

"And what about Algeria? what about Cuba?" asked the Chinese, asked the poor.
 "But" says the voice of Russian reason, "look what has happened to the Congo, to Indonesia — you must all wait until we are good and ready."
 And the Vietnamese are waiting, and the Indians are waiting, and the South Americans are waiting, and Che Guevara is dead. And Russia, the socialist Mother Russia, bleeding for her children discovers a new way, a pacific way.

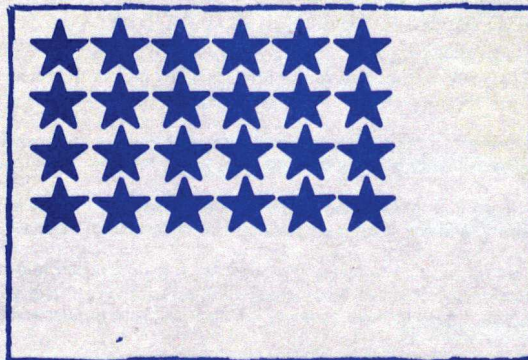
The peasants say, "Every time we rise the bombs fall — either we don't have enough rice or we have the bombs falling on our heads, what sort of umbrella is that?" and they say, "The godbomb was supposed to be impartial but we can't afford to be impartial, we can't afford to wait".

Every time a peasant dies of an American bullet, Mother Russia's heart bleeds, but indeed she knows that there is only one way now, to produce more. More butter to bury her enemies, and more cannons so the enemies will respect her. Then she can afford to send some to her poor relations in distress, Vietnam — yes, Guatemala, Bolivia, Colombia, Venezuela — no.

This is what is necessary if you want to build socialism in one country — this is how it started:

Take over the economy so it doesn't run for profit, and choose the priorities, hospitals before cars, schools before tanks, (war is profitable, that is why a capitalist country is, so they say, 'war mongering', and a socialist country, even Russia, is not). Who chooses the priorities? It should have been the people, but, in Russia, it was the party. The party which represented the people in the beginning, but fatally lost them. Stalinism was an aberration, a direct consequence of the lack of democratic decision.

Everybody knew that socialist Russia had to be defended. They defended splendidly at first, the peasants and workers who became the people's army over night and defeated the professionals, the White Army and the mercenaries from every Western country.



Socialism calls for public ownership of land and industry as the one basic measure to implement social justice. It is not an end but the beginning. If they believe in what they are doing, and participate in the decisions, the Stakhanovs are countless. One way pointed to the continuation of the revolution, the other to the strengthening, at all costs, in the name of socialism, of the Russian state. When people didn't count the hours they worked (the Stakhanovs — and now the Chinese workers and peasants) they were already in a state of socialism.

As soon as enough food is produced, make it free, enough houses, make them free. When basic needs are satisfied people give their best, the meaning of property (its mine, its yours) shrinks and eventually has no meaning at all. Luxury is a driving force only where there is poverty, or fear of poverty.

Russia has enough to make food and shelter and public transport free, so that everybody could participate with joy, (yes, they would, work is only what you are compelled to do). But they have not done it. They do nothing. On the contrary. They have reintroduced substantial differences of distribution and have made money artificially important. Grim, grey idiots perpetuating a party machine bent on its survival, paying lip-tribute to the struggles going on in the world, measuring the stock market of fear, sparing bullets for the Vietnamese. Proclaiming that production is the means, and consumption its end.

If only they had made bread and shelter and travel free, and love with no strings.

Fifty years, fifty years, and countless defeats, and humiliations, and deaths, and miseries, and fears, to defend the socialist state which hasn't even begun, to become good consumers and silent workers. To become the sort of people who want cars and a good career for their children. In the name of socialism. Where are the soviet writers? where the soviet poets? Where the new arts which should have come from the new man? Where is the new man? The revolution was made for joy and beauty, for bread and roses, so that a man could go hunting in the morning, fishing in the afternoon and recite poetry at night (Marx, only slightly re-edited). Fifty years later it is a mean, miserable society,