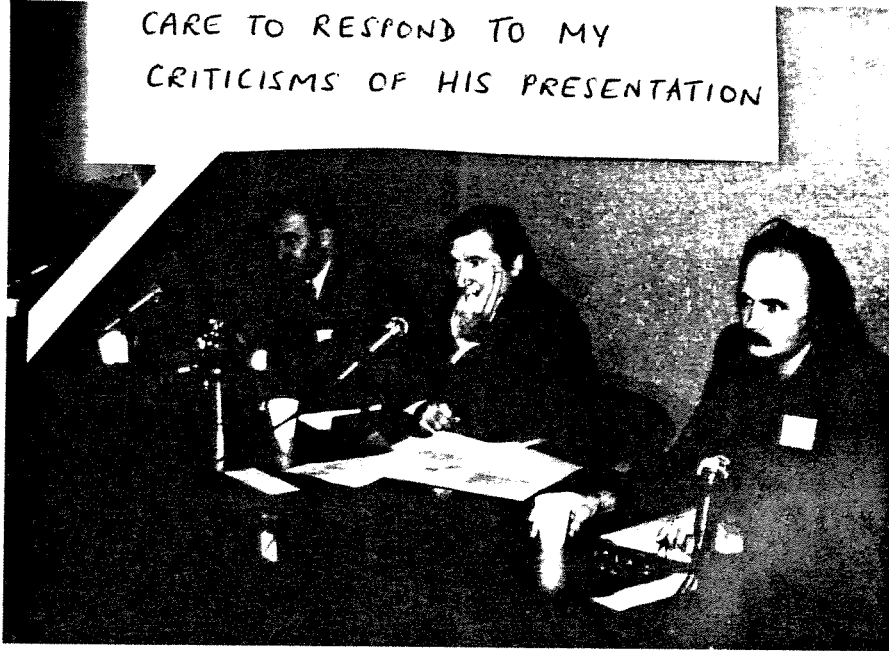


WEZTAKTIST

No. 12-13

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... SO, PERHAPS MR. BALAN WOULD
CARE TO RESPOND TO MY
CRITICISMS OF HIS PRESENTATION



STUCK IN THE MIDDLE

As to other matters brought up in your letter of 2 November. I was born on 21 December 1919, in Madera, Pennsylvania. I am sorry to report that I was not given a middle name, and for better or for worse, I have plowed through life without that addendum.

John Basarab, in letter

FREUDIAN SLIP

The 1954 theses maintain that the annexation of Ukraine was a blessing for the Soviet rulers

John Basarab, Pereiaslav

SELF-IMAGE OF PARTING SAINT

The Great One himself treated Edmonton to a sampling of his inexhaustible wisdom on 8 December 1981 (Feast of the Immaculate Conception, or Holy Fuck), when he enlightened the benighted as to "The Greek Catholic Church and Ukrainian Society in Galicia, 1772-1918." Rev. Himka explained how the far-reaching reforms of the Habsburg rulers Maria Theresa and Joseph II strengthened the Greek Catholic church in Galicia.

Submission to CIUS newsletter

BOMBED OUT WORLD

The A-bomb killed people and destroyed property, the H-bomb killed more people and destroyed more property, the N-bomb kills people, but-the ultimate horror-doesn't destroy property. A tremendous advancement.

"But how the hell will the N-bomb bring about everlasting peace ?" I asked my source in the White House.

"Just watch," he chuckled.

I did. And sure enough, the Russians have responded. Three weeks ago, Brezhnev convened a top secret meeting of Soviet politicians, generals, scientists and arms makers in an abandoned salt mines east of Minsk.

"Comrades," he said, "this is not working. Reagan has aced us again. Now the bomb is in our court. We must come up with something new, something different, something incredible, something better."

"What's in it for us ?" shouted a scientist from the back.

"Something the KGB has acquired on the black market," said Brezhnev. "An electric can opener and an album by the new American singing sensation Julius LaRosa." With a cheer, they stampeded from the salt mine.

Two days ago, they returned.

"Comrades," said Brezhnev, "have you topped the N-bomb ?"

"Yes," they shouted.

"And ?"

"The P-bomb!"

"The P-bomb?"

"The puff bomb."

"How's it work?"

"We zapped their A-bomb with our A-bomb which wipes out more property and people, right ?"

"Right."

"We creamed their H-bomb with our H-bomb which wipes out even more property and people, right?"

