

September 6 Sunday

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It is terribly difficult to take it all in, Every thing seems nice "on pictures". People coming here, staying for a few weeks, but all the time conscious that they themselves will not remain here, but are returning to their own more cultural life, brag very much about the beauty and wonderful progress made, all very well for others. How much misery!! the beggars in the streets, Cripples, men, women with little children crawling about, begging simply barring the way and you can not pass the street... Take it all philosophically Sais Rothstein, those beggars are mostly professionals exposing themselves like business people are exposing their wares, no notice should be taken, on the contrary every cent given ~~then~~ only encourages them to greater effort in the art of their profession. Such scenes are seen in all the Eastern countries, they are relics of medieval times, and Moscow is now & always ~~has~~ was a semi-Eastern, half Asiatic town so, that such things are inevitable, twice before yet for years until the government is rich enough to clear all the Cripples and beggars off the streets into decent homes for such likes. But now we have more important work at hand.

Evening

On the boulevards. Young folks walking, chatting, laughing, joking as though life is quite normal. a little mite with practically no clothes on stands under a lamp post singing & begging for a kopeika for food, no one seems to take any notice.

On a drojka a "militia man" (policeman) is talking a drunken workman to the police station, and the following altercation is taking place.

The Drunk. Citizen I confess I had a little too much, well what harm.

Policeman. Only a little folly that's all, I shall go home & no harm. Choroshko, choroshko, (all right - all right) you are talking nonsense, why! you are unable to stand on your legs, if I leave you alone, you will only make a fool of yourself and collect a crowd.

Presently an inspector comes along.

Inspector.

What's wrong?

Policeman.

Well here he is making a fool of himself, he wants to go home and is unable to walk 2 inches, talks nonsense & so on.

The drunk.

Tovarischi, (Comrades) we are all the same, aren't we? Well I had a drop too much and what am I a criminal or what? Really it's absurd taking me to the police station when the same "Isvoschik" (cabman) can take me home instead, I will pay him for my self, I have some money at home upon my word. He Comrades, and tell him to take me home, my address is 20720.

Consultation:

Inspector & policeman both laughing.

Very well go home & make no noise, Isvoschik! take him straight home, remember! don't stop anywhere.

Finis

12-30 midnight

Rats!!! Giving no rest, what is to be done? horrible nuisance, & how uncomfortable, impossible to go off to sleep, something will have to be done. Oh that's nothing, take no notice "nichero" you are too touchy, you ought to have lived here in 1919-20, '21, why! you have no idea what life was, ^{then} we are quite comfortable now, you are spelt you will get used to it ~~no~~ very soon, & think nothing of it. Really I am occupying two rooms to my self, a clean W.C. (which is rare here) and a bath room, not very clean because every body washes there & spit in it, but still, I can have a bath, when ever I want a gayer, only think... Really, this is something to be proud of and yet, I am grumbling. The only thing to do, when taking a bath is to imagine that it is very, very, clean... after all life is all made up of imaginations, and it greatly depends on the way you drive your own thoughts... you can worry about insignificant things and make yourself miserable ~~there~~ by losing a button off your coat. Oh!! if one could only drown thoughts in such philosophy. It seems that to understand all, that is taking place, one had to live through all the misery in order to appreciate the improvements. I am unable to take it all in yet....

Sept. 12th 1925

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A Gigantic Stagnant pool, the bottom of which was full of filth and dirt. To clear the stinking filth out, it was ^{impossible not} ~~necessary~~ to stir the whole pool, & consequently the whole pool looks dirty, and filthy-objects are seen above. They have not been created, ^{now} ~~but~~ they were there all the time unseen, and unobserved, and now everything is seen in its naked truth... It is difficult, unhealthy, but the operation has to be done, it can not be cleansed without stirring the bottom.... The process is a long one, not for one year, but for many, many years, but a beginning is made.

On my way near a church very much neglected needing repairs stands a shabby old person, his clothes are torn to bits practically bootless, but yet his long ^{grey} hair parted in the middle just as in years of the past, his hand stretched out his head bowing to every passer by. Well and what of it?! How many years & decades has this filthy ^{poor} ~~poor~~ person, his fathers & forefathers been living on the sweat and brow of the producing population? It is time to let him taste the misery and degradation of the past life of others. These people fully deserve their fate...

I am only thinking ~~about~~ ^{aloud} in spite of all said, many, many things are interesting. The great thirst for knowledge, young & old, seeking for new knowledge is amazing, yet, it is like a drop in the ocean, and no wonder, year & year people lived like animals, and in some places continue to live as before. (I am thinking like a white guard) but it's the truth, there is so much yet to learn & do even to get on a level with capitalist countries. If only a few years of good harvests & no wars, there will be wonder, but at present it is still hard, strange, provincial, uncultured backward in every way...

Queues! every where, if you want to buy a stamp at the post office you have to stand in a queue wait your turn, if you need a half pound of tea or sugar, a queue again, & what for? there are plenty of things in the shops, more than people can buy, surely

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By now such things ought to have been done away with, they are small things admitted, but life itself is made up of small things, and why not make it more pleasant? but no one seems to care a hang. People have got accustomed to discomfort and do not seem to care any way. "Kitchabo".

