings, but I categorically cannot renounce the thought of our right (and our duty) to expose R. N. S. for his political juggling. He is precisely a political juggler in this matter, as the reading of the foreword finally convinced me, and into my critique I put everything that the last few months (that is, the *Verhandlungen** with ‘the calf,’** attempts at an agreement etc.) had given me. So to speak, I let off steam, settling scores with this subject. The question of the constitutional character of the zemstvo I considered the centre of gravity of the whole article. ‘Zemstvo’ liberalism is, in the sphere of society’s attitude toward it, exactly what economism is in the sphere of attitude toward the worker. And we must pursue both areas equally.” (See *Letters of P. B. Axelrod and Yu. O. Martov*, p. 51.)

Note 2

Mikhailovsky, N. K., born 1842, died 1901. Contributor to, and editor of, *Otechestvennyye Zapiski* (1869–85). Afterward a contributor to *Severny Vestnik* and *Russkaya Mysl*. From the early 1890s he stands at the head of *Russkoye Bogatstvo*. He is the chief spokesman for the views of the Narodniks [Populists] of the 1880s and 1890s (the ‘epigones’ of the old Narodnichestvo). In the philosophical grounding of Narodnichestvo he is a proponent of the so-called ‘subjective method.’ In the mid-1890s he becomes the target of representatives of Marxism, which had by then forced its way into the legal press, and comes under the fire of the polemical arrows of Plekhanov (Beltov, Volgin), Lenin (Tulin—Vl. Ilyin), Struve and other Marxists. After this his star fades rapidly.

— P. L.

* Negotiations.

** In early summer 1901, Struve, together with Bogucharsky, conducted negotiations with Iskra in Munich. A draft agreement was even drawn up between the *Zarya*–Iskra group and ‘the group of democratic opposition’ (the text of the agreement is given by A. N. Potresov in *Obshchestvennoye Dvizheniye*, vol. I, pp. 615–16). The agreement was never carried into effect, and Struve finally drifted over to the side of the bourgeois liberal opposition, taking his place at the head of *Osvobozhdeniye* (“Liberation”). ‘The calf’—a nickname that Zasulich gave to P. Struve.

— P. L.

Note 3

A further article by Axelrod on this same subject was intended, but for some reason it never appeared in Iskra.

Note 4

The publication of *Zarya* as a legal journal, ‘tolerated’ from the standpoint of German censorship, was kept separate from the conspiratorial publication of the illegal Iskra, not only territorially (*Zarya* was published openly in Stuttgart, while Iskra was printed at the conspiratorial Iskra press in Munich), but formally as well. The journal’s publisher, the German Social-Democrat Dietz, out of caution, carefully suppressed in the journal every hint that there might be any kinship whatever between *Zarya* and Iskra. Dietz’s fastidious censorship at times greatly irritated the Iskra people. Apropos, for instance, of one article of Axelrod’s which Dietz did not print, Lenin wrote (on March 20, 1901) to the latter: “There is unpleasantness with ‘Zarya.’ That capricious gentleman Dietz has flatly rejected your little article, taking fright at the references to ‘Iskra,’ having caught the scent of ‘groups’* and citing the fact that even Bebel and Singer (shareholders in his G.m.b.H.) are nervous about it, and so on. We have had, to our very great regret, to give up your article, putting in its place a few words ‘To Our Readers.’ A most unpleasant new censorship! And the cover suffered too: they even struck out ‘several Russian Social-Democrats’!**. When shall we be rid of the ‘guardianship’ of these *Dreckgenossen*?!” (See *Letters of Axelrod and Martov*, p. 19.)

* Lenin has in mind the banned German organisations. — P. L.

** In the subtitle: “A Social-Democratic scientific-political journal.” Published with the close participation of G. V. Plekhanov, V. I. Zasulich and P. B. Axelrod. — P. L.

Note 5

The “St Petersburg Union of Struggle for the Emancipation of the Working Class” was organised by Vladimir Ilyich [Lenin] in 1895. This very name was adopted by the organisation in December 1895, on Martov’s proposal. In 1896 all the major Social-Democratic organisations began adopting the same name (the Moscow Union of Struggle, the Kiev Union, and so on). In 1901–1903 the majority of organisations began calling themselves simply committees, and only the St Petersburg organisation retained the name ‘Union’ up to the Second Party Congress. In St Petersburg there also formed a ‘Committee of the Workers’ Organisation,’ which was a continuation of the St Petersburg organisation of the ‘Rabochemyslentsy’ [adherents of *Rabochaya Mysl*]. At first the ‘Committee of the Workers’ Organisation’ existed independently, and in October 1900 it merged with the ‘Union.’

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