"Right."

"Then they flattened us with the N-bomb which wipes out people, but not property, right?"

"Right, right..."

"Well we now smash them to smithereens with the P-bomb. It doesn't wipe out property or people."

"What's it do?"

"Nothing! It just goes puff in the air."

"Fantastic," roared Brezhnev. "Let the capitalist idiots top that."

I immediately phoned my source in the White House.

"We already have," he said.

"What?"

"The CL-bomb."

"The CL-bomb?"

"The Chicken Little bomb. The armies of NATO race across the battlefields of Europe yelling, 'The bomb is falling, the bomb is falling,' grabbing their heads, ducking, falling to the ground, and making exploding bomb noises."

"But nobody gets hurt," I protested.

"You got it," he laughed.

Peace.

Earl McRae in Today. Reprinted without permission.

Beztaktnist is a monthly humour presentation and the only CIUS publication that comes out on time. Merry Christmas to readers. The next issue will be in February.

LIFE IN A SOVIET PARADISE

Every time the Bank of Canada's interest rate goes up, every time I hear the words "economic crisis" I cannot help but wish that I was living in the Soviet Union, that mysterious and wonderful land where a hundred different races live together in eternal harmony and quiet satisfaction. In the fields the peasants are working, diligently and happily because they know that they are working for a state in which the people are the all-important factor. I would now like to illustrate the various facets of life in a socialist state, a true socialist state I mean, not some phoney facade like China or Poland (more on the latter in a moment). When you have read my arguments, which contain not one item of fanaticism or dogma, you will conclude, dear reader, that you are wasting your time living in this bourgeois hell hole called North America. More than likely you will pack your bags and head northward.

1. History

The history of the United States and Canada is marred by the disgusting theft of land from the Indians. In the Soviet Union all the land was given freely to the toiling peasants. True there were a few dissenters, kulaks, bourgeois rattlesnakes, but Comrade Stalin, in his infinite wisdom put them to work in factories in the Arctic, where they could put their useless propaganda to proper use. Oh maybe a few million peasants died in Ukraine, but they were all bourgeois nationalists anyway, in the pay of Western imperialists. Some people have mentioned the "purges." But how was a true socialist state supposed to survive on its own without a few good purges to clear the air? Stalin, of course was a psychic. He could tell a man was guilty by looking at his eyebrows. Fortunately, a counter-revolution was averted, and if there weren't enough people left over to make up the Red Army, that was just too bad. Anyway we (the Soviet People, that is) soon recovered and sorted Hitler out good and proper. True the capitalists lent us a few thousand tanks and guns, but we would have made them anyway sooner or later. And look at Europe now. All those states followed the USSR's example and fraternal leadership, with just the minimum of persuasion. Now an invasion every ten years or so is not so bad if it's going to keep the peace. Everyone knows Hungarians and Czechs are rotten people, with no loyalty. Keep the bastards in line, it's the only thing they understand.

But I am digressing. Finally a brief word about Afghanistan and Poland since much slander has been disseminated about those events by the Anglo-American imperialists. The Afghan people invited the USSR in, in order to link up with the workers of Russia. Brezhnev even has the letter from Karmal and I'm sure would show it to any of you who have doubts. A few exploiters opposed the Red Army, but the majority wanted the Russians in. Pravda makes this clear and generously allocated President Brezhnev space to explain his policy. Our aim is peace. Always peace. And we have to have a few wars to attain it. (Lenin, Sochineniia XXXVIII, 34th edition, p. 870.) As for Poland, Lech Walesa is an American spy, a fact known to anyone with an ounce of sense. A good kick up the arse is what the Poles need and they are going to get it. Because the USSR seeks peace.

2. Economy

The Soviet economy has expanded by leaps and bounds, completely outproducing its American rival. Soviet cabbage production is twice that of the United States and turnips are gaining rapidly. There are now 236 turnip collective farms in the USSR (United Nations Handbook, 1962, p. 34) most of which are producing more and bigger turnips per acre than their U.S. counterparts. By the year 2045, if the current pace is maintained, and there is no reason to believe otherwise, fantastic though it is, the USSR will be able to feed 45 % of its own citizens. And there are a lot of people in the USSR. As for industry, we are untouchable in the world. Admittedly a small percentage of investment goes into armaments, but this is only minor, around 85%. At least 15 % of Soviet investment ^{in 1976-80} went to supply the people with consumer needs. Some workers now possess cars, if they're in the party that is, which is only fair. 23% of Soviet apartments now possess bath plugs and that number is increasing daily. 43% of all collective farm toilets now possess toilet paper, thus these families are now able to actually read Pravda. And not all our planes are MiGs. Soviet airlines are amongst the most efficient in the world. Aeroflot hasn't had a crash for 4 months and even that was on a foggy day and with a slippery runway. No one is unemployed. Can people in the West imagine that ? Even women work because women are equal in the Soviet state, although as President Brezhnev says, they should be at home making babies, but that's another story.