A meeting of the "Sortiroflet" branch of the Communist Party.

Nothing new everything is as old as the hills... I have heard all these things 20 years ago, and here in Soviet Russia after a Social Revolution!!! Questions about unemployment, over time, why one receives so much, etc. Oh! the irony of it all! When will these questions be settled? not in our days anyhow!....

There are no rich that is true, but every body is poor, no body has enough. But wait, oh! wait, soon in 5-10 years time we shall have plenty & more than plenty. is it all a dream? or perhaps I am blind... The wretchedness and misery is appalling, what people must have lived through. Perhaps I was too well off and did not notice how most of the working people live in England possibly, but I never imagined it like this.

I am a petty bourgeois apparently and do not notice it. However there is no envy, because no one lives well I suppose there is some consolation on the whole, and yet the shops containing fairly good things must seem to those out of work a devil's mockery...

16. Sept.

Streets being in repair, houses also being repaired & painted, crowds in the streets, life seems more or less normal. Small mites with banners marching through the streets, singing, a band of music in front... Trams are crowded, people scrambling to get in pushing each other roughly. all this is strange, but somehow there is something new in all this. Literature shops are always full, young & old buying books, tracts &c. A few years of peace & good harvests will make all the difference. People don't know how to do things, every thing is done in a primitive way, ~~the~~ slow, & somehow without interest. Something will have to be done very soon to give stimulus to the working population in order to bring out the best in them. Some material interest of some sort or other, otherwise we shall stand still for years to come. Initiative must be developed in every body, and it can ~~be~~ only be developed by giving to the ~~the~~ producer some interests not only national but individual.

I can see it coming & very soon, than we shall make quicker progress.

15. Sep.

Thank heaven there are no more rats, I sleep well undisturbed
What a relief. The weather has also changed, bright Sunshine, Cold
mornings & evenings but dry & fresh. Streets are better lighted but oh!
the street beggars... they give you no respite at every inch there is
an old woman, or Cripple stretching hands "give only one Kopeichki"
You can keep on giving until you will have nothing left yourself.
How many years before we shall really begin to live as we used
to dream in the old days? It seems so slow, & yet every body
thinks wonders are being done. Perhaps I can not see it - I would
like to see it - feel it. Oh! how disappointing!!!

17.

But is there any other way? I doubt, there seems nothing
else, 20, 30, years! What is it - in the life of nations!
but a few days, what changes... they must come
otherwise humanity will relapse into barbarism.
We do not lack in ideals, but we lack ~~of~~
the ~~the~~ material necessary to carry these ideals
into practice, it is when you begin to do things
that you find difficulties in your way.
However one must not despair, slow, but
sure progress is being made, & a few years
will show who is right & who is wrong.

only 7. weeks here, & it seems 7. months! Somehow I have
grown out of all this, Every thing is so backward
and strange as though no changes have taken place.
& yet 25. years have gone since I left & a Revolution!!!

September 6. Sunday

It is terribly difficult to take it all in. Every thing seems nice "on pictures". People coming here, staying for a few weeks, but all the time consious that they, themselves will not remain here, but are returning to their own more cultural life, brag very much about the beauty and wonderfull progress made. All very well for others. How much misery!! the beggars in the streets, cripples, men, women with little children crawling about, begging simply barring the way and you can not pass the street ... Take it all philosophically sais Rothstein, those beggars are mostly professionals exposing themselves like business people are exposing their wares, no notice should be taken, on the contrary every cent given only encourages them to greater effort in the art of their profession. Such scenes are seen in all the Eastern countries, they are relics of meadavel times, and Moscow is now & always was a semi-Eastern, half Asiatic town so, that such things are inevitable & will remain yet for years until the government is rich enough to clear all the cripples and beggars off the streets into decent homes for such likes. But now we have more important work at hand.

Evening

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Ona drojka a "militia man" (policeman) is taking a drunken workman to the policestation, and the following altercation is taking place.

The Drunk. Citizen I confess I had a little too much. Well what harm. Only a little jolly that's all. I shall go

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home & no harm.

Policeman. Chorosho, chorosho. (all right, all right) You are talking nonsense. Why! You are unable to stand on your leggs. If I leave you alone, you will only make a fool of yourself and collect a crowd.

Presently an inspector comes along.

Inspector. What's wrong?

Policeman. Well here he is making a fool of himself, he want to go home and is unable to walk 2. inches, talkes nonesense & so on.

The Drunk Tovarisch. (Comrades) We are all the same, aren't we? Well I had a drop too much and what am I a criminal or what? Realy its absurd taking me to the police station when the sane "Isvoschik" (cab man) can take me home instead. I will pay his fare my-self, I have some money at home upon my word. Be comrades, and tell him to take me home. My address is so & so.

Consultation: Inspector & policeman both laughing.

Very well gohome & make no noise. Isvaschiki! take him straight home, & remember! don't stop any where.

Finis

12.30 midnight

Rats!!! Giving no rest. What is to be done? Horrible nuisance, & how uncomfortable, impossible to go of to sleep, something will have to be done. Oh thats nothing, take no notice "nichevo" you are too touchy, you ought to have lived here in 1919-20 & 21. Why! you have no idea what life was then. We are quite comfortable now,

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you are spoilt. You will get used to it very soon, & think nothing of it.

Really I am occupying two rooms to my self, a clean W.C. (which is rare here) and a bath room, not very clean because every body washes there & spit in it, but still, I can have a bath, when ever I want a geyser! only think ... really, this is something to be proud of and yet, I am grumbling. The only thing to do, when taking a bath is to imagine that it is very, very, clean ... after all life is all made up of imaginations, and it greatly depends on the way you drive your own thoughts ... You can worry about insignificant things and make yourself miserable by loosing a button off your coat. Oh!! if one could only drown thoughts in such philosophy. It seems that to understand all, that is taking place, one had to live through all the misery in order to appreciate the improvements. I am unable to take it all in yet ...

Sept. 12th 1925

A gigantic stagnant pool, the bottom of which was full of filt and dirt. To clear the stinking filt out, it was impossible not to stir the whole pool, & consequently the whole pool looks dirty and filthy - objects are seen above. They have not been created now they were there all the time unseen and unobserved, and now everything is seen in its naked truth.... It is difficult, unhealthy, but the operation has to be done. It can-not be cleaned without stirring the bottom ... The process is a long one, not for one year, but for many, many years, but a beginning is made.

On my way near a church very much neglected needing repair stands a shabby old parson. His clothes are torn to bits practically

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bootless, but yet his long greyhair parted in the middle just as in years of the past. His hand stretched and his head bowing to every passer by. Well and what of it?! How many years & decades has this filthy pope, his fathers & forefathers been living on the sweat and brow of the producing population? It is time to let him taste the misery and degradation of the past life of others. These people fully deserve their fate ...

I am only thinking aloud. In spite of all said, many, many, things are interesting. The great thirst for knowledge, young & old. Seeking for new knowledge is amazing, & yet, it is like a drop in the ocean, and no wonder, years & years people lived like animals, and in some places continue to live as before. (I am thinking like a white guard) but its the truth, there is so much yet to learn & do even to get on a level with capitalist countries. If only a few years of good harvests & no wars, there will be wonders, but at present it is still hard, strange, provincial, uncultured backward in every way

Queues! Every where. If you want to buy stamps at the post office you have to stand in a queue & wait your turn. If you need a half pound of tea or sugar, a queue again, & what for? there are plenty of things in the shops, more than people can buy. Surely by now such things ought to have been done away with, they are small things admitted, but life itself is made up of small things, and why not make it more pleasant?! but no one seems to care a hang. People have got accustomed to discomforts and do not seem to care any way.

"Nitahabo".

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A meeting of the "Sovtorgflot" branch of the Communist Party. Nothing new everything is as old as the hills ... I have heard all these things 20 years ago, and here in Soviet Russia after a Social Revolution !!! Questions about unemployment, over time, why one receives so much, &tc. Oh! the irony of it all! When will these questions be settled? not in our days anyhow ! . . . There are no rich that is true, but everybody is poor, no body has enough. But wait. Oh! wait. Soon in 5. 10 years time we shall have plenty & more than plenty, it it all a dream? Or perhaps I am blind ... The wretchedness and misery is appalling, what people must have lived through. Perhaps I was too well of and did not notice how most of the working people live in England possibly, but I never imagined it like this. I am a petty bourgeoisie apparently and do not notice it. However there is no envy, because no one lives well. I suppose there is some consolation on the whole, and yet the shops containing fairly good things must seem to those out of work a devils mockery

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all the difference. People don't know how to do things, every thing is done in a primitive way. Slow, & somehow without interest. Something will have to be done very soon to give stimula to the working population in order to bring out the best in them. Some material interest of some sort or other, otherwise we shall stand still for years to come. Initiative must be developed in every body, and it can only be developed by giving to the producer some interest not only nationaly but inividually.

I can see it coming & very soon, then we shall make quicker progress.

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Thank heaven there are no more rats. I sleep well undisturbed. What a relief. The weather has also changed, bright sunshine, cold mornings & evenings but dry & fresh. Streets are better lighted but oh! the street beggars . . . they give you no respite at every inch there is an old woman, or cripple stretching hands "give only one Kopeichki". You can keep on giving until you will have nothing left yourself. How many years before we shall really begin to live as we used to dream in the old days?

It seems so slow, & yet every body thinks wonders are being done. Perhaps I can not see it I would like to see it & feel it. Oh! how disappointing !!!

17.

But is there any other way?! I doubt, there seem nothing else. 20. 30. years! What is it in the life of Nations but a few days. What changes ... they must come otherwise humanity will relaps into barbarism. We do not lack in ideals, but we lack the material necessary to carry these ideals into practice, it is when

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you begin to do things that you find difficulties in your way.
However one must not despair. Slow, but sure progress is being
made, & a few years will show who is right & who is wrong.

Only 7 weeks here & it seems 7 months! Somehow I have
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