Everyone works except for a few thousand drunkards and hooligans who are most probably capitalist plants because they certainly don't act like Soviet people. Most of them are not Russians anyway, but Estonians, Ukrainians, i.e. members of the less intelligent races, lacking in Russian uprightness.

3. Ideology

Finally, a brief word on ideology. The West, of course, is decrepit in its total lack of new ideas. But in the USSR communism has almost been attained. Under the leadership of the great Lenin, Stalin and now the remarkable Brezhnev (with a bit of early work by Marx and somebody Engels, but who remembers them anyway) the USSR has gone forward, uniting the workers of the world, combating fascism wherever it rears its head. In contrast, Reagan hasn't an idea in his head, Haig is a maniac and Weinberger a clueless idiot who probably doesn't know his way to Detroit. Leonid Brezhnev is the possible saviour of the world. Don't let a few million nuclear warheads fool you. Brezhnev is seeking peace, and always will even if he has to eliminate a few warmongers to achieve it. And why, you ask, why should the world follow in Russia's footsteps? Brezhnev has the answer and he told me one day, sitting in his pyjamas consuming his early afternoon bottle of vodka. "Bekosh," he spluttered, "We wash de firsht." Simple, but profound.

DM/ December '81

(Article submitted to Gateway in response to a laudatory piece on the USSR by an unnamed faculty member)

The Beztaktnist History of the USSR

Part 1 The Russian Revolution (continued)

October fell. It was a dark evening with virtually a cloud in the sky. Lenin came striding into the Bolshevik headquarters, with a fierce glint in his eye.

"Tonight's the night," he stated.

"Are we going to have a party ?" asked Stalin.

"No, idiot, a revolution. All men go to your stations. Zinoviev, to the barracks, Kamenev, to the harbour, Bukharin, to the armoury, Trotsky, to the soldiers."

"No."

"I beg your pardon ?"

"No."

"What do you mean, no ?"

"I want to make a speech."

"A speech ? Whatever for ?"

"I've spent the whole afternoon composing a speech and I'm damn well going to give it. I gave one last time!"

"What do you mean last time ?"

"Back in 1905."

"All right, go and give your speech. But make it quick, we haven't got all night. "

"Thank you Lenny."

"Lenin. And by the way, who are you giving a speech to ?"

"I don't know. But I'm sure to find someone."

"Comrade Levin ?"

"Lenin. What is it, Stalin ?"

"You haven't given me an assignment."

Lenin thought long and hard. Suddenly he had an idea.

"Comrade Stalin. Thanks to your past work, I've decided to promote you."

"Thank you, sir."

"You are to be the new secretary for vodka."

"For vodka, sir ?"

"Yes. Go around the city and steal every bottle you can find. We will have need of it if we are to win this revolution."

"Yes, Comrade Levin." Stalin ran out into the street.

But Lenin had committed a very grave error. Little did he know that in the coming years, the secretary for vodka would become the most powerful position in the Bolshevik party. This, however, was in the future. For the moment Stalin had met Trotsky in the street.

"What's your job ?" Trotsky asked.

"I'm secretary for vodka," Stalin announced proudly.

Trotsky laughed long and loud.

"That's because you're stupid," he said.

"No I'm not," retorted Stalin.

"Yes you are. You have a brain the size of a pea, Jugwash."

Stalin scowled. From that moment on, he and Trotsky were deadly enemies. He made a secret vow that he would take revenge on Comrade Trotsky for his acid tongue. At the very least, he would ration his vodka. Trotsky walked up to the Winter Palace, once a fine, proud structure. But now a rusty gate stood, unguarded, bearing the sign "Sold to the Bolsheviks by Cheka Realty. Let us sell your home for you."

"We've done it," muttered Trotsky, "By God, we've done it."

to be